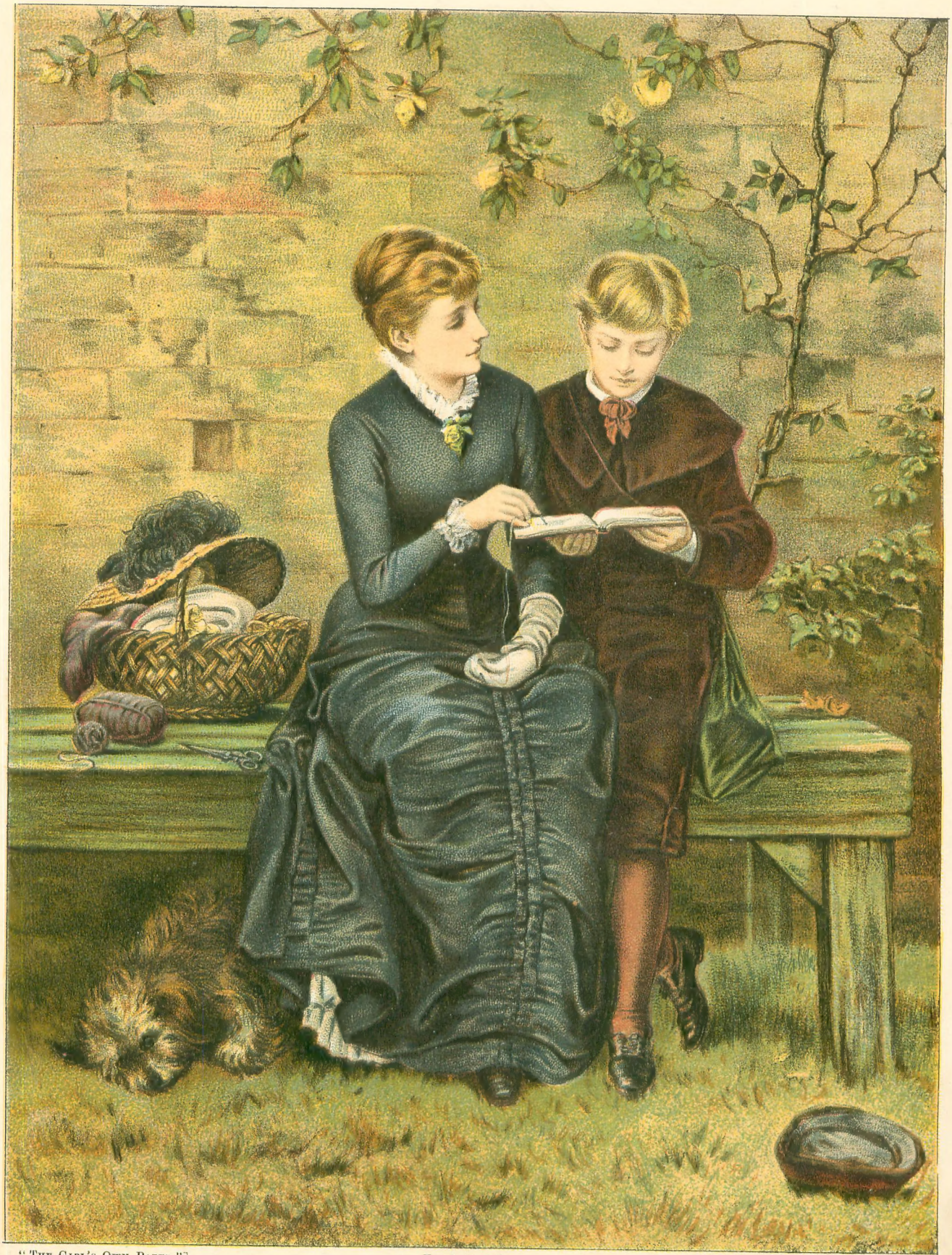
Illustrated.

. . . . .

LONDON:
THE "LEISURE HOUR" OFFICE, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



"The Girl's Own Paper."] Kronheim & Co. [London.

The Elder Sister.

From the Original Painting by M. E. EDWARDS.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONGST THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS VOLUME.

WRITERS.

The Countess of Aberdeen.
Franz Abt.
Edwin Arnold.
Mrs Wallace Arnold.
Phillis Browne.
Dora de Blaquière.
Anne Beale.
Annie Bentley.
Anna J. Buckland.
Emma Brewer.
Joseph Barnby.
Helen Marion Burnside.
Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.
E. F. Bridell-Fox.
The Hon. Mrs. Robert Butler.
Mrs. S. A. Barnett.
Sophia F. A. Caulfeild.
Rosa Nouchette Carey.
The Rev. S. K. Cowan, M.A.
Arthur Carnall, Mus.B.
The Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M A
Sarah Doudney.
Darley Dale.
The Rev. R. F. Dale, M.A., Mus.B.
Myles Birket Foster.
Sydney Grey.
The Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.
Dora Hope.
Lady Hope.
Ardern Holt.
Cecilia Havergal.
Frances E. Hoggan, M.D.
J. H. G. Hicks.
M. A. Hullah.
L. M. Hoare.
Sarson C. J. Ingham
Alice King.
Ruth Lamb.
E. B. Leach.
William Luff.
Mrs. Van Landeghem.
Mary Laybourn.
The Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.T.
Edwin M. Lott.
James Macaulay, M.A., M.D.
Lady Macfarren.
Louisa Menzies.
Isabella Fyvie Mayo.
James Mason
Ruth Mitchell.
Annie Minister.
Fred. Miller.
Clara A. Macirone.
Margaret Mudie.
Emily Macirone.
Annie E. Nash.
J. A. Owen-Visger.
Edward Oxenford.
Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton.
Charles Peters.
Mary Pocock.
Mary L. G. Petrie, B.A.
Mary Rowles.
C. E. Rawstorne.
Mary Selwood.
Gordon Stables, M.D., R N.
Blanche C. Saward.
Louisa C. Silke.
John C. Staples.
Grace Stebbing.
Louise Stratenus.
Clara Thwaites.
Jetty Vogel.
Frederick Whymper.
F. E. Weatherley, M.A.
Lily Watson.
Albert Westland.
Ida White.
Ximena.

ARTISTS.

John Allen.
Fred. Barnard.
Isabel G. Brittain.
E. F. Bridell-Fox.
Helen Marion Burnside.
Robert Barnes.
S. R. Caxton.
Frank Carless.
John Dinsdale.
Frank Dadd.
M. Ellen Edwards.
G. H. Edwards.
W. Biscombe Gard..er.
F. Giacomelli.
Everard Hopkins.
W. J. Hennessy.
E. J. Johnson.
Davidson Knowles.
A. Laby.
Emily Macirone.
Madena Moore-Seddon.
Fred. Miller.
Henry Ryland.
R. Catterson Smith.
W. S. Stacey.
John C. Staples.
William Small.
Kate Street.
Edward Whimper.
Marcella Walker.

INDEX.

A

Academy, The Pictures in our, 562
Acrostics, 407, 487, 543, 575, 603, 655, 669, 734
Acrostics, Answers to, 455, 543, 575, 603, 631, 669, 711, 767
Adieu, 407
Adopted, 429, 443, 460, 476
Adversity, The Uses of, 251, 315
Advice on Emigration, 287, 463
Advice to Girls, 51
Affection of Learning, The, 682
Affection, Proverbs of, 542
Ahead, Looking, 7
A King's Daughter, 405, 425, 433, 452, 465, 492, 498, 513, 540, 564, 588, 604, 626, 652, 667, 685, 692, 706, 722, 741, 782, 795
Alabaster, To Clean, 639
Alice, Our Princess, 620
Allowances, and How to Manage Them, Girls', 54, 91, 246, 764
All, Work for, 25, 119, 179, 347, 518, 662
Alpaca Dresses, To Remove Flower-stains from, 16
Amateur Contributions, 172
Among Rushes and Reeds, 562
Amusement, Innocent, 699
Ancestors, Our, 27
Anchovy Butter, To Make, 464
Andante Scherzoso, 779
Anger, Getting the Better of, 523
Aniline Colours, The, 301
Antidote for Wasp Stings, 144
Animals, Bits About, 174, 315, 636, 707, 755
Answers to Correspondents, 15, 30, 46, 64, 79, 95, 110, 128, 142, 159, 175, 191, 207, 223, 239, 255, 271, 287, 302, 318, 335, 351, 367, 383, 399, 414, 431, 436, 463, 478, 494, 511, 528, 543, 559, 575, 591, 607, 623, 639, 655, 670, 687, 703, 719, 735, 750, 767, 783, 800
Apple Charlotte, 23
Apple Cheesecakes, 23
Apples, Compôte of, 22
Apple Custard, 23
Apple Custard Tartlet, 23
Apple Fritters, 23
Apple Gâteau, 23
Apple Pickle, Recipe for, 351
Apple Water, 23
Apples and Tapioca, 23
Apples, and What to Do with Them, 22
Arabia, House-Rent in, 365
Arabian Tale, An, 767
Arm, A Strong, 350
Art, 179
Artichokes, Stewed, 99
Art, Nature and, 734
Art Needlework, 252
Art of Consolation, The, 315
Art of Teaching, 291
Art Students, Maxims for, 199
Asking Questions, 575
As Others Do, 291
Associations of Music, 407
At Home, 575
"At Home," and How I Managed It, My, 298
At Peace, 350
At the National Gallery, 244
Authority, In, 542
Authorship of the National Anthem, 320
Autumn Thoughts, 48

B

Bad, A Prayer for the, 779
Baking-Powder, To Make, 64
Banners and Flags, How to Make, 732
Bathe, When to, 160
Bath in Your Bedroom, A Vapour, 99
Battle, A Friendly, 217
Be Cautious, 59
Beautiful Skin, A, 643
Beauty in Danger, 575
Beetles, To Exterminate, 16
Beggar, A Particular, 603
Beer, To Make Spruce, 639
Beings, Reasoning, 27
Belgian Girls, 440
Bess, Our Queen, 468
Better Things, 365
Billy, a Seafaring Sheep, 315
Birds, Wonderful, 612
Birthdays, 315
Biscuits, Recipe for Sweet, 446
Biscuits, To make Cocoa-nut, 80
Bits about Animals, 174, 315, 636, 707, 755
Bits about Birds, 135
Blackbird and the Choir, The, 744
Black Cats, 351
Blind Man's Lantern, The, 87
Blind, The, 34
Boards, To Remove Grease from, 191
Boards, To Remove Inkstains from, 511
Boat, The Lonely, 496
Bodies are our Gardens, Our, 218
Boning, Larding and, 491
Bookkeepers, etc., Clerks, 518
Books, In praise of, 767
Book, To Remove Grease from the Leaves of a, 272
Bouquet, A Water, 779
Boys and Girls, 699
Brasswork, To Clean, 224, 513
Bread Fritters, To Make, 172
Bread, Home-made, 247
Breakfast Dish Quickly, To Make a Small, 303
Breeding as shown in Conversation, Good, 38
Breeding as Shown in giving Hospitality, Good, 262
Breeding as Shown in Receiving Hospitality, Good, 363
Breeding Shown when Travelling, Good, 98
Breton Tune, Old, 710
Brief Existence, 631
Broken Chord, The, 520
Bronzing, Recipe for, 207
Brushes, To Clean, 160
Bunch of Crocuses, A, 189
Butter, To make Anchovy, 464
Bulgarian Girls, Needlework of Turkish and 628
Buns, Good Friday, 794
Buns, Little, 171
By-and-bye, The Land of, 771

C

Cabinet Doors, Panels for, 252
Cake, Pound, 338
Cake, Recipe for a Fruit, 319
Cake, Recipe for a Simnel, 528
Cake, Scotch, 99
Cake, Sponge, 171, 247
Cake, To Ice a, 671
Cake, To Make a Wedding, 351
Cakes, To Make Ginger, 303
Cake, To Make Railway, 431
Calmness, Speaking with, 523
Calves' Liver, To Dress, 446
Cambridge, 173
Canvasine, 196
Candalaria, 1, 28, 45, 77, 92, 102, 113, 140, 156, 174, 205, 221, 237, 284, 300, 333, 349, 361, 413
Carol, The Girl's Own, 184
Carpet, To Remove Inkstains from a, 783
Carpets, To Remove Grease from, 191
Castles, 604
Cats, Black, 351
Cats in Egypt, 167
Cautious, Be, 59
Celia and her Legacy, 632, 642, 669, 697, 629, 763, 792, 830
Ceremony of the World, The, 315
Chairs, To Polish, 464
"Chance," the Fireman's Dog, 707
Changeful Years, Two, 65, 88, 106, 125
Character, Hardness of, 698
Character, Judging, 699
Charity Begins at Home, 649, 683
Charlotte, Apple, 23
Charlotte, Rhubarb, 355
Cheap Soap, 734
Cheesecakes, Apple, 23
Cheesecakes, To Make Potato, 95
Cheese Sandwiches, To Make, 303
Chilblains, To Cure, 336, 414, 415, 432
Children, Talking Nonsense to, 147
Child's Crochet Garter, To Make a, 287
China, A Tale of Old, 350
China, Music in, 727
Choice, Her Own, 369, 385, 401, 417, 436, 449, 468, 485, 509, 520, 529, 545, 566, 577, 593, 609, 637, 644, 657, 673, 701, 715, 725, 737, 753, 788
Choice of a Wife, The, 27
Choir, The Blackbird and the, 744
Choosing by Weight, 27
Chord, The Broken, 520
Christianity, Paganism and, 711
Christmas Decorations, Our, 188
Christmas in the new Hospital for Women, 248
Christmas Pudding, Recipe for a, 592
Church, Singing in, 436
Churlish Deeds, 507
Circulation, To improve the, 224
Cissy's Friends, 777, 798, 810, 821
Clean Alabaster, To, 639
Clean a Sponge, To, 47
Clean Brass Work, To, 224, 512
Clean Brushes, To, 160
Clean Engravings, To, 223
Clean Gold or Silver Lace, To, 639
Clean Ivory, To, 768

Clean Jet, To, 464
Clean Leather, To, 30
Clean Marble, To, 76
Clean Morocco Leather Chairs, To, 176
Clean Shells, To, 31, 223
Clean Silver, To, 655
Clean Steel, To, 352
Clean Velvet, To, 160
Clean Water-bottles, To, 191
Clean White Fur and Feathers, To, 639
Clerks, Book-keepers, etc., 518,
Clerkships, 823
Cloud, Under a, 711
Cloudy Skies, 631
Cocoa as Food, 699
Cocoa-nut Biscuits, To Make, 80
Coffee, To Make Iced, 591
Cold Words, 315
Colours, The Aniline, 301
Command and Obedience, 27
Common Error, A, 487
Common Errors in Daily Life, 57, 122, 214, 310, 462, 554
Common Life, Religion in, 794
Common Sense, Learning and, 779
Compôte of Apples, 22
Compôte of Rhubarb, 355
Competitions, Result of Prize, 254, 316, 366, 569
Confidence Misplaced, 739
Conquest, Susie's, 13, 17, 43, 60
Consolation, The Art of, 315
Consulting the Dead, 711
Content, 507
Contributions, Amateur, 172
Conversation, Good Breeding, as Shown in, 38
Conversation, 315
Conversation, Study and, 575
Cook, A Good, 315
Cookery, A few Words About German, 75
Cookery Contrasted with English, French, 10
Cookery, Italian, 502
Cookery, American, 811
Corn Mush, To Make, 784
Correspondence, Answers to, 15, 30, 46, 64, 79, 95, 110, 128, 142, 159, 175, 191, 207, 223, 239, 255, 271, 287, 302, 318, 335, 551, 367, 383, 399, 414, 431, 446, 463, 478, 494, 511, 528, 543, 559, 575, 591, 607, 623, 639, 655, 670, 687, 703, 719, 735, 751, 767, 783, 800, 815, 831
Counsel, Woman's, 699
Courage, Moral, 575
Crabapple Jelly, To Make, 303
Crab Hot, To Serve, 46
Crab Salad, To Make, 46
Crab Soup, To Make, 46
Cream, A Recipe for Mouritia, 671
Cream Ice, To Make, 110
Crewel Work, To Wash, 31, 240
Crimean, Fishermen's and Soldiers' Helmets, To Knit, 255
Critics, A Word to, 699
Crocuses, A Bunch of, 189
Cruelties, Unintentional, 89
Cure for Damp Hands and Feet, 320
Cultivated Minds, 734
Cultivating Sympathy, 542
Curious Marriage Customs, 134
Curled Ginger-bread, To Make, 175
Custom, A Moslem, 487
Custard, Apple, 23
Custard Tartlet, Apple, 23
Crystoleum, or Chromo-photography, 535

D

Daily Life, Common Errors in, 57, 122, 214, 310, 462, 544
Damp Hands and Feet, A Cure for, 320
Danger, Beauty in, 575
Danger, In, 407
Daughter, A King's, 405, 425, 433 452, 465, 492, 498, 513, 540, 564, 588, 604, 626 652, 667, 685, 692, 706, 722, 741, 782, 795
Daughter, Luther's, 42
Day at a Time, Living a, 32
Day, Plans for Every, 27
Days of Old, Mealtimes in, 251
Dead, Consulting the, 711
Deaf, The, 139
Deaf, Uncommonly, 315
Decorations, Our Christmas, 188
Deeds, Churlish, 507
Deeds, Great, 543
Deed, The Will and the, 315
Deeds, Words and, 435
Defective Speakers and Stammerers, 470
Designs on Materials, Tracing, 223
Destroy Moths' Eggs, To, 112
Dewdrop, The Rose and the, 420
Difficulties, Fortunate, 739
Difficulty, With, 27
Dishes, Some Swedish, 169
Dispensing Medicine, Nursing and, 119
Disputing, The End of, 380
Dog, A Railway, 315
Dog, "Chance," The Fireman's, 707
Doing Double Duty, 174
Doing Things by Halves, 631
Dolgelly, Account of a Day at, 173
Donkeys and Goats, 790
Doormats and Rugs, To Knit Woollen, 240
Doors, Panels for Cabinet, 252
Do Things Well, How to, 40
Downs, Ups and, 7
Draughts, The Danger of, 487
Dream of Princess Ida, The, 171
Dreams, About, 315
Dress Calves' Liver, To, 446
Dressing for Salad, A, 15
Dress, Good Taste in, 419
Dress: In Season and in Reason, 40, 121, 200, 264, 328, 408, 472, 553, 617, 681, 761, 825
Dress Normandy Pippins, To, 479,
Driving, Etiquette in Walking, Riding, and, 474
Dutch Girl, A, 797
Duties of a Governess, The, 630, 770
Duty, Our, 380
Duty to the Old, Our, 767
Dye White Lace, To, 735
Dying, Living and, 435

E

Eager Haste, In, 734
Earliest Paintings, The, 239
Early German Pictures, The, 244
Early Italian Pictures, The, 557
Earth to Earth, 315
Easy Talking, 699
Ebonise Wood, To, 319, 463
Eccentric Exhibitors, 507
Education for Women at Oxford, 695
Education, Higher, 365
Education of Girls, Physical, 516
Education, The End of, 779
Eggs, To Destroy Moths', 112
Egoists, Three Sorts of, 543
Egypt, Cats in, 167
Elderberry Wine, 439
Elder Sister, The, 44
Elizabeth Fry, The Rules of, 631
Eloquent Looks, 435
Embroidery, The Washed, 344
Emigration, Advice on, 287
Emulation and Envy, 779
English, French Cookery Contrasted with, 10
End of Disputing, 380
End of Friendship, The, 315
End of His Troubles, The, 315
English Trees, and What They have Seen, Old, 292, 500
Engravings, To Clean, 223
Epitaph, A Famous, 350
Enquiries, Prudent, 419
Error, A Common, 487
Errors in Daily Life, Common, 57, 122, 214, 310, 462, 544
Errors in Fact, 310
Errors in Observation, 551
Errors in Speech, 57
Errors in Spelling, 122
Errors in Study, 779
Errors in Taste, 214
Errors in thought, 462
Esther, 5, 20, 36, 52, 68, 81, 99, 115, 129, 145, 165, 181, 197, 212, 228, 241, 257, 277, 289, 305, 321, 341, 356, 373
Etiquette in Walking, Riding, and Driving, 474
Events, Judging by, 59
Ever, For, 273, 296, 517, 326
Everlasting Loadstar, An, 147
Every Day, Plans for, 27
Evil, Good in, 779
Evil, The Good of, 711
Evil Reports, Listening to, 611
Excuse, An, 543,
Existence, Brief, 631
Expectations, Great, 27
Eye, and Some of its Defects, The Human, 582

F.

Fables, Three, 515
Fact, Errors in, 310
Facts and Fallacies about Food and Physic, 275
Faith and Prayer, 199
Faith, True, 380
Falsehood, On, 631
Family, A Happy, 523
Famous Epitaph, A, 350
Fears, Needless, 407
Fearsome Holiday, A, 585, 599, 619
Feet, Cure for Damp Hands and, 320
Feet, Singers, look at your, 435
Finding Fault, 291,
Fireman's Dog, "Chance," The, 707
First Lesson, The, 42
First Straw Hat, The, 161, 177, 193
Fish, Wonderful, 84
Fishermen's and Soldiers' Helmets, To Knit Crimean, 255
Five Good Rules, 77
Fixed Stars, 110
Flags, How to Make Banners and, 732
Flannels, To Wash White, 143
Flounder and the Sole, The, 77
Flowers, To Preserve, 159
Flummery, Rhubarb, 355
Follies of Tressida, 337, 364, 381, 389.
Food, Cocoa as, 699
Foolish Fancy, A, 291
Foolish, Wise and, 365
Fool, Rhubarb, 355
For 1884, 198
For Ever, 273, 296, 317, 326
Foreheads, High and Low, 351
Fortunate Difficulties, 739
Fortune, A Trap to Catch, 435
Fortune, Good and Bad, 669
Foundling Thrush, The, 135
Four-footed Friends, Our, 153, 389, 790
French Cookery Contrasted with English, 10
French Girls, 105
French Translation, A, 305
Friday Buns, Good, 794
Friendly Battle, A, 217
Friends, Cissy's, 777, 798
Friendship and Malice, 734
Friendship of Hope, The, 167
Friendship, The End of, 315
Friends, Old, 16
Friends, Three Kinds of, 87
Friends, True, 419
Fritters, Apple, 23
Fritters, To Make Bread, 175
Frugality as it Should Be, 523
Fruit-cake, A Recipe for, 319
Fry, The Rules of Elizabeth, 631
Fur and Feathers, To Clean White, 639
Future, Preparing for the, 794
Future, The Past and the, 42

G

Gallery, At the National, 244, 392, 557, 676, 785
Gardens, Our Bodies are Our, 218
Garter, To Make a Child's Crochet, 287
Gâteau, Apple, 23
German Cookery, A Few Words About, 75
German Pictures, The Early, 244
German Pictures, The Later, 392
Ghiac, 439
Gingerbread Loaf, To Make a Whole Wheat Meal, 303
Gingerbread, To Make Curled, 175
Ginger Cakes, To Make, 303
Ginger Pudding, To Make, 15
Girl, A Dutch, 797
Girl Life in Germany, 148
Girl Martyr, The, 809
Girls, Advice to, 51
Girls, A Few Hints on Nursing for Our, 359, 379
Girls' Allowances, and How to Manage Them, 54, 91, 246, 764
Girls and Boys, 699
Girls, Belgian, 440
Girls Can Do to "Hush the Bitter Cry," What, 691
Girls, French, 105
Girls' Homes, Miss Rye's, 488
Girl Should Learn to Do, Things That Every, 70
Girls, Needlework of Turkish and Bulgarian, 628
Girl's Own Carol, The, 184
Girl's Own Home, The, 59, 127, 203, 270, 334, 412, 475, 556, 679, 755, 820
Girls, Physical Education of, 516
Girl Sufferers, Papers for Our, 34, 139, 470, 724
Girls, Swedish, 634
Given to Humanity, 87
Glass Painting and Staining, 137, 376
Glaze, Home-made, 155
Gloaming, In the, 324
Goats, Donkeys and, 790
Gold Lace, To Clean Silver or, 639
Good Breeding, as Shown in Conversation, 38
Good Breeding, as Shown in Giving Hospitality, 262
Good Breeding, as Shown in Receiving Hospitality, 363
Good Breeding, as Shown in Travelling, 98
Good Cook, A, 315
Good Friday Buns, 794
Good in Evil, 779
Good Name, A, 87
Goodness and Happiness, 611
Good of Evil, The, 711
Good Rules, Five, 77
Good Stories, 315
Good Taste in Dress, 419
Gooseberry Fool, To Make, 30
Governess, The Duties of a, 630, 770
Grace, Her, 169
Graduates in Housekeeping, and How They Qualified, 49, 114, 202, 267, 313, 371, 459, 547, 587, 651, 750, 827
Grandmother was Young, When, 187
Grease from Boards, To Remove, 191
Grease from Carpets, To Remove, 191
Grease from the Leaves of a Book, To Remove, 431
Grease from Velvet, To Remove, 431
Great Deeds, 543
Great Expectations, 27
Growing Rich, 407

H

Hair, Red, 27
Hair Wash, A, 47, 80, 159, 352, 400
Hands and Feet, A Cure for Damp, 320
Hands, Notes on, 487
Handsome Wives, 42
Halves, Doing Things by, 631
Happiness and Misery, 365
Happiness, Goodness and, 611
Happy Family, A, 523
Happy Heart, The, 542
Hardness of Character, 698
Haste, In Eager, 734
Hat, The First Straw, 161, 177, 193
Health, A Secret of, 611
Health, Maxims for, 99
Healthy Mind, Religion and a, 523
Heart, Learning by, 456
Hearing, Saying and, 365
Heart, Learning by, 699
Heartsease, 611
Heavenly Promises, 734
Helping Each Other, 291
Helpmeet, A Wilful, 380
Her Grace, 169
Her Own Choice, 369, 385, 401, 417, 436, 449, 468, 485, 509, 520, 529, 545, 566, 577, 593, 609, 637, 644, 637, 673, 701, 715, 725, 757, 753, 788, 801, 817
Her Violin, 209, 233, 250, 260
Hiccough, A Cure for, 303
High and Low Foreheads, 351
Higher Education, 365
Higher Thoughts on Housekeeping, 235
High Tea, 427
Hints on Nursing for Our Girls, A Few, 359 379
Hints, Useful, 99, 171, 247, 331, 439
Holiday, A Fearsome, 585, 599, 619
Holiday in Quimper, Our, 708, 756
Home, At, 575
Home, Charity Begins at, 649, 683
Home Contrivances, A Few Hints on, 172
Home, How to Build a Happy, 435
Home Improvement Societies 294
Home-made Bread, 247
Home-made Glaze, 155
Home, The Girl's Own, 59, 127, 203, 270, 334, 412, 475, 556, 679, 755
Homes, Miss Rye's Girl's, 488
Home, The Princess Louise, 723
Home Upholstery, 211
Honesty, 210
Honesty and Industry, Wisdom, 542
Honeycomb Stitching, 159
Hope, 144
Hope and Sleep, 699
Hope, The Friendship of, 167
Horseradish Vinegar, To Make, 303
Horses, The Manufacture of, 350
Horses, What All Girls Should Know About Them, 730
Hospital for Women, Christmas in the New, 248
Hospitality, Good Breeding as Shown in Giving, 262
Hospility, Good Breeding as Shown in Receiving, 363
Hospital Work and Hospital Workers, 8
Household Ignorance, 698
Housekeeping and How They Qualified, Graduates in, 49, 114, 202, 267, 313, 371, 459, 547, 587, 651, 750
House Rent in Arabia, 365
How I Formed a Small Library, 404
How to Improve, 77
Human Eye and Some of its Defects, The, 582
Humanity, Given to, 87
Human Nature, 699
Humility, Mock, 407
"Hush The Bitter Cry," What Girls Can Do, 691
Hyde House, 455

I

Ice a Cake, To, 671
Ice Cream, To Make, 110
Iced Coffee, To Make, 591
Ida, The Dream of Princess, 171
Idleness, Work Versus, 622,
If I Were You, 748
Ill Assorted Couples 345
Ill, Well and, 407
Ill Wind, An, 631
I May Not, Cannot, Break the Spell, 601
Imperial Palace, A Lady-in-Waiting in an, 699
Imperial, To Make, 240
Important Moment, An, 575
Improve, How To, 77
Improvement Societies, Home, 294
Improvement, Self, 59
Improve the Circulation, To, 224
India, Medical Women for, 281, 324
Industry and Idleness, 147
Industry, Wisdom, Honesty, and, 542
Influence of Music, The, 631
Ingratitude, 669
Inkspots from Leather, To Remove, 687
Inkstains from a Carpet, To Remove, 783
Inkstains from Boards, To Remove, 511
Inkstains from White Marble, To Remove, 384
In Married Life, 350
Innocence, 27
Innocent Amusement, 699
Inquisitive Weka, An, 735
In Season and Out of Season, 779
Instruments, On the Tuning of Stringed 727
Interval, A Mad, 59
In the Gloaming, 324
In What Condition, 167
Iris, The, 672
Italian Cookery, 502
Italian Opera Music, The First, 479
Italian Pictures, The Early, 557
Italian Pictures, The Later, 676
Ivory, To Remove Stains from, 639, 768

J.

Jar, To Make Pumpkin, 303
Jealousy, Love and, 734
Jelly, To Make Crab-apple, 303
Jenny Out vrom Hwome, 435
Jesus Sought and Found, The Quest of the Wise; or, 186
Jet, To Clean, 464
Jewish Sages, Wise Sayings of, 199
Joy, 68
Judging by Events, 59
Judging Character, 699
Judgment, Woman's, 699
June Song, A, 508
Justice, Strict, 216

K.

Kali, To Make Lemon, 30
Kindness Repaid, 699
Kind Words, 603
Kingly Nicknames, 231
Kings and Queens, 7
King's Daughter, A, 405, 425, 433, 452, 465, 492, 498, 513, 540, 564, 588, 604, 626, 652, 667, 685, 692, 706, 722, 741, 782, 795, 812, 828
Kitten, Our Persian, 707
Knighting the Sirloin, 655
Knit Crimean, Fisherman's and Soldier's Helmets, To, 255
Knit Woollen Door-mats and Rugs, To, 240
Knee-cap, To Knit, 255
Knowledge and Wisdom, 711
Knowledge of Sorrows, The, 487
Knowledge, Zeal Without, 27

L.

Labour, 313
Lace, To Dye White, 735
Lady-in-Waiting in an Imperial Palace, A, 699
Lame, The, 724
Land of By-and-bye, The, 771

Lantern, The Blind Man's, 87
Larding and Boning, 491
Later German Pictures, The, 392
Later Italian Pictures, The, 676
Laying Religion Aside, 407
Learning and Common Sense, 779
Learning by Heart, 456, 699
Learning, The Affectation of, 682
Leather, To Clean, 30
Leather, To Remove Inkstains from, 687
Legacy, Celia and Her, 632, 642 669, 697, 729, 763, 792
Lemon Kali, To Make, 30
Lesson, The First, 42
Let It Be To-day, 523
Letters, The Origin of, 487
Library, How I Formed a Small, 404
Life, 776
Life, Common Errors in Daily, 57, 122, 274, 310, 462, 544
Life, In Married, 350
Linen, To Remove Mildew from, 191
Lion's Mouth, In the, 135
Listening to Evil Reports, 611
Little Selfishnesses, 739
Little Sins, 87
Little Things, 260
Living a Day at a Time, 32
Living and Dying, 435
Loadstor, An Everlasting, 147
Lochaber no More, 655
Lonely Boat, The, 496
Long Spared, 435
Looking Ahead, 7
Look to the Light, 734
Lord is my Shepherd, The, 596
Lord's Day, On the, 711
Louise Home, The Princess, 724
Love and Jealousy, 734
Love and Marriage, Russian Proverbs on, 27
Love never Dies, True, 396
Love of Self, 365
Love, On, 435
Love's Sunshine, 689, 717, 749, 766
Low Foreheads, High and, 351
Lucy, 308
Luther on Marriage, Martin, 7
Luther's Daughter, 42

M

Mad Interval, A, 59
Magna Charta, Who Signed, 291
Malice, Friendship and, 734
Man and Woman, 27
Manufacture of Horses, The, 350
Marble, To Clean, 96
Marble, To Remove Inkstain from White, 384
Marigolds are Yellow, How, 27
Marriage Customs, Curious, 134
Marriage, Russian Proverbs on Love and, 27
Married Life, In, 350
Marrow Rings, To Make Vegetable, 175
Marrying, A Reason for, 575
Martin Luther on Marriage, 7
Martin, The Undaunted, 175
Mauritia Cream, A Recipe for, 671
Maxims for Art Students, 199
Maxims for Health, 99
Maxims of St. Theresa, 734
May's Messenger, 476
Mealtimes in Days of Old, 251
Measurement of Vanity, The, 435
Medical Women for India, 281, 324
Medicine, Nursing, and Dispensing, 119
Meekness, What is, 435
Men and Women, 699
Mental Riches, 542
Midnight, 296
Mildew from Linen, To Remove, 191
Mincemeat, To Make, 475
Mind and Matter, 682
Minds, Cultivated, 737
Misery, Happiness and, 365
Mission, Woman's, 682
Miss Rye's Girls' Homes, 488
Mock Humility, 407
Modesty in Woman, 575
Mohammedan Women, 682
Morocco Leather Chairs, to Clean, 176
Moths' Eggs, To Destroy, 112
Moral Courage, 575
Moslem Custom, A, 487
Mould, Rhubarb, 355
Mozart's Observations on a Lady's Pianoforte Playing, 669
Much Too Polite, 655
Mush, To Make Corn, 784
Music, 347
Music, 72, 184, 308, 396, 420, 532, 596, 664, 744, 780
Musical, Not at All, 699
Musical Notes, 727
Musical Thunderstorm, A, 727
Music, A Plea for, 268, 330, 410, 457, 580, 660
Music, Associations of, 407
Music, A Storm in, 727
Music in China, 727
Music, Notices of New, 19, 67, 107, 158, 239, 243, 287, 295, 359, 383, 404, 444, 484, 518, 591, 600, 615, 647, 675, 743
Music, The Influence of, 631
Music, The Power of, 163
My "At Home," and How I Managed It, 298
Mysterious Night, 407

N

Name, A Good, 87
National Anthem, Authorship of the, 320
National Gallery, At the, 244, 392, 557, 676, 785
Nature and Art, 734
Nature, Human, 699
Needful Preparation, 291
Needless Fears, 407
Needlework, Art, 252
Needlework of Turkish and Bulgarian Girls, 628
New Music, Notices of, 19, 67, 107, 158, 239, 243, 287, 295, 359, 383, 404, 444, 484, 518, 591, 600, 615, 647, 675, 743
New Prize Competitions, 4
New Year's Gifts, The Origin of, 272
New Year's Welcome, A, 233
Nicknames, Kingly, 231,
Nightingale and the Rose, The, 698
Noblesse Oblige, 584
Nonsense to Children, Talking, 147
Normandy Pippins, To Dress, 479
Not Alone, 315
Notes, Musical, 727
Notes on Hands, 487
Notes on Smiles, 216
Nothing Hid from the Heat Thereof, 649
Not the Real Thing, 7
Not Wanted, 699
Nursing and Dispensing Medicine, 119
Nursing for Our Girls, A Few Hints on, 359, 379

O

Oak Boards, To Remove Paint Spots from, 176
Obedience, Command and, 27
Observation, Errors in, 554
Observer, The, 63, 127, 206, 270, 335, 404, 467, 551, 615, 679, 759
Odd Tale of a Lost Watch, 419
Oil Colours, To Paint on Silk or Satin in, 223
Oils, How to Paint in, 353
Old Breton Tune, 710
Old China, A Tale of, 350
Old English Trees, and What They Have Seen, 292, 500
Old Friends, 16
Old Proverbs, 59
Old Times, 72
Old-World Story, An, 556
Once Wise, 779
One Soweth and Another Reapeth, 712
On Reading, 390
Opinion, Religious, 435
Oranges, Preserved, 64
Origin of Letters, The, 487
Ornaments Worn in Many Lands, 203
Our Ancestors, 27
Our Bodies are our Gardens, 218
Our Christmas Decorations, 188
Our Duty, 380
Our Duty to the Old, 767
Our Four-Footed Friends, 153, 387, 790
Our Girls, A Few Hints on Nursing for, 359 379
Our Girl Sufferers, Papers for, 34, 139, 470, 724
Our Holiday in Quimper, 708, 756
Our Princess Alice, 620
Our Queen Bess, 468
Ourselves and Others, 507
Our Societies, 602
Out of Season, In Season and, 779
Own Carol, The Girl's, 184
Own Choice Her, 369, 385, 401, 417, 436, 449, 468, 485, 509, 520, 529, 545, 566, 577, 593, 609, 637, 644, 657, 673, 701, 715, 725, 737, 753, 788, 802, 817
Own Home, The Girl's, 59, 127, 203, 270, 334, 412, 475, 556, 679, 755
Oxford, Education for Women at, 695

P

Paganism and Christianity, 711
Page, A Turned Down, 716
Painting and Staining, Glass, 136, 376
Paintings, The Earliest, 239
Paint in Oils, How to, 353
Paint on Silk or Satin in Oil Colours, To, 223
Paint on Stone in Water Colours, To, 399
Paint-spots from Oak Boards, To Remove, 176
Pancakes, Recipe for, 464
Panels for Cabinet Doors, 252
Panels for Front of Piano, 252
Papers for Our Girl Sufferers, 34, 139, 470, 724
Parish Work, 712
Particular Beggar, A, 603
Passing Away, 699
Past and the Future, 42
Paste, Tart, 247
Pastor, The, 380
Peace, 770
Peace, At, 350
Peas, To Preserve, 175
Pedantic Conversation, 711
Persian Kitten, Our, 707
Photography, Crystoleum; or, Chromo-, 535
Physical Education of Girls, 516
Physic, Facts and Fallacies About Food and, 275
Pianoforte, A Sketch for, 532
Pianoforte Playing, Mozart's Observations on a Lady's, 669
Pickle, Recipe for Apple, 351
Pickle Salmon, To, 46
Pictures in Our Royal Academy, The, 56
Pictures, The Early German, 244
Pictures, The Early Italian, 557
Pictures, The Later German, 392
Pictures, The Later Italian, 676
Pictures, Two, 740
Plans for Every Day, 27
Played Out, 779
Players, The Tennis, 23
Plea for Music, A, 268, 330, 410, 457, 580, 660
Pleasant Things, 779
Poetry and Fine Verses, Good, 739
Polish Chairs, To, 464
Polite People, 682

Poetry, 16, 25, 32, 44, 48, 68, 72, 97, 144, 164, 169, 187, 196, 210, 217, 233, 260, 281, 296, 313, 320, 324, 337, 344, 365, 368, 396, 420, 448, 468, 476, 496, 508, 520, 551, 556, 562, 584, 596, 601, 604, 649, 664, 672, 696, 712, 716, 740, 744, 770, 771, 776, 792
Potato Cheese Cakes, To Make, 95
Potatoes, 99
Potato Pudding, To Make, 303
Potato Soup, 99
Pot Pourri, To Make, 224
Pouncing, 431
Pound Cake, 338
Powder, To Make Baking, 64
Power of Music, The 163
Praise of Books, In, 767
Praise, Useful, 77
Prayer, Faith and, 199
Prayer for the Bad, A, 779
Precept and Practice, 739
Preparation, Needful, 291
Preparing for the Future, 794
Preserved Oranges, 64
Preserved Provisions, 219
Preserved Rhubarb, 719
Preserve Flowers, To, 159
Primrose, The, 448
Princess Alice, Our, 620
Princess Ida, The Dream of, 171
Princess Louise Home, The, 723
Princess of Wales, The, 132, 454, 665, 772
Prize Competitions, New, 4
Prize Competitions, Results of, 254, 316, 366, 569
Progress, Making, 739
Promises, Heavenly, 734
Proverbs of Affection, 542
Proverbs on Love and Marriage, Russian, 27
Proverbs, Old, 59
Providence, The Ways of, 407
Prudent Conduct, 682
Prudent Enquiries, 419
Pudding, Recipe for a Christmas, 592
Pudding, Recipe for a Nice, 288
Pudding, Recipe for a Quickly-made, 302
Pudding, Sponge, 511
Pudding, To Make a Ginger, 15
Pudding, To Make a Suet, 175
Pudding, To Make a Yorkshire, 15
Puff Paste, 338
Pumpkin Jar, To Make, 503
Purée, To Make a Tomato, 719
Purity, 487
Purl Stitch, To, 255

Q

Quimper, Our Holiday in, 708, 756
Qualified, Graduates in Housekeeping, and How They, 49, 114, 202, 267, 313, 371, 459, 547, 587, 651, 750
Queen Bess, Our, 468
Queens, Kings and, 7
Questions, Asking, 575
Quest of the Wise; or, Jesus Sought and Found, The, 186

R

Railway Cake, To Make, 431
Railway Dog, A, 315
Raphael, 785
Rapid Flight, 655
Reading and Thinking, 407
Reading, On, 390
Real Thing, Not the, 7
Reapeth, One Soweth and Another, 712
Reason, Dress, in Season and in, 40, 121, 200, 264, 328, 408, 472, 553, 617, 681, 761
Reason for Marrying, A, 575
Reasoning Beings, 27
Receiving Hospitality, Good Breeding as Shown in, 363
Recipe for a Christmas Pudding, 592
Recipe for a Nice Pudding, 288
Recipe for Apple Pickle, 351
Recipe for a Quickly-made Pudding, 302
Recipe for a Simnel Cake, 528
Recipe for Bronzing, 207
Recipe for Mauritia Cream, 671
Recipe for Pancakes, 464
Recipe for Sweet Biscuits, A, 446
Red Hair, 27
Regulated Thoughts, 631
Religion and a Healthy Mind, 523
Religion and its Effects, 435
Religion Aside, Laying, 407
Religion in Common Life, 794
Religious Opinion, 435
Remove Inkstains from White Marble, To, 384
Repose, Sweet, 794
Reptiles, Wonderful, 225
Resignation, 251
Responsibility, A Serious, 77
Results of Prize Competitions, 554, 316, 366, 569
Rhubarb, 355
Rhubarb Charlotte, 355
Rhubarb, Compôte of, 355
Rhubarb Flummery, 355
Rhubarb Fool, 355
Rhubarb Mould, 355
Rhubarb, Preserved, 718
Riches, 27
Riches, Mental, 542
Rich, Growing, 407
Riding, and Driving, Etiquette in Walking, 474
Rings, To Make Vegetable Marrow, 175
"Robbing Peter to pay Paul," 336
Rose and the Dewdrop, The, 420
Rose, The Nightingale and the, 698
Royal Academy, The Pictures in Our, 562
Rugs, To Knit Woollen Door-mats and, 240
Rules, Five Good, 77
Rules of Elizabeth Fry, The, 631
Rushes and Reeds, Among, 562
Russian Proverbs on Love and Marriage, 27
Rye's Girls' Homes, Miss, 488

S

Sabbath Day's Journey, A, 79
Sad Smiles 794
Sages, Wise Sayings of Jewish, 199
Saint Cecilia, 42
St. Theresa, The Maxims of, 734
Saint Valentine's Day, 320
Salad, A Dressing for, 15
Salad, To Make Crab, 46
Salmon, To Pickle, 46
Sandwiches, To Make Cheese, 303
Sauce Tartare, To Make, 336
Saying and Hearing, 365
Saying Everything, 731
Scherzoso, Andante, 780
Scones, To Make, 303
Scotch Cake, 99
Seafaring Sheep, Billy, a, 315
Season and in Reason, Dress: In, 40, 121, 200, 264, 328, 408, 472, 553, 617, 681, 761
Sea, To the, 696
Secret of Health, A, 611
Secret of Youth, The, 792
Self Improvement, 59
Selfishnesses, Little, 739
Self, Love of, 365
Serious Responsibility, A, 77
Serve Crab Hot, To, 46
Seven Wonders of the World, The, 111, 159
Shekel, A, 80
Shells, To Clean, 21, 223
Shepherd, The Lord is my, 596
Signorina Terasina Tua, 415
Silence, In, 87
Silver Lace, To Clean Gold or, 639
Silk or Satin in Oil Colours, To Paint on, 213
Silver, To Clean, 655
Simnel Cake, Recipe for a, 528
Singers, Look to Your Feet, 435
Singing, 23, 33, 66
Singing in Church, 437
Sins, Little, 87
Sirloin, Knighting the, 655
Sister, The Elder, 44
Sketch for the Pianoforte, A, 532
Skies, Cloudy, 631
Skin, A Beautiful, 643
Sleep, Hope and, 699
Slip-stitch, 159
Small Library, How I Formed a, 404
Smiles, Notes on, 216
Snow, Within Sight of the, 481, 504, 524, 536, 548
Soap, Cheap, 734
Societies, Home Improvement, 294
Societies, Our, 602
Soldiers' Helmets, To Knit Crimean, Fishermen's, and, 255
Sole, The Flounder and the, 77
Song, A June, 508
Sorrows, The Knowledge of, 487
Soup, Potato, 99
Soup, To Make Crab, 46
Soweth and Another Reapeth, One, 712
Speech and Silence, 655
Speech, Errors in, 57
Speaking with Calmness, 523
Spelling, Common Errors in, 122
Spinning Spinsters, 291
Splash Back for Washingstand, 253
Sponge Cake, 171, 247
Sponge Pudding, 511
Sponge, To Clean a, 47
Spring, 337
Spruce Beer, To Make, 639
Stammerers, Defective Speakers and, 470
Staining, Glass Painting and, 136
Stains from an Alpaca Dress, To Remove Flower, 16
Stains from Ivory, To Remove, 639, 768
Stars, Fixed, 110
Steel, To Clean, 352
Stewed Artichokes, 99
Stings, Antidote for Wasp, 144
Stone in Water-Colours, To Paint on, 399
Stories, Good, 315
Storm in Music, 727
Straw Hat, The First, 161, 177, 193
Streamlet, The, 664
Stream of Time, On the, 734
Strict Justice, 216
Stringed Instruments, On the Tuning of, 727
Strong Arm, A, 350
Students, Maxims for Art, 199
Studies, Useful, 315
Study and Conversation, 575
Study, Errors in, 779
Successful Singularity, 27
Suet Pudding, To Make a, 175
Sufferers, Papers for Our Girl, 34, 119, 470, 472
Sunbeams, 97
Sundays and Weekdays, 655
Sunlight, 551
Sunshine, Love's, 689, 717, 749, 766
Superstitious Notions of Sweeping a House, 739
Susie's Conquest, 13, 17, 43, 60
Swallow's Story, The, 281
Swedish Dishes, Some, 169
Swedish Girls, 634
Sweet Biscuits, Recipe for, 446
Sweet Repose, 794
Sweet Temper, A, 147
Sylvia's Star, 164
Sympathy, Cultivating, 542

T

Taking Advantage of Time, 682
Tale, An Arabian, 767
Tale, A Winter's 251

Tale of Old China, A, 350
Talking Nonsense to Children, 147
Tapioca, Apples and, 23
Tartare, To Make Sauce, 336
Tartlet, Apple Custard, 23
Tart Paste, 247
Taste, Errors in, 214
Taste in Dress, Good, 419
Teaching The Art of, 291
Tea, High, 427,
Temper, A Sweet, 147
Tennis Players, The, 25
Teresina Tua, Signorina, 445
Texas, A Lady's Journey To, 806
The First Straw Hat, 161, 177, 193
Things, Better, 365
Things Lawful and Unlawful, 419
Things, Little, 260
Things That Every Girl Should Learn To Do, 70
Thinking, Reading and, 407
Thought, Errors in, 462
Thoughts, Autumn, 43
Thoughts, Picking Up, 487
Thoughts, Regulated, 631
Transfer Paper, To Make, 15
Three Fables, 515
Three Kinds of Friends, 87
True Taste, 542
Thrush, The Foundling, 135
Thunder Storm, A Musical, 737
Time, On the Stream of, 734
Times, Old, 72
Toffy, 99
Toffee, To Make Everton, 15
Tomato Purèe, To Make a, 719
To the Sea, 696
Tracing Designs on Materials, 223
Translation, A French, 365
Travelling, Good Breeding Shown in, 98
Treat Time, How to, 380
Trees and What They Have Seen, Old English, 292, 500
Tressida, The Follies of, 337, 364, 381, 389
Trifles, The Effect of, 739
Troubles, The End of His, 315
True Faith, 380
True Friends, 419
True Love Never Dies, 396
Trust, On, 767
Truth, 435
Tune, Old Breton, 710
Tuning of Stringed Instruments, On the, 727
Turkish Girls, Needlework of Bulgarian and, 628
Turned Down Page, A 716
Two Changeful Years, 65, 88, 106, 125,
Two Pictures, 740

U

Uncommonly Deaf, 315
Undaunted Martin, The, 174
Under a Cloud, 711
Unexpressed, 368
Unintentional Cruelties, 89
Upholstery, Home, 211
Ups and Downs, 7
Useful Hints, 99, 171, 247, 338, 439
Useful Praise, 77
Useful Studies, 315
Use of Wealth, The, 291
Uses of Adversity, The, 251, 315

V

Valentine's Day, St., 320
Vanity, The Measurement of, 435
Vapour Bath in Your Bedroom, A, 99
Varieties, 7, 27, 42, 51, 59, 77, 87, 128, 147, 167, 199, 216, 251, 263, 291, 315, 350, 365, 380, 407, 419, 435, 487, 507, 523, 542, 575, 603, 611, 631, 655, 669, 682, 698, 711, 734, 739, 767, 779, 794, 808
Vegetable Marrow Rings, To Make, 175
Velvet, To Clean, 160
Velvet, To Remove Grease from, 431
Verses, Good Poetry and Fine, 739
Vinegar, To Make Horseradish, 303
Violin, Her, 209, 233, 250, 260

W

Wales, The Princess of, 132, 454, 665, 772,
Walking, Driving, and Riding, Etiquette in, 474
Wash, A Hair, 47, 80, 159, 352, 400
Wash Crewel Work, To. 31, 240
Washed Embroidery, The, 344
Washing-stand, Splash Back for, 253
Wash White Flannel, To, 144
Wasp Stings, Antidote for, 144
Watch, An Odd Tale of a Lost, 419
Water, Apple, 23
Water Bottles, To Clean, 191
Water Bouquet, A, 779
Water Colours, To Paint on Stone in, 399
Ways of Providence, The, 407
Wealth, The Use of, 291
Wedding Cake, To Make a, 351
Week-days, Sundays and, 655
Weight, Choosing By, 27
Weka, An Inquisitive, 755
Welcome, A New Year's, 233
Well and Ill, 407
What Others Say, 315
When Grandmother was Young, 187
White Lace, To dye, 735
White Marble, To Remove Inkstains from, 384
Whole Wheat-meal Gingerbread Loaf, To Make a, 303
Who Lyeth Heare? 315
Wife, The Choice of a, 27
Wilful Helpmeet, A, 380
Will and the Deed, The, 315
Wind, An Ill, 631
Wine, Elderberry, 439
Winter's Tale, A, 251
Wisdom, Honesty, and Industry, 542
Wisdom, Knowledge and, 711
Wise and Foolish, 365
Wise, Once, 779,
Wise Sayings of Jewish Sages, 199
With Difficulty, 27
Within Sight of the Snow, 481, 504, 524, 536, 548
Wives, Handsome, 42
Woman, 339
Woman, Man and, 27
Woman, Modesty in, 575
Woman's Counsel, 699
Woman's Mission, 682
Woman's World, 407
Women at Oxford, Education for, 695
Women, Christmas in the New Hospital for, 248
Women for India, Medical, 281, 324
Women, Men and, 699
Women, Mohammedan, 682
Wonderful Birds, 612
Wonderful Fish, 84
Women's Judgment, 699
Wonderful Reptiles, 225
Wood, To Ebonise, 319
Woollen Door-mats and Rugs, To Knit, 240
Words and Deeds, 435
Words are Vain, 365
Words, Cold, 315
Words, Kind, 603
Word to Critics, A, 699
Work for All, 23, 119, 179, 347, 518, 662
Work, Parish, 712
Work *versus* Idleness, 622
Work Basket, My, 804
World, The Ceremony of the, 315
World, The seven Wonders of the, 111, 159
Writing, A Good Style in, 575
Writing with Ease, 734
Wrong, In the, 523

Y

Years, Two Changeful, 65, 88, 106, 125
Year's Welcome, A New, 233
Ye Ballad of ye Unknown Knight, 172
Yellow, How Marigolds are, 27
Yorkshire Pudding, To Make a, 15
Young, When Grandmother was, 187
Youth, The Secret of, 792
Y.W.C.A., 546

Z

Zeal without Knowledge, 27

LIST OF PLATES.

THE ELDER SISTER . . . . Frontispiece
A FRENCH FISHER GIRL . . . To face page 106
THE GIRL'S OWN CAROL . . . ,, 186
HONESTY . . . . . ,, 209
"HE PUT HIS ARM," &c. (*For Ever*) . . ,, 327
SPRING . . . . . ,, 337
OUR QUEEN BESS . . . . To face page 468
A MAIDEN'S DREAM . . . . ,, 556
A FEARSOME HOLIDAY . . . . ,, 619
CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME . . . ,, 684
CELIA AND HER LEGACY . . . ,, 764
HER OWN CHOICE . . . . ,, 817

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 197. OCTOBER 6, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY J. A. OWEN.

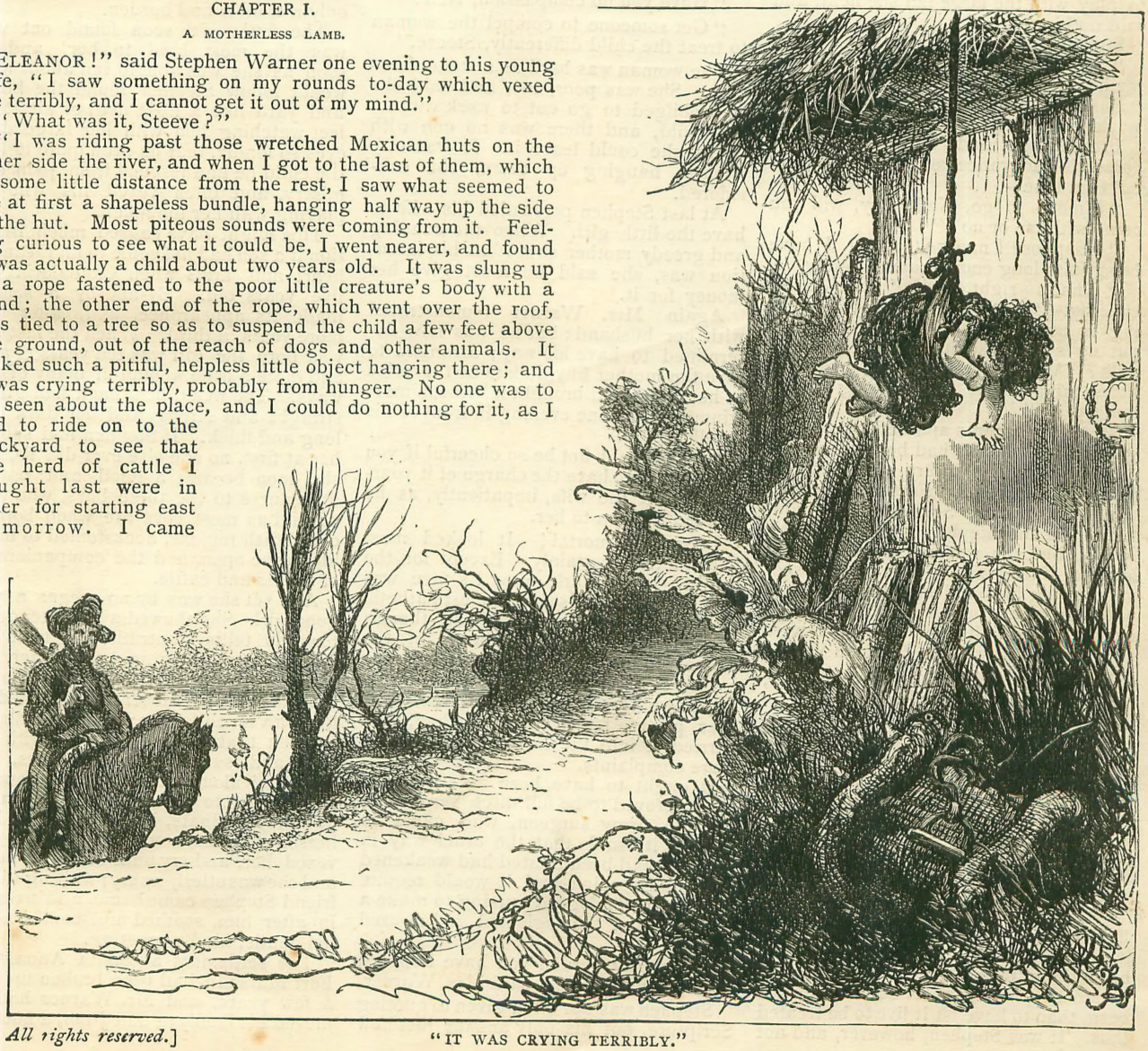
CHAPTER I.

A MOTHERLESS LAMB.

"ELEANOR!" said Stephen Warner one evening to his young wife, "I saw something on my rounds to-day which vexed me terribly, and I cannot get it out of my mind."

"What was it, Steeve?"

"I was riding past those wretched Mexican huts on the other side the river, and when I got to the last of them, which is some little distance from the rest, I saw what seemed to me at first a shapeless bundle, hanging half way up the side of the hut. Most piteous sounds were coming from it. Feeling curious to see what it could be, I went nearer, and found it was actually a child about two years old. It was slung up by a rope fastened to the poor little creature's body with a band; the other end of the rope, which went over the roof, was tied to a tree so as to suspend the child a few feet above the ground, out of the reach of dogs and other animals. It looked such a pitiful, helpless little object hanging there; and it was crying terribly, probably from hunger. No one was to be seen about the place, and I could do nothing for it, as I had to ride on to the stockyard to see that the herd of cattle I bought last were in order for starting east to-morrow. I came



All rights reserved.]

"IT WAS CRYING TERRIBLY."

back by Argenta Creek, and the child is perhaps out of its misery by this; but I cannot get it out of my mind. What do you say to having the span put to the ambulance, and going over the river with me?"

"To-night, Stephen?"

"Yes; why not? The moon will be up soon. You have not been out to-day; the drive would rouse and do you good."

"I shall never feel roused in this awfully dull place, Stephen; it seems hotter and more wretched than ever."

"You know I cannot leave it for a year or two, Nell. Perhaps I made a mistake in asking you to marry me, after taking up these army contracts; but it is done now, Nell, and you must try to endure this life a little longer, until I can see my way to going into civilised parts again."

Nell made no answer. She did not go up to her husband, as many women would have done, and show him she was sorry to have appeared impatient and dissatisfied—that she loved him, and would put up with want of society and a rough frontier life for his sake: she began to play with the large fan she held, and said nothing.

Stephen felt hurt.

"Strange that she cannot enter into my interests!" he thought to himself. "If she only had a child, perhaps she would be happier and more contented."

Presently he made an effort to overcome his annoyance, and said, in a kind but firm tone—

"I mean to go, Nell; say, will you come with me or no?"

"I suppose I must, Stephen; I have been quite long enough alone to-day."

"That's right, wife," he said, cheerily. "Get your wraps—the evening is cool; and, Nell, can you not put up some biscuits and a bottle of milk? Who knows but the miserable little thing may be hanging there, hungry, still."

Mrs. Warner was apathetic, and had grown selfish. She had been somewhat spoilt, too, by the flattery of the officers who were stationed at Fort Marshall, on the Arkansas, in Southern Colorado, where she and Stephen had made their home; but she was not exactly hard-hearted, if managed with tact, and, seeing that her husband was determined to have his way, she put up what he suggested, got ready, and the pair were soon on their way to the Mexican village across the river.

"I declare, Nell, it hangs there still!" cried Stephen.

He jumped down from the ambulance, quickly untied the rope, and lowered the small bundle of suffering humanity.

It was a sight to make a woman's heart bleed, and even Eleanor Warner could not turn away from it without doing what she could to relieve the poor infant.

It had only a few rags wrapped about its body, which was thin and wasted. Evidently, its mother had no love for it, if, indeed, it had a mother. It would have been kinder to the babe to have thrown it into the Arkansas as soon as it was born, than to have let it live to be treated thus. It was Stephen, however, and not Eleanor, who took it in his arms, not minding its dirt and its rags, and tried to quiet the poor babe, which was now frightened at the strange faces, and cried louder than ever. Eleanor got the biscuits and milk, and whilst the two were busy soothing and feeding the child, the mother returned. She seemed perfectly indifferent to their remonstrances, and greedily partook of the food. Stephen tried to make her promise not to treat the child so any more; but on the two following days, having to pass that way, he again found it hanging there alone.

"I really cannot stand this, Nell," he said; "the child will be injured for life, besides the misery it must be enduring. Suppose we offer to adopt the poor little mortal; the mother has evidently no love for it?"

"Oh, no, Steeve; I do beg you will not think of doing that."

"But you complain of being lonely, Nell; and the care of the child would amuse you, perhaps."

"Amuse me! the dirty little child of a low Mexican woman!"

"Have you no compassion, Nell?"

"Get someone to compel the woman to treat the child differently, Steeve."

The woman was hard as a stone, however. She was poor, too, and said she was obliged to go out to work without the child, and there was no one with whom she could leave it. It was safe enough hanging up there, she considered.

At last Stephen persuaded his wife to have the little girl. When the cunning and greedy mother saw what his intention was, she said he must give her money for it.

Again Mrs. Warner remonstrated with her husband; but he was now determined to have his way; arranged to give the mother fifty dollars as the price of her child, and brought it home, almost triumphantly, one evening in front of his saddle.

"You would not be so cheerful if you were going to have the charge of it yourself," said the wife, impatiently, as he handed it down to her.

Poor little mortal! It looked most unattractive, certainly. Except for the bright, large dark eyes, its face was very plain; but these had a most pathetic and appealing expression, as though trying to propitiate the heart of the woman to whom it now belonged, by reason of purchase. Even Eleanor, who was not naturally fond of children, however pretty, felt a little touched, and carried it into the house without any more complaints.

It ought to have been able to walk, for it proved to be full three years old; but the army surgeon, who came to inspect it, said that the cruel way in which it had been treated had weakened the child's spine, and it would require much care and good nursing to make a strong girl of the neglected and ill-used baby.

"A pretty burden you have imposed on us both, Steeve!" said Mrs. Warner.

Stephen was not often given to quoting Scripture, but his only answer just now was, "'Take this child, and nurse it for me; and I will give thee thy wages.'"

When they asked the mother what the name of her child was, she said, "Candalaria."

"What a name!" cried Nell. "It might as well be Candelabra."

"I don't dislike it," said Stephen; "but give it any name you like."

The wife was too indifferent to fix on any other, however, so Candalaria it remained—a most imposing and high-sounding name for so puny and forlorn a little object.

Happily for the health of the child, Eleanor was a particularly orderly woman, who could bear nothing that was not proper and clean near her, so that it was washed and tended well; and in the course of a few months, by dint of much bathing, nourishing food, and lying quietly on a padded little board inside a hammock under the trees in the open air, Candalaria began to look quite a different child, and was soon able to use her feet a little. Eleanor seemed unable to love her, although she took good care of her, and by degrees got accustomed to what, at first, had been only a trouble and burden.

The little girl soon found out who was the most kind to her, and as soon as she was able to run about well, would follow Stephen round the house and yard like a little dog, or sit at his feet watching him with her large dark eyes so fondly, that he grew quite to love the child he had rescued from pain and misery, and often vexed his wife by playing with her too much.

This might have caused much irritation if a son had not come to fill Eleanor's heart and arms when Candalaria was five years old. By-and-by a second made its appearance, and, after two more years, a third. When the last boy was born the girl was ten years of age, and quite a little woman in many of her ways. The weak, bent back had grown straight and strong, and her dark hair long and thick. If Stephen had spoiled her at first, no one else ever did so, and she soon became a good and patient little nurse to the three boys, who were as wild as most boys are when born in outlandish regions, accustomed to much life in the open, and the companionship of horses and cattle.

And yet she was by no means a very good girl. She showed a great tendency towards telling untruths—a trait inherited, perhaps, from her mother, but fostered by the intuitive knowledge she had that Mrs. Warner never looked on her with much favour; on the contrary, she felt that she was regarded with distrust and suspicion. Sometimes, too, she was jealous of the affection shown by the mother to her boys; and then she became obstinate, and would often hide herself for hours when anything had vexed her, and cry until her head ached and she was utterly weary; waiting till her friend Stephen came home, and creeping in after him, soothed and comforted by his gentle, kindly greeting.

The settlement at Santa Anna, near Fort Marshall, had been broken up after a few years, and Mr. Warner had removed his family to San Juan, a flourish-

ing little town, also on the Arkansas, where they had more society, and where they would be able to find a school for the boys by-and-by. He was still unable to go east, as times had been very hard, and, although he had much land, he had little money.

One day Mrs. Wilson, a neighbour, came to pay Eleanor a visit, and whilst out, lost a gold locket, although she did not miss it till she got home. The following morning she came to ask Mrs. Warner if she had seen anything of it. A thorough search was made, but in vain; and Mrs. Wilson concluded that it had been dropped on the road.

A few weeks later, Ronald, the youngest boy, who always slept with Candalaria, said—

"Mamma, Ronnie wants Candy's pretty-pretty."

"What do you mean, Ronald?" asked his mother, who never denied him anything he asked for.

"What Candy has on her neck," said the child.

Candalaria became very red, and was going out of the room.

"Ronnie wants it, and Ronnie will have it," cried the boy; and he ran up to her and made a grab at her neck.

The girl looked so troubled and confused that Mrs. Warner felt sure something was wrong.

"Tell me at once what he means," she said, sternly.

"I don't know," answered the girl.

"Yes you do know, Candy—the pretty thing Ronnie was playing with this morning, in bed, and Candy was angry, and scolded Ronnie."

The girl's hand went involuntarily to her bosom, but she said nothing. Suddenly an idea struck Mrs. Warner. She went up to Candalaria and unfastened her dress at the throat. There was the missing ornament, hung round her neck by a bit of scarlet braid!

Poor little Mexican! She loved bright colouring and glittering ornaments instinctively—another inherited weakness. Often she had longed to have something gay and pretty, and when temptation came in her way, it had been too much for her.

"I knew you were a story-teller, but never suspected you of being a thief," said her mistress, in a hard, stern voice, taking off the locket from the neck of the girl, who looked dark and sullen, but neither spoke a word nor shed a tear.

"Now go to your own room till your master comes home, when we shall see what is to be done with you. What will he say when he knows you are a thief, do you think? Go, bad girl!"

* * * *

Mr. Warner always made the child he had rescued call him "father," but when Eleanor was angry she spoke of him to poor Candalaria as "your master;" and the girl soon got into the habit of calling her "Mrs. Warner," when, as she grew older, she began to understand the light in which she was regarded by her mistress.

She did not need telling twice. With a shamed yet dogged look on her face, and misery in her heart—for she loved her master, and could not bear to grieve him—she went to her little room and flung herself, hopelessly, on the floor.

Half an hour later, Tom, the eldest boy, who was now seven years old, came running in, and found her still lying there.

"Candy, I heard mamma tell Mrs. Wilson you are a very bad girl, and that she should ask father to send you away to live somewhere else, because you are a thief, and will teach us to steal."

The girl moaned, but said nothing.

Tom was an affectionate little fellow, and could not bear to see anyone in trouble. He sat down on the floor beside Candy, and tried to make her look up, but in vain.

"Why don't you ask mamma not to be angry any more? Tell her you're sorry, and will never do it again."

Still Candy did not speak.

"Oh, Candy, do get up quick, before father comes home; don't you know it's awfully wicked to steal? Jack Wilson says they hung a man up to a tree once for stealing a blanket; he saw him hanging, quite dead."

Candalaria's heart seemed to stop beating for a few moments. It was only too true what Tom said: she had heard the noise of the wild, angry men as they hurried the thief away to be lynched. If the father said she must go away, and people got to know why, they might fetch her and hang her up too. How awful!

Tom not being able to make her speak, soon left her.

"Send me away!" she kept repeating to herself. "Send me away! Where to? Never to see the father and the little boys again!"

And even if they did not hang her, she would have to be a "hired girl" somewhere, like Anna, over at Stokes's ranche, who had a cruel, drunken master, and was beaten and ill-used sometimes; and who talked often so wickedly that it frightened Candalaria to hear her. No! if they were going to send her away she would run away now, and then she should not see the sad, grieved look that came into the father's eyes whenever she was naughty and told a lie. How would he look now, she wondered, when he heard she was a thief?

The girl jumped up, seized her sunbonnet, and slipped out through the window—the house had only the ground floor—and, unnoticed by anyone, began to run, she knew not whither, straight away across the vast plains. She would sit down and think, she said to herself, when she got a long way over, to where the great clumps of pear cactus grew, where they could not see her from the house.

It was about three in the afternoon when Candalaria took flight. Mrs. Warner had lain down for her usual afternoon's nap, with her youngest boy beside her, and Tom and Alick had begun a game with Jack Wilson inside the corral; the hired man was busy, so she had time to get far enough away before anyone thought about her at all.

It was much farther than she thought to the cactus plants; but Candalaria reached them at last, and sat down, heated and breathless, behind the largest of them. When she was a little rested she tried to think what she could do with herself. It may sound strange, but the girl had never been so far from home, all alone, in her life before. The farthest she had been was to some of the neighbouring homesteads, which were all nearer the centre of the settlement than Mrs. Warner's. It was not safe for a girl, or even a woman, to be alone in these wild regions. She must get to some shelter before night came. The Indians might get hold of her, and carry her off, she thought. She was not afraid of the poor Mexicans, who had some huts near the town; but, although she could not remember her mother or her miserable state as a little child, she always had disagreeable sensations when she passed one of these huts, and never could bear to look at them, from some instinctive aversion. She was afraid of the rough miners, who rode in to buy at the stores, from the mining camps; their language and looks were savage and wild compared with Mr. Warner's, and those of the few men with whom he was acquainted. Where should she go?

The sun was sinking; the two Spanish peaks became darker and more distinct across the plains, and everything seemed so still and lonely that the girl's courage failed, and she began to cry bitterly; but after a time her tears ceased, and she was conscious of a sensation of hunger. The little prairie dogs, too, were beginning to think it was supper-time, and they came popping out of their holes quite near to Candalaria.

Suddenly she remembered that there were some French people living on the banks of the Arkansas River, only a few miles from San Juan. They had called once to see Mrs. Warner; and the wife, Madame Dupuis, had looked so bright and lively, and was dressed so gaily, that the little Mexican girl quite fell in love with her, and madame had praised her, and said she would like to have a smart little girl like Candalaria to help her at home. Mrs. Warner had one day pointed out the clump of cotton-wood trees where they lived, beside the river; it was only a few miles farther on; she could just distinguish it in the twilight. She would go and beg madame to let her stay there. Perhaps she would not be so angry as Mrs. Warner was, if she told her she would never steal any more, and she would work very hard to please her.

So away Candalaria started again—so quickly, that the little prairie dogs were all scared, and ran down into their holes in a hurry. It was a long way, after all, to the French ranche, and the darkness crept over everything before the poor little fugitive could reach it. At last she could see no longer, and then she sat down again in despair. Her feet, too, had stumbled over some of the smaller cacti, and their dreadful little thorns had penetrated her slight shoes, which were only intended for the house. Those who have made the acquaintance of these same little thorns know what exquisite annoyance and pain they can cause. At last the weary child could go

no farther; she sat down in despair. And then she heard the sad hooting of the owls, and, later on, the more dismal howling of the coyotes—the wolves of the prairies. It was very awful to be all alone in this great solitude!

How she got through the two long hours before the moon rose she could not afterwards tell. When it became a little lighter, and she could distinguish anything, she found she was close to a good bridle track. Later on she was able to make out the river, which soon shone before her like a broad band of smooth molten silver. It was not far away; but she could not see the grove of cotton-wood trees to tell her where the ranche lay. At last, in the distance, appeared a man on horseback, riding swiftly towards her along the track. His horse's hoofs sounded through the silence of the night on the soft springy turf. He was coming from the direction of the river, perhaps from the ranche. In her light cotton dress he would be sure to see her, even though she lay quite still.

Suppose it should be an Indian—one of those wild cruel ones, who still appeared from time to time—or, what she feared quite as much, a rough from the mining camp up in the mountains! Her heart beat frightfully as he came nearer and nearer; she dared not raise her eyes when the man drew rein close to her.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

A HUNDRED FAMOUS WOMEN.

THE SUBJECT OF OUR NEXT COMPETITION is a Biographical Table, dealing with One Hundred of the most famous women of the Christian Era, and showing their country, the date of their birth, the date of their death, and the leading incidents of their lives.

WE INVITE OUR GIRLS, ONE AND ALL, to take part in this competition, not only that they may gain an honourable place in our lists, but that they may thus become acquainted with the career of many who hold distinguished positions in the history of the world.

SEVERAL PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded; a prize of one guinea being given to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three. Thus, a girl of thirteen years of age has a chance of obtaining the prize awarded to girls between thirteen and fourteen; a girl of fourteen may prove the winner of the prize given to all between fourteen and fifteen, and so on, up to the age of twenty-three.

CERTIFICATES WILL ALSO BE GIVEN—first, second, and third class—and these will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

THE LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING THE BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE is Lady Day (March 25, 1884), and this date is named so as to afford our foreign and colonial readers an opportunity of competing.

THE STYLE OF THE PROPOSED TABLE will be best seen from an example, and in this example we shall take the liberty of imagining a famous woman:—

NAME.	COUNTRY.	BIRTH.	DEATH.	BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.
Alice Mary Elworthy	England	May 10, 1835	July 14, 1877	Daughter of Sir John Wilkinson. 1857, married Richard Elworthy. 1863, widow. Devoted herself to literature: Wrote "Every Girl Her Own Trumpeter," "Domestic Economy Made Easy," and many other works. Also distinguished for her enthusiasm in connection with Ragged Schools.

BREVITY IN THE BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES is essential: indeed, they must in no case exceed forty words, the figures of a date being counted as one word.

THE NAMES OF THE HUNDRED FAMOUS WOMEN are given below, and we have placed them in chronological order—that is to say, the earliest born come first. Competitors must follow this chronological arrangement.

SOME COMPETITORS MAY BE UNABLE to overtake the whole hundred names, in that case let them give information about as many as they can, remembering that it is better to do a little well than a great deal carelessly.

IN WRITING OUT THE BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE competitors will not be limited to any particular number of pages, but the following rules must be strictly observed: 1. Each page must be ruled in either red or black ink, as shown in the above example. 2. The pages must be sewn together at the left hand top corner.

EACH BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE must bear on the back of the last page the full name, age, and address of the competitor, and, underneath, the following must be written and signed by father, mother, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this Biographical Table is the sole work and in the handwriting of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated).

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

EACH BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE must be sent by book post, without a letter, addressed to The Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and the words, "Competition Biographical Table," must be clearly written in the left hand corner.

ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

St. Cecilia.
St. Monica.
St. Margaret of Scotland.
Matilda, "The Great Countess" of Tuscany.
Elizabeth of Hungary.
Eleanor of Castile.
Beatrice (Dante's).
Joan of Arc.
Queen Isabella of Spain.
Margaret of Angoulême.
Claude, "the Good Queen."
Catherine von Bora.
Margaret Roper.
Anne Boleyn.
Mary I. of England.
Anne Askew.
Amy Robsart.
Jeanne d'Albret.
Elizabeth of England.
Lady Jane Grey.
Mary Stuart.
Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke.
Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.
Lucy Hutchinson.
Duchess of Newcastle.
Christina of Sweden.
Marquise de Sévigné.
Lady Rachel Russell.
Madame Guyon.
Duchess of Marlborough.
Mary II. of England.
Queen Anne.
Elizabeth Rowe.
Lady Elizabeth Hastings.
Catherine I. of Russia.
Lady Mary Wortley Montague.
Countess of Huntingdon.
Flora Macdonald.
Charlotte Lennox.
Hester Chapone.
Catharine Macaulay.
Madame Necker.
Esther Lynch Piozzi.
Maria Anna Angelica Kauffmann.
Sarah Trimmer.
Anna Letitia Barbauld.
Hannah More.
Countess de Genlis.
Anna Seward.
Princess de Lamballe.
Mrs. Godolphin.
Frances Burney.
Elizabeth Inchbald.
Madame Roland.
Sarah Siddons.
Anne Grant of Laggan.
Maria Antoinette.
Empress Josephine.
Anne Radcliffe.
Madame de Staël.
Lady Caroline Nairne.
Maria Edgeworth.
Charlotte Corday.
Amelia Opie.
Sophie Restaud de Cottin.
Elizabeth Guizot.
Jane Austen.
Jane Porter.
Mary Anne Shemmelpenninck.
Elizabeth Fry.
Mrs. Mary Sommerville.
Anna Maria Porter.
Anne Taylor.
Susan Edmonstone Ferrier.
Eugénie Hortense de Beauharnais.
Princess Amelia.
Jane Taylor.
Duchesse d'Abrantes.
Mary Russell Mitford.
Viscountess Palmerston.
Catherine Marie Sedgwick
Lydia Sigourney.
Queen Adelaide.
Felicia Dorothea Hemans.
Maria Jameson.
Catherine Grace Frances Gore.
Jane Loudon.
Catharine Sinclair.
Harriet Martineau.
Letitia Elizabeth Landon.
Sarah Coleridge.
Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant.
Mary Carpenter.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
Sarah Margaret Fuller.
Grace Darling.
Charlotte Brontë.
Marianne Evans.
Adelaide Anne Procter.
Frances Ridley Havergal.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories,' &c.

"'THEY ARE FOR YOU,' CRIED SUSIE."

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST DAY AT REDMAYNE HOUSE.

WHAT trifles vex one!

I was always sorry that my name was Esther; not that I found fault with the name itself, but it was too grave, too full of meaning for such an insignificant person. Someone who was learned in such matters—I think it was Allan—told me once that it meant a star, or good fortune.

It may be so, but the real meaning lay for me in the marginal note of my Bible; Esther, fair of form and good in countenance, that Hadassah who was brought to the palace of Shushan, the beautiful Jewish Queen who loved and succoured her suffering people; truly a bright particular star amongst them.

Girls, even the best of them, have their whims and fancies, and I never looked at myself in the glass on high days and holidays, when a festive garb was desirable; without a scornful protest, dumbly uttered, against so shining a name. There was such a choice, and I would rather have been Deborah or Leah, or even plain Susan, or Molly; anything homely, that would have suited my dark low-browed face. Tall and angular, and hard-featured—what business had I with such a name?

"My dear, beauty is only skin deep,

and common sense is worth its weight in gold; and you are my good, sensible Esther," my mother said once, when I had hinted rather too strongly at my plainness. Dear soul, she was anxious to appease the pangs of injured vanity, and was *full of* such sweet balmy speeches; but girls in the ugly duckling stage are not alive to moral compliments; and, well—perhaps I hoped my mother might find contradiction possible.

Well, I am older and wiser now, less troublesomely introspective, and by no means so addicted to taking my internal structure to pieces, to find out how the motives and feelings work; but all the same I hold strongly to diversity of gifts. I believe beauty is a gift, one of the good things of God; a very special talent, for which the owner must give account.

But enough of this moralising, for I want to speak of a certain fine afternoon in the year of our Lord 18—, well, never mind the date.

It was one of our red-letter days at Redmayne House, in other words, a whole holiday; we always had a whole holiday on Miss Majoribank's birthday. The French governess had made a grand toilette, and had gone out for the day. Fraulein had retired to her own room, and was writing a long sentimental effusion to a certain "liebe Anna," who lived at Heidelberg. As Fraulein had taken several of us into confidence, we had heard a great deal of this Anna von Hummel, a little round-faced German, with flaxen plaits and china-blue eyes, like a doll; and Jessie and I had often wondered at this strong Teutonic attachment. Most of the girls were playing croquet—they played croquet then, on the little square lawn before the drawing-room windows; the younger ones were swinging in the lime walk. Jessie and I had betaken ourselves with our books to a corner we much affected, where there was a bench under a May tree.

Jessie was my school friend—chum, I think we called it; she was a fair, pretty girl, with a thoroughly English face, a neat compact figure, and manners which everyone pronounced charming and ladylike; her mind was ladylike too, which was the best of all.

Jessie read industriously—her book seemed to rivet her attention; but I was restless and distrait. The sun was shining on the limes, and the fresh green leaves seemed to thrill and shiver with life; a lazy breeze kept up a faint soughing, a white butterfly was hovering over the pink may, the girls' shrill voices sounded everywhere; a thousand undeveloped thoughts, vague and unsubstantial as the sunshine above us, seemed to blend with the sunshine and voices.

"Jessie, do put down your book—I want to talk." Jessie raised her eyebrows a little quizzically, but she was always amiable; she had that rare unselfishness of giving up her own will ungrudgingly: I think this was why I loved her so. Her story was interesting, but she put down her book without a sigh.

"You are always talking, Esther," she said, with a provoking little smile; "but then," she added, quickly, as though she were afraid that I should think her unkind, "I never heard other girls talk so well."

"Nonsense," was my hasty response; "don't put me out of temper with myself. I was indulging in a little bit of philosophy while you were deep in the 'Daisy Chain.' I was thinking what constituted a great mind."

Jessie opened her eyes widely, but she did not at once reply; she was not, strictly speaking, a clever girl, and did not at once grasp any new idea; our conversations were generally rather one-sided. Emma Hardy, who was our school wag, once observed that I used Jessie's brains as an airing place for my ideas. Certainly Jessie listened more than she talked, but then she listened so sweetly.

"Of course, Alfred the Great, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Princess Elizabeth of France, and all the heroes and heroines of old time—all the people who did such great things and lived such wonderful lives—may be said to have had great minds; but I am not thinking about them. I want to know what makes a great mind, and how one is to get it. There is Carrie, now, you know how good she is; I think she may be said to have one."

"Carrie—your sister?"

"Why, yes," I returned a little impatiently; for certainly Jessie could not think I meant that stupid, peevish little Carrie Steadman, the dullest girl in the school; and whom else should I mean but Carrie, my own dear sister, who was two years older than I, and who was as good as she was pretty, and who set us all such an example of unworldliness and self-denial; and Jessie had spent the Christmas holidays at our house, and had grown to know and love her too; and yet she could doubt of whom I was speaking: it could not be denied that Jessie was a little slow.

"Carrie is so good," I went on, when I had cooled a little; "I am sure she has a great mind. When I read of Mrs. Judson and Elizabeth Fry, or of any of those grand creatures, I always think of Carrie. How few girls of nineteen would deprive themselves of half their dress allowance, that they might devote it to the poor; she has given up parties because she thinks them frivolous and a waste of time; and though she plays so beautifully, mother can hardly get her to practise, because she says it is a pity to devote so much time to a mere accomplishment, when she might be at the school, or reading to poor old Betty Martin."

"She might do both," put in Jessie, rather timidly; for she never liked contradicting any of my notions, however far-fetched and ill-assorted they might be. "Do you know, Esther, I fancy your mother is a little sorry that Carrie is so unlike other girls; she told me once that she thought it such a pity that she had let her talents rust after all the money that had been spent on her education."

"You must have misunderstood my mother," I returned, somewhat loftily; "I heard her once say to Uncle Geoffrey that she thought Carrie was almost perfection. You have no idea how much Mr. Arnold thinks of her; he is always holding her up as his pattern young lady in the parish, and declares that he should not know what to do without her. She plays the organ at all the week-day services, and teaches at the Sunday-school, and she has a district now, and a Bible-class for the younger girls. No wonder she cannot find time to practise, or to keep up her drawing." And I looked triumphantly at Jessie; but her manner did not quite please me. She might not be clever, but she had a good solid set of opinions to which she could hold stoutly enough.

"Don't think me disagreeable, Esther," she pleaded. "I think a great deal of Carrie; she is very sweet, and pretty, and good, and we should all be better if we were more like her; but no one is quite faultless, and I think even Carrie makes mistakes at times."

"Oh, of course!" I answered, a little crossly, for I could not bear her finding fault with Carrie, who was such a paragon in my eyes. But Jessie took no notice of my manner, she was such a wise little creature; and I cannot help thinking that the less importance we attach to people's manner, the better. Under a little roughness there is often good stuff, and some good people are singularly unfortunate in manner.

So Jessie went on in her gentle way, "Do you remember Miss Majoribanks' favourite copy: 'Moderation in all things'? I think this ought to apply to everything we do. We had an old nurse once, who used to say such droll things to us children. I remember I had been very good, and done something very wonderful, as I thought, and nursie said to me, in her dry way, 'Well, Miss Jessie, my dear, duty is not a hedgehog, that you should be bristling all over in that way. There is no getting at you to-day, you are too fully armed at all points for praise.' And she would not say another word; and another time, when I thought I ought to have been commended, she said, 'Least done is soonest mended; and well done is not ill done, and that is all about it.' Poor old nurse! she would never praise anyone."

"But, Jessie—how does this apply to Carrie?"

"Well, not very much, I dare say; only I think Carrie overdoes her duty sometimes. I remember, one evening, your mother looked so disappointed when Carrie said she was too tired to sing."

"You mean the evening when the Scobells were there, and Carrie had been doing parish work all the day, and she came in looking so pale and fagged? I thought mother was hard on her that night. Carrie cried about it afterwards in my room."

"Oh, Esther, I thought she spoke so gently! She only said, would it not have been better to have done a little less to-day, and reserved yourself for our friends? We ought never to disappoint people if we can help it."

"Yes; only mother looked as if she were really displeased, and Carrie could not bear that; she said in her last letter that mother did not sympathise entirely in her work, and that she missed me

dreadfully, for the home atmosphere was rather chilling sometimes."

Jessie looked a little sorry at this. "No one could think that of your home, Esther." And she sighed, for her home was very different from ours. Her parents were dead, and as she was an only child, she had never known the love of brother or sister; and the aunt who brought her up was a strict, narrow-minded sort of person, with manners that must have been singularly uncongenial to my affectionate, simple-minded Jessie. Poor Jessie! I could not help giving her one of my bear-like hugs at this, so well did I know the meaning of that sigh; and there is no telling into what channel our talk would have drifted, only just at that moment Belle Martin, the pupil teacher, appeared in sight, walking very straight and fast, and carrying her chin in an elevated fashion, a sort of practical exposition of Madame's "Heads up, young ladies!" But this was only her way, and Belle was a good creature.

"You are to go in at once, Miss Cameron," she called out, almost before she reached us. "Miss Majoribanks has sent me to look for you; your uncle is with her in the drawing-room."

"Uncle Geoffrey? Oh, my dear Uncle Geoff!" I exclaimed, joyfully. "Do you really mean it, Belle?"

"Yes, Dr. Cameron is in the drawing-room," repeated Belle. But I never noticed how grave her voice was. She commenced whispering to Jessie almost before I was a yard away, and I thought I heard an exclamation in Jessie's voice; but I only said to myself, "Oh, my dear Uncle Geoff!" in a tone of suppressed ecstasy, and I looked round on the croquet players as I threaded the lawn with a sense of pity that not one of them possessed an uncle like mine.

Miss Majoribanks was seated in state, in her well-preserved black satin gown, with her black gloves reposing in her lap, looking rather like a feminine mute; but on this occasion I took no notice of her. I actually forgot my curtsy, and I am afraid I made one of my awkward rushes, for Miss Majoribanks groaned slightly, though afterwards she turned it into a cough.

"Why, Esther, you are almost a woman now," said my uncle, putting me in front of him, and laying his heavy hand on my shoulder. "Bless me, how the child has grown, and how unlike she is to Carrie."

"I was seventeen yesterday," I answered, pouting a little, for I understood the reference to Carrie; and was I not the ugly duckling?—but I would not keep up the sore feeling a minute, I was so pleased to see him.

No one would call Uncle Geoffrey handsome—oh, dear, no! his features were too rugged for that; but he had a droll, clever, face, and a pair of honest eyes, and his gray hair was so closely cropped that it looked like a silver cap. He was a little restless and fidgety in his movements, too, and had ways that appeared singular to strangers, but I always regarded his habits respectfully. Clever men, I thought, were often eccentric; and I was quite angry with my mother when she used to say, "Geoff was an old bachelor, and he wanted a wife to polish him; I should like to see any woman dare to marry Uncle Geoff!

"Seventeen, sweet seventeen! Eh, Esther;" but he still held my hand and looked at me thoughtfully. It was then I first noticed how grave he looked.

"Have you come from Combe Manor, Uncle Geoff, and are they all quite well at home?" I asked, rather anxiously, for he seemed decidedly nervous.

"Well, no," he returned, rather slowly; "I am sorry to spoil your holiday, child, but I have come by your mother's express desire to fetch you home. Frank—your father, I mean—is not well, and they will be glad of your help and—bless me"—Uncle Geoff's favourite exclamation—"how pale the girl looks!"

"You are keeping something from me—he is very ill—I know he is very ill!" I exclaimed, passionately. "Oh, uncle, do speak out, he is——" but I could not finish my sentence, only Uncle Geoffrey understood.

"No, no, it is not so bad as that," putting his arm round me, for I was trembling and shaking all over; "he is very ill—I dare not deny that there is much ground for fear; but, Esther, we ought to lose no time in getting away from here. Will you swallow this glass of wine, like a good, brave child, and then pack up your things as soon as possible?"

There was no resisting Uncle Geoffrey's coaxing voice; all his patients did what he told them, so I drank the wine and tried to hurry from the room, only my knees felt so weak.

"Miss Martin will assist you," whispered Miss Majoribanks, as I passed her; and, sure enough, as I entered the dormitory, there was Belle emptying my drawers, with Jessie helping her. Even in my bewildered state of wretchedness I wondered why Miss Majoribanks thought it necessary for me to take all my things. Was I bidding good-bye to Redmayne House?

Belle looked very kindly at me as she folded my dresses, but Jessie came up to me with tears in her eyes—"Oh, Esther!" she whispered, "how strange to think we were talking as we were, and now the opportunity has come;" and though her speech was a little vague, I understood it: she meant the time for me to display my greatness of mind—ah, me! my greatness of mind—where was it? I was of no use at all; the girls did it all between them, whilst I sat on the edge of my little bed and watched them. They were as quick as possible, and yet it seemed hours before the box was locked and Belle had handed me the key; by-and-by Miss Majoribanks came and fetched me down, for she said the fly was at the door and Dr. Cameron was waiting.

We girls had never cared much for Miss Majoribanks, but nothing could exceed her kindness then. I think the reason why schoolmistresses are not often beloved by their pupils—though there certainly are exceptions to that rule—is that they do not often show their good hearts.

When Miss Majoribanks buttoned my gloves for me, and smoothed my hair, and gave me that motherly kiss, I felt I loved her. "God bless you, my dear child, we shall all miss you; you have worked well and been a credit to the establishment. I am sorry indeed to part with you." Actually these were Miss Majoribanks' words, and spoken, too, in a husky voice!

And when I got downstairs there were all the girls, many of them with their croquet mallets in their hands, gathered in the front garden, and little Susie Pierrepoint, the baby of the school, carrying a large bunch of lavender and sweetwilliam from her own little garden, which she thrust in my hands.

"They are for you," cried Susie; and then they all crowded round and kissed me.

"Good-bye, Esther; we are so sorry to lose you; write to us, and let us know how you are."

Jessie's pale little face came last. "Oh, my darling! how I shall be thinking of you," cried the affectionate creature; and then I broke down, and Uncle Geoffrey led me away.

"I am glad to see your school-fellows love you," he said, as we drove off, and Redmayne House became lost to sight. "Human affection is a great boon, Esther."

Dear Uncle Geoffrey! he wanted to comfort me; but for some time I would not speak or listen.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

KINGS AND QUEENS.—A princess of the house of Bourbon, on being asked why the reigns of queens were, in general, more prosperous than the reigns of kings, replied, because, under kings, women govern, under queens, men.

NOT THE REAL THING.—Mrs. Opie says that all who wear imitation ornaments are virtually telling untruths, by imposing on the spectators mock jewels for real ones.

UPS AND DOWNS.—A head, properly constituted, can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

LOOKING AHEAD.

A grasshopper, half-starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored beehive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey. One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them.

"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking, dancing, and singing, and never once thought of winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the bee; "we work hard in the summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink and dance and sing in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."

MARTIN LUTHER ON MARRIAGE.—"Next to God's Word," Martin Luther said, "the world has no more precious treasure than holy matrimony. God's best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods, and body, and life. There are couples who neither care for their families, nor love each other. People like these are not human beings; they make their homes a hell."

HOSPITAL WORK AND HOSPITAL WORKERS.

SKIRTING one side of Smithfield, in the very heart of the City of London, stands a venerable building, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. I should like to show anyone who considers such an institution a melancholy place the inside of one of the wards, bright with flowers, both cut and growing; with glittering "tins" here and there, plenty of pictures and illuminated texts on the walls, everything looking spotlessly neat and clean; the general aspect anything but gloomy. If the "sister" is present, she may be recognised by her blue dress. She is called by the name of her ward —"Mary," "Elizabeth," "John," or whatever it may be. The "nurse" under her wears a brown uniform, with white cap and apron; and the newest importation, the "probationer," undergoing her training in the ward, is distinguished by a grey linen gown, white cap, and a large apron similar to nurse's.

In addition to these, the staff consists of another nurse, now on night duty, and a ward assistant who does the rougher work. Besides the uniform, there are some differences made between the nurses and the probationer. The latter is exempted from night duty, receives a smaller salary, is changed at stated intervals from ward to ward, and attends lectures on medical and surgical nursing. At the end of her year an examination is held, and those who pass are awarded certificates. There is no social distinction between nurses and probationers. All alike are regarded as belonging to the classes of workers, and they do work. Each ward in St. Bartholomew's contains on an average twenty-six beds; by its construction it is divided into two parts, back and front. After the morning's cleaning is over and the night nurse gone, day nurse and probationer each has care of half the ward, under the supervision of the sister, to whom reference is to be made in matters of difficulty. Where duties are thus clearly defined, any omission or negligence is easily detected and traced to its proper cause. From fifteen months' experience I can say that a well-regulated hospital ward is a pleasant place for the workers; and the patients, too, generally seem to appreciate the comforts and care provided for them.

I have often been asked whether a nurse in the wards is likely to meet with annoyance from the medical students, and I can answer, none whatsoever, unless she chooses to bring it upon herself. A nurse of any rank who keeps her own place will find that students and patients alike will respect her, but of course if she encourages levity and flirting she must take the consequences. To say the least of it, such conduct is sadly out of place before sick and dying people.

We now come to consider the position of a nurse with regard to her patients, the sufferers for whose benefit chiefly the great machinery of the hospital has been set in motion. Of course a woman virtually in charge of a number of sick people has to see and do many things which she would not care to describe afterwards; but I can say from experience that duties from which one would shrink in idea, in one's own room, come so naturally when in hospital, that they are got through as matters of course. A great deal of awkwardness can be avoided by making no fuss over necessary work. Wherever a nurse sees her assistance is not required, her tact should teach her not to press it officiously.

Much can be done in a ward, almost unconsciously, to preserve a good moral tone. Let the workers be most careful themselves to avoid any indelicacy of speech or action, and the patients, low and ignorant though many may be, will have a kind of instinctive feeling that they also may not indulge in any coarseness. It may be necessary sometimes to give a private admonition to the effect that such and such conversation cannot be allowed, but I think, if sister and nurses teach the patients by example, they will very seldom have occasion to resort to precept. We had stringent rules against profanity in St. Bartholomew's. I very seldom heard any in the wards.

In a large general hospital one often sees cases of shocking accidents, and of diseases which would sound truly loathsome if described. I have generally found with these, however, that in the interest of the case, one forgets the unpleasantness of the details, and if by the Divine blessing upon skill and care such a patient can be carried through, it is a great triumph. It is very disheartening to be told that a patient cannot recover. For him it is a melancholy thing to die in hospital under the care of strangers, however kind or skilled they may be. At St. Bartholomew's when anyone was pronounced in danger, his friends were admitted to him at all hours. This was often a great relief to the nurse, especially at night.

We had some queer people brought under our care. One was a keeper of a thieves' lodging house, a blind Irishman, well known to the police. He had been robbed and very nearly murdered in a drunken brawl. As a patient, he was very civil, and grateful for everything that was done for him. He was in great dread of being permanently marked. However, he recovered with scarcely a scar.

Another of our patients had his occupation entered on the Registrar's book as a burglar. He had met with an accident while escaping after robbing a house. We had no opportunity of judging of him as an inmate, as the police took him away immediately, contrary to the protestations of the house surgeon. He died in prison soon afterwards from the effects of his injuries.

Most of our patients, however, were of a more respectable class than these; and as a rule they were very amenable and easy to manage. Still, in a mixed crowd, such as we received, there were occasional cases of gross insubordination, even of positive insolence. These unpleasant people were not by any means of the lowest social grade; they generally would have described themselves as "superior," and seemed to think they rather patronised our hospital by coming in. A few patients whom we had, of a class quite above these, were not in the least troublesome nor exacting, though they must often have felt the publicity and restraints of the ward very irksome. If a patient was really unmanageable a nurse always had her remedy. A report made to the house surgeon through the sister would bring down at least a severe reprimand, and probably in case of a repetition of the offence summary dismissal from the ward. No sister would like to report a patient frivolously, knowing the probable consequences; but I have seen cases where it was absolutely necessary to do so.

If a nurse once loses her character for truthfulness, her influence for good is gone. This is specially the case with children. There was no ward allotted to them at St. Bartholomew's, so we had to take them in among the adults. Up to seven years old little boys were sent with the women. The courage and patience of some, who were scarcely more than mere infants, were surprising. I remember one little fellow about four or five years old, whose leg had been badly scalded; the daily cleansing and dressing looked a most uncomfortable process. His dresser was very good-natured to the child, and, while preparing to begin, used to say, "Well, Tommy" (a convenient pet name supposed to suit all the little boys in St. Bartholomew's), "we won't hurt you more than we can help, and I see you're going to be a brave boy, and not cry. You never cry, do you?" The child would keep perfectly still as long as he could; then he used to make a little murmuring noise, and when the dresser looked up at him, as if astonished, would say, "I'm laughing, sir; I'm only laughing." Though the pain may be the same, this method of dealing with children causes far fewer tears, and far less resistance, than the system of saying, "Why, *that* couldn't hurt you!" "What are you crying for *now*, I'd like to know?" or some such address, which one hears occasionally in the wards. Children are very sensible, and very amenable to reason, especially when they see the person speaking to them means what he says. As to taking nauseous medicine, my experience is that most of them make considerable less fuss over it than the adults, when it is brought to them as a matter of course. If the nurse hesitates or seems to have the slightest idea that they will refuse, there probably will be rebellion. Telling them it is "not nasty" will not helps matters at all. I remember once hearing a surgeon say to a child on seeing her shrink back, after he had told her that something he was going to do would not hurt her, "You needn't be afraid. I never deceive my patients." By acting upon this principle in the wards, a nurse will gain the respect and confidence of those placed under her care.

Perhaps one of the most thankless and disagreeable duties a nurse has to perform is to carry out the rule which forbids food or drink to be brought to the patients without the sanction of the physician or surgeon. In the medical wards, the sisters are particular about this, but among surgical patients the rule was not at all rigorously observed, and a nurse who tried to enforce it had many sour looks and hard words to bear. The patients seemed to have an idea that we were stealing their dainties, potted meat, pork pies, or whatever they might be, for our own use. I remember once overhearing an affectionate wish that two green apples, which by the way I had thrown into the scrubber's pail, might choke me. Friends of patients seem to have an idea, which no argument or entreaty can remove, that in no disease can grapes, oranges, or a certain sweetmeat called acid-drops, do any harm. Questioning is of no use; one must search the lockers and, even so, patients will manage to evade detection. As an instance, we had a little boy in a medical ward about whose diet we were most particular. He assured me one day that he had been brought nothing but some clean clothes, and nothing else appeared in his locker. Some time afterwards, however, on arranging him in bed, I found a pocket-handkerchief full of pieces of orange. An-

THE NURSE.

other day I found some very unwholesome-looking cakes between his pillows. In the same ward, a girl in typhoid fever had about a pound of grapes and five or six oranges left with her by injudicious friends. No one who has not worked in the wards can have the least idea of the difficulties caused by smuggled food. The rule is hung up in a conspicuous place; to enforce it is another matter.

Another difficulty which must distress a conscientious nurse arises from the extreme liberality of the patients and their friends in offering presents, chiefly money. People of that class seem unable to understand the simple statement, "It is against the rule." I daresay this is often a temptation to a nurse who is really poor, and has a great deal to do with her salary. The giver looks quite amazed when convinced that one is serious in refusing.

"Then you really won't take it?"

"Really, no; but thank you for the kind intention."

It is a painful thing to have thus to hurt the feelings of those who mean well, but it had often to be done in the wards. One day a poor young man bringing in a sick wife offered me sixpence with the words, "Be kind to her." I hope before she left he was convinced that a bribe was not necessary to bespeak our attention.

The patients as a general rule behave very well to one another while in hospital. Sometimes their forbearance was put rather severely to the test at St. Bartholomew's, where there are no private wards, when cases were brought in which required perfect quietness. Screens were drawn round the bed in these instances, and a carpet laid down the middle of the ward. I have sometimes been surprised to see how the patients, even giddy boys, would try to keep still day after day. The convalescents, too, were generally ready to help those who were still confined to bed, or were just beginning to get about. Sometimes their zeal to be of use was too ardent, and had to be checked. I have only very rarely overheard any wrangling or disputing among either men or women, and all seemed ready to make allowance for one another. I recollect saying to a girl, who had been kept awake by a fellow patient, that I was sorry to hear the ward had been so disturbed last night. "Ah," she replied, "if she kept me awake, then perhaps I might keep her awake another time. We mustn't be hard on each other; we all do it in turn."

I have sometimes wondered whether the pains that were taken to keep them and their surroundings clean while in the wards had any effect upon the patients after their return to their own homes. From what I have seen of some who came back as out patients, I am not inclined to be sanguine about it, but I do say that during my time at St. Bartholomew's I only met one person who objected to submit to the hospital regulations as to cleanliness, even when these involved cutting the hair close to the head.

"We have done nothing for this child but keep her clean," said a visiting surgeon of the eye wards on discharging one of his patients. He might have added that we had fed her well, for, indeed, the poor little thing had seemed half-starved, as well as nearly blind, when she was brought in. "Poverty, hunger, and dirt" are active agents in filling the wards; and as to the results of intemperance one comes across, perhaps the less said about them the better. A good many of our patients had taken the pledge, and we were always glad to hear them say so. It certainly was no hardship at St. Bartholomew's, where there was always plenty of excellent milk for those who drank no beer.

As to the state of education among the people with whom we came in contact, it was quite a common thing, on offering a book to a patient, that he or she was not able to read, or could only read a little. "Ah, nurse, I wouldn't be as low as I am if I could read," said a poor girl to me. It was rather surprising to find cases of this ignorance among the young in these enlightened days. One middle-aged patient I had in a man's ward did not know the clock.

Some young men we had of a better class were highly educated, and had read some very learned books, which they were able to quote and discuss, expressing themselves clearly and well. Many of these seemed to me to hold very free opinions upon the subject of religion. On asking one of them, an Irishman, whether he was a Roman Catholic, I got for answer, "Indeed I'm nothing." This man used to attend the church afterwards.

In the religious instructions of the patients their teachers had a great deal to contend with, between ignorance on the one hand and intellectual pride on the other. There is a resident chaplain, or "hospitaller," and an assistant, who devote their whole time to the work. The hospital is itself a parish, the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Less standing in the grounds. Each of these clergymen gives a lecture once a week in each ward, and during some part of the same day goes round the beds for private visitation. There are not many Roman Catholic patients, but they have a chaplain appointed, who is most regular in his visits, also a lady reader. The flower mission ladies came round once a fortnight to all, patients and nurses alike. The late Vicar told me that, on admitting them, he had asked them to limit themselves to flowers and texts, and they carried out his directions to the letter. One of the almoners used to come round the wards very often to talk to the people. He always carried a bag full of Testaments, which he distributed to new comers, and few patients left the hospital without one. He was very liberal, but his gifts were always bestowed through the sister, and on her recommendation, as he never encouraged beggary.

All patients who were able were required by the rules to attend the church on Sundays, unless contrary to their religious principles. There was generally a very fair muster; but I often thought it a pity that a more comfortable place was not set apart for their accommodation. There are pews for doctors, sisters, nurses, and other officials. There was also a daily morning service in the church, but it was held at an hour when few nurses could attend. We used to send a patient or two from our ward. Prayers are read in the wards morning and evening, a form being hung up behind each bed. No chance religious visiting or tract-distributing is allowed. The chaplains are expected to examine every religious book proposed to be circulated in the wards.

If hospital work is to be efficiently performed, hospital workers must be provided with proper comforts. I believe the days are now past when a nurse was given board wages, and supposed to cook and eat her food in the ward in any chance interval of leisure; or, when the night nurse had no comfortable arrangements made for rest during the daytime. When these and similar abuses prevailed one cannot wonder at nurses as a class being given to drink and being otherwise untrustworthy. Regular and comfortable meals are absolutely necessary for those engaged about the sick. Of course a richly endowed London hospital can offer higher pecuniary inducements than an institution dependent upon voluntary contributions. Still the salary given at St. Bartholomew's, from £20 to £24 a year, does not seem at all too large for the class of women one would like to see in the wards.

I hope that in this short sketch I have conveyed the idea that there is nothing poetical, nothing sentimental, in hospital life. Any woman who enters upon it with her head full of romantic notions will find them rudely dispelled in a very short time. The calling of a nurse involves plenty of hard uphill work and drudgery, and many disappointments, too. Still, there is a great deal of solid satisfaction to be derived from it. Unless a woman has a real liking for the work, good health, good spirits, and an even temper, she had better not undertake it. There are many other qualifications desirable, but lacking these, a nurse is not likely to succeed.

And lastly, is there not the highest motive of all? Though, if we are true to our Christian profession, we find work to do for God in every position to which it shall please Him to call us, yet it does seem as if the wards of a hospital were specially consecrated to Him who "went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." And the humblest attendant on the suffering poor can in the hour of deepest depression and apparent failure take comfort and courage from the Master's words:—"I was sick and ye visited me. — Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

FRENCH COOKERY CONTRASTED WITH ENGLISH.

MANY people fall into the error of speaking and acting as if the saying, "Paris c'est la France," were really fact. In like manner, I have heard those who have spent months in France, staying the whole time in the best hotels, dilate on French cookery, and speak of the way the French live. I would have my readers remember that the cooking and living in hotels differ as much from the providing in private families as a dinner at a table d'hôte in England does from the ordinary home dinner. Again, many who travel in France go to hotels or pensions (boarding houses), frequented almost exclusively by English, and the proprietors of such have an annoying way of suiting their dishes, as they think, to their customers. The result of this is that they are neither good English nor good French. I was much amused a few weeks ago to see written on a menu (bill of fare) "English mint sauce;" but my amusement was turned into disgust when I had taken some and discovered that it was warm gravy with chopped mint in it—no vinegar! It would be difficult to imagine anything more flat. However, it is not always the case that our English dishes are spoilt, for what the chef (the name by which head cooks are always called in France) called "English pancakes" were certainly delicious little compounds, as far superior to our pancakes as the mint sauce was inferior.

Here let me give a word of advice to my young readers who wish to learn French cooking: do not attempt to improve or alter recipes, at all events until you have carefully tried them, and found that the results are not satisfactory. I was looking through some papers the other day, and found what pur-

ported to be instructions for preparing a "French soup." The distinctive character of the particular soup should be some cut chervil, which ought to be thrown in at the moment of serving. The translator had omitted the chervil, under the impression, no doubt, that the taste for it being rather an acquired one than otherwise, most people would object to it; but, obviously, it was no longer a "French soup." This is such a common error in Anglo-French cooking, that I must again emphatically advise you to follow with accuracy the directions given, and not your own ideas, remembering that in France cooking was an art long before English people thought of doing much more than boil or bake. Before we had schools of cookery, the French had instituted an order of merit for good cooks. It is called the "Cordon Bleu."

Contrasting English and French cooking, I think the latter has many advantages where ladies wish to superintend their own cooking. Perhaps the greatest of these is that it does not require as much time to be spent in the kitchen; not that the viands take less time to cook, but the difference in the appliances and the arrangements for a French dinner; also, the proper management of that all important adjunct, the pot-au-feu, or, as we call it, the stock-pot. Then it is more economical—that is to say, that if we lived as the French live, we should spend less money in housekeeping, and put equally good dinners on table, for there is not any waste in a well managed French house. The French as a nation are careful and frugal. I have frequently seen a French labourer seated by the roadside eating his dinner—a mixture of broth and vegetables with bread in it—with a spoon out of a bowl, this being the entire meal of a man who did not consider himself very poor. I think most English girls would be astonished if they knew how many things are eaten in France that we should never use, and, not only is it that they are eaten, but delicate little dishes are made of them. I will name a few of these presently, but, before I do so, I must ask you to visit a French kitchen with me.

The flat to which it belongs is tenanted by a lady of good position; it is the smallest of the six rooms which the flat comprises, and only measures eight feet by twelve feet. One young servant is kept, and a cook comes every afternoon about five o'clock to prepare the dinner, and before leaving she will look to her stock-pot for the morrow, and also arrange for the déjeuner (which in France is sometimes at ten, and sometimes at twelve o'clock), and which the young servant, with perhaps a little help from her mistress, will be able to serve. It will be difficult for most of my readers to realise what can be accomplished in this little kitchen, on one side of which is the stove, in a corner the place for washing up; and let me tell you I have seen the whole of the things from a dinner washed without the washer wetting her hands — the dishes and plates being cleaned with a little mop, the saucepans with a brush. There is not much furniture—a table, much smaller than our kitchen-tables, for French cooks seem to work more compactly, and use fewer basins, &c. The stew-pans, chiefly copper, and other things are all hung up round the kitchen, and are nearly all bright and easily to hand. There are also sieves of different sizes. These are much more used than in England, delicate cookery requiring things to be more strained and sifted.

On the stove are two things—the soup pot, which is here of earthenware, and is called a Marmite, and the Bain Marie. I must explain, for the benefit of those who have never seen one, that a Bain Marie pan is a sort of tray, about six inches deep, generally made of copper, and having from three to a dozen various sized saucepans, all of which are bright, fitting into it. When in use, the Bain Marie pan is filled half full of water, and the saucepans stood in the water, which is kept boiling. Having put the saucepans in, the cook has no more trouble, excepting the adding of more boiling water as that in it evaporates. The contents of the saucepans in the water will not burn, nor will they waste nearly as much as if they were on the stove. Our cooks make an imitation Bain Marie when they stand a jug in a saucepan of water to make custards. On one side of the stove is a place for charcoal or embers, and a gridiron. A fire of this kind gives off a clear heat, and is soon lighted; it is much easier to broil over than a coal fire, and much cleaner.

For frying, there are pans of three sorts—a straight-edged, shallow one, called a sautoir, a frying-pan such as we use, called a poêle, used for omelets, &c., and the frying-pan or poêle à frire, a large, deep saucepan with two handles, and which has a long handled wire saucepan that fits into it. In this, Beignets (fritters), small fish, potatoes, or pastry is fried. The cook will place the articles to be fried in the wire basket, and then place the basket in the pan of boiling fat, which she will have ready. There are also some brown jars with covers and handles; these are used for stewing in, and as they do not get as quickly from a simmer to a boil, are preferable to saucepans for many things. In this kitchen they use one of these earthenware pots, which is white inside, for boiling the milk for the morning coffee. In England, the cook puts the milk in a saucepan and boils it up quickly; if it has to wait a little, she puts it well back for fear it should burn. When it is wanted, she pours it into a jug, the thick scum remaining in the saucepan. She sends up a poor, thin fluid, tasting like milk and water, and scarcely showing when added to the coffee. If sufficient milk is added the coffee seems poor.

In France, the milk for the Café-au-Lait is boiled in a deep, small, round pan. Before putting the milk in, it should be wetted with cold water, to prevent its burning; then the milk, instead of being boiled up in a hurry, should be simmered for half an hour at least. When it is poured out, it will be about as thick as single cream, and you will have an important element of good French "Café-au-Lait."

While I am writing of milk, I will tell you how to make a cup of chocolate in the French way. I think some of my readers will like to try it.

Take an inch wide stick of chocolate (Menier, I prefer), place it whole in a saucepan just large enough to let it lie flat, only cover it with water, then put it on the fire to dissolve. Shake the saucepan now and then to help it, but do not use a spoon or try to hurry it, or you will have a sediment at the bottom of your cup, which there should not be if the chocolate is properly made. When the whole stick is dissolved, add half a pint of cold milk, and boil for twenty minutes, stirring all the time, and you will then have a cup of delicious chocolate.

Before entering on the subject of cooking the viands, I want my readers to consider what the French cook, and how limited the number of our aliments are when compared with theirs. I have myself eaten in Brittany, and found very good when well cooked, conger eel and dog-fish. I do not think the latter is ever eaten in England, nor are escargots, a sort of large sea snail. Doubtless most of my young readers would be disgusted at the idea of eating a snail, and forget how many English eat periwinkles. I do not know how the latter taste, but they certainly look less tempting than escargots do when they are served as they are in France, with the shells filled up with green forcemeat.

I have also seen mussels (moules in French) cooked in seven or eight different ways. In many Paris restaurants they are served for the déjeuner, sometimes in a tureen, with a great deal of sauce; and are not to be despised. There are many other denizens of the river and the sea that are good when well dressed, but which we never put on table here. Vegetables are eaten in much larger quantities than in England. Paris itself is much better supplied than London, there being many more market gardens round it. In the Paris markets vegetables are frequently sold prepared for use; for instance, you can buy carrots ready shred for your Julienne soup, potatoes ready washed, beans cut—all a saving of time, and a great help to those who do their own cooking.

The salad is a great feature in all French housekeeping; it is made with almost anything. The poor man will pick dandelion and lambs-lettuce, and make a salad of them, if he has nothing else. A lettuce seems to us always to be the necessary base of a salad, whereas almost any cold vegetables, such as young potatoes, French beans, haricot beans, broad beans, or peas make very good salads. Fresh tomatoes and Barbe de Capucin (a sort of endive that is tied up to bleach and covered over, as the growers do celery here). Barbe de Capucin is a winter salad, and is so useful, I wonder it is not oftener grown in England. Lettuce and endive, which we only use uncooked, make extra vegetables in France, as they are stewed in various ways. Leeks and sorrel (oseille) are also much eaten.

Perhaps the greatest difference in the two nations of which I am writing is in the consumption of animal food. I suppose it arises partly from our not taking sufficient trouble over the preparation of our food, that we are certainly the most dainty of European nations. We exclude so much from our tables as not "good enough" to serve, which, when we are abroad, most of us enjoy in happy ignorance. I wonder what you would say if, after eating some very good soup, you were told that it was made from calves' lungs, or, as we call them in England after the animal is killed, calves' lights! Among the things that I have seen served at French tables, and which, if eaten in England, I fancy would only be found on the tables of the very poor, are ox livers, hearts, and brains, sheeps'-brains (these are frequently dressed and called sweetbreads on the menus; so frequently, that I rarely take sweetbread in France for fear of finding brains only, which are very much inferior), sheeps' tails and hearts, lambs' ears, heads, and tails, pigs' ears and brains, turkey pinions. Cocks'-combs are considered a great delicacy. I daresay my readers have often seen them preserved in bottles in French shops here. I do not myself think there is any taste in them, and class them with the dishes of peacocks' brains that were served long ago. Their merit was their scarcity. The head of the peacock is singularly small compared to the body. Many small birds are eaten, but I sincerely hope we shall not take to eating thrushes and blackbirds! I only regret that larks are eaten, and fear that if our other little songsters were brought to market as ruthlessly as larks are, our woods and gardens would soon be as void of song as are many parts of France.

Having taken a cursory glance at edibles generally, I will now briefly notice some of the various ways of preparing them.

In France, in the house of the rich or the cottage of the poor, soup is considered the base of a good repast. The houses are very rare where it is not served every day. The soups are not as strong as ours—the proportion of water in them is certainly greater. The pot-au-feu, or soup-pot, the contents of which serve as simple soup, or as the base of almost all soups and gravies, is of great importance. Into it is put meat, bones, all kinds of vege-

tables, a bouquet garni (sweet-herbs, parsley, and a bay-leaf tied together), bits of bread, a lump of sugar, &c. There is one thing in the management of this pot that must not be forgotten; it is absolutely necessary that it should be kept well skimmed—it must be remembered that if what rises to the top is allowed to remain there, it will soon disappear again, and will make the whole of the contents of the stock-pot thick and muddy-looking, and give double the trouble to clear it that it would have given to keep it clear.

What you have taken from the top of the stock you will find is chiefly fat, and is not to be wasted, but treated thus: Put the skimming into a saucepan with a pint of water and any bits of cooked fat or remains of dripping (in fact, take the opportunity for a clearance), boil all together, stir occasionally, and when beads appear on the top, stand the saucepan on one side a few minutes; then strain the fat through a tammy into a jar in which you have placed two bay-leaves, to perfume the fat and keep it sweet; put aside for frying in.

While on the subject of fat, I would call your attention to the different kinds used for frying in. In England we use butter, lard, or dripping. In France lard is not much used, but dripping, prepared according to the directions just given, is a great deal used. In Brittany, Normandy, and pasture countries butter is much used, also oil made from the field poppy; but in the southern parts oil—not only olive oil, which is the only oil we ever use (to the best of our knowledge), but also beech nut and beech fruit. These are both very good oils. Fish cooking is very different. Of course one frequently sees plain fried or broiled fish in France; but those are only two ways out of many. Mushrooms are frequently used with fish, as also different vinegars.

The vinegars made with tarragon, chervil, &c., are a feature in French cooking; they are most useful in gravies and sauces. I would recommend readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, if they have not done so already, to get some seed and grow chervil in pots; it is very pretty, something like a fern, and the leaves are very nice, and give a pretty appearance when cut into clear gravy soup.

Vegetables are always cooked in France. I do not think we can really call our way of putting them in a saucepan of water, and throwing into the waste butt half the goodness of them, "cooking vegetables." Where there is a pig tub it would be as appropriate to call it making soup for the pigs. My readers have, I daresay, heard of the old woman who had some tea given her for the first time. She poured water on it, as she was told. When she thought it had stood long enough she threw away the water, and was much disappointed to find the leaves were not to her taste. Well, I think we do almost as foolishly as the old woman.

I think spinach is the only vegetable we cook in its own juice. The French cook many vegetables without water, and when they use any, it is only just enough to cook them. Some contain sufficient moisture, some are cooked in a little butter or stock, so that if you were going to cook a few peas in France you would not need to put a big saucepan of water on, but a little pan and a lump of butter, and a lump of sugar would produce a far more satisfactory dish. French people call our mint with peas an abomination. Sugar is a great deal used in all vegetable cookery.

We next come to meats. In proportion as vegetables are more eaten in France, is less meat eaten; the dishes are lighter. Small dishes are, as I have already said, made of all sorts of things, including, in addition to those I have already given, everything that we eat. Then gravies and sauces are much more important things. Five and twenty years ago there was good reason for their being so, as the meat was so inferior to English; but that has improved and is still improving. When I speak of sauces, be it understood that I do not mean sauces in the sense of Harvey's or Worcester, or other bought sauces which are quite English, and never used in French cookery, but sauces made to be served with certain dishes.

Caramel is used a great deal in meat gravies. So much has been written about its use in several papers lately, and it has been so praised, that I may as well tell you how to make it. It is best to keep a little saucepan for the purpose (choose one that is not lined), as it spoils it sometimes. Take half a pound of white sugar, put about a tablespoonful of water to it, put over the fire, and stir. When the sugar has taken a dark brown (it must not be allowed to get black) colour, add half a pint of hot water, stir well, take from the fire, when cool bottle for use. There is another kind of caramel which doubtless all my readers know very well, being a very nice sweet.

Caramel really means the point to which sugar is boiled. There are different names for the different degrees to which it is boiled. Caramel is the last point at which it is good; if you try to boil beyond you will have a cinder!

There is a great difference in French and English puddings and tarts. I do not think they make many things as good as an English fruit tart; their entremets (as the sweets served as our puddings are, are called) are generally sweeter, richer, and less wholesome than our English puddings. A tart made as we make one is never seen on a French table; their tarts are made open, with a firm sort of crust, and are filled with grapes, cherries, apples, or any other fruit stewed in syrup. I think we eat puddings more than French people do; light cakes and light pastry, in which the French excel, so often take the place of our puddings.

Egg cookery generally is very good in France.

I wish before I close these few words to give you two menus, one for a déjeuner, the other for a dinner, and I will select dishes that I think any of my young readers could cook with the assistance of the recipes that will accompany the menus. I must preface the menus by saying that, in addition to the meal to be served, there are always for déjeuner and dinner small dishes on table called hors-d'œuvre. Narrow little dishes are used for these. Butter, radishes, olives, gherkins, sardines, anchovies, caviare, and many other things are used as hors-d'œuvre. These dishes are partaken of between the courses.

Menu de Déjeuner:

Œufs à la Polignac.
Morue à la Lyonnaise.
Miroton de Bœuf.
Choux fleurs en Salade.—Dessert.

Œufs à la Polignac.—Butter some dariole moulds (such as are used for cup puddings); cover the bottom of each mould with finely chopped parsley, break a fresh egg into each, add a little salt; then stand the moulds in a stewpan in which there is a little boiling water (not enough to boil over into the eggs), cook five minutes, serve turned out of the moulds on to a hot dish, or buttered toast.

Morue à la Lyonnaise.—Put some slices of cod in hot water, boil five minutes, then drain, take out the bones and flake the cod. Chop four small onions, fry them in butter with a bay leaf; when nearly done add the cod, and fry together gently for ten minutes to brown the fish. Serve with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley over the top. Finish by squeezing the juice of a lemon over it. Take out the bay-leaf.

Miroton de Bœuf.—Chop two onions, put them in a stewpan with a bit of butter, put over the fire for five minutes, shake the pan now and then, then dredge in two tablespoonfuls of flour; moisten with half a pint of stock and a teaspoonful of white wine, add a little salt, half a bay-leaf, and a pinch of pepper; boil ten minutes. Meanwhile cut some nice thin slices of cold beef, put them into the stewpan, simmer gently twenty minutes; take out the bay-leaf; finish with a few drops of vinegar, and serve.

Choux fleurs en Salade.—Divide a cauliflower into small pieces, boil until tender. The stalks and green parts should be put into the saucepan first, as they take longer to boil; when done, drain well, cut the stalks into pieces about an inch long, put in a salad bowl with the rest of the cauliflower; season with pepper, salt, oil, vinegar, and mustard; serve cold, or fry for two minutes, and serve hot.

Remark that the three last recipes are suited for recooking cold things, which is generally convenient for luncheon.

Menu de Dîner:

Soupe purée de Navets.
Soles au four.
Epinards au jus.
Poulet au Blanc.
Soufflé aux Pommes.—Dessert.

Soupe purée de Navets.—Take two pounds of peeled turnips, cut into little squares, place in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, stir them over a quick fire, add some salt and a good spoonful of flour, then add two quarts of stock (or rather less hot water), simmer gently one hour and a-half, pass the whole through a sieve, put back in the stewpan, season, stir, boil up, and serve. If made with water, add a little flour and butter, and half a pint of milk or cream, before serving.

Soles au four.—Egg and bread-crumb two soles, dip them in some oiled butter, place them side by side on a flat dish with the remains of the oiled butter, put them in the oven, baste them every now and then with the butter, and bake about twenty minutes; serve with cut lemon.

Epinards au jus.—Take one pound of spinach, cook in a saucepan, with one tablespoonful of water; when tender, chop fine. Make two ounces of butter hot in a stewpan, put in the chopped spinach, and stir over the fire until it begins to dry; then season it, add a spoonful of flour, and moisten gradually with about a quarter of a pint of good gravy; finish with a small piece of butter. Serve with toasts fried in butter put round.

Poulet au Blanc.—Fasten a slice of bacon over the breast of a fowl, put into a stewpan with a pint of white stock or water (warm), mix one ounce of butter and a spoonful of flour together, and add with a bouquet garni and some button mushrooms. Simmer gently twenty-five minutes, or longer if the fowl is large, turning the fowl over now and then. Skim, strain the sauce, put the fowl on a dish with the mushrooms round it, and stir the sauce into a saucepan in which you have the yolks of two eggs beaten; let it thicken, not boil. Pour over the fowl, and serve.

Soufflé aux Pommes.—Chop eight apples, put them in a stewpan with a tablespoonful of cold water, half a pound of white sugar and a bit of lemon-peel, boil to a marmalade, stirring all the time. Beat lightly, with a little pounded sugar, the whites of six eggs, take out the lemon-peel, add the apple to the eggs, put into a buttered soufflé-dish, smooth the top with the blade of a knife, bake twenty-five minutes, and serve very hot. The whole of this dinner can be cooked in two hours.

MARY POCOCK.

SUSIE'S CONQUESTS.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the eastern suburbs of London there is a neighbourhood rejoicing in the rustic appellation of "Forest Green." No "green" is to be seen now; a factory stands where it used to be, and, although a walk of five or six miles would take you into the middle of "the forest," yet in the immediate vicinity of "the green" there is little indication of the fact. Turning out of the broad high road, either side of which is occupied by the shops of respectable, well-to-do tradesmen, a few steps takes us to another corner. Faugh! the fried-fish shop *may* be clean, and, indeed, it does not *look* very dirty, but, on this sultry summer day, the odour which it exhales is not calculated to stimulate the appetite—a very little of it satiates! And yet there is a group of girls, boys, and untidy-looking women standing there. What is it attracts their attention? A newspaper of the lowest type, with some vilely-executed illustrations, taking the interested spectators, step by step, through the revolting details of some horrible crime! Still a little farther into this unsavoury neighbourhood we must ask our readers to follow us, for here our heroine's home is situated. Passing down the principal street, between two rows of dingy dwellings—without stopping to glance at the turnings of the smaller streets, which would reveal a "deeper depth" of degradation and misery, and carefully avoiding the dirty, unlovely babies and children who squabble and play in the road—we stop at 'ast in front of a grimy shop window. Peering through the dirty panes of glass, we see a small heap of potatoes, a bunch or two of half-withered greens, a few sickly windfalls, and some sticky sweets in a cracked glass without a cover. A heap of "monkey nuts" balances the potatoes, and is crowned by an oblong piece of wood, upon which is inscribed "Coals and Coak;" another inscription reads, "Goods carefully remov'd."

A tall, ungainly girl, of about thirteen, whose great grey eyes are looking very fierce just now, is energetically slopping some very black water over the blacker counter, and bestowing almost an equal quantity upon her own untidy person, grumbling to herself all the time.

"Now, Tom!" she burst out, "you ain't a-goin' to bring them coals through 'ere, if I know what I'm about."

"Ain't I, then?" replied Tom, gruffly, staggering into the shop from a side door.

She sprang forward to stop him; but he pushed so roughly past, that, to save herself from falling, she caught at the nearest object. This happening to be the pail, which had

THE FAREWELL.

been standing at the extreme edge of the counter, she only succeeded in turning it over and deluging the unswept floor with its inky contents. Tom greeted the accident with an exultant laugh; while his sister, with an exclamation of anger and mortification, threw herself upon a heap of empty coal-sacks, and burst into a storm of fierce crying.

Presently a half-glass door, ornamented with a ragged red blind, opened, and revealed a woman, upon whose face was written, in legible characters, the fatal word drink.

"What on earth's the matter, Sue?" she asked, with a slow, thick utterance.

Sue took no notice of this question, except by rising suddenly and pointing to the dirty, wet floor, as she extended her hand for the overturned pail, and began savagely mopping up the mess.

"A lot you care," she muttered, with sullen contempt, as her mother retreated to the inner room; "and I may try and try, till I'm sick of it, and I should like to know what difference it makes? If it wasn't for father——"

"Do Jack Waters live here?" asked a pleasant voice, breaking in upon her wrathful musings.

She raised her hot, dirty, tear-stained face, and, after a curious glance at the questioner, replied, sulkily, "Name's up," and resumed her employment.

The stranger stared—as well she might—at this uncivil reception, and, gathering her tidy skirts round her in one hand, stepped into the shop and took a leisurely survey, which ended in a serious, disapproving shake of the head. She was middle-aged, and very respectably dressed, in good neat clothes, with a homely country cut about them; and had a staid, quiet manner, and a pleasant wholesome face, with a shrewd, keen expression, which did not detract from its kindliness, even when her glance rested upon the uncouth figure before her, as she said—

"You just go straight and tell Mis Waters that Mis Bab Weller want her."

Sue looked up quickly, and exclaimed, "I might 'a guessed who it was." Then, before there was time for a reply, she continued, with flashing eyes: "I should like to know what's the good o' telling *'er!* An' I'm sure I don't know why you come to this dirty 'ole; for, if you think you're agoin' to get anythink to eat, I don't know where it's comin' from. I've been tryin' to get the place cleaned up a bit afore you come, an' they only dirty it as fast as they can, a purpose——"

"Why! You must be Susie, as I'm alive! An' your father's own girl," interrupted Mrs. Weller, and, coming forward, she took the girl's face in both hands and gave the grimy cheek a hearty kiss. "Don't you worrit about what you can't help; but just let me come in and see your mother, my dear. I'm your Aunt Bab, you know!"

"I didn't know," replied Susie, with wet, bright eyes; "at least, not at first," she corrected, looking very shy; "an' it made me mad to be caught."

"Yes, yes, I know all about it, child," returned Aunt Bab, kindly. "I hevn't got a pair of eyes for nothing; an' your father hev told me a bit about his Susie, an' that's why I'm here."

Then they went into the little room together; Susie wondering and excited, divided between satisfaction and pride in the hitherto unknown relative, and shame at the meanness and poverty of her home, and the reason of it.

Presently her father came in, and, after the first greetings were over, his sister made a proposal to him, which set Susie's cheeks glowing with pleasure. Aunt Bab wanted her to come and stay with her.

"Lor, Bab, if that ain't like you!" he replied, gratefully. "If you'd give her a few weeks' trainin' in your clever ways, she might find a place easy, I should say; not too far away from you, you know, where you could see her now and again. Everything's against her in this place, ye see."

"As to a place, a respectable servant ain't made so quick as you seem to think, brother Jack; an' that's not my notion. Ye see I'm a lone woman, without chick nor child o' my own; an' if I take Susie I look to get some comfort out of it; an' she'll hev to make up her mind to stay. I shall do my duty by her, if she satisfy me, though I say it as shouldn't."

"An' I should like to know what I'm to do without my girl?" interrupted Mrs. Waters, indignantly. "It would be a fine thing for her, I dessay; but she's not a goin' away to be learnt to look down on her mother, by her father's stuck-up people, just when she's gettin' 'andy, an' all—leastways not with my consent, though it seems that ain't wanted to settle matters."

"Look here, mother," struck in her husband, with an apologetic glance at his sister, "you just sleep on the matter afore you say any more; and you, Bab, come along with me, an' I'll find you a nice respectable lodging."

Without heeding his wife's grumbling reply, he went out, followed by his sister, and before he returned the matter was talked over and settled, to Susie's great delight. For she had an intense longing for something different from the surroundings in the midst of which she had grown up.

Her mother had early formed the fatal habit, which is the ruin of many a home. Her pretty face and bright manners, now, alas! so sadly altered, had so powerfully attracted the good-natured, easy-going Jack Waters, that, in order to marry her, he had left the sea, and set up in a smart greengrocer's shop, which was what his wife had been accustomed to. But although he worked hard, he did not get on. Thoughtless, extravagant, and selfish, Mrs. Waters did not perceive that this was in a great measure her fault. Matters went from bad to worse; the poor husband, toiling on, patient and uncomplaining; the wife, exacting and self-indulgent; a family growing up round them for whom it was a difficult matter to provide even the barest necessities. Susie, being the eldest, could remember living in a more respectable place and manner, and this memory her father strove to keep alive. He talked to her, too, about his home, his mother, and sisters, especially about Aunt Bab, of whom he had a very high opinion.

And so Susie tried with all her might to make the best of things at home; but she had no one to help her, and often grew discouraged. Her father had written to his sister, asking her advice and assistance, and, as she happened at that very time to have business in London, she resolved to answer the letter in person, and had already decided that the best way to help him would be to take Susie, and bring her up as her own daughter.

As for Susie, she could scarcely believe in her good fortune; not even when the following day her aunt took her to buy some tidy clothes, and a trunk to pack them in. She was wild with delight! And, indeed, she had need of all her spirits, for every one but her father seemed to resent her departure, although no one felt it now, or was likely in the future to regret it so keenly as he.

At last the great day arrived, and Susie was up with the dawn, full of the excitement and business of packing her new trunk. Her mother had made such a habit of leaving everything to Susie, that no one wondered that she did not offer to assist.

"Well, Susie, have you got your traps all stowed away?" asked her father, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Yes, father," replied Susie, beginning to feel rather choky. "Aunt said she'd be here in plenty of time. You'll come and see us off, won't you, father?"

"To be sure I will, if you're not too proud to walk alongside o' your father in your fine new toggery!"

"Father!" cried Susie, with tears in her eyes.

"Never mind, Sue, 'twas only a joke. Ah, there's your aunt!"

"I'm all ready," said Susie, running out excitedly into the shop.

"Now, then, Jack, lend a hand with this trunk here."

"Got all your parcels, Bab?"

"Yes."

"Mother! We're off."

But the owner of the name she had so desecrated, determined to show her resentment to the last, sat stolidly in the room behind the shop without moving.

"Go and say good-bye to your mother, my girl," said her father, almost entreatingly.

"Why should I?" thought Susie, bitterly; but to please him she went, and, bending down, offered to kiss her cheek.

To her surprise, the miserable woman threw her arms round her neck and burst into heavy, hopeless sobbing.

"I've been a bad mother to ye, Susie—you're glad to go—my own fault——" and she continued in the same strain, growing more incoherent and hysterical, with each passionate exclamation; while Susie, miserable and embarrassed, felt that she could make no suitable reply, and stood awkwardly suffering her mother's embrace, till she was fetched away by her father.

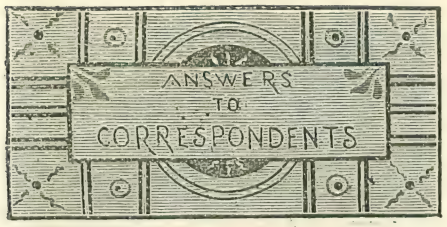
No sadder comment can be offered on the unfortunate woman's failure in the performance of the sweet, God-given duties of motherhood than Susie's suspicion that her mother had been drinking again, as the explanation of this unwonted display of affection. And her surmise had touched the truth; yet, who can say what sad memories of lost opportunities, of fond hopes, awakened by the unfamiliar touch of her first baby's soft face upon her breast, were stirring in the miserable mother's heart?

"I'd no notion she'd take it so hard!" said her husband, dejectedly. "I can't leave her like this, Bab. Jack'll take the trunk up on the truck. Good-bye, Susie."

Susie threw her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again, with fast flowing tears, hardly knowing whether she felt sorrow or gladness most.

As for Aunt Bab, her feelings, when they had at last started, were those of unfeigned relief. She was glad to leave the misery behind; she was sorry for her brother, certainly, but she could not help him more than she was doing, and "as people made their bed, so they must lie upon it."

(To be continued.)



HOUSEKEEPING.

MARY STONEHOUSE.—Dip the neckties in a little weak coffee to restore them to cream colour.

YANKEE.—What is called "thumb-blue" is a mixture of powdered indigo and starch in impalpable powder, to give the colour, and a stiff dough is made with starch paste; cakes are then made, and they are dried. Blue is made in England. Many thanks for your pleasant letter.

MINNEHAHA. — Read "Bread and Bread-making," pages 350 and 439, vol. i.; also page 643, vol. iii. We think your oven was too cold, or you looked at your cakes too soon after putting them in, which would cause them to fall. Conclude your letter: "With best love to Mary and yourself. I am," etc. The prize competition on Lady Russell was published on page 574, vol. ii.

MAIDENHAIR FERN. — "A knife and fork tea" is another name for a "heavy" or "high" tea, meaning one with meat or eggs—something more solid than an ordinary tea.

COLDSTREAM.—Placing the soiled linen in soak over night is an excellent plan. You should use cold water, as it helps to "loosen" the dirt on the clothes.

EDITH MAXWELL.—1. We suppose you mean sandal-wood. You can purchase boxes made of it at any Indian warehouse. 2. Why not get an ounce of orris-root powder to scent your sachet?

ART.

JOHN BLIGH.—Write to the firm, and make an appointment on the subject of your designs, stating the price that (if they propose to retain them) you demand, and adding that otherwise you require to take them away with you. It is most unbusiness-like to retain designs of any description so long, as dishonest persons copy, or take an idea from them, for which their original author should be paid. The numbers you require are the following: March 20th, May 29th, July 31st, and August 14th, 1880, vol. i.; January 8th, March 26th, May 7th, and August 13th, 1881, vol. ii. Whenever you cannot obtain possession of your designs, nor payment for them, send the firm a lawyer's letter. In offering work for sale, you should either take a witness with you or require a receipt for them, stating in writing how long they may be kept for consideration.

PLOI.—Read our own article on crystoleum painting. It gives all information required, so that no book need be recommended on the subject.

DESIGNER.—To make "transfer-paper" is not difficult. Take of starch three ounces, of gum-arabic one ounce, of alum half an ounce; make a strong solution of each separately, in hot water; mix, and apply while still warm to one side of the paper with a brush. When dry, a second and third coat may be successively given, and then press to make the paper smooth. When required, moisten the back, and press it evenly on the stone, when a reversed copy of the design upon it will be obtained.

MUSIC.

SHIELDS.—Go to the nearest music-seller and inquire the prices of him; they are all well-known books.

C. A. M.—We do not give addresses, and we should advise you to take advantage of that of Madame Sidney Pratten, which you say you have.

TERPSICHORE. — You had better get an experienced person to select your violin, or obtain leave to change it after a short trial when you purchase it.

MOUNTAIN MAIDEN.—The Italian sentence over Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata means, "This piece must be played throughout with great delicacy, and without the dampers," meaning the "soft pedal."

AN ELDEST DAUGHTER.—The organist probably uses his own tunes for the hymnal.

TOPSEY. — George Frederick Handel died on Good Friday (according to his wish), April 13th, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

CORNCRAKE.—The sign would affect both treble and bass, of course.

WORK.

PATCHWORK.—There is an article on quilts at page 340, vol. iii. You will find the box pattern amongst the designs, we think. We should mix the plush with the silk. You will find two novel designs for patchwork at page 332, vol. iii.

DOROTHY FOX.—Your wedding dress might be a short walking dress of either cashmere and velvet, or satin and velvet; the first would be most useful. Blue has been a favourite colour, and the bonnet might match the dress. No wedding cake and no cards are sent, except you have absent relatives of your husband's or your own near enough to be considered. If asked to the wedding breakfast, your friends would leave directly the bride and bridegroom have left the house for their wedding tour, which is usually before 2 p.m. There is no need of giving a party in the evening, and it has become a very general custom to have no one but very near relations at the breakfast, and to give a garden or afternoon party. The invitations would be the usual "at home" card, from 4 to 7, and the refreshments would be fruit, ices, iced coffee, tea, coffee, and all kinds of cake, as well as the wedding cake.

COOKERY.

FLORENCE ANDREWS. — To make butter-scotch, see recipe given at page 615, vol. i. Frogs eat flies, wood-lice, and small insects of all kinds.

JOLLETTE.—To make Everton toffee, procure a quarter of a pound of butter, and place it in a brass skillet or saucepan, and as soon as melted add one pound of moist sugar. Stir gently over a clear fire until a little dropped into cold water will break crisply; then pour it out immediately. The grated rind of a lemon, added when half done, improves it.

BLUE AND WHITE FORGET-ME-NOTS. — We do not know how to answer so vague a question as whether "persons can get on better in Australia than in England.' Were you sickly, uneducated, lazy, or without friends to advise and assist you, and were you without private means, you would "get on" about as badly in one place as the other. Certain classes of persons, and certain professions and trades, are more in demand in our several colonies than others. You supply us with no data on which to base an opinion. "White F." writes better than "Blue F." To make a ginger pudding, mix of flour, half a pound; of suet, finely chopped, half a pound; of moist sugar, not quite a quarter of a pound; and two teaspoonfuls of good powdered ginger. Boil for three hours.

F. D.—1. Consult the index at the beginning of each volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for cakes, and all else you require, as it is wearisome and unprofitable to our readers in general to repeat the same information over and over again. 2. Read our article on crystoleum painting, by B. C. Saward. It will give you all the instruction required.

SHAMROCK.—1. The simplest dressing for salad, and one in universal use abroad, is equal parts of mild vinegar and salad oil. The following is a good dressing:—Boil an egg hard; when cold, take out the yolk and bruise it with the back of a spoon in a plate. Pour on it about a teaspoonful of cold water and as much of salt; rub all together until a smooth paste be made. Add as much of ready-made mustard and continue mixing. Next add a tablespoonful of salad oil, and then mix in a tablespoonful more of vinegar, and pour the whole over the salad, stirring all together once or twice very lightly. Add some slices of another cold hard-boiled egg, and serve. 2. To make a Yorkshire pudding, take an equal number of eggs and tablespoonfuls (heaped) of flour, and a little salt. Whisk the eggs, strain, and mix them gradually with the flour, and pour in as much milk as will thin the batter to the consistency of cream. Take the tin pan from under the beef or mutton; beat the batter briskly, and pour it at once into the pan; take care that it does not burn; when firm and well-browned, turn it on the other side. The pudding should be an inch in thickness, and should be cut into oblong squares.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LENTO.—It is not necessary to thank your entertainer for the pleasant evening she has given you, but when a gracious little remark like that is made it must please her. In the case of a musical entertainment, or when any special diversion has been provided at any cost for you, it is quite obligatory on you to thank your hostess on leaving. You do not write a running hand, but it is legible. You make the "e" and the "s" in capital letters when small ones are required.

TOTTIE.—We should fear that your bird is consumptive from the hanging of his cage in a draught. Give him some saffron in his drinking water. In any case, you had better show him to some bird-seller, or a friend experienced in the care of birds.

MARIAN wants "a recipe for freckles." She should use no parasol, but expose her face as much as possible to the influence of both sun and wind during the summer. This would give many girls a fine golden crop of them.

FLIP.—Whatever error may be committed by a parent, you have no right to regard yourself as either a judge, or as absolved from your own obligations as a daughter. You cannot help either seeing or feeling, but your words and conduct should be filial and respectful, and you have a debt of gratitude to pay for years of care and support.

AN EARNEST INQUIRER. — We fear we cannot help you, save to advise the use of plenty of exercise and cold water.

BOOKWORM.—Why not take an exclusively Sunday paper, such as the *Sunday at Home*?

GERTRUDE.—We could not answer such a long list as you send. 1. *Cui bono*, "What good will it do?" 2. Who reads will see. 3. *De haut en bas* is an idiom, and means treating a person haughtily, or "assuming great airs" over them. The others may be found out through a French dictionary.

MATTIE.—We strongly advise you to consult a doctor, as you evidently require proper treatment and a strong tonic.

MOTHER'S OWN GIRL.—It must always be a matter for each conscience to decide for itself. If such things lead to wrong-doing or *wrong-thinking*, they are evil for that particular person.

NANNETTE and TEAZER.—Both are legible and much alike, but not pretty.

OLD FRIEND.—We are sorry we cannot now make the few remarks you wish; but we are always trying to make our girls see the beauty of quiet grace and elegance, and that all extremes are ugly both in dress and ornament. Dress and manners, as exponents of ourselves, are very grave considerations, but girls do not always see either in their true light at first.

MDINSU.—See page 383, vol. i. But freckles are natural to the complexions of some people, and all effort to remove them would, in such cases, be futile.

TRAFFORD.—There is no relationship between you and your stepmother's brother, and it is not a connection named within the degrees of forbidden marriages in the Table which you will find in the Book of Common Prayer. We are thankful to hear that our paper has been a help to you in striving after "a nobler life." We thank you for your rosebud.

FRANCES.—The line which you quote—

"'He cometh not,' she said,"

is to be found in the poem called "Mariana," in the "Moated Grange," by Tennyson.

FIRE BRIGADE.—Curl-papers do no injury to the hair, and very carefully used hot irons may do none of any consequence either, but we should advise you to employ the former. Your writing is good.

PEARLY.—Your dog is old, and not likely to improve much under any doctoring. Perhaps he would eat the dog-biscuits if soaked in a little gravy.

L. C.—All you wish to know will be found in the small manual on nursing recommended at page 611, vol. i., in the article called "Food for Invalids."

BROWN BETSY.—We think you had better tell your friend, whenever you have an opportunity, that your mother says the correspondence must cease, as you are both too old now for any such child's play. This will explain the change, and should he really care for you he will make it known; if not, you could not wish to continue trifling with your own feelings by further intercourse. In any case, you should abide by your mother's wishes.

FORLORN ONE.—We regret that your verses should not be suitable for publication in this paper. Perhaps you may do better when you are grown-up. We hope that you have no real cause for adopting so dismal a name.

"SPES MEA CHRISTUS." — Pliny (the elder), Caius Secundus, was a Roman naturalist, a Latin poet, and a statesman, who flourished between the years 23 and 79, A.D. Pliny (the younger), Caius Cecilius Secundus, was a Roman orator, historian, and statesman, between the years 61 and 115, A.D. The meaning of the Latin words, *Corpus Christi*, is "Body of Christ," and is the name of a festival of the Roman Church; in French called the *Fête Dieu*, when they celebrate the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and kept on the Thursday following Trinity Sunday.

EMMA PICHARD.—The full list of convalescent homes is too long to be given here, but you can obtain it, with "boarding homes" also, by enclosing 7d. to Messrs. Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, W. (or going yourself), and asking them to send you Part II. of the "Guide to Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children."

A SUBSCRIBER.—If you are men of the same age, and intimate friends, it is not needful to raise the hat, but in the case of mere acquaintances and elderly people it is.

YOUNG SPECS.—It is usual to express on taking leave of your friends what pleasure you have had in being with them. You may say, "We have had such a pleasant visit," or, "It has been such a pleasure to be with you."

SIRIUS.—Your general health is perhaps in a low state, and you need a tonic, or, still better, change of air. You should read aloud, slowly and quietly, and speak in the same manner.

PRIMROSE.—We regret we cannot help you, but the simplest way of proceeding would be to write to the address you send us and inquire terms and rules. We do not recommend either boarding schools or boarding-houses at home or abroad.

BERTIE.—There are several Deaconesses' Institutions in London and elsewhere, which you would find in a Directory. There are Deaconesses' Institutions in Chester, Salisbury, Maidstone, Farnham, and Bedford; also the Mildmay Institution at Mildmay Park, London, N.

CLEOPATRA.—Our Lord kept the passover as the people generally did. Immediately after the sunset of the thirteenth day of the month, which was the beginning of the fourteenth, the "paschal supper" was eaten, which was followed by the "Last Supper," the Christian institution which superseded it, in the early hours of the morning. He was arrested that same morning, and tried, and in the

afternoon was crucified, and then buried, the whole series of events happening between what we should call Thursday and Friday evenings.

BEGONIA.—Perhaps the Bee Reading Society would answer the address of the Secretary, Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick, Ireland. You will do well to subscribe to some foreign library containing German books.

MISKODEED.—The value of a George II. farthing "Britannia" is 1s. Of one with "Voce Populi" 1760, 3s. 6d. George III half-crowns, 4s. 6d. to 10s. Shilling 1797, 2s. 6d. Do. 1817, 2s. 6d.

EXCELSIOR.—Your quotation will probably be found in Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive." The "Girl's Own Cookery Book" (1s.), 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would suit your price. You will find a small manual on "Sick Nursing at Home" of much service to you. Published at 170, Strand, W.C. (L. Upcott Gill.)

FLOWER OF THE KOSSMAI.—Make albums of your postage stamps, and present them to friends or to bazaars for charitable purposes. To remove the stains left by flowers on an alpaca dress, we advise your moistening, and then holding the spot over the fumes of a brimstone match, or else soaking them in a mixture of ammonia and spirits of wine.

EUTERPE.—As pearls are rarely worn in an open setting, yours are probably dirty underneath, as well as discoloured; and we advise you to have the ring cleaned by a good jeweller, first inquiring about the charge. Pearls should always be wiped carefully after having been worn.

MARY KOTWER.—Under the circumstances, it would be more polite so to do. The rule is not a "hard and fast" one, and you must be guided by little varieties of time as to rank, age, and intimacy. We do not understand how the name "Bethune" could be pronounced "Beeton;" but for names it never seems that rules are made, the pronunciation is so often arbitrary. Your writing is, however, rather illegible, and we cannot feel sure that we have deciphered the first name correctly.

IVY.—You should write to the British Ladies' Female Emigration Society, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square. Miss Tipple is the secretary. This society befriends the emigrants, and provides proper supervision during the voyage.

A. D.—We thank you for the little tract, and for your expression of approval respecting our reply to "Fearful." Like yourself, we take great interest in such correspondents.

NESSIE.—1. We cannot prescribe for straight hair. It is possible to make it curl by using hot irons; but unless the hair be of a flat, instead of a round form, the curl will not last long, and the use of hot irons only dries it, and is injurious. 2. The individual you name was never received into the Roman Church, although there are many points of resemblance between his views and that Church.

GRACE BAKER.—Your friend's verses must gratify you, as they tell of her having had her griefs suddenly assuaged by "a dream," "stolen from" green leaves and the evening sunshine. But they are incorrect in composition, and we regret that they are not suitable for publication.

J. R. ST. CLAIRE.—Stir the starch when hot with a wax candle, and you will thus produce a great degree of gloss on the collars when ironed.

ENGLISH GIRL.—It is gratifying to us to hear that you "feel better after reading our book, mentally and physically," "influencing its readers to lead nobler and purer lives." This is exactly our principal aim. Yes, a "thoroughly respectable girl" could take the situation you name and adorn it; but you must select the house carefully, and ascertain the duties required of you.

DAISY W.—The song, "She wore a wreath of roses," is one by Moore, and will be found amongst his poems. July 28th, 1863, was a Tuesday; January 14th, 1866, a Sunday; and October 9th, 1867, a Wednesday.

NITA CORDELIA.—We are sorry to disappoint our little friend of seeing her two verses in print, but she must learn how to compose, and wait for grand new thoughts to come into her head before she can expect to publish what she writes. The sun is not called "she," but "he."

TOMBOY.—To exterminate beetles, place a few lumps of unslaked lime in the places they frequent, or else procure some beetle-wafers at any oil-shop. They are composed of red lead, sugar, and flour; but beware of poisoning your cats or dogs. Bottles or packets of "insecticide" are sold for such pests, and a little should be sprinkled in all crevices between the wainscoat and floor, out of which they come at night.

A MANX LADY.—We think you did not consider the previous paragraph, where the writer says, "he gave a promise not to recommend them." No, we are not acquainted with the medicine you name.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—The value of a lion shilling and sixpence is from 2s. 6d. to 5s. The subject is too wide to treat of here.

JAVA SPARROW.—Read "What to do on Holiday Afternoons," pages 214, 284, and 450, vol. i. We think your attempt at blank verse does you much credit, but we advise you to practise a little more, as the feet are wrong.

GREY EYES.—You will find the quotation in the poems of Charles Kingsley.

BROWNIE.—Keep them in the attic, if they do better there; all plants need water and sunshine. We should try charcoal toothpowder.

PORT ELIZABETH.—1. The statue in front of Waterloo-place is that of George III., and a remarkably fine one. 2. The quotation you make is from one of Longfellow's poems.

OLD FRIENDS.

By E. IRWIN.

OLD friends, old friends, oh, I love old friends!
For many a thought with their memory blends
Of bygone hours that I may regret,
So sweet they were, but can ne'er forget.

Oft and oft I love to dwell
On the sound of their names remembered well;
And reckon the claims by each possest,
As each one claims to be loved the best.

Some say friendship's a short-lived thing,
A bird of passage that soon takes wing
When Fortune's sun has ceased to shine:
I grant it—but not with friends of mine.

Oh, it frets me to see old friends fall out!
Knowing full well, without a doubt,
They may travel the world from end to end,
And look in vain for a friend—a friend.

For though hearts are made of the self-same mould,
Yet one will be warm, another cold;
And few, very few, the merit can claim
Of being 'mid changes unchanged, the same.

Let us value the friends we've known and tried,
And never forget this truth beside:
In friendship's bond we all hope to be
United again in Eternity.

Old friends, old friends, I love to dwell
On the sound of your names remembered well,
And reckon the claims by each possest,
As each one claims to be loved the best!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 198. OCTOBER 13, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUSIE'S CONQUESTS.

CHAPTER II.

WELL, aunt, I see the doctor comin' away. What do he say?"

"He won't need to come again, he say; it's the sittin' so much don't agree with me."

"Then I'll hev to take to the dressmakin' a bit more, aunt, though I must say I like the housework and carryin' home the parcels best."

The speakers were Susie and her aunt.

All rights reserved.]

Three years have passed away since we first made their acquaintance. Time has made but little difference in the older woman, except that she has grown somewhat stouter, and has a more motherly, complacent, happy expression than before. But Susie has altered, and it would be difficult in this bright, pleasant, good-looking girl to recognise the child in the greengrocer's shop to whom we first introduced our readers. The pretty, wavy brown hair is smoothly brushed back from the broad, innocent-looking brow, and coiled neatly into a substantial knot at the back of her head. Instead of a sallow skin "sicklied o'er with" a dull shade of dirt, the wholesome, happy-looking face glows with health, cleanliness, and content. The large pouting mouth has learned to smile pleasantly, and has become beautiful by the change, while the fierce light in the clear grey eyes has softened into an earnestness and ready intelligence of glance, which is the outcome of a loving and enthusiastic nature. With her whole heart she loves Aunt Bab, and who can say how fond and proud that worthy woman is of the girl for whom she has done so much?

"I hev a better plan than that, Susie," she says, in reply to the girl's last observation. "An' I want to talk it over with you. That's a nice little sum I hev laid by; I meant it for my girl when she married——"

"Oh! Aunt——"

"Stop a bit; but if you like to risk the layin' of it out in buyin' poultry, we'll take a nice little cottage out in the country, an' I've a notion we shouldn't do so bad, an' it'll be the better for me. Still, I look at it as yours, an' you need only to say if you don't like it."

"Why, aunt," exclaimed Susie, excitedly, "I think it'll be just splendid, an' if I didn't, do you think I could stop a minit to think betwixt what I like and what's best for you? Hevn't you fed and clothed and taught me, and brought me up respectable, an' been more'n an own mother to me? Why, I'd set stitchin' from mornin' to night, if you wanted me to, though I'd hate it like poison."

"You're a good, fond girl, I know that well enough," replied her aunt, with much pride. "I'm glad you take kindly to the notion."

"Why, we could grow vegetables, and fruit and flowers, and maybe, by-and-by we could get a cow or two, an' you'd learn me the dairy work," exclaimed Susie, enthusiastically.

"Yes, but we hev to find the house, and bit o' ground for it first; and then there's the customers."

"Oh! I know two or three shops as would be glad to deal with us," replied Susie, "an' I could come to the market. We'd hev to get a donkey cart." And the two having discussed the matter in all its bearings, it was decided to make the venture as soon as possible.

Fortunately in a very few weeks they heard of just such a cottage as they required, with a nice garden and out-buildings, that Mrs. Weller declared were the "very thing."

How Susie enjoyed packing up their "household gods!" The very labour connected with their flitting was a joyful excitement to the bright, healthy girl. At last everything was safe on its way, and she stood by the side of her aunt, looking the very picture of health and innocent enjoyment, waiting for the carrier who was to take them to Barcombe End.

"You can come an' sit alongside o' me, my dear, if 'ee don't mind the sun," said old Bristow benignly. "Mrs. Weller 'll like the inside best, I'm thinkin'; but there be room enough for three, marm."

"No thank you, not this time o' day," replied Aunt Bab, "or I should hev my head splittin'," and she seated herself inside, while Susie, with a bright word or two of thanks, climbed to the seat beside him, and they were off.

It was a perfect day, and Susie's eyes and ears were soon fully employed drinking in all the beautiful country sights and sounds, as they jogged slowly over the white dusty road, between hedges sweet with honeysuckle and roses, bright with the starry blossoms of the wild clematis, and festooned with the graceful hop.

Just as she was beginning to think that the sun was getting too warm to be pleasant, they turned off from the main road, and came into a lane shaded on either side by stately elms. The tall over-arching boughs formed quite a roof above them, pierced every now and again by shafts of sunlight, which, broken by the tremulous motion of the leaves stirring in the gentle breeze, threw a checquered light and shade upon the grassy flower-bordered way, and gave a beautiful touch of life to the slumbrous green stillness.

Presently, gazing contentedly through this cool vista, Susie noted an approaching figure. He came towards them whistling gaily, and with an easy swinging stride, which soon brought his stalwart form within speaking distance.

"Why, Dan, my boy!" cried old Bristow, "if you bain't the very lad I wanted to see. Hev you time for a word or two?" he asked, as he climbed slowly from his seat, after placing the reins in Susie's ready hand.

"As many as you like, Daddy," replied Dan, cheerily.

Then ensued a confab, the old man extending his hand in various directions, as if pointing out the route to some particular spot. At last the conversation, which had been carried on in a low tone, was ended, and Dan exclaimed—

"It's a right good turn ye've done me, Daddy, an' I won't forget it."

"Stuff and rubbish! it bain't nothing to speak of, and surely, where be a lad quicker than Dan Lively to do a good turn for a neighbour? But old Daddy Bristow hev got his eyes open; ye see, he know a thing or two!" chuckled the old man with great satisfaction; "and look'ee, if you be the lad I tak'ee fur, ye'll go straight to headquarters."

"If ye'll give me a lift, Daddy——"

"Surely I will, if this young woman doen't mind being a bit cramped oop like," replied Bristow, heartily.

"Oh, no! there's plenty of room," replied Susie, pleasantly, as with natural courtesy Dan doffed his cap and awaited her reply.

"Thank you kindly," he exclaimed, taking the place by Susie's side with pleased alacrity.

"She'll be a neighbor o' yourn," said old Bristow, "her an' Mrs. Weller—inside she's ridin'."

"Why, then it must be Widow Hemsley's cottage ye're coming to," said Dan, with a pleased expression. "Mother will be glad to hev such nice respectable neighbours."

"How do you know we're respectable or nice either?" laughed Susie.

"That isn't hard to guess," replied Dan, with strong approval shining in his honest face. "Most men judge by external appearance, and are to a certain extent justified in doing so. Susie's pleasant face told the most casual observer that she was innocent and happy, and her dress was neat, pretty, and suitable to her position. A cool holland gown, neatly made, and braided by her own industrious fingers, was finished at the throat by a pretty pink bow; a shady brown straw hat, trimmed round the crown with a ribbon matching it in colour and fluffy in texture, finished by a round soft bunch, placed a little to one side—these were the appearances by which Dan judged, and let me tell you, dear girls, that a plain dress, neatly made and carefully worn, has a far pleasanter effect than untidy finery, which is the usual result of an attempt to dress beyond one's means and position.

Every girl should look as well as she possibly can, and Susie, without spending an undue proportion of her time upon her personal appearance, always did so. She certainly did so now, without thinking at all about it, as the wild rose tint upon her cheeks deepened into damask red, at the complimentary nature of Dan's look and speech.

"I s'pose I brought that on myself," she said, laughing, "and I must try and believe it, for I'm said to favour Aunt Bab a good bit, and whatever I am I owe it to her."

"Then she's just the sort my mother will take to," replied Dan, thinking with increasing pleasure that this girl spoke as if she were good as well as pretty.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Susie, frankly. "After living in the town it might seem a bit lonesome at first, though she's not a dull sort at any time."

"There's not many here she'd care to be very thick with. I should say there's not more'n a score in the village, all told, an' out o' that a dozen or more does more poaching than anything else."

"How's that?" asked Susie.

"The property's been neglected dreadfully, but it'll look up, if I'm not mistaken, now the young lord has it. At any rate, we'll try to put a stop to the poaching."

"You're the keeper, then?" asked Susie.

"Not *the* keeper yet—Maister Wallingham's the head keeper; I'm under him."

"I think I'll put'ee down heer," said old Bristow, rousing himself from a protracted fit of nodding. "It's a good bit oot o' my way, Miss Weller," he said, looking into the inside, where she was chatting pleasantly with the single remaining fellow-passenger. "They poor brutes hev some hilly bits to get over 'fore night."

"We won't keep them any longer, then," said Aunt Bab's cheerful voice.

Dan sprang up and helped down Susie and her aunt, wished them "good day," and walked briskly off.

"Who's that, Susie?" asked Mrs. Weller, shading her eyes with her hands to gaze after the retreating figure.

"His name's Lively, aunt," replied Susie.

"Eh, an' he is a lively one too," replied her aunt. "I heerd you chatting away together pretty free."

"He's one of the young lord's keepers, an' he says we shall be neighbours. But heer we are at last," she continued, joyfully, as they stopped in front of the little green gate of the cottage garden.

"Eh, but where are the chairs and tables?" asked Aunt Bab, gazing up the road. "I don't see no signs of 'em anywheer."

"They ought to be heer by now," said Susie. "Well, we must just sit in the porch and wait. A good thing I brought something to eat; I'm right hungry."

"I hope they hevn't mistook the way," said Aunt Bab. "But we'll hev something to eat, an' if they're not heer by then, you shall go an' see if you can find someone to ask."

As they had not arrived when the repast was over, Susie started off, and meeting a respectable-looking woman, inquired of her if a van-load of furniture had passed.

"I hevn't seen it," she replied. "Are you the new people that's come to Widow Hemsley's cottage?" she asked.

Susie replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, look heer, just you go back to your mother——"

"It's my aunt," corrected Susie.

"Oh, your aunt, is it? Well, my name's Lively, an'——"

"Why, now," cried Susie, "if that isn't queer. Maister Lively come up with us. Do come an' see aunt."

Mrs. Lively consenting, the two turned back together, and, after a few minutes' conversation, their new acquaintance asked them to come up to her cottage in about half an hour's time, and drink an early cup of tea with her.

"An', if the things come while we're away?" queried Mrs. Weller, "thankin' you kindly all the same."

"I'll send a lad up from the village to wait for 'em," replied Mrs. Lively. "There! I'm bent on your coming, you see."

The invitation, so kindly urged, Aunt Bab could not but accept, and Mrs. Lively went away to make hospitable preparations. When they arrived at her cottage they found Dan there, so the meal was a merry one.

"Now, I'm off to see if I can hear aught of the things," he said, as he rose from table.

Presently he returned with the information that they were coming, but had been delayed by the horse having cast a shoe and lamed himself.

"Well, I'm sure, I don't know how to thank you an' Maister Lively for all your kindness this day," said Mrs. Weller, as she rose to go.

"Don't try, then," laughed Dan, "for I'm comin' to give you a hand in getting straight."

"Well, but are you sure you hev the time, Maister Lively?"

"Oh, yes! I'm my own maister for a bit, till quite late," replied Dan.

"It's really too bad, then, you ought to rest now, if you're goin' to work later," said Susie.

"Oh, Dan's always ready to do a good turn for anyone," replied his mother, proudly.

"That's enough, mother," replied Dan, lightly; 'an', look heer, Mrs. Weller, if you're so bent on thanks, the best you can give me, is to leave off miscalling me, as you hev done once or twice this evening. Dan's not a word that's anyways ill-convenient, even for simple folk to say, and it sounds more friendly. What do you think?" turning to Susie.

"It seems easy enough," replied Susie, laughing. "Good-night, Mrs. Lively."

"That young Dan 'll be for calling me Aunt Bab before long, I shouldn't wonder," said that worthy woman, when at last they were alone; "an' if he's always so pleasant, I'm none so sure I shall mind, Susie."

"They both seem very kind," said Susie, heartily. "Are you tired, aunt? I am, an' I'm going straight to bed, for I mean to be up bright an' early to-morrow morning."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

J. Williams.

Distant Lands. By William M. Hutchison. Poetry by J. K. D.—This song we do not think so attractive as some of Mr. Hutchison's former compositions, but it will no doubt enjoy the popularity it deserves among this artist's many admirers. It can be obtained to suit any voice. It is also effectively arranged as a waltz by Oscar Seydel.

The Sergeant-Trumpeter's March. For the pianoforte.—A stirring and original composition, certain to find many admirers. Written in a bold and martial spirit by L. Williams, and moderately easy.

Ash Grove, No. 1 from "Youthful Treasures." Easily arranged for the piano by John Pridham.—Will be found very useful for beginners, being short and well-fingered.

Carnaval des Satyrs. For the piano. By L. Williams.—Rather an original work, of moderate difficulty, beginning with marked melody and accompaniment of dotted notes for right hand, with single successive eights for left; in the succeeding phrase, the principal part is reversed to the left. The flowing melody in the change of key, together with the harmonies in triplets, is certainly pretty and effective.

Twilight Lullaby. Sketch for the pianoforte. By William Smallwood.—An interesting and rather easy composition, opening with smooth melody for the right hand in the bass, the accompaniment for left hand being played in the treble. The few brilliant runs which occur form a pleasing change to the sustained character of the piece.

Classical Extracts from Corelli, for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniments by J. Pridham.—The name of the composer is alone a proof that the music is excellent, and being well and conscientiously arranged by J. Pridham, will be a beautiful and useful addition to the music of young violinists. The variations are pleasing and not difficult.

My Old Love Letters. Song by Joseph Ridgway.—A beautiful and flowing melody, commencing tempo moderato, and progressing to an andantino, smooth and graceful. It is written in two keys. No. 1, B flat, compass B flat to D; No. 2 in D, D to F sharp. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.

We fully recommend W. Smallwood's transcription of Rossini's "Cujus animam," from *Stabat Mater,* to all pianists of moderate capacity, as being neatly arranged as a solo, and comparatively free from difficulties. It is also arranged as a pianoforte duet by W. Smallwood.

B. Williams.

Banbury Cross. By J. Pridham. For piano.—A bright and original gavotte, not too difficult, the opening being spirited and clear. The Banbury chimes occurring in the middle for the left hand form an effective contrast to the single-dotted notes for the right. On the whole a piece certain to become popular among young players who prefer lively music.

An excellent song called *Grandfather,* written by J. Ridgway.—The melody is smooth and sustained, while the words, by Mary Mark Lemon, are in every way appropriate to the music. It would suit a contralto or mezzo-soprano voice.

A bright little piece called *Cicely.* Old English dance. For pianoforte.—Written by Seymour Smith, in march time, and not difficult.

Serenade, No. 1, from "Musical Moments." By Max Schröter. For violin and piano.—A beautiful and dreamy melody, that cannot but charm both listener and performer, the piano accompaniment being easy.

W. Morley and Co.

Laddie. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A decidedly melodious and easy composition, well worthy the notice of our young friends.

The Broken Pitcher. Song. Written by Nemo. Composed by Henry Pontet.—An amusing and humorous song. We especially welcome it as a pleasing change from the many sombre, melancholy ditties that come under our notice.

Bells at Sunset. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Louis Diehl.—A very agreeable song in two keys, G natural and B flat.

Old Messmates. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A spirited song, suitable for bass or baritone voice. Easy and effective.

Ruth's Legacy. Song. Words and music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.—A simple melody, wedded to words that suggest a good moral. The song tells of the bequest of a wedding-veil that had been in use fifty years.

"To Ruth I'll leave my veil, John,
When we are dead and gone;
Please God that you and I, dear,
May side by side go home.
I'll bid her see the rents, John,
I've mended with such care;
And mind, with words of softness,
The rents in love repair."

Rural Sketches. A series of six pieces, composed, arranged, and fingered in a familiar style by William Smallwood.

The Birthday Party. The first of the series is a bright and easy composition, particularly adapted to the capabilities of small hands.

Musical Dialogues. A series of six original duets for violin and piano. Composed by Charles Marshall. No. 1, "A Tranquil Dawn."—A pleasing arrangement, not difficult; carrying out successfully the idea embodied in the title.

Metzler and Co.

Unless. Song, with violin or violoncello obbligato. Words by Mrs. Browning. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—An interesting composition; the violoncello accompaniment is a pleasing addition.

Also, by the same composer, *Love and the Maiden* and *Cross Purposes,* two songs from *Treasure Trove,* written by Arthur Law.—They are both lively and amusing, and likely to become popular.

Waldandacht. Lied, v. Fr. Abt. Fantasie, Gustav Lange.—A graceful melody, smoothly and simply treated, forming an agreeable study to the youthful aspirant.

Bagatelle d'Ennui. By Montefiore.—A well-arranged pianoforte piece. In order to give a right interpretation of it, the notation should be carefully attended to.

William Czerny.

Cathedral Melody (The Reaper). For the pianoforte or organ. By Frank L. Moir.—A grand and expressive theme, set in a musicianly style; requires great feeling in the rendering.

Valour and Faith. Grand march. For the pianoforte or organ. By John W. Gritton.—A very effective and good march; would suit either instrument equally well.

Cruss von Liebchen (My Darling's Message). Idylle. Für pianoforte. Von Carl Weidemann.—A moderately easy piece. The succession of chords will afford wholesome practice for young fingers.

Zephyrine. Petite valse. Pour piano. Par D. Brocca.—An agreeable theme, arranged in a pleasing style, with no insurmountable difficulties for our young pianists.

Pater Noster. Meditation. For the pianoforte. By Oscar Wagner.—A sympathising theme, requiring carefully-marked expression and attention.

Poor Joe the Marine. Song. Composed by Edward Lassen.—A tuneful song, telling rather a pitiable tale; at the same time, with many it will become a favourite. It is written in two keys.

Stars of the Summer Night. Serenade. Words by H. W. Longfellow. Music by Edward Lassen.—These beautiful lines of the late lamented poet have so often inspired musicians, that we are not at all surprised to be favoured with another setting. Mr. Lassen's composition is of very great merit, and claims our highest consideration.

Fair Rosalie. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by P. von Tugginer.—A pretty little, simple song; the changes of key and time prevent monotony.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL AT COMBE MANOR.

THE great secret of Uncle Geoffrey's influence with people was a certain quiet undemonstrative sympathy. He did not talk much; he was rather given to letting people alone, but his kindliness of look made his few spoken words more precious than the voluble condolences of others.

He made no effort to check the torrent of tears that followed my first stunned feelings; indeed, his "poor child!" so tenderly uttered, only made them flow more quickly. It was not until we were seated in the railway compartment, and I had dried them of my own accord, that he attempted to rouse me by entering into conversation, and yet there was much that he knew must be said, only "great haste small speed," was always Uncle Geoffrey's favourite motto. "There is time for all things and much more," as he used to tell us.

"Are you better now?" he asked, kindly. "That is right; put your handkerchief away, and we can have a little talk together. You are a sensible girl, Esther, and have a wise little head on your shoulders. Tell me, my child, had you any idea of any special anxiety or trouble that was preying on your father's mind?"

"No, indeed," I returned, astonished. "I knew the farm was doing badly, and father used to complain now and then of Fred's extravagance, and mother looked once or twice very worried, but we did not think much about it."

"Then I am afraid what I am going to tell you will be a great shock," he returned, gravely. "Your father and mother must have had heavy anxieties lately, though they have kept it from you children. The cause of your father's illness is mental trouble. I must not hide from you, Esther, that he is ruined."

"Ruined!" I tried to repeat the word aloud, but it died on my lips.

"A man with a family ought not to speculate," went on my uncle, speaking more to himself than me. "What did Frank know about the business? About as much as Fred does about art. He has spent thousands on the farm, and it has been a dead loss from the beginning. He knew as much about farming as Carrie does. Stuff and nonsense! And then he must needs dabble in shares for Spanish mines; and that new-fangled Wheal Catherine affair, that has gone to smash lately. Every penny gone; and a wife, and —how many of you are there, Esther?"

But I was too much overwhelmed to help him in his calculation, so he commenced striking off on his fingers, one by one.

"Let me see; there's Fred, brought up, young coxcomb! to think himself a fine gentleman and an artist, with almost as much notion of work as I have of piano playing; and Allan, who has more brains than the rest of you put together; and Carrie, who is half a saint and slightly hysterical; and your poor little self; and then comes that nondescript article Jack. Why in the world do you call a feminine creature, Jack? And poor little Dot, who will never earn a penny for himself—humph, six of you to clothe and feed——"

"Oh, Uncle Geoff!" I burst out, taking no notice of this long tirade; and what did it matter if Dot never earned anything when I would work my fingers to the bone for him, the darling! — "oh, Uncle Geoff, are things really so bad as that? Will Fred be obliged to give up his painting, when he has been to Rome, too; and shall we have to leave Combe Manor, and the farm? Oh, what will they all do? and Carrie, too?"

"Work," was the somewhat grim reply, and then he went on in a milder tone. "Things are very bad, Esther; about as bad as they can be—for we must look matters in the face—

"HUDDLED UP LIKE TWO CHINESE GODS."

and your father is very ill, and there is no knowing where the mischief may end; but you must all put your shoulders to the domestic wheel, and push it up the hill difficulty. It is a crisis, and a very painful one, but it will prove which of you has the right metal.

"I am not afraid of Allan," he went on; "the lad has plenty of good stuff in him; and I am not much afraid of you, Esther, at least I think not; but——" He hesitated, and then stopped, and I knew he was thinking of Fred and Carrie, but he need not. Of course Carrie would work as heartily as any of us; idling was never her forte; and Fred—well, perhaps Fred was not always industrious.

I seemed to have lost myself in a perfect tangle of doubt and dread. Uncle Geoffrey went on with his talk, half sad and half moralising, but I could not follow all he said. Two thoughts were buzzing about me like hornets. Father was ill, very ill, and we should have to leave Combe Manor. The sting of these thoughts was dreadful.

I seemed to rouse out of a nightmare when Uncle Geoffrey suddenly announced that we were at Crowbridge. No one was waiting for us at the station, which somewhat surprised me, but Combe Manor was not a quarter of a mile off, so the luggage was wheeled away on a truck, and Uncle Geoffrey and I walked after it, up the sandy lane, and round by the hazel copse. And there were the fields, where Dapple, the grey mare, was feeding; and there were Cherry, and Spot, and Brindle, and all the rest of the dear creatures, rubbing their horned heads against the hedge as usual; and two or three of them standing knee deep in the great shallow pool, where Fred and Allan used to sail their boats, and make believe it was the Atlantic. We always called the little bit of sedgy ground under the willow, America, and used to send freights of paper and cardboard across the mimic ocean, which did not always arrive safely.

How lovely and peaceful it all looked on this June evening! The sun shone on the red brick house and old-fashioned casement; roses were climbing everywhere, on the walls, round the porch, over the very gateway. Fred was leaning against the gate, in his brown velveteen coat and slouched hat, looking so handsome and picturesque, poor fellow! He had a Gloire de Dijon in his buttonhole. I remember I wondered vaguely how he had had the heart to pick it.

"How is he?" called out Uncle Geoffrey. And Fred started, for though he was watching for us, he had not seen us turn the corner of the lane.

"No better," was the disconsolate answer, as he unlatched the gate, and stooped over it to kiss me. "We are expecting Allan down by the next train, and Carrie asked me to look out for you; how do you do, Esther? what have you done to yourself?" eyeing me with a mixture of chagrin and astonishment. I suppose crying had not improved my appearance; still, Fred need not have noticed my red eyes; but he was one who always "looked on the outward appearance."

"She is tired and unhappy, poor little thing," repeated Uncle Geoffrey, answering for me, as he drew my arm through his. "I hope Carrie has got some tea for her," and as he spoke Carrie came out in the porch to meet us. How sweet she looked, the "little Nun," as Fred always called her, in her grey dress; with her smooth fair hair, and pale pretty face.

"Poor Esther, how tired you look!" she said, kissing me affectionately, but quietly—Carrie was always a little undemonstrative—"but I have got tea for you in the brown room" (we always called it the brown room, because it was wainscoted in oak); "will you have it now, or would you like to see mother?"

"You had better have tea first and see your mother afterwards," observed Uncle Geoffrey; but I would not take this prudent counsel. On the stairs I came upon Jack, curled up on a window-sill, with Smudge, our old black cat, in her arms, and was welcomed by both of them with much effusion. Jack was a tall thin girl, all legs and arms; with a droll freckled face and round blue eyes, with all the awkwardness of fourteen, and none of its precocity. Her real name was Jacqueline, but we had always called her Jack, for brevity, and because, with her cropped head and rough ways, she resembled a boy more than a girl; her hair was growing now, and hung about her neck in short ungainly lengths, but I doubt whether in its present stage it was any improvement. I am not at all sure strangers considered Jack a prepossessing child, she was so awkward and overgrown, but I liked her droll face immensely. Fred was always finding fault with her and snubbing her, which brought him nothing but pert replies; then he would entreat mother to send her to school, but, somehow, she never went. Dot could not spare her, and mother thought there was plenty of time, so Jack still roamed about at her own sweet will; riding Dapple bare-backed round the paddock, milking Cherry, and feeding the chickens; carrying on some pretence at lessons with Carrie, who was not a very strict mistress, and plaguing Fred, who had nice ways and hated any form of untidiness.

"Oh, you dear thing!" cried Jack, leaping from the window-seat and nearly strangling me, while Smudge rubbed himself lovingly against my dress; "oh, you dear, darling, delightful old Esther, how pleased I am to see you!" (Certainly Jack was not undemonstrative.) "Oh, it has been so horrid the last few days—father ill, and mother always with him, and Fred as cross as two sticks, and Carrie always too busy or too tired for anyone to speak to her; and Dot complaining of pain in his back and not caring to play, oh!" finished Jack with a long-drawn sigh, "it has been almost too horrid."

"Hush, Jack," was my sole reply; for there was dear mother coming down the passage towards us. I had only been away from her two months, and yet it struck me that her hair was greyer, and her face was thinner than it used to be, and there were lines on her forehead that I never remember to have seen before; but she greeted me in her old affectionate way, putting back my hair from my face to look at me, and calling me her dear child. "But I must not stop a moment, Esther," she said, hurriedly, "or father will miss me; take off your hat, and rest and refresh yourself, and then you shall come up and see him."

"But, mother, where is Dot?"

"In there," motioning towards the sick room; "he is always there, we cannot keep him out," and her lip trembled. When Jack and I returned to the brown room, we found the others gathered round the table. Carrie, who was pouring out tea, pointed to the seat beside her.

It was the first dreary meal I had ever remembered in the brown room; my first evening at home had always been so happy. The shallow blue teacups and tiny plates always seemed prettier than other people's china, and nothing ever tasted so delicious as our home-made brown bread and butter.

But this evening the flavour seemed spoilt. Carrie sat in mother's place looking sad and abstracted, and fingering her little silver cross nervously. Fred was downcast and out of spirits, returning only brief replies to Uncle Geoffrey's questions, and only waking up to snub Jack if she spoke a word. Oh, how I wished Allan would make his appearance and put us all right! It was quite a relief when I heard mother's voice calling me, and she took me into the great cool room where father lay.

Dot was curled up in mother's great arm-chair, with his favourite book of natural history; he slipped a hot little hand in mine as I passed him.

Dot was our name for him because he was so little, but he had been called Frank, after our father; he was eight years old, but he hardly looked bigger than a child of six. His poor back was crooked, and he was lame from hip-disease; sometimes for weeks together the cruel abscesses wasted his strength, at other times he was tolerably free from pain; even at his worst times, Dot was a cheery invalid, for he was a bright, patient little fellow. He had a beautiful little face, too, though perhaps the eyes were a trifle too large for the thin features; but Dot was my pet, and I could see no fault in him; nothing angered me more than when people pitied him or lamented over his infirmity. When I first came home the sound of his crutch on the floor was the sweetest music in my ear. But I had no eyes even for Dot after my first look at father. Oh, how changed, how terribly changed he was! The great wave of brown hair over his forehead was grey, his features were pinched and haggard, and when he spoke to me his voice was different, and he seemed hardly able to articulate.

"Poor children—poor children!" he groaned; and as I kissed his cheek he said, "be a good girl, Esther, and try to be a comfort to your mother."

"When I am a man I shall try and be a comfort, too," cried Dot, in his sharp chirpy voice; it quite startled father.

"That's my brave boy," said father, faintly, and I think there were tears in his eyes. "Dora,"—my mother's name

was Dora—"I am too tired to talk; let the children go now, and come and sit by me while I go to sleep," and mother gently dismissed us.

I had rather a difficulty with Dot when I got outside, for he suddenly lowered his crutch and sat down on the floor.

"I don't want to go to bed," he announced, decidedly. "I shall sit here all night, in case mother wants me; when it gets dark she may feel lonely."

"But, Dot, mother will be grieved if she comes out and finds you here; she has anxiety enough as it is, and if you make yourself ill, too, you will only add to her trouble. Come, be a good boy, and let me help you to undress." But I might as well have talked to Smudge. Dot had these obstinate fits at times; he was tired and his nerves were shaken by being so many hours in the sick room, and nothing would have induced him to move. I was so tired at last that I sat down on the floor, too, and rested my head against the door, and Dot sat bolt upright like a watchful little dog, and in this ridiculous position we were discovered by Allan. I had not heard of his arrival, and when he came towards us, springing lightly up two stairs at a time, I could not help uttering a suppressed exclamation of delight.

He stopped at once and looked at us in astonishment. "Dot and Esther! in the name of all that is mysterious; huddled up like two Chinese gods on the matting. Why, I took Esther for a heap of clothes in the twilight." Of course I told him how it happened. Dot was naughty and would not move, and I was keeping him company. Allan hardly heard me out before he had shouldered Dot, crutch and all, and was walking off with him down the passage. "Wait for me a few minutes, Esther," he whispered; and I betook myself to the window-seat and looked over the dusky garden, where the tall white lilies looked like ghostly flowers in the gloom.

It was a long time before Allan rejoined me. "That is a curious little body," he said, half laughing, as he sat down beside me. "I had quite a piece of work with him for carrying him off in that fashion; he said I was a savage, a great uncivilised man, to take such a mean advantage of him; 'if I were big I would fight you,' he said, doubling his fists; he looked such a miserable little atom of a chap as he said it."

"Was he really angry?" I asked, for Dot was so seldom out of temper.

"Angry, I believe you. He was in a towering rage; but he is all right now, so you need not go to him. I stroked him down, and praised him for his good intentions, and then I told him I was a doctor now, and no one contradicted my orders, and that he must be a good boy and let me help him to bed. Poor little fellow! he sobbed all the time he was undressing, he is so fond of father. I am afraid it will go badly with him if things turn out as I fear they will," and Allan's voice was very grave.

We had a long talk after that, until Uncle Geoffrey came upstairs and dislodged us, by carrying Allan off. It was such a comfort to have him all to myself, we had been so much separated of late years.

Allan was five years older than I; he was only a year younger than Fred, but the difference between them was very great. Allan looked the elder of the two; he was not so tall as Fred, but he was strongly built and sturdy; he was dark complexioned, and his features were almost as irregular as mine; but in a man that did not so much matter, and very few people called Allan plain.

Allan had always been my special brother—most sisters know what I mean by that term. Allan was undemonstrative; he seldom petted or made much of me, but a word from him was worth a hundred from Fred; and there was a quiet unspoken sympathy between us that was sufficiently palpable. If Allan wanted his gloves mended he always came to me and not to Carrie. I was his chief correspondent, and he made me the confidante of his professional hopes and fears. In return, he good humouredly interested himself in my studies, directed my reading, and considered himself at liberty to find fault with everything that did not please him. He was a little peremptory sometimes, but I did not mind that half so much as Fred's sarcasms, and he never distressed me as Fred did, by laughing at my large hands, or wondering why I was not so natty in my dress as Carrie.

(To be continued.)

APPLES, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

It is expected that apples will be very plentiful this year, plentiful and consequently cheap. Let us hope that the expectation will be realised. Apples are delicious and wholesome; they can be prepared in a hundred different ways; they keep well, and last long; they are universally popular, and they possess many most excellent qualities. We are speaking within the mark when we say that the apple is the most useful fruit we possess.

I have heard it said that there are 1,500 varieties of named apples. I cannot answer for the truth of this statement, but I willingly acknowledge that apples are of all sorts and sizes, tastes and flavours. There are apples sweet and apples sour, apples juicy and apples dry, apples soft and apples hard, apples mellow and apples rough, apples large and apples diminutive. The true connoisseur in apples generally judges of an apple by its smell; if this is good, appearance is for him a comparatively minor consideration.

For a long time apples have been largely imported from America, and now they are sent to us from New Zealand and Australia. I had some apples given to me a few months ago which came from Sydney, and they were excellent both in quality and flavour. It is said that this year we shall not need to have apples from anywhere; we shall have quite enough at home. This is good news, yet I confess that, when the time comes for them, I hope we shall have Newtown pippins. In my opinion no apples are to be compared with Newtown pippins. For years English gardeners have been trying to reproduce this apple, and they have grown something very nearly equal to it, but possessing not quite the same delicious flavour. The worst of Newtown pippins is that they are not good keeping apples, and on this account fruit dealers are chary of purchasing them, because unless sold off quickly there is sure to be loss connected with them. People who are very fond of apples would find it a good plan to buy one or more barrels of Newtown pippins, according to their requirements, as soon as they come into the market, and then use them straight away. Apples are very much cheaper bought in quantities thus, and, if care be taken of them, they will prove very serviceable. Where there is room for storage, this plan is to be recommended also for English apples, care being taken always to buy sound fruit of a kind which keeps well. For the use of my own family I have bought Blenheim oranges and Flanders pippins, and these two varieties have with me kept all through the winter, and been good to the last.

Apples which are to be stored for winter use should be picked from the tree carefully, they should not be thrown about, and they should be handled as little as possible. Those which are sent from a distance should be unpacked as soon as may be, and they should be wiped carefully with a soft cloth, because moisture will cause them to decay sooner than anything. They should be examined carefully before being put away, and those which show signs of decay should be put aside for immediate use. This process of looking over the fruit should be repeated regularly at intervals, say of a week, for decomposition quickly communicates itself from one apple to another. A little straw should then be spread on the floor or shelf, and the apples should be put in rows side by side, and they should not be allowed to touch. The room or outhouse in which the fruit is kept should be cool, dry, and airy.

Delicious as apples undoubtedly are, they are not so delicious that they cannot be improved by additional flavour. Old-fashioned cooks are accustomed to put one or two cloves with apples, in cooking them. I have sometimes had apple pie, in which the taste and the aroma of the cloves overpowered that of the apples. Grated lemon rind is also employed for the same purpose, as are also cinnamon, grated nutmeg, and in all cases sugar, and, whenever it can be obtained, cream.

Individual taste must, of course, determine what flavour is to be used; therefore, in giving recipes later, I will not repeat this information in each case. May I, however, suggest to those who have not tried the combination, that apricots or quinces, and apples, should be put together. A great epicure once said that quinces, though of little value in themselves, improved an apple pie beyond the power of words to describe. *One* quince is sufficient for a moderate-sized apple pie.

Dried apples or chips are imported in large quantities from America, and, though there is a great difference in their quality, good dried apples are both excellent and economical. They need to be soaked all night in cold water, and then stewed gently in the same water till soft, before being used. Sugar should not be put with them until they have been stewed for some time. As it is difficult to judge the quality of dried apples by their appearances, intending purchasers should be careful to procure them of a respectable dealer. Inferior dried apples are a great delusion.

I will now give a few recipes for the preparation of apples, and I shall make no mention of apple pie, the ordinary boiled apple pudding, apple dumpling, apple tart, apple sauce, apple fool, or baked apples, because I should think that by this time the girls of our cookery class know as much about these preparations as I do.

Compôte of Apples.—Cut four good sized apples into quarters, then peel them, and throw them at once into water with lemon juice. (It saves time to quarter apples before

peeling them, and it preserves their colour to throw them into water to which lemon juice has been added.) Make a little very thin syrup with loaf sugar and water. Boil this till clear, put in the apple quarters, and simmer them very gently till they are soft, without breaking. Take them up and put them aside to cool. Add more sugar to the syrup, and boil it again till it is very thick. Arrange the apples in a circle, colour the syrup either with a few drops of saffron water or a little cochineal or red jelly, and serve cold. A pennyworth of saffron may be bought of the chemist, and a portion of this should be soaked in a tablespoonful of boiling water, until the liquid is a deep orange colour. A very pretty compôte may be made by peeling, coring, and stewing the apples whole, and putting a little red jam in the centre of each when dishing them. This dish may be further ornamented by putting little strips of angelica or of marmalade on the top of each apple.

Apple Fritters.—Make a little frying batter by mixing smoothly four ounces of flour with two dessertspoonfuls of salad oil, and a gill of lukewarm water. This batter may be made thus far before it is wanted. About ten minutes before it is used, stir in lightly the whites of two eggs which have been beaten to a froth. Choose three or more large, firm apples. Peel them and cut them across the core in rounds as thin as a shilling, and stamp out the core. Make some dripping hot in a stewpan. As soon as it is still and a blue smoke begins to rise from it, take up the apple rings one by one by means of a skewer put into the centre hole, dip them into the batter to cover them completely, and drop them into the fat. Three or four fritters, as many as the pan will hold without their touching, may be fried at one time. Have ready a sheet of kitchen paper on a plate. When the fritters are lightly browned on one side, turn them quickly on the other; when this side also is coloured, they are done. Put them on the paper to drain, and keep hot, till all the fritters are cooked. Arrange them in a dish, sift white sugar over them, and serve. Some cooks use apple chips in making apple fritters. When this is done, they must be soaked well and stewed a little before being fried, or they will be hard.

Apple Charlotte. — Take a plain round mould, about five inches deep; butter this inside. Cut some thin, stale bread into strips for the sides, and a round for the bottom of the mould; melt some butter, dip the pieces of bread into this, and line the mould so that there are no vacant places, thus making a bread mould within the other mould. This is most easily made (by people who have not had experience in making a Charlotte Russe) by making the strips of bread overlap each other. Stew some apples to make a pulp, which must be firm and well sweetened, mellowed with butter, and flavoured with lemon juice. Very little, if any, water must be used; but it is impossible to lay down an exact rule, because the nature of the apple must determine the quantity. Fill the mould with the pulp, lay a piece of buttered bread on the top, put a plate, or cover, with a weight to keep the fruit in its place, and bake in an oven for about three-quarters of an hour, till the bread is deeply browned; turn out carefully, and serve with cream or sifted sugar. A simple variety of this dish, known under the name of Brown Betty, is made by filling a buttered dish with alternate layers of apples and bread-crumbs, intermixed with butter and sugar, and flavoured with lemon-peel or nutmeg. Bread-crumbs should form the uppermost layer, a little melted butter be poured over all, and the pudding baked till well browned.

Apple Cheesecakes.—Peel some apples and grate them to the core; take equal weights of grated apple, castor sugar and butter, and flavour with a little grated lemon-rind; melt the butter, add the other ingredients, and mix thoroughly, then add one egg for each quarter pound of pulp; line cheesecake tins in the usual way, half fill them with the mixture, and bake.

Apple Gâteau.— Soak half an ounce of gelatine in water, to cover it; peel, core, and slice two pounds of good baking apples; put them into a stewpan, with water to cover them, and let them simmer till quite soft; drain off the water and beat the apples till smooth, or press them through a sieve, and add a little grated lemon-rind and sugar to that; put the water which was drained off into a saucepan, and add the gelatine. When this is dissolved, stir in the apple, first allowing it to cool, mix all thoroughly; pour into a damp mould, turn out when cold, and serve with cream and sugar. If liked, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream can be put with the apple pulp, which may then have a pint of good custard poured round it.

Apple Custard Tartlet.—Peel, core, and quarter some good baking apples to fill a quart basin, and stew them with very little water till quite soft, being careful not to let them burn. Add a flavouring of lemon or cinnamon, sugar to taste, a good slice of fresh butter, and an ounce of flour. Beat the flour till smooth, and stir the mixture over the fire for a few minutes to cook it. When the apple pulp is cool add, one at a time, two well-beaten eggs. Line large tartlet tins with pastry, spread the apple custard on them, garnish with pastry leaves or twists, and bake in a good oven. Serve hot or cold.

Apple Custard.—Stew some apples to a firm pulp, as in the last recipe; sweeten, and flavour. Put the fruit into a glass dish; when quite cold pour some thick custard over, garnish with angelica or strips of lemon-rind, and serve with sponge fingers. If liked, the apple pulp can be put into a pie-dish, custard can be poured over, and then gently baked, or the apple pulp can be laid on sponge biscuits which have been spread with apricot marmalade, and soaked in syrup.

Apples and Tapioca (a simple wholesome dish for the nursery).—Soak overnight two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, then stew it gently in the same water till it is clear. It must not be over thick. Peel, core, and quarter six large apples, and stew them in the oven, or steam them till they are slightly softened. Put the apples in a pie-dish, sprinkle sugar over them, sweeten and flavour the tapioca, pour it over the fruit, and bake gently till tender. If liked, the tapioca can be coloured with cochineal, or sago may be used instead of tapioca.

A refreshing drink for invalids is *Apple Water*, made by pouring a pint of boiling water upon three juicy apples (which have been peeled, cored, and sliced) and a little lemon-rind; then sweetening to taste. When the liquid is cold it may be strained, and is then ready for use.

A peculiar, but by no means disagreeable, pickle or relish to eat with cold meat may be made by mixing some apple grated with its bulk in finely-chopped onion, to which are added a little red chili cut up small, salt, and vinegar to moisten the whole.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

SINGING.

By LADY MACFARREN.

PART I.

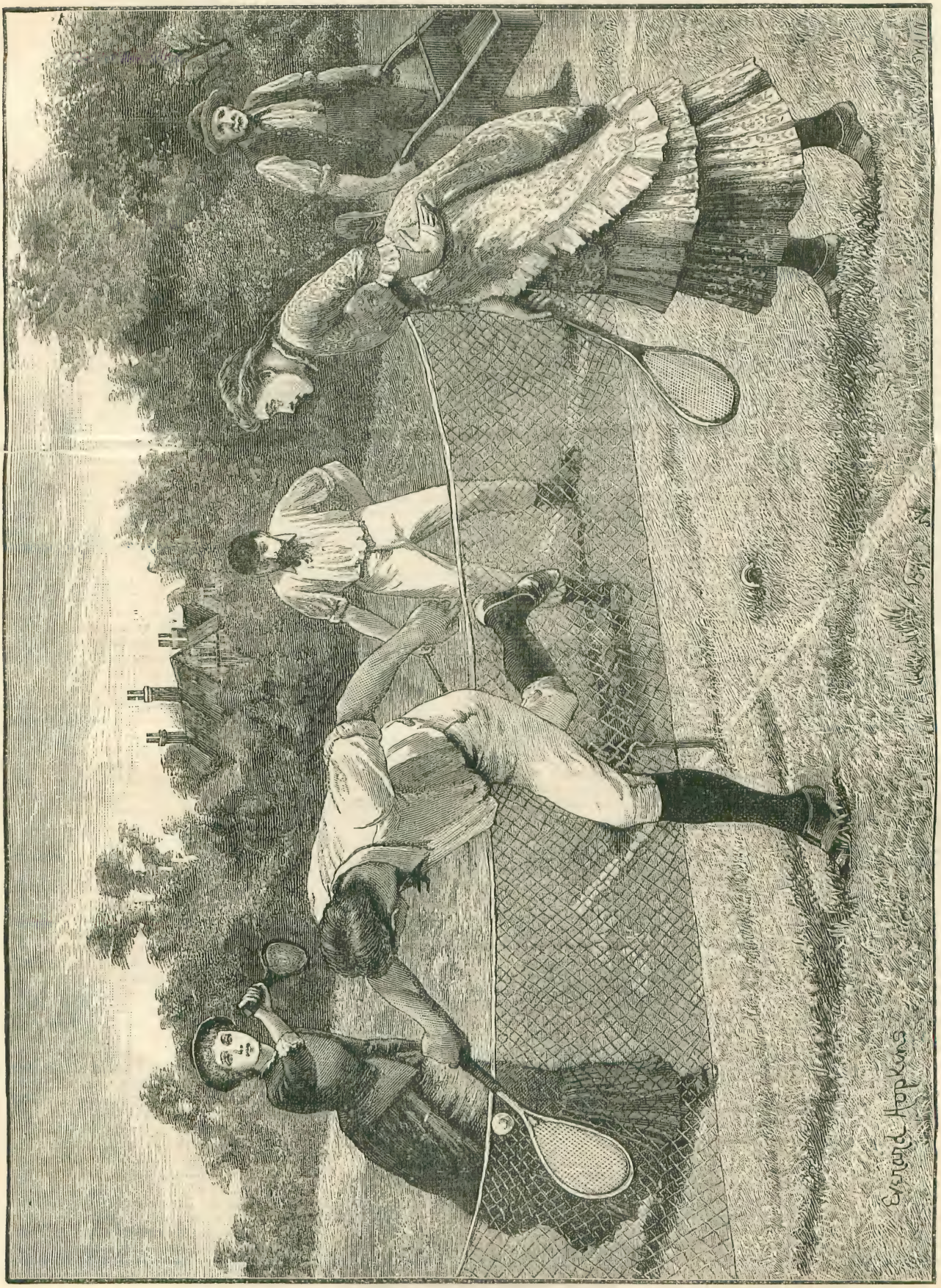
No branch of study is more generally aspired to than singing, none is capable of affording so deep and widespread a pleasure, and yet none more often has an unsatisfactory result. Given a good voice, correct intonation, and fair intelligence, still it is far more rare than it ought to be to hear a simple song interpreted with good taste and feeling.

One of the chief reasons for this general shortcoming is want of sufficient preparation before songs of any kind are attempted, and another is the choice of songs of an emotional or descriptive character, while the singer's experience is yet immature in declamation and management of the voice. As to this last point, it is by no means sufficient to sing a few scale passages and single notes with crescendo and diminuendo on A*, as is still so generally done; let the young singer begin by confining herself to an octave or tenth in compass, of notes she can sing without effort. It may be that only a fifth or sixth at first is available, in which case it will be best to gain the mastery of these before attempting to widen her compass. A (as heard in *far*), E (as in *babe*), and I (as in *free*) should be practised equally, being the most important vowels, on long sustained notes, without any modification of intensity, "straight lines" of sound, firm, but without effort. If the tones are tremulous, it is better to precede the vowels with P or T. Great care is necessary that the position of the mouth and tongue is the same at the end as at the commencement of the note. This exercise may be practised several times a day for some weeks, and should unfold to the pupil the sounding board or vibrating point of each note, which enables her to sustain the notes with very little breath. From one note she will proceed to several, limiting herself to short scales of two or more notes, and passages, such as are found in all good instruction books, for a long time, and remembering that the scale of an octave consists of two equal parts, viz., of two scales of a fourth, and that unless she can sing the half perfectly she will miserably fail in the whole.

Side by side with the foregoing exercise should be practised those consonants that have duration, and especially those having musical sound—L, M, and N; also the young singer must train herself to make the required distinction between P and B, F and V, T and D, K and G, S and Z. When the consonants and vowels have been well understood and exercised, it will be time to consider the diphthongs, so difficult in Northern languages. Here we have to face the unparalleled carelessness of even educated English people in pronouncing their language; but the rule that governs all other European tongues cannot be infringed in English without manifest ill effect, that only one vowel should be sustained for one syllable, such vowel having sometimes an initial and sometimes a closing sound (as in *youth* or in *hear*, pronounced *he-er*), but that all such pronunciations as chi-eeld, aeengel, maed, so-oo, te-ahr, are intolerable. This is a most important feature of a young singer's practice, since a clear perception of the above, or the contrary, must stamp her pronunciation either with distinction or with vulgarity.

* The vowels referred to throughout these remarks are the Italian or German.

(*To be continued.*)



"HARK, HOW THEIR VOICES RISE AND FALL
WHILE MERRILY GOES THE GAME."

THE TENNIS PLAYERS.

By SYDNEY GREY.

SWIFT to follow the bounding ball,
  Active and lithe of frame,
Hark, how their voices rise and fall
  While merrily goes the game.
Laughter borne on the summer air
  Says life's true wealth is youth and health,
And a heart with never a care.

Yonder the grey-haired gardener moves
  Tranquilly to and fro,
Looks at the joyous group, and loves
  To think of the long ago;
Far-off years, when he had his share
  In life's true wealth, bright youth and health,
And a heart with never a care.

So grim age ever spoils our prime;
  Winter must follow May;
Each is best in its own good time,
  And wise in its ordered way;
But to the young is earth most fair,
  For life's true wealth is youth and health,
And a heart with never a care.

WORK FOR ALL.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

A YEAR or two ago strolling through the cemetery of St. Andrew's, in Fife, the Canterbury of Scotland, and trying, as our manner is, to figure to ourselves the living presence of those who lay asleep beneath our feet, beside sculptured coffins of ancient abbots and bishops, which lay empty of their inhabitants, open and testifying to the labours of remote antiquity, we were much struck by such modern inscriptions as this—

Andrew Morrison,
Gardener;
or, James Baillie,
Ploughman;
or, Andrew Murdoch,
Slater;

and pondering much on this retaining after death the workday costume, as it were, of life, it seemed to us to give the key to the excellence and success of the Scottish race, whether it came to them with that great gift of education which they received through the hands of John Knox, or whether it be part and parcel of the manliness which makes the poorest Scotchman able to hold his own in argument against a duke or a "minister." They are free from the canker which has marred the lives of many Englishmen and more Englishwomen; they are not ashamed of their work, even though it have to do with the building of common houses for poor folk to dwell in, the turning of the clods of the earth to grow common pot-herbs and vegetables. The man who has passed his life in such hard and simple work is not ashamed when he passes out of it to couple his occupation with his name, and his sons, when they lay him reverently to rest, think they do him honour in recording the kind and quality of his work.

The age of *gentility* it is to be hoped is passing away in England, and a healthy, vigorous life is coming in. No good work could, in the nature of things, be done by women who hid it away, and thought nothing did them so much honour as white hands and silk dresses. The abundant wealth of the country is no doubt largely responsible for this; men have made money so freely that there has been "no occasion" for the daughters to work, and those who have been less successful, have thought that they lost caste if their daughters did what their neighbours didn't, and, as in China, artificial restraints were resorted to, to keep the fair young things delicate and idle.

How little wealth has added to the happiness of the world is, perhaps, scarcely conceivable, but it exercises a despotism over men's minds which cripples the reason. Essentially of this world and earthly, it reigns supreme, and even poets and philosophers in England gather wealth, and leave it to their heirs. But the time seems to be come when women, who now in England are in the majority, must think for themselves on the question of work, if not on other great social questions. Women are by nature sympathetic and active; they are also by nature pious; they read the Bible. Let them read it not as a talisman to be repeated and not thought of, but as a living guide of conduct, and they will find on every page of the New Testament the enforcement of the decree pronounced on Adam when he left the Garden, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." If toil is the punishment, it is also the solace of life, and no human being is truly well and happy who does not do a reasonable amount of honest work. A man (using man in its widest sense of human being) who does not work, is like a chrysalis, unformed and unsightly, with the beauty in which Nature intended him to be clothed all folded up and undeveloped.

Owing to various causes, into which it is unnecessary to enter here, women in the middle classes of English society are at the present time much in excess of men. In consequence of their number, and perhaps as a part of their social enfranchisement, women are now looking for occupations outside the home—not because home is less dear to them than it was to their mothers, but simply because such a home is not possible for them, and because if they do not find work their lives must be vacant, their energies unemployed, their very means of subsistence meagre and uncertain. It becomes all women, then, to look the matter fearlessly in the face, to see what is to be done, what can be done, and, by studying how to do some work thoroughly well, to make themselves self-supporting, industrious, and happy.

Knowledge is easily carried, and no one is the worse for it; true knowledge makes people humble as well as thoughtful, cures idle gossip, and gives a better centre for the mind to work from than narrow selfishness; if it be but of the smallest art it leavens the character and blows off the fads and fallacies that are born of idleness.

"Quot homines, tot sententiæ"—in this wonderful world no two human beings are alike. Can there be a greater sign of the infinite power of the Creator than the endless variety in beings that have so much in common? It is of the highest import in selecting the employments of a life to have regard to the temperaments and capacities of the individual, rather than to what may happen to be his wish at a particular time—systems which run all men through one groove carry the elements of failure in them, while many a man and woman has had reason to repent the too ready accomplishment of a wish, a too early success.

It is not very long since teaching was looked upon as the only employment suitable to a gentlewoman, and while we would regard it as the first and highest profession, and one for which perhaps the majority of women are suited, it is an occupation which above all others requires a loving and sympathetic nature, and should on no account be thrust upon an unwilling or highly nervous temper, and it should be always remembered who deigned to be known as the "Teacher," and should be accepted not as task work, but as a labour of love. If undertaken grudgingly, and as a hard necessity, it must be infinitely wearisome, and broken health, shattered nerves, and soured temper are the certain outcome of noble work done in an ignoble spirit.

Next to the care and training of children comes the care of the sick, for which many women seem to have special aptitude; it is to be wished that they were much more largely employed in dispensing, and that the laborious task of sick-nursing were not the work considered most suitable to them.

Next to the care of the sick would seem to come the management of finance, and the conducting and keeping of accounts offers good employment for young women of general training and intelligence.

Women have often been regarded as made of finer stuff than man, more fitted to ornament and beautify life, and it is beyond dispute that their taste, delicacy of hand, eye for colour, and patience in elaboration fits them to be the decorators of our homes. How much pleasure may be given by the skilful selection of a drapery, the arrangement of a glass of flowers, or a well-composed dress! That there are many branches of decorative art in which girls excel can therefore be no matter

of surprise, any more than that girls show great readiness to come forward for training in the schools which have been recently opened to afford it. Facilities for studying art in its higher branches have always been considerable ever since the name of Angelica Kauffmann appeared on the roll of the first forty academicians, and it may be doubted whether women did wisely to open an exhibition all for themselves, and whether it has done more than encourage poor and ineffectual work which had better never have been exhibited at all.

Next to the art of painting in oil and water, with all its offshoots of china painting, painting on silk, velvet, &c., comes the beautiful art of carving in wood, which is calculated to afford true artistic pleasure to all who practise it, and which forms one of the most elegant and enduring of ornaments.

Engraving on wood, or, as it was perhaps better called, cutting on wood, is also an elegant occupation. The demand for good work is practically almost unlimited, and promises speedy and ample remuneration, the ever-increasing number of illustrated papers and magazines affording a ready market for good wood-cuts.

For those who have not patience and love for teaching, or for caring for the sick; to whom the rule-of-three is an abomination, or who are not attracted by the study of form and colour, there remain employments equally useful to the community, and the remuneration for which is fair and certain, such as plan tracing, law copying, and printing, all of which are being successfully followed by women. Hair-dressing is a skilled occupation, requiring much taste and neatness, and one which appears in all respects suited to women, though it has not advanced with the speed expected, owing to the almost unaccountable fact that women actually like to submit their heads to the manipulation of men, and that men can be still found willing to pass their lives in such a calling.

No summary of occupations for women would be complete which did not include the fine arts of cookery and dressmaking—arts in both of which the Englishwomen of the nineteenth century have until recently been lamentably deficient, and both of which should be studied in the general interests of society by every woman who is likely to have to do with the feeding and clothing of a family.

Music, *i.e.*, the art of producing sweet sounds, either with the voice or with the aid of artificial contrivances, has long occupied a prominent place in the education of girls; but the art is so difficult that it seems to be accepted more and more that it is of little use to spend time in the cultivation of it unless there be some natural taste and capacity for it. To those who possess this beautiful gift, many opportunities of cultivating it are now open; but if exercised as a means of earning money, it is laborious in the extreme, and, except in cases of special fitness, is not to be recommended.

Other ways of earning a livelihood, open to women, we know of none, except such as are designated in the report of the Society for the Employment of Women, as temporary employment, which consists principally of writing, *i.e.*, copying MS. or music, addressing envelopes, &c., often a valuable assistance to those who are seeking occupation, and helps them to tide over difficult times—but not requiring special training or special gifts, it is hardly to be treated of in a summary like the present.

We propose in our following papers to give an account of the training required for each of the above employments, and of the facilities for obtaining it.

II.—Teaching.

Teaching has always been accepted as work undeniably suited to a woman; so naturally her field, indeed, that, until the middle of the present century, it was generally supposed that she had an innate faculty and capacity for it, and that special training was quite unnecessary. It was, in fact, no uncommon recommendation to a lady who wished to undertake the intellectual and moral training of children, that she was "quite a lady and never expected to have to teach." Much has been done within the last quarter of a century to put this calling on a better footing—to make it, as it should be, the highest profession in which a woman can engage, and to awaken in the members of it a feeling of fellowship and self-respect.

Girton College, Cambridge, deserves the first mention, as the pioneer, which started with the purpose of doing for girls what has always been done for boys, *i.e.*, securing them leisure and opportunity to pursue their studies after the ordinary school course, and to prepare themselves systematically for the practice of their profession. Students are not, it is true, necessarily persons intending to become teachers. All young women who desire to continue their studies beyond girlhood are welcomed, but special encouragement and special help are given to intending teachers. There are several scholarships available for reducing the expenses, particulars of which can be obtained of the secretary, Mrs. Croom Robertson, 31, Kensington Park-gardens, London.

The college was opened in 1870 with six students in a hired house in Hitchin; in 1873 it was removed to a building erected for the purpose at Girton, near Cambridge. The college now forms two sides of a quadrangle, and comprises fifty-five sets of rooms for students, and ample accommodation for lectures, dining, &c.

The college course is in all respects similar to that of the University, on which it was modelled, and it is desired to give a certificate of proficiency which shall be of equal value with the ordinary B.A. degree.

The terms are three, and occupy each about eight weeks, so that half of each year is spent in residence, and the charge for board, lodging, and instruction is £35 per term, paid in advance. Entrance examinations are held in London in March and June. A fee of £1 is charged.

The course of study comprises divinity; modern languages; classics; mathematics, pure and mixed; natural science; moral science. Students may select their own course of study.

The other colleges, of rather more recent foundation—Newnham Hall, at Cambridge, principal, Miss A. J. Clough; Lady Margaret Hall, principal, Miss Wordsworth; and Somerville College, principal, Miss Shaw Lefevre, at Oxford—are almost identical in their system and in expense; the expense, indeed, at Lady Margaret's Hall is slightly in excess of Girton. The avowed object of the foundation of this college is to procure for its students the protection and training of an academical house, on the principles of the Church of England, though members of other religious bodies are not excluded, while Somerville places students of all denominations on the same footing.

All four colleges offer scholarships, full particulars of which can be obtained from Mrs. Croom Robertson, 31, Kensington Park-gardens, London, W., secretary, for Girton; from Mr. Bateson, secretary of the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Woman, St. John's Lodge, Cambridge, for Newnham; from Miss Wordsworth, lady principal, Riseholme, Lincoln, for Lady Margaret Hall; and from either of the secretaries, the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt, Cowley Grange, Oxford, or Mrs. J. H. Ward, 5, Broadmore-road, Oxford, for Somerville.

The ancient university of St. Andrew's, Fife, alone of the universities of the country grants to woman a university title, LL.A., which is the equivalent of an M.A. for men. The present centres for examination are St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, London, Halifax, Bristol, and Belfast. The fee for examination is two guineas, which must be sent to Professor Knight, the University, St. Andrew's, when the form of application for examination is returned.

Candidates who obtain the title of LL.A. pay an additional fee of four guineas before receiving their diploma, or making use of the title.

No candidate can be admitted to the St. Andrew's LL.A. examination who does not hold the local examination certificate of a university, or the certificate of the College of Preceptors or a government teacher's certificate.

There is no limit as to age in the LL.A. examination.

St. Andrew's offered the diploma of LL.A. first in 1877, when it was received by three students. The number has been steadily increasing, and in the present year was granted to seventy-six.

The University of London has recently opened its degrees to women, but as it is only an examining body, and does not supply teaching apparatus, St. Andrew's is perhaps justified in the assertion made above "that it alone of the universities grants to women a university title equivalent to a M.A. for men." Most of the classes at London University College are open to women, and many are largely attended by them; but it has been felt that there are serious objections to common classes in a large establisment like University College, where little supervision is possible, and the munificence of a lady, Miss Dudin Brown, has opened a London College for Ladies, for the preparation of students for the London University degrees. Present address: Westfield, Maresfield Gardens, South Hampstead, of which Miss Constance L. Maynard, certificated student in honours of Girton College, Cambridge, is mistress and hon. sec. Here students can enjoy the leisure and peace of academical life, and here religious teaching, conducted on Protestant principles, will form the basis of all study. The scale of expenses is similar to that at Girton and at the other colleges.

Girls who do not aim at what has been called the higher education, or whose means do not permit them to give so much time to preparation for their profession, can obtain help from the Teachers' Training and Registration Society, which has opened a Training College for Teachers in Middle and Higher Schools for Girls, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, E.C.

The cost of tuition is £24 yearly, payable in instalments of £8 at the beginning of each of the three terms, and ten shillings for stationery.

Scholarships, varying in amount from £10 to £24, have been annually awarded, and the Payne Prize (founded in memory of Professor Joseph Payne), of the value of about £7, is given annually to the student who stands highest in the Cambridge Teachers' Examination.

Further particulars may be obtained from Miss Agnes Ward, Principal of the Teachers' Training and Registration College, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., or from Miss Brough.

The Teachers' Training Syndicate of Cambridge holds an examination in the theory, history, and practice of teaching at Cambridge in

June for persons who have completed the age of twenty before June 1st in the current year, and awards certificates to all who pass the examination satisfactorily. The fee for examination is £2 10s.

The Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, London, also provides instruction in the art of teaching—the terms to resident pupils, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, are from £45 to £50 per annum; to day students, £15 per annum, or £8 for six months. At the West Central Collegiate School, 29, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, teachers are trained for the Cambridge Teachers' Examination—the fee is £5 5s.; but in the case of anyone who could be really useful in teaching in the school, the fee would not be exacted.

This society has also a Kindergarten class for private governesses, schoolmistresses, and pupil-teachers; but the principal Kindergarten training college is at 31, Tavistock-place, which is open to all students above seventeen years of age who are otherwise qualified to enter the Froebel Society's examination, *i.e.*, who have passed the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Local, Higher Local, Society of Arts, First and Second Class College of Preceptors, &c.

The college year is divided into three terms, each of about thirteen weeks; the fees are £20 a year, or £7 per term, payable in advance. Names of candidates should be sent to Mrs. E. Berry, hon. secretary to the Froebel Society, 27, Upper Bedford-place.

We must now say a word or two about the schools, where girls may obtain the training which will qualify them to take advantage of the benefits offered by the various establishments we have enumerated. As Girton is the pioneer college, the North London Collegiate and Camden Schools for Girls, Sandall-road, Camden Town, must be honoured as the pioneer school, which, through the energy of its honoured head mistress, Miss Buss, has afforded to a vast number of girls opportunities of study which they could hardly have obtained otherwise.

The fees per annum are sixteen guineas; to pupils who enter above the age of sixteen, nineteen guineas. There are numerous scholarships and prizes. Applications for forms of entrance should be made to Mrs. Alfred J. Buss, school secretary.

From these schools five hundred and forty pupils have passed the College of Preceptors' examinations, and two hundred and nineteen the Cambridge Local Examinations, one hundred and six with honours.

The Girls' Public Day School Company offer education at moderate terms in various districts of London and in many county towns.

It is not to be supposed that the education to be obtained in any of these large and crowded establishments can be comparable to that which is given in private schools, conducted by accomplished Christian women, who care equally for the mind, soul, and body of the girls entrusted to them; but they are conducted by women of a high tone of character, who have thrown all their heart into the work, and if the mother be prepared to do her part at home, there is little doubt that great good may be done by them. Whatever benefit there may be in the stimulus of competition they enjoy in the highest degree; and we speak from personal knowledge when we say that the girls who leave the Camden schools are well prepared for work, and for the most part very earnest and capable.

From the above notes we see that there is abundant opportunity for the preparatory study necessary to those who are disposed to undertake teaching as a profession, and it will follow as a necessary corollary that there is little scope now for the amateur.

In no calling, perhaps, is so much assistance offered to the student; the demand on the energies in the present high-pressure state of education is, it is true, often too great; but there is no calling in which, take it all in all, women are so likely to excel and in which the remuneration is more reliable.

In the Girls' Public Day Schools Company salaries vary from £80 to £180 or £200. Teachers in elementary schools under the School Board receive good salaries, and have short hours. Under the School Board two thousand certificated female teachers are employed; the lowest salary obtained by assistants is £50 per annum.

The salaries of head mistresses of High and Public Schools with the capitation fees amount in the case of St. Paul's, London, to £2,000, and in the North London Collegiate School to £1,300, while the minimum at Dolgelly, Wales, is £190, the average being about £500.

The salaries of teachers in private schools average from £25 to £100, according to the acquirements possessed, but in private schools assistants are resident, and at no expense for board and lodging, which cannot be calculated at much less than £50 additional.

The same remark may be made of private governesses whose salaries are on a similar scale. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether the position of a governess in a private family can ever be desirable; her hours of occupation are almost the whole of her waking hours, the discipline of her pupils must be inferior to that of a school, and she suffers from the fatigue of instructing one or two children who never feel the stimulus of competition, which, whatever may be urged against it, is the most natural whetstone for sharpening the wits, while her mind, perpetually in contact with younger minds, is apt to be dwarfed to their level, and, like the lawn of a suburban garden, being perpetually mowed of the little it can produce out of its own unassisted force, grows browner and barer, until it is voted only fit to be dug up and carted away to the dust-heap.

A school, well ordered, is the proper field for the teacher; hours of study and recreation come in regular course, and if at the present time the drive is greater than a prudent educator would consider advisable, children are in their proper subordination, friends and equals are at hand, and the teacher can never feel that she is in the position of one who is in the family but not of it; her work is definite and clearly laid out for her, and she is spared all the endless worry of misapprehension, imagined slights, and inexplicable grievances, which often ruin the health and spirits of the resident governess.

VARIETIES.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Hazlitt mentions an habitual liar, who, consistent to the last, employed the few remaining days he had to live, after being condemned by his doctors, in making a will, by which he bequeathed large estates in different parts of England, money in the funds, rich jewels, rings, and all kinds of valuables, to his old friends and acquaintances, who, not knowing how far the force of nature could go, were not for some time convinced that all this fairy wealth had never an existence anywhere but in the idle coinage of his brain, whose whims and projects were no more.

COMMAND AND OBEDIENCE.—One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind—that, universally, authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs the very reverse of this is nearer the truth. Command is anxiety, obedience ease.—*Paley.*

MAN AND WOMAN.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow,
The man be more of woman, she of man.
—*Tennyson.*

RED HAIR.—Red hair, according to Lavater, characterises a man singularly good or singularly bad; and, he adds, "a striking contrast between the colour of the hair and the colour of the eyebrows inspires me with distrust."

INNOCENCE.—Innocence is like polished armour: it adorns an it defends.

HOW MARIGOLDS ARE YELLOW.

Jealous girls there sometimes were
While they lived or lasted here;
Turned to flowers, still they be
Yellow, marked for jealousy.
—*Herrick.*

SUCCESSFUL SINGULARITY.—Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—*Colton.*

PLANS FOR EVERY DAY.—Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plans of conduct for the day. The half-hours will glide smoothly on, without crossing or jostling one another.

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE. — Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark.—*John Newton.*

REASONING BEINGS.—She who will not reason is a bigot; she who cannot is a fool; and she who dares not is a slave.

RICHES.—If a rich woman be proud of her wealth, she should not be praised till it is known how she employs it.

CHOOSING BY WEIGHT.

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny:
"I chose her," said he, "like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight."

OUR ANCESTORS. — Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness, and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory. It is of momentous importance that a nation should have a great past to look back upon. It steadies the life of the present, elevates and upholds it, and lightens and lifts it up, by the memory of the great deeds, the noble sufferings, and the valorous achievements of the men of old. *Dr. Smiles.*

RUSSIAN PROVERBS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

As regards the treatment of a wife by her husband, proverbs in Russia differ. "Love your wife like your soul, and beat her like your *shuba*" (overcoat or furs), says one of the stern class; to which another responds in the same spirit, "Not long hurt the bumps from a loved one's thumps." Wives have undoubtedly been subjected to much ill-treatment in Russia, where many husbands have always been of the opinion that "Liberty spoils a good wife."

Some Russian proverbs are cynical as to the advantages of matrimony. If the bachelor cries, "Oh! Oh!" the married man cries, "Ai! Ai!" and those who "Wed once, wail always." One of the brief dramatic proverbs tells a mournful tale.

"Why so blythe?" — "I'm going to get married." "Why hangs your head?"— "I've got married."

More complimentary to the married state are such remarks as, "God help the bachelor! the housewife helps a husband." "The husband is the head of the house, the mistress is the soul;" or the recommendation, "A good wife and rich cabbage-soup: other good things seek not."

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more than a single child spoilt by parental fondness.

WITH DIFFICULTY.—One thing acquired with pain is better than a hundred got with ease.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER II.

A GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE horseman dismounted and went close up to the crouching figure of poor Candalaria. Then she gave a frightened glance upwards to learn the worst.

Oh, joy! It was the kind minister of the little church at San Juan, where Mr. Warner's family attended service every Sunday morning. No need for fear now. Although he had never spoken to her, as he had only been a very short time in the town, and Candalaria was always sent out of the room when her mistress had visitors, yet the girl knew almost every expression of his face. She had loved to look at him in church, and she had listened to the tones of his voice without thinking of the meaning of the words, but as "one who hears a pleasant song." With that intuitive perception of character common to the child and the savage, she felt he was good, and that only what was kind and gentle might be expected from him.

Mr. Grahame uttered an exclamation of surprise when he saw the pale little face with the large black eyes, on which the rays of the moonlight fell as they were lifted timidly towards his.

"Whatever are you doing here at this time of night, my child?" he asked.

Candalaria did not know what answer to make, and for that reason, no doubt, and also from a feeling of reaction after her great fear, she began to sob in a way that quite alarmed the kind man.

"Nay, nay, do not cry so; but tell me what it all means," he said, as he took hold of the girl's hand and drew her towards him. "How did you come here, and what are you thinking of to stay on these lonely plains in the night-time?"

"I don't want to stay here," sobbed the girl. "I wanted to get over to the French people's ranche down by the river."

"What did you want there? I know your face now that I see it better: you are the little Mexican girl who lives at Mrs. Warner's. They would surely not think of sending you such a distance all alone."

Should she tell an untruth again? thought Candalaria. Should she say that Mrs. Warner had sent her there, and that she had lost her way? They could not be very far from the ranche, and he would perhaps offer to take her to it on his horse. If she were once safely there she thought she could persuade Madame Dupuis to be a friend to her, and to let her stay with her. As Mrs. Warner did not seem to want her, it could easily be arranged; and after that she would always be good, and not tell an untruth again as long as she lived.

Mr. Grahame noted the hesitation on the girl's face and guessed that something was not as it should be.

"Answer me at once, child, and tell me only the truth."

Then, with much sobbing and many pauses, Candalaria told him the whole case. She did not conceal her wrongdoing; she said, too, that she was afraid she never should be good so long as she lived with Mrs. Warner—that the father was kind to her, and that she loved him and the boys; but Mrs. Warner had never liked her, and that made her feel wicked and do naughty things.

The minister listened patiently. He had seated himself on the turf beside Candy, holding his horse, which was less patient than its master, by the bridle.

"See," he said, in a cheerful tone, "Bob wants to get home; we have been many miles to day, over to Big Gulch to see a poor miner who lies there dying. Bob is hungry and so am I; you are, too, I am sure. You shall ride behind me, and we will talk a little more, if the horse will let us, on the way home."

"But I am afraid to go back home," said Candy.

"Not with me, surely?"

"Will you let such a bad girl ride with you? And, oh, will you ask father to forgive me, and not to let Mrs. Warner be too angry with me or send me away?"

"Indeed I will, my poor child. Now let us make haste; it is very late, and my wife will be looking anxiously for me, and so will those at home for you; and when you say your prayers to-night ask God in Heaven to forgive you, too, and to make you a good girl—a brave, truthful girl—so that everyone shall love and trust you."

Whilst Candalaria is riding back to San Juan behind Mr. Grahame, we will return still more quickly to the home from which she had tried to fly, and see what effect her disappearance had caused.

At five o'clock Mrs. Warner had risen from her siesta, and called for Candalaria to take Ronald to make him tidy, and to see where the other boys were, and that they were all ready for supper, which she herself usually assisted in preparing. The girl was nowhere to be found.

"She is afraid, and has hidden herself," said Mrs. Warner. "She cannot, however, be far away; we must find her, and we will say nothing about her naughtiness until after the children are in bed."

The outhouses were searched thoroughly, the hay ransacked, and cries for Candalaria sounded everywhere; but in vain.

"Where can the girl be?" cried Mrs. Warner.

Denis, the hired man, had not seen her since the morning, he said.

Tom was greatly troubled. He told how he had found Candy lying on the floor in her bedroom, and that she would not speak to him when he asked her to tell his mother that she was sorry.

Mr. Warner came in whilst the search was going on, and was told what had happened.

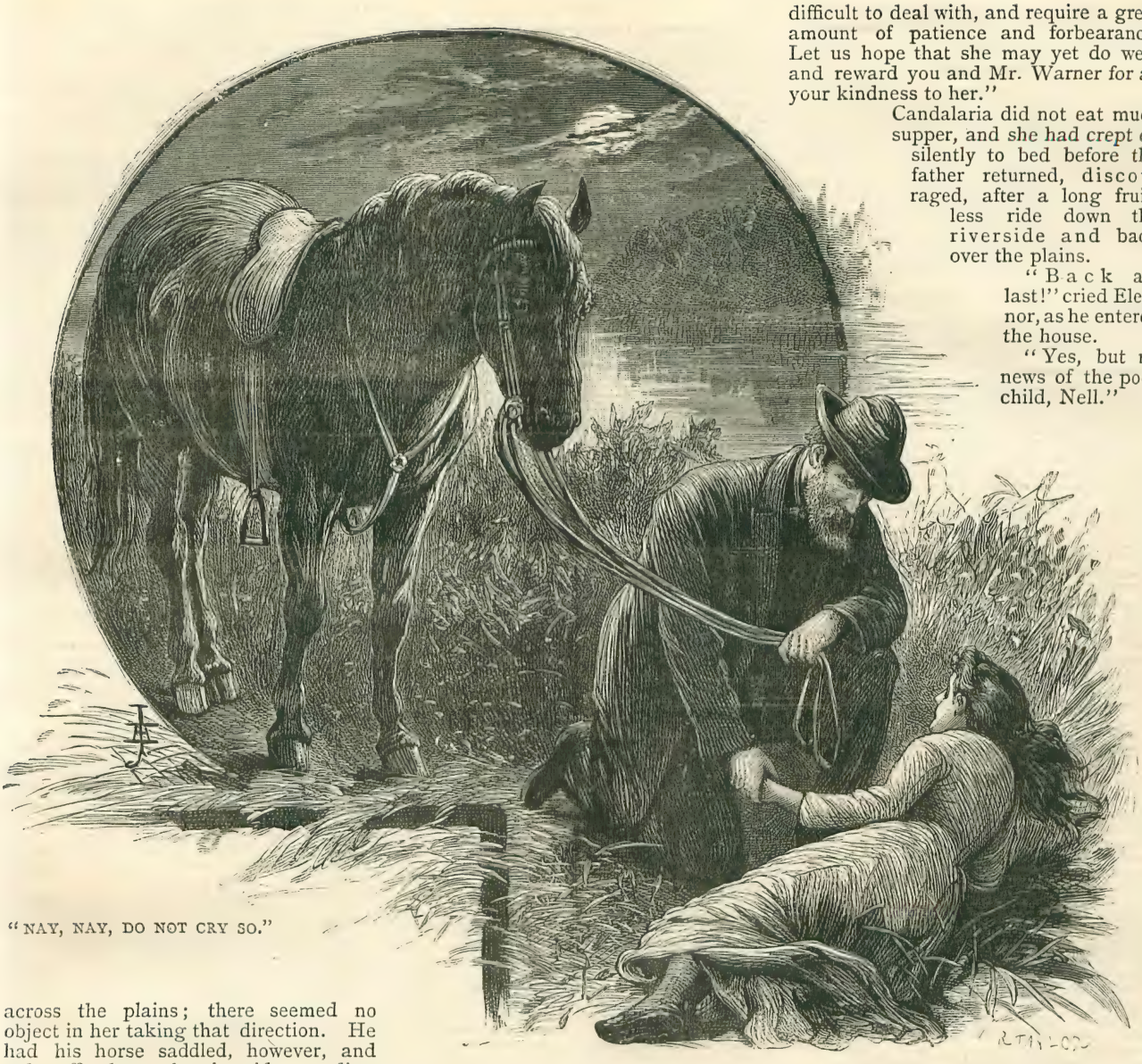
"What can the poor child have done with herself?" he wondered.

"Poor child, indeed! She is a bad, deceitful girl, and she will ruin the boys if she stays with them. It is all in the blood, Steeve, and the older she gets the worse it will be."

"Let us find her first, Nell, before we think of punishment. If she has run away in her fear, it may go ill with her."

"She has often hidden herself before, and is probably over at Stokes's Ranche, or somewhere in the town. She is too frightened to go far away. Let us have supper, and then Denis can go and look for her in one direction whilst you go in the other. I shall have to put the boys to bed to-night myself, I suppose."

By the time supper was over and inquiries had been made all about the scattered township it was quite dark, and Stephen came home feeling very unhappy about Candalaria. He always considered that his wife did not manage her properly, and he feared that now, in her distress and terror, she had done something desperate. It did not occur to him that she might have struck



"NAY, NAY, DO NOT CRY SO."

across the plains; there seemed no object in her taking that direction. He had his horse saddled, however, and rode off along the riverside, sending Denis away on another track. They took every way but the one in which they would have come on the fugitive, or have met her riding behind the minister, and she and Mr. Grahame had been at home an hour before either of them returned.

To do Mrs. Warner justice she was glad to see Candalaria back. After the boys were in bed, whilst sitting alone, she had come to better thoughts concerning the matter. Where could the girl go to after all? and, having adopted her, they must keep her now, for better or for worse. Still, she was greatly annoyed and much exercised to know what would be the best course to adopt with her. It never occurred to her that she ought to ask for divine guidance in the matter. She had never been in the habit of casting her cares on a wise Father, who cares for all His children, and she had never tried to teach the little Mexican by any other law than that of fear.

Her feelings had so far relented that she thanked Mr. Grahame for his kindness, asked him to come in, and told Candalaria, not unkindly, to eat some supper and then go to bed.

"I will come and call on you to-morrow, Mrs. Warner," said the clergyman. "I should like to have a little chat with you now, but my wife will be anxious. I was detained over at Big Gulch longer than usual, and this meeting with your little maid has made me still later. May I ask you to deal leniently with her? She has told me of her faults, and how she has displeased you; but I hope that she will not give you cause to be so troubled about her again."

"She has been a trouble to me from the first, Mr. Grahame."

With the hope that he might be of service to Candalaria, for whom he felt the sympathy a good man always does for something weak and suffering which he has rescued or helped, the new friend did not try to excuse or palliate her offences, but answered, with tact—

"She must have been so, Mrs. Warner; these half-savage races are always difficult to deal with, and require a great amount of patience and forbearance. Let us hope that she may yet do well, and reward you and Mr. Warner for all your kindness to her."

Candalaria did not eat much supper, and she had crept off silently to bed before the father returned, discouraged, after a long fruitless ride down the riverside and back over the plains.

"Back at last!" cried Eleanor, as he entered the house.

"Yes, but no news of the poor child, Nell."

"Oh, she is here, safe enough, Steeve, and gone to bed, where I hope she is feeling sorry for all the trouble she has given to-day."

"Thank God!" cried Stephen. "But don't be too hard on her, wife. Tell me how she got home, and where she has been."

"Really, Steeve, I hardly know. Mr. Grahame found her somewhere out on the plains, and brought her back on his horse. He is coming to see us to-morrow, and will give us the history. She has probably given him a full account of herself on the way."

Stephen sighed, and looked worried. Perhaps, from having no daughters, only sons, he felt the more kindly towards the little Mexican girl; and it really vexed him that Eleanor had so little affection for her.

"I will talk to her very seriously to-morrow, Nell," he said, presently. "Let us get to bed now; I am tired, and have to be up early to see that the men get off in good time with the cattle."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A COUNTRYWOMAN.—Write for all information to the Secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Prospectuses will be sent to you. Half yearly "Pupils' Examinations" are held; fee 10s. We thank you for your kind appreciation of our paper.

INQUIRER.—Write to the Secretary, office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W. Candidates must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age for the appointment you name; but now that so many more hands are required in the postal and telegraph departments, some appointment, perhaps as a "letter sorter," might be offered to one of more mature age.

SAPPHIRE.—You cannot do better than read Prescott's Histories.

MARMION.—Of course the term "more quickly" is correct; but it is very commonly substituted by the word "quicker," even by well-educated persons, to shorten a sentence.

WHITE CAMELLIA.—The Botanical term, "Tetradynamous," is a Greek word, and is applied to plants that have six stamens—four long and two short. *Dissepimentum* is the Latin from *dissepire*, to part off by a boundary, to separate. In Botany, it means a partition in the seed vessel; *sepire* meaning "to enclose"; the seeds being thus separately enclosed.

BIRKENHEAD.—We are obliged to you for the addresses of two "self-improvement" societies, for reading and for music. Secretary for both, Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

HONOR CRAVEN, THREE LOVING SISTERS.—See our article, "How to Improve One's Education," at pages 637 and 790, vol. ii. Also see our article on Sunday-school teaching, entitled "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii., August 13, 1881. We also recommend your study of Dr. Eadie's "Bible Clyclopædia," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We wish you all happiness in the life which appears before you. It would be very advisable for you to study something of nursing, and you had better procure a little manual called "Sick Nursing at Home," Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., for a very essential part of a woman's education is to acquire a sound knowledge of the general principles of this most valuable art.

HOUSEKEEPING.

WINIFRED ROSE.—We should think the fault was in either the varnish or the polish, and if the furniture be valuable, we should advise you to let a practical French polisher look at it.

CORINNE.—Get a small quantity of tripoli powder from a chemist, moisten with a little water, and rub on the spots on the table.

E. M. L.—A preparation for cleaning leather can be made by mixing a quarter of a pound of yellow ochre with a teaspoonful of oil; to this mixture must be added a quarter of a pound of pipe clay and a little starch, the whole mixed together with boiling water; when cold, put this preparation on the leather and leave it to dry, when it is rubbed off with a cloth, and then brushed. We much fear that your question has reference to the worn-out leather of old chairs, which nothing will restore to their pristine brightness.

TWO TINKERS.—The method of butter-making you speak of, by burying the cream in the ground, is practised in Normandy. The cream is placed in a linen bag, which is tied securely, and then placed in a hole in the ground about a foot and a half deep. It is then covered up and left for about twenty-four hours; when taken out the cream will be very hard, and must be beaten some time with a wooden mallet. A glass of cold water is then thrown on it, which separates the buttermilk from the butter. This system is said to produce a larger amount of butter than churning, and of excellent quality. A second bag may be used outside the linen one if there be any fear of the cream being tainted by the earth.

WORK.

LITTLE ELAINE.—Of course, the competition needlework must be sent to the Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.; carriage paid. Your age at the time of sending the work must be given.

J. L.—No doubt they would gladly accept the scraps for patchwork at the Princess Louise Home.

GLAM.—Work a very tall spray—perhaps the stem or leaf of a garden lily—in the centre, to cover the seam.

SIMNEN.—Obtain white "transfer cloth" at any fancy-work shop, and trace the design on the tracing paper.

CON.—It is easy to "shrink flannel" by pouring boiling water on it, and hanging it up to dry. But, why do you wish to do so? Better to learn how to wash it so that it will not shrink.

ONLY DAUGHTER.—1. The wool of which you send a specimen will be quite suitable for making a shawl. 2. The competition is "open to girls under thirteen years old."

GRILDA.—See article on "Fancy Braid Crochet," page 627, vol. iv., in which an illustration is given of a lace very similar to the pattern you enclose.

ART.

JULIA.—See "Gilt Frames," page 15, vol. i.; also "Oil Paintings, to Clean," 559, vol. i.; also, for the former, see page 654, vol. iii., and pages 32 and 750, for the latter, in the same vol.

TODDIE and BUDGE.—Use water-colours for the ivorine painting.

D. B.—We regret we cannot give you the addresses for which you ask; but any good artists' colourman in London would give you the last information, and you will derive some from our articles.

PANSY.—If you find the stretching of canvas for painting so very "laborious," why do you not procure "artists' board?" If this also be not sold in Jamaica, prepare any cardboard or stiff paper by painting it first with a couple of coats of isinglass—or three, if necessary. You might catch the bird when asleep, and with a very sharp pair of scissors cut off the ends of the long claws. Beware of cutting very near the toes.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—If not intended for sale as your own productions, there is no objection to your using them, keeping the initials of the original designer where you can find them a suitable place.

GEORGIE.—There are both morning and evening classes held at the West London School of Art, at 155, Great Titchfield-street, W. Acting secretary, Thomas F. Curtis, Esq.

COOKERY.

E. LAND.—"A Year's Cookery" is by Phillis Browne, published by Messrs. Cassell; also the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," published at 56, Paternoster row, E.C., price 1s.

M. S.—Many thanks for your recipe. Your writing is quite unformed.

ELISE.—To make "lemon kali," take one pound of powdered white sugar, half a pound of bi-carbonate of soda, half a pound of citric acid (powdered), and half a drachm of essence of lemon. Sift the whole well together, and put the mixture into a dry wide-mouthed bottle. The essence of lemon must be very fresh, and all moisture should be excluded from the bottle.

ORGENA.—We are much pleased with your appreciation of our paper, and much interested in all you tell us of your present far-off home. To make "gooseberry fool," remove their tops and tails, and place them in a stewpan with a cupful of cold water and half a pound of sugar. Stew them gently till quite soft, and then rub them through a colander or coarse sieve with the back of a wooden spoon, to procure the pulp without the skins. Let the pulp grow cold, and then mix cold milk with it gradually, making the whole of the consistency of cream. Regulate the amount of sugar then according to your taste. Cream may be substituted for milk, or equal parts of milk and cream. February 7th, 1863, was a Saturday.

MUSIC.

MONICA.—Organs were brought to Europe from the Greek Empire about A.D. 657. They were applied to a religious use by Pope Vitalianus about 658. Their original invention is ascribed to Archimedes, about 220 B.C.; also to Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, about 100 B.C. The term, "A kettle of fish," will be found in Sir Walter Scott's "St. Ronan's Well." "The whole company go to the waterside to-day to eat a kettle of fish." This was a kind of picnic or *fête champêtre*, and the discomforts of it probably gave rise to the saying, "A pretty kettle of fish."

VIOLET.—Read "Beethoven's Sonatas," pages 25, 81, 194, and 233, vol. iii. We should allow a certain number of questions, provided the lessons were well performed. Every doubtful word should be looked for in the dictionary, and reading aloud should be persisted in until she can read clearly and with suitable emphasis and inflections of the voice.

NINA.—"Evenings with our Great Living Composers" began in January, page 245, vol. iii., with Wagner; the second evening was with Gounod, page 387, vol. iii.

LILY WILLIAMS.—You are not too old to learn anything at eighteen, nor even at eighty, if you have the intellect and the will. You will find the pattern of a knitted petticoat at page 80, vol. iii.

MISCHIEVOUS MOLLIE.—A secondhand violin would answer your purpose, and you could obtain information of the price from any dealer in musical instruments. We do not name prices.

A LOVER OF SINGING.—The tonic sol-fa is said to be the easiest. Why not learn both?

MISCELLANEOUS.

DREAM FACES.—If you will write at once to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, London, enclosing eightpence in stamps, he will send you a copy of *Silver Sails*.

DOROTHY R.—Your case is one which calls for the skill of a clever and experienced surgeon. There may be water under the skin which should be removed. In any case, do not delay in showing your nose to a doctor; not a mere quack. We feel very sorry for you, as it is no slight trial.

QUATORZE ANS.—We thank you for the flowers, and good wishes. Pronounce "Brougham" as if written "Broo-am." Do not make a dot over a letter at a distance from a "t," by way of crossing it. Use a better pen, and your writing will be tolerably good.

F. F.—The 28th December, 1869, was a Tuesday. Your verses are rather pretty, and excellent in sentiment and feeling; and we think they show promise of doing still better when you are older, as you are so young now.

THACKWRAY.—We regret that the article you expected on window gardening did not appear sufficiently soon for your benefit. We are glad that you find our practical advice and recipes such "a boon," and will attend to your last query.

DUBLIN GIRL.—If too short to turn up, or even to plait, you will have to curl your hair in paper at night, as it does not curl naturally. You kept it short for too long a period, as it should be turned up at seventeen. You write pretty well.

ENGLISH GIRL.—You misquote a passage from Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Opinions vary on the point to which you refer amongst really religious people; and on neither side should there be any presumptuous dogmatising—any lack of respect for the scruples of the one, nor of charity towards the liberty claimed by the other. "To their own Master they stand or fall," in such matters. We sometimes see allusions made in Holy Scripture to such things as are condemned by some, without one word of similar condemnation; sometimes quite the contrary. One thing we know, that we must neither judge our brother, nor must we allow ourselves the enjoyment of those things in which our own individual consciences condemn us.

DIE BLUMEN KONIGEN.—We respect your feelings in reference to the corresponding in our columns of persons who are not subscribers. At the same time we deny no one who desires to obtain our advice, or any information. If your hair be naturally short, we fear we cannot recommend anything that would increase its length. See all we have said about the "Hair," in vols i., ii., iii. You should look out all the pages by a reference to the index of each. Do not trifle with your sight by trying glasses recommended by friends. Short sight improves with age; and lasts longer than long sight.

JEANNETTE.—The 30th of April, 1868, was a Thursday. Neuralgia is sometimes caused by poverty of blood, and high living, and a judiciously selected tonic may relieve and even cure it. If you were to consult a doctor, he might order you quinine. But this we could not do at random, without seeing or knowing anything about you. We are glad that you enjoy our paper.

LILY PEARL writes a nice little letter, but has mistaken what we said about the hair. We did not say that "singing was good for the hair;" she might sing for ever, without making one more hair to sprout. But if she were taken to a very good hair-dresser, and he thought hers sufficiently long to be singed, it might be of use. A washing with rosemary-tea every day for a month might make it grow thicker.

POPPIE CLARE.—Your most gracious letter of thanks for our replies and of commendation of our paper has our sincere acknowledgments.

ELAINE.—The town of Carnarvon is a rather attractive place for a summer's visit; pretty, clean, a fine picturesque castle, close to the Menai bridge, and to many places of summer resort, and of interest to the artist, antiquary, and naturalist. A market is held there on Saturdays and well supplied with provisions, at reasonable prices. The beach is sandy, and there is fair bathing; there are boarding-houses and plenty of apartments. The town has a population of 9,449. You might accomplish a few easy tunes on the violin in the time you name, but it takes years of practice and a very fine ear to play well.

EXCELSIOR.—The original of the "coat of arms," dates back to mediæval times, when knights were so concealed under their armour and the closed visor of their helmets, that some device, granted for distinguished services in arms, was necessary to show who they were. It was at once an honour and an essential distinguishing mark. Thus, over the steel armour, a "surcoat," or sleeveless tunic, was worn, on which this armorial insignia was embroidered, while the helmet was surmounted by a "crest," and the "shield" with the same device as that on the "surcoat." As women do not wear helmets, they have no right to use their family "crest," nor the family "shield," and can only have the device which was emblazoned on their ancestors' shields in a form called a "lozenge."

MISUNDERSTANDING.—The small door in the great barn-door, or stable—through which latter their camels could pass erect—was called the "needle's eye" in the East. If you read the parallel passage in St. Mark x. 24, you will find some light thrown on the subject, and still more if you read 1st Timothy vi. 10, respecting the "love of money," which leads to selfishness, deceitfulness, envy, stealing, and murder, and thus to "all evil." Thus the rich, if tempted to love them for selfish purposes, forgetting the responsibilities they bring with them, and those also who "*will* be rich" by whatever means—lawful or not—"fall into temptation and a snare."

FAN.—A doctor has his card printed thus: "Dr. Philip Walton;" he does not add "M.D." This is only placed after his name in addressing him on an envelope. We have much pleasure in answering our correspondents, as time and space permit. But it is a matter of perfect indifference to us whether "their faith in the genuineness of correspondence be shaken" or not. We can only be sorry for the lack of discrimination it betrays.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We should imagine that to send your weekly contributions to some object of charity in your own parish or immediate neighbourhood. Consult your clergyman, as he may know some poor aged person to whom it would be a great comfort, and perhaps you might be able to visit and read to her if living where your parents would approve of your going. The 24th of April, 1866, was a Tuesday.

DRY MOUTH.—You probably sleep with your mouth open. Keep some glycerine lozenges by you instead of drinking such a quantity of water in the night, but take care that you do not go to sleep before it be dissolved, or it may slip down into the windpipe and choke you. Most young people are troubled with flushing. Keep your head up after meals, and do not write, draw, nor read for an hour at least after dinner.

KATHLEEN.—You ought to lay the case before your parents. Tell your mother, and let them obtain an explanation from your intended husband. If he be dishonourable and wish to draw off from his engagement, be assured you have been spared much misery in the future as his wife. Better to have a clear understanding on the question of his attachment to you at once, and let him go freely, if he desires it, and there be no just cause for a change on his part with which you could be blamed.

ANTOINETTE SELIA.—It is no longer the custom to send in your visiting-card by the servant. You should pronounce your name very distinctly when you tell the latter who is to be announced.

ADELHEID VON BERNOWITZ.—1. The word "several" means "a good many;" it certainly does not mean any particular number, such as "six or eight." It is also employed in a different sense, and sometimes to avoid the use of the word "respectively." It suggests separate and distinct persons or things, viz., "the offers made, as they severally came under consideration," *i.e.*, "each separately considered." 2. As there are comparatively but few sounds in the French language, the French find more difficulty in pronouncing English or German than the latter two in reference to French, or any other language. Russians are the best linguists of all. You write very well.

NELLY BLIGH.—We think that perhaps bathing your weak eye-lids—if the skin be not broken—in very mild solution of cold vinegar and water might strengthen them. We have known it most successful. Try about a sixth part of vinegar in the water.

LOUISE H. FAFEN.—1. The best advice that we could give you in reference to hay-fever will be found at page 816, vol. ii. The monthly number of the magazine is that for September 17, 1881. 2. Rub the table well, and if that should not remove the dark mark, we think the next best thing would be to make the whole of the same a darker shade throughout, by the application of the same oil, and then have it well rubbed every day till dry and shining. We regret that you have hitherto received no answer, and thank you for your kind letter.

FAITH.—We gladly respond to the wishes expressed in your second letter, and wish you all future prosperity, and may God strengthen your faith in the efficacy of persevering prayer in the name of our Saviour, combined with an honest and hearty effort at the performance of the work He has given you to do. We sincerely congratulate you. You write fairly well.

BLUE RIBBON.—The name "Ewart" is pronounced "You-ert." Your letter is well expressed and fairly well written.

CURIOSITY.—Keep the tortoise in the garden. See page 544, vol. ii.

MOLLY DARLING.—1. "Colonel and Miss Jones request the pleasure," would be the correct form. 2. If you have no lady companion, you cannot avoid doing so sometimes.

EUROCLYDON.—Write to the Publisher, at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the number.

PRINCE'S FAVOURITE.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259, vol. ii.

LA PETITE.—We do not think £35 too much for a girl of your acquirements, and we are so glad to hear you are cultivating the "herb, patience." We are never in favour of having many dresses in the wardrobe; they cannot be worn out, before they become *passé*, consequently three or four are enough; viz. No. 1. An everyday walking costume of wool. No. 2. A costume for visitings and Sunday of cashmere and silk. No. 3. A medium. And No. 4, A best evening dress, of course. In the country you may like washing dresses, but as a rule they are not very profitable, and a few pretty aprons may answer instead, to cover the ordinary dress.

PATTY PANS.—The date opposite to the name of Mrs. Worboise in 1825, in the new Biographical Dictionary. We could not give you any further particulars, save that the lady is yet living, we believe.

BELFAST.—We regret that we cannot assist you in any way in the matter.

A WORK GIRL.—The parody is pretty, but not suitable to our pages.

PENELOPE PARADOX.—The poem is full of good and holy thoughts, and we have no doubt you derived great comfort from the expression of your faith and trust. Pedestrians should pass to the right in the street.

JELLIE E.—We think that with the two books you name you will be fully supplied. Send for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

POLLY.—1. The principal diet of your grey parrot should consist of bread and milk. Cut a stale loaf in slices, lay it in a pan, and cover it with warm water. After soaking for a quarter of an hour, take it out, squeeze it well, and pour a sufficient quantity of scalding milk over it to moisten it, but not to render it "pappy." You may give him any kind of nuts, sweets, and almonds, cold boiled Indian corn, biscuits without seeds, and fruit of most descriptions. Never give it meat. He will soon pluck out his feathers if you do. Supply his cage with clean coarsely-sifted gravel, and change it three times a week; and always scald-out his food vessel daily, wiping it thoroughly dry. 2. The best method of teaching him to speak is to keep quite out of his sight, and repeat the words over and over again running one word into another. If he seems to find them difficult, change them, or he will grow annoyed.

DAISY and BUTTERCUP.—Many thanks for the kind thought of us, and for the stamps that came after.

GRETCHEN UTYNI.—In some dictionaries "mistake" is a synonym of "error." Thus, "Mistake—a fault in opinion, judgment, or conduct, a misconception, an error." Read, "How to Write an Essay," page 174, vol. i.

ENID.—We have always seen Goldsmith quoted as the author of "Does the sun rise and set in your back-garden?" but we do not know exactly where to find it; perhaps in the "Citizen of the World."

LILY.—Doves are grain-feeders, and eat peas, barley, wheat, hempseed, and tares. Keep plenty of gravel on the floor of their house, and fresh water constantly; also a piece of rock-salt. Hempseed is too heating to give in great quantities.

A VERY ANXIOUS ONE.—St. Paul's thorn in the flesh is considered to have been either some disease of the eyes or a partial paralysis, causing defect of speech and a distortion of countenance, but nothing is positively known concerning it. We do not understand why anyone should doubt Job's having lived, when he is spoken of by inspired witnesses—*i.e.*, the prophet Ezekiel and the apostles James and Paul. Eickhorn, the celebrated writer, considers it probable that Job lived prior to Moses, and that Moses, having found the book, revised it with additions, and added it to the Sacred Canon of Scripture.

ROSSETTA and PEACE.—Many thanks for your kind note. Please refer to the answer again. The text to which you are good enough to refer us cannot be called "a motto."

ANNETTA.—We cannot help you; the description is far too vague.

TITANIA.—The sentiments and feeling of your enclosure are both excellent, but we do not see any poetry whatever about it.

M. A. Y.—The narcissus is a genus of flowering plants, comprising several species, amongst which are the daffodils and jonquils, etc. The jonquil has long leaves, and spikes of yellow or white fragrant flowers; some people call it the rush-leaved jonquil. The narcissus belongs to the natural family *Amaryllidaceæ*.

MELISSA.—As we read your letter, a dozen texts came to us to remind us that your position, which seems so difficult, is one not unprovided with precept and example, both in the Sacred Scriptures: "Ye are the salt of the earth," "Be not overcome of evil," and for example, the life of Daniel the prophet. You may not "drift with the current," being, as you are, a "soldier of Christ;" and so you must "withstand" in all things, great and small. As a rule, in all societies, it is better to make your conversation of things, rather than of people, and to make it your habit to avoid gossip. Where you can, say a kindly and loving thing of those you talk about; always find that to say, and nothing else in the way of comment.

E. J. L. and FAWNI B.—The best thing for cleaning shells, mussels, spiral shells, ormers (or "Venus's ear"), and others, is muriatic acid. You must get a small bottle of it and a camel's-hair brush, and paint the rough outside carefully, dipping the shell in water frequently to wash off the froth and prevent the acid from burning a hole. If you have a scratch on your fingers, the muriatic acid will make them smart; and beware of rubbing your eyes until your hands be washed. Keep it out of the way of young children.

CRUSHED STRAWBERRY.—1. Lady Hamilton was the mother of Horatia, Lord Nelson's adopted daughter. She married a clergyman of the name of Ward. 2. We are not acquainted with the individual whom you name.

TRANSMITTER.—Your question in reference to postage stamps, and their acceptance in payment of the keep of a child in a hospital or home, we have answered more than once. It is all a hoax—or, at least, has no foundation in fact.

A. B. C. and M. C. C.—August 30th, 1866, was a Friday; and September 7th, 1869, was a Tuesday.

DEDA.—October 27th, 1864, was a Thursday. You write a very nice hand. We thank you for telling us of the popularity of our paper amongst your friends.

JASMINE, MURIEL, and ETHEL.—We are much obliged for your information. Neither of the handwritings is very much formed.

ROBIN REDBREAST.—The verses you send us are pretty, but not very original, nor even correct. Many thanks for your note.

REV. R. C. B.—Many thanks for the information that "lilith" is rendered "screech owl" in Isaiah xxxiv. 14; the "Cyclopædia Metropolitana" says our word lullaby is a corruption of *lilla abi* (lillith avaunt). The *lamia* of the Greeks and Romans has probably the same origin, *i.e.*, the rabbinical mythology.

MARY.—You should write to Mr. Tarn on such questions. We thank you for informing us that the song, "Betsy and I are Out," is to be found in the *Workmen's Hall Messenger* of February, 1879. When one Member of Parliament "pairs" with another, it means that neither of them will vote, being on opposite sides, and so neither party has an advantage over the other.

HOMELESS.—We think your idea is a good one; but you should obtain an introduction and recommendation to the proprietor of some good shop, either from a friend of his or a large dealer with him, or else from a clergyman. Your handwriting is scarcely formed; try to improve it and your spelling. "Traveller" is mis-spelt in your letter.

RHODA.—The date of the last Sunday in June, 1861, was the 30th. You write very well.

EMILY SHAW.—We never publish the private names of our correspondents unless they give no other. In the case to which you refer, we believe that the writer only employed the names that chanced to be your own as a *nom de plume*; but it is quite possible that the name was equally hers as yours. We think she is not in this country, as, to the best of our recollection, she was just about to emigrate. Be assured that it was no "practical joke."

CLARISSE DE BERANGERE.—You are probably studying too soon after eating, or are not taking sufficient exercise in the day. Your friend will do well to exercise her common sense, and refrain from such foolish exhibitions.

UNION.—Your poems are quite unsuitable to our pages, and the first one contains a plagiarism from one of the early English poets.

ANON.—A recipe to remove insect blight from rose bushes was given quite lately, on page 511, vol. iv.

HARRY.—The best flowers for window gardening, and how to cultivate them, are all given in the article on "Window Gardening," at page 457, vol. iv., and in a recent number. Henry Grattan was an Irish orator and statesman, 1750–1820. T. C. Grattan was an Irish novelist, 1796–1824. Look for every word about which you are doubtful in the dictionary before writing it.

A VICTIM TO CIVILISATION.—The squeaking boots, as a rule, are the low-priced ones; the leather of the middle sole, we are told, is not perfect, which causes the noise. The remedy is to get better boots, and wear them with extra care. The perfoliate honeysuckle is not indigenous to Great Britain. Your last question we do not understand at all.

STRATFORD.—Consult the index to each volume; under the word "Hair" you will find all that you require. There is a prescription for a lotion at pages 80 and 111, vol. i.

VIOLET.—The word "high" is an adjective. There are three "degrees of comparison," the positive, comparative, and superlative—as high, higher, and highest.

VANCOUVER'S DAUGHTER.—We thank you for your letter, verses, and story. The verses give promise of still more creditable attempts. We feel gratified at hearing that this magazine finds so much favour in Vancouver's Island.

ROSALIND.—"Married ladies" do not "turn down the corners of their visiting cards" unless there happens to be a second person in the house for whom a card should be left (a daughter out in society), and then one card is made to do duty for two by turning up one end of it. Were the second person in the house a lady of a certain age, a married woman, or a friend only visiting in the house, two cards should be left; and if you have but one, send in an apology by the servant for not leaving a second for the other lady.

FLORENCE.—We do not recommend registry offices. The newspaper you name is one of the best for the purpose of advertising. You write "weather" instead of "whether."

GEORGE VAUGHAN R.—We do not know whether any of our readers can tell this correspondent the value of land in Victoria Province, Black River Territory, and at Blewfields, Mosquito Coast; and also an island opposite Blewfields, in 10° north latitude, called "Cassava Island."

SALLIE.—Wash the crewel-work in bran-water, wring very well, and dry quickly.

CYPRUS and DANIEL.—Plain water would have been enough. Write and make further inquiries of the Editor. Make the jelly in the same way as currant jelly should be made.

PANSY M.—Clean the metallic brushes with flour.

KATHERINE.—The whole subject has been carefully treated in "The Fairy of the Family" in vol. iv.

WILD THYME.—Inquire at the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, 28, Berners-street, W. There is a home for blind children at Goldsmith's-place, Kilburn, N.W. The names of the four Maries were Mary Beaton, Mary Seton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingston.

B. E. K.—The inventor of Easter eggs would be hard to find; the custom dates from so early a period. The 22nd of July, 1874, was a Friday.

CRUSHED STRAWBERRY.—There are a number of such books given in the General Catalogue, for which you had better write to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A GREAT LOVER OF "G. O. P."—Conclude your letter "yours respectfully," or "your obedient servant."

LIVING A DAY AT A TIME.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "Cædmon's Vision," "Selina's Story," &c., &c.

Living one day at a time, we hail each morn
That brings a new-born life, with its rose of dawn;
In the morning we are young, and may plod till night
Brings the welcome death of sleep, with its dews and blight.

Take the new-born life of another day
To Him whose right hand holds the years alway;
Your times are holden so; for this day's bread
Of food, and strength, and grace, let your prayers be said.

YES, one day at a time; it is enough,
When the lane is very long and rather rough,
When no turning is in sight, and 'tis quite plain
To anticipate its bends brings nought but pain.

And one day at a time is still the best,
When golden-footed toil has leave to rest,
Oh! how foolish is it to spoil our holiday,
By taking up the burden that weights the working day.

If one day at a time were our rule, 'tis clear,
But a fraction of the cares of all the year
Would perturb the restless spirits, else so keen to know
All about the little journey they will have to go.

'Tis sure that if we live, we'll foot it round the sun,
And when the starting-point once more is won,
We'll e'en begin again, with words of cheer,
And we'll only meet in days the unknown year.

Yet some would bolt their lives, and take them whole,
Too eager to enjoy, impetuous of soul;
But if we drain our cup in so much haste,
We miss the subtle sweets, the lingering taste.

Sufficient to the day, too, is its ills.
Why follow troubled waters through all their rills?
To-day we drink of marah,—hard by grow the palms;
To-day perchance we're wounded,—kindly hands bring balms.

But the hard to-morrow, brooding o'er its woes,
We think its veil an ambush only for our foes;
Yet if it chanced to-day we but felt a nettle's dart,
The leaf would be anear that could cool the prickly smart.*

How one day at a time would slow the wheels,
Moving swiftly from the friction of what one feels,
Till weary they stand still, life's tasks half done,
And many a noble purpose but just begun!

Live one day at a time, nor let To Be
Despoil you of what *is*, for if we see
Past and future only, we lose the Now
That alone is ours, with its when or how.

Living one day at a time, and each to God,
We shall never be allured from the narrow road;
And when the last declines and long grey shadows creep,
We'll close on all our eyelids, and sweetly go to sleep.

* The dock-leaf.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 199. OCTOBER 20, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

All rights reserved.]

SINGING.

By LADY MACFARREN.

PART II.

WE will suppose the young singer to have devoted three half-hours a day during at least a month to the exercises suggested in last week's paper, half hours divided between the study of abstract sound and the consonants in which those sounds are to be framed. It is time now for her to consider the different shades of each vowel, as used in English.

A will be found to have three:—1, the deep sound as in *call* (also heard in some words spelt with O, as *Lord*); 2, the clear sound as in *father, far* (the normal Italian A); and the flattened sound of modern speech, as in *bad, glad*. E has two varieties: as heard in *glade* and in *bend*. I has also two, that in *feel* and in *fill*. The adjustment of the tongue that causes all these different sounds has to be observed and strictly maintained throughout the note it is sounded on, which is very difficult at first, and requires much concentration. One of the striking features of bad singing is the fluctuations of vowels as the tongue alters or relaxes from its first attitude in sustaining a note; it gives a sense of unreality to words and of impurity to sound, most disturbing to a musical ear. These seven vowel sounds must be practised, both on single notes and passages, until each is clearly impressed on the pupil's ear, and can be assumed and maintained without swerving.

Next come O and O O (U), which do not admit of modification, and are easily distinguished. Then we have to recognise a striking factor in English speech, and disinter the sound from several

incongruous modes of spelling, in which we find it disguised. The vowel in the following words —*bird, turn, heard, word, serve*—and in *the* before a consonant, is one and the same this side of the Tweed, and at first it is not easy to recognise it, and give to the words requiring it their true sound. The best way is to write out lists of words for each of the vowels, and shades of vowels indicated above; first say them aloud, and then proceed to chant them, prolonging the vowel sound. This practice will teach more than any explanation. It is understood that the vowel sound of English I is the Italian A, with a closing sound of I; in OI the deep A, with a closing sound of I, as in *joy;* OU the Italian A, with a closing sound of OO, as in *bough;* English U an initial sound of I, and a sustaining of OO, as in *use;* such closing or initial sound not to be dwelt on but for an almost inappreciable fraction of time. The proportion of time devoted to this analysis of sounds and letters should be one-third of that spent on the exercises on sustaining and running passages—ten minutes out of each half hour.

It will now be time to take some poem and read it mentally, till quite understood, verse by verse; next read it aloud (only a sentence at a time) to bring out the emphasis so as to make the meaning clear, then to notice the different degrees of emphasis this implies, and finally to notice the entirely receding sound of the unaccented syllables. Transfer this process to the medium tones of the voice. Chant, on a single note, the sentence or verse with full emphasis, from comma to comma in one breath, dropping the unaccented syllables into their places. It is another striking feature of bad singing to give prominence to and make vocal effects on syllables which in speech admit of no prolongation whatever.

This process ends the course that should precede all attempts to interpret music. Unless it is mastered, we shall continue to hear vowels untrue to the language; consonants of no particular character; diphthongs, in which the momentary sound is prolonged, giving the effect of a coarse *patois;* and, worse than all, we shall continue to hear unaccented syllables, set to notes between the strong beats of the bar, pounded into our ears, till we wonder whether any "spirit aërial informs the cell of hearing" of the young creatures with their morning faces whom we have to teach, and in whom we would fain suspect all that is refined.

(To be concluded.)

PAPERS FOR OUR GIRL SUFFERERS.

I.—THE BLIND.

It is not easy to write to you who cannot read this paper for yourselves, because the necessity for a third person to come in and read it seems to interfere with the sympathy I should like you to know that I feel for you. Perhaps you may have heard a speech made by a foreigner who could not speak English, and has had to deliver his address with the help of an interpreter, and you will have noticed how much the force of what he had to say seemed to be lost by the repetition; and, so I feel I could say so much more to you if I could write in a type that you could read yourselves. Perhaps some day the raised type will become so common as to allow of special editions of the magazines being printed for the use of the blind, but till then we must do the best we can with the help of an interpreter.

I never meet with a blind person, but instantly a verse comes into my mind from that beautiful poem by Elizabeth Lloyd, on Milton in his old age:—

"I have naught to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing."

A vision rises before my mind, too, of an old blind lady, a visit to whom was one of the greatest treats of my childhood. She had not had the advantages of special teaching, as so many blind now have, but she had learnt to knit, and had a great many little contrivances of her own for making herself useful. Her great charm was that she was always cheerful, so that anyone who was worried or in low spirits would go, if possible, for a chat with Aunt Esther, as everybody called her, sure of finding a bright smile of welcome and a sympathising ear, and of coming away cheered and with their troubles half gone. We children were under the impression that she sat all day with her knitting in her hand, employed in inventing tales to tell us. Now that I look back upon that time, I can see that her mind must have been occupied with many other people's troubles; but she never put us off, nor was impatient with us, and whatever troubles there were in the house, there was always one bright corner where Aunt Esther sat. It was she who first taught me the poem above, and her favourite verse in it was the secret of her constant cheerfulness:—

"Thy glorious face
Is beaming towards me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night."

But my memories of all blind people are not quite so happy. There is one girl on whom blindness has fallen as a bitter, cruel frost; freezing up all the brightness and love in her heart. To her blindness has not come as "the shadow of God's hand," but as a thick mantle of darkness shutting her off from all the world, because she has not put her trust in the Lord, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, and hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God."

The remembrance of this girl makes me anxious to mention one thing which is often the cause of much unnecessary suffering to blind people—I mean the want of exercise. I have seen so many instances of them suffering both in mind and body for want of it; they are melancholy and listless, and feel as if there was nothing before them but to be a burden all their lives. Then a few weeks of regular exercise has braced up the nervous system and brought back the appetite and made them think of their future prospects in a very different way. Happiness and energy depend so much upon the health of the body, and this is certain to suffer if plenty of exercise is not taken. It is an effort, of course—in many cases a very great effort—especially as so often the loss of sight is accompanied by bodily weakness and ill-health, which makes any kind of exertion very distasteful; but those who will rouse themselves to take as much active exercise as circumstances will permit, will find that, in spite of their dislike to the exertion, and the timidity they naturally feel at first, their nerves will be strengthened, and in the very act of taking exercise their desire for it will grow.

Unfortunately, in most cases it is the sufferer herself who has to make the effort, as her friends so often, with mistaken kindness, will wait upon her and save her every exertion—a certain way to make her feel useless and unhappy—instead of urging her to be independent and to take the exercise which is even more necessary for the blind than for others, because they are, generally speaking, less naturally robust than those with sight.

We are told by Mr. Campbell, who by his perseverance and determined hard work in face of poverty, ill-health, and endless other difficulties, succeeded in founding the Normal College for the Blind, at Norwood, of which he is still manager, that he himself had this difficulty to contend with. From the time he lost his sight, about four years of age, he was indulged and waited upon at every turn, as though unable to do anything for himself, till he was in danger of becoming entirely dependent on those around him; but at last, feeling that he must make an effort for himself, he found an axe, during his father's absence one day, and chopped up a pile of firewood—a rather dangerous experiment to begin with—but it had the desired effect, for henceforward his parents, seeing that he was capable of something better than being a burden and anxiety all his life, exerted themselves to teach him how to make himself useful.

So, my dear blind friends, it depends in a great measure upon your own efforts whether you will be weak in body and a burden to yourselves and others, or strong and happy and useful. And I am not recommending anything impossible, for surely no one is so destitute of friends that she cannot find even a child to accompany her in her walks until she is able to go about alone; or if for any reason she is prevented from getting sufficient walking exercise, surely there are some children who would enjoy a good romp, and one can get a very satisfactory amount of exercise in playing with children and be doing a kindness to them at the same time. By degrees, a blind person can accustom herself to going about alone, beginning by walking closely by the side of her guide, but without taking her arm, noting how many times they turn, how many roads they cross, and any other indications, so that on returning she may point out the way home herself. Most people who are born blind seem to find their way about by a kind of instinct—not the slightest difference in the path escapes their notice; but those who lose their sight later in life need to cultivate this faculty carefully. That all manner of exercises are open to blind people is proved by what they do. I have seen a blind gentleman riding on horseback through the crowded streets of London, his horse being trained to follow closely that of his attendant, who rode in front. Another skates constantly, with the greatest enjoyment, whenever there is any ice, and no one would ever suspect that he is blind, except from the fact that he holds a strap, the other end of which is held by a friend, to guide him through the crowds. Rowing is an amusement which can be practised as much by the blind as by those with sight, except in a rough sea; swimming, too, with a prudent companion, is perfectly safe—indeed, some extraordinary anecdotes are told of the feats performed by the blind in swimming and diving after lost property.

But I fancy I can hear some blind girl say: "That is all very well, but those are only amusements; what use can we ever be, or how could we ever earn a living?"

The question would be almost easier to answer if you reversed it and asked, "What can we *not* do?" for the number of blind people who have not only earned a living, but have risen to eminence in all branches of literature, science, and art, is so great that there is hardly any ladder to fame which has not been mounted by them. One might fill volumes with the accounts of blind people who have distinguished themselves in various paths of life, not only in spite of their blindness, but in spite also of other disadvantageous circumstances which would be sufficient in themselves to daunt many people. Even before the

Christian era there was a blind man, Dioclotus, who was so celebrated as a philosopher and for his skill in geometry and music, that his fame has been remembered all these centuries. After him came in quick succession blind poets, historians, orators and teachers, authors of well-known books on algebra, natural history, astronomy, and on even more unlikely subjects. A blind man, James Holman, who died in 1857, published very interesting accounts of his travels alone over the whole of Europe, in the course of which he was imprisoned as a Russian spy; and afterwards of a voyage round the world.

Of all occupations for which sight is necessary, one would imagine that engineering was one of the chief, yet even this difficult profession was successfully practised by a blind man, John Metcalf, who died in 1810 at the advanced age of ninety-three years, and who, in the course of his long and useful life, besides many other occupations, made nearly twenty bridges and laid down 120 miles of road, in some places over very difficult, boggy ground.

Mr. Francis Joseph Campbell, mentioned above as the director of the Normal School for the Blind, is a striking instance of what may be done without any special advantages by the simple power of determination and perseverance. He was anxious to learn music, but appeared to have no ear, and, in fact, could not distinguish one tune from another, so that his master said it was impossible to teach him; but so determined was he to succeed, that he bribed the other boys to teach him all they knew, and in order to get a chance of practising on the only piano in the school, he rose every morning at four o'clock, and practised before the other boys were up. Needless to say, he succeeded, as perseverance always must succeed, and not many years afterwards, being very anxious to improve his education, and his father being too poor to help him, the youth earned the money to pay for classes by giving music lessons; but this double work of teaching and studying could only be accomplished by beginning work at two or three o'clock every morning, and keeping on steadily till night. The story of his struggle with fortune is too long to be narrated here; but the result of his unceasing effort and unwearying hard work has been to found a college which has already been of incalculable benefit to scores of blind, and probably will continue to be so long after its generous-hearted founder has passed away from earth.

There are in Great Britain alone about thirty thousand blind people, a large number of whom are earning their own living. Many not only do that, but are helping also to support their families; while those who have become illustrious are too numerous to mention. Think of Milton, of Madame Paradis, whose ingenious pocket printing press by which to correspond with her friends, and other clever contrivances, first suggested the idea of regular teaching for the blind; nor must we forget in our own day how much we all owe to our blind Postmaster-General, Mr. Fawcett.

I mention these cases of blind people to show you that you must not think that because you are blind you can be of no use. Your talents may not be the same as those of your friends who have their sight; but you certainly have talents for something. Just patiently think over what you are best able to do. I know and sympathise with the difficulties, and the effort it requires, but believe me, if you will rouse yourself to begin an active, useful life, and will persevere in learning useful work, you will become, if not great and famous, what is far better—the helper and comforter of all those about you, and though you yourself are in darkness, you may become the sunlight of your home.

One unfailing source of interest and usefulness to girls is needlework; and there are several kinds of both plain and fancy work in which the blind can excel. I saw recently a whole set of underlinen made entirely by a blind girl; but there are some parts of the work much easier than others. For instance, if you have not been in the habit of helping in the family needlework, you will find that you can at once begin sewing the seams quite neatly, as you can feel the needle on the fingers of the left hand with which you hold the work, and very little practice will enable you to take small and even stitches; whereas hemming is so much more difficult, that I should advise you not to attempt it till you have become accustomed to using a needle. Running and whipping are both easy branches of needlework to begin upon too, as well as the very useful one of sewing on buttons. Use a needle with a rather large eye at first, so that you may be able to thread it yourself; a very fine crewel needle is the easiest to begin with, as the eye is so large in proportion to the thickness of the needle.

Next in usefulness to plain sewing comes knitting, which can be employed for objects too numerous to mention. A beginner should use coarse cotton and large needles; and the friend who is teaching her should do the first few rows herself, to make the work firm and easy to hold. The work should be something which will not be rendered useless by the unevenness of the learner's stitches, such as a pudding cloth, dish cloth, or duster, all very useful articles, but which are none the worse for a few irregular stitches. When the stitch has once been acquired, the knitter need never suffer from lack of occupation. Amongst the articles with which she can supply her friends are socks and stockings, vests, shawls, babies' boots and hoods, quilts and gentlemen's braces. For the latter red or blue knitting silk is used, and they can be afterwards mounted with leather at a fancy shop. The quilts are knitted either in cotton or wool. The latter is much more quickly done, and if the same wool is used as that for knitting stockings, it will wash as well as the ordinary white knitting cotton. Odds and ends of wool can be used up if the quilts are made, as they usually are, in small patterns, by knitting each pattern in a different colour. This will be found a good plan for getting rid of the endless small balls of wool which anyone who knits much is sure to accumulate.

Another useful kind of work for a blind girl is wool crochet. Tricotée is the easiest form of it to begin with. It is a very good stitch for sofa blankets, antimacassars, and bed-room slippers. Full directions for this kind of work, as well as knitting, with suggestions for articles to make, will be found in the columns of THE GIRLS' OWN PAPER.

Braiding can be done, too, where the pattern is either marked with paint or stamped from one of the transfer papers, which leave a rough and slightly raised pattern.

Footstools, cushions, and many other articles can be bought with the pattern ready worked, in either beads, silk, or wool, on coarse canvas, which requires filling up in cross-stitch, or, as it is generally called, Berlin wool work. This can be done quite well without sight; but as the beauty of the work is destroyed if the stitches are uneven, it is best to begin on some small article, such as a kettle-holder, till the learner has acquired the knack of drawing up the wool equally tightly at every stitch. There is no need to buy a ready worked pattern for these small things. If a friend will arrange a few different coloured wools in bundles, so that the blind girl can distinguish them, she can make a pattern by working in alternate rows of different colours, or two or three rows of each colour.

But there is no need to enumerate all the kinds of needlework which a blind girl can do, as if she once begins she will soon find out for herself how much she is capable of in that way; and there are one or two other ways of usefulness I want to mention.

In the first place there is teaching. If you to whom I am writing, who have lost your sight, have little brothers and sisters, or neighbours whom it would be a kindness to help, you might take a great part of their education upon yourself; it is quite possible, for it has been done. There are a few subjects, such as writing and drawing, which you would be obliged to leave to someone else, but you might teach them mental arithmetic, history, geography, music, spelling, and reading. For the latter, you would need to supply them with some book of which you have a copy in raised type, and you would, of course, use raised maps for the geography, but neither of these would be any hindrance to the children. I wish to speak strongly on this point of teaching, because in so many homes the expense of educating a large family is a great trouble, and the blind do not often think of this way of being useful.

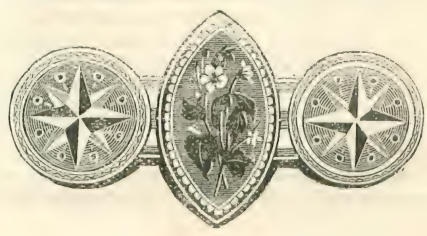
But if there are no little ones to teach, and you have no need to earn money by knitting or other work, there are many openings for usefulness before you, if you are musical. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the surest way to bring blessing and happiness to yourself is to try to do something for others. If you can sing, you might give untold pleasure by inquiring from a clergyman or Bible woman for any lonely sick people who would like you to sing to them. No one but those who have felt it can imagine the soothing effect of singing when one is ill and in pain; and the thought that a blind girl had taken so much trouble to give them pleasure would cheer the hearts of the poor sufferers more than the most costly gifts.

Perhaps you cannot sing, but can play the piano. Then you might find a sphere of usefulness by offering your service to such of your friends as cannot well afford an expensive musical education to their children. And if you have not the talent to do any of these things, you can at least visit and cheer those who are sad or suffering, and you can give a smile and a cheering word to those in your own house; and trifles though these may sound, it is just these little things that make a girl a blessing to those about her.

And let me remind you that this affliction has not come by chance. It seems hard and cruel now, and you cannot find any reason for it, nor any good that can come of it; but when this life is over and your eyes are opened in the land where there is no more night, you will see that this darkness had some good purpose after all, and brought you nothing but blessing. In the meantime, comfort yourself with the remembrance that our Heavenly Father, who has sent you the suffering, has sent you also this promise:

"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

MARY SELWOOD.



"'YOU COULD TALK TO MOTHER,' I OBJECTED."

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER III.

DOT.

I WENT to my room to unpack my things, and by-and-by Carrie joined me.

I half hoped that she meant to help me, but she sat down by the window and said, with a sigh, how tired she was; and certainly her eyes had a weary look.

She watched me for some time in silence, but once or twice she sighed very heavily.

"I wish you could leave those things, Esther," she said, at last, not pettishly—Carrie was never pettish—but a little too plaintively. "I have not had a creature to whom I could talk since you left home in April."

The implied compliment was very nice, but I did not half like leaving my things—I was rather old-maidish in my ways, and never liked half measures; but I remembered reading once about "the lust of finishing," and what a test of unselfishness it was to put by a half-completed task cheerfully at the call of another duty. Perhaps it was my duty to leave my unpacking and listen to Carrie, but there was one little point in her speech that did not please me.

"You could talk to mother," I objected; for mother always listened to one so nicely.

"I tried it once, but mother did not understand," sighed Carrie. I used to wish she did not sigh so much. "We had quite an argument, but I saw it was no use—that I should never bring her to my way of thinking. She was brought up so differently: girls were allowed so little liberty then. My notions seemed to distress her. She said that I was peculiar, and that I carried things too far, and that she wished I were more like other girls; and then she kissed me and said I was

very good, and she did not mean to hurt me; but she thought home had the first claim; and so on. You know mother's way."

"I think mother was right there—you think so yourself, do you not, Carrie?" I asked, anxiously, for this seemed to me the A B C of common sense.

"Oh, of course," rather hastily. "Charity begins at home, but it ought not to stop there. If I chose to waste my time practising for Fred's violin, and attending to all his thousand and one fads and fancies, what would become of all my parish work? You should have heard Mr. Arnold's sermon last Sunday, Esther: he spoke of the misery and poverty and ignorance that lay round us outside our homes, and of the loiterers and idlers within those homes." And Carrie's eyes looked sad and serious.

"That is true," I returned, and then I stopped, and Jessie's words came to my mind, "Even Carrie makes mistakes at times." For the first time in my life the thought crossed me: in my absence would it not have been better for Carrie to have been a little more at home? It was Jessie's words and mother's care-worn face that put the thought into my head; but the next moment I had dismissed it as heresy. My good, unselfish Carrie, it was impossible that she could make mistakes! Carrie's next speech chimed in well with my unspoken thoughts.

"Home duties come first, of course, Esther—no one in their senses could deny such a thing; but we must be on our guard against make-believe duties. It is my duty to help mother by teaching Jack, and I give her two hours every morning; but when Fred comes into the schoolroom with some nonsensical request that would rob me of an hour or so, I am quite right not to give way to him. Do you think," warming into enthusiasm over her subject, "that Fred's violin playing ought to stand in the way of any real work that will benefit souls as well as bodies—that will help to reclaim ignorance and teach virtue?" And Carrie's beautiful eyes grew dark and dewy with feeling. I wish mother could have seen her; something in her expression reminded me of a picture of Faith I had once seen.

"Oh, Esther," she continued, for I was too moved to answer her, "every day I live I long to give myself more entirely to benefiting my fellow creatures. Girl as I am, I mean to join the grand army of workers—that is what Mr. Arnold called them. Oh, how I wish I could remember all he said! He told us not to be disheartened by petty difficulties, or to feel lonely because, perhaps, those who were our nearest and dearest discouraged our efforts or put obstacles in our way. 'You think you are alone,' he said, 'when you are one of the rank and file in that glorious battalion. There are thousands working with you and around you although you cannot see them.' And then he exhorted us who were young to enter this crusade."

"But, Carrie," I interrupted, somewhat mournfully, for I was tired and a little depressed, "I am afraid our work is already cut out for us, and we shall have to do it, however little pleased we may be with the pattern. From what Uncle Geoffrey tells me we shall be very poor."

"I am not afraid of poverty, Esther."

"But still you will be grieved to leave Combe Manor," I persisted. "Perhaps we shall have to live in a little pokey house somewhere, and to go out as governesses."

"Perhaps so," she answered, serenely; "but I shall still find time for higher duties. I shall be a miser and treasure all my minutes. But I have wasted nearly half an hour now; but it is such a luxury to talk to somebody who can understand." And then she kissed me affectionately and bade me hasten to bed, for it was getting late, and I looked sadly tired; but it never entered into her head to help me put away the clothes that strewed my room, though I was aching in every limb from grief and fatigue. If one looks up too much at the clouds one stumbles against rough stones sometimes. Star-gazing is very sweet and elevating, but it is as well sometimes to pick up the homely flowers that grow round our feet. "What does Carrie mean by higher duties?" I grumbled, as I sought wearily to evoke order out of chaos. "To wash for one's family is as much a duty as visiting the poor." I could not solve the problem: Carrie was too vague for me there; but I went to bed at last and dreamt that we two were building houses on the seashore. Carrie's was the prettier, for it was all of seaweed and bright-coloured shells, that looked as though the sun were shining on them, while mine was made of clay, tempered by mortar.

"Oh, Carrie, I like yours best," I cried, disconsolately; yet as I spoke, a long tidal wave came up and washed the frail building away. But though mine filled with foamy water, the rough walls remained entire, and when I looked at it again the receding wave had strewn its floors with small shining pearls.

I must pass over the record of the next few days, for they were so sad—so sad, even now I cannot think of them without tears. On the second day after my return, dear father had another attack, and before many hours were over we knew we were orphans.

Two things stood out most prominently during that terrible week: dear mother's exceeding patience and Dot's despair. Mother gave us little trouble. She lay on her couch weeping silently, but no word of complaint or rebellion crossed her lips; she liked us to sit beside her and read her soothing passages of Scripture, and she was very thoughtful and full of pity for us all. Her health was never very good, and just now her strength had given way utterly. Uncle Geoffrey would not hear of her exerting herself, and, indeed, she looked so frail and broken that even Fred got alarmed about her.

Carrie was her principal companion, for Dot took all my attention; and indeed it nearly broke all our hearts to see him.

Uncle Geoffrey had carried him from the room when father's last attack had come on. Jack was left in charge of him, and the rest of us were gathered in the sick room. I was the first to leave when all was over, for I thought of Dot and trembled; but as I opened the door, there he was, crouched down in a little heap at the entrance, with Jack sobbing beside him.

"I took away his crutch, but he crawled all the way on his hands and knees," whispered Jack; and then Allan came out and stood beside me.

"Poor little fellow!" he muttered; and Dot lifted his miserable little white face, and held out his arms.

"Take me in," he implored. "Father's dead, for I heard you all crying; but I must kiss him once more."

"I don't think it will hurt him," observed Allan, in a low voice. "He will only imagine all sorts of horrors—and he looks so peaceful," motioning towards the closed door.

"I will be so good," implored the poor child, "if you only take me in." And Allan, unable to resist any longer, lifted him in his arms.

I did not go in, for I could not have borne it. Carrie told me afterwards that Allan cried like a child when Dot nestled up to the dead face and began kissing and stroking it.

"You are my own father, though you look so different," he whispered. "I wish you were not so cold. I wish you could look and speak to me—I am your little boy, Dot—you were always so fond of Dot, father. Let me go with you; I don't want to live any longer without you," and so on, until Uncle Geoffrey made Allan take him away.

Oh, how good Allan was to him! He lay down by his side all night soothing him and talking to him, for Dot never slept. The next day we took turns to be with him, and so on day after day; but I think Dot liked Allan best.

"He is most like father," he said once, which perhaps explained the preference; but then Allan had so much tact and gentleness. Fred did not understand him at all; he called him odd and uncanny, which displeased us both.

One evening I had been reading to mother, and afterwards I went up to Dot. He had been very feverish and had suffered much all day, and Allan had scarcely left him; but towards evening he had grown quieter. I found Jack beside him; they were making up garlands for the grave; it was Dot's only occupation just now.

"Look here, Essie," he cried, eagerly. "Is not this a splendid wreath? We are making it all of pansies—they were father's favourite flowers. He always called them floral butterflies. Fancy a wreath of butterflies!" and Dot gave a weak little laugh. It was a very ghost of a laugh, but it was his first, and I hailed it joyfully. I praised the quaint stiff wreath. In its way it was sufficiently picturesque. The rich hues of the pansies blended well—violet and gold: it was a pretty idea laying heartsease on the dead breast that would never know anxiety again.

"When I get better," continued Dot, "I am going to make such a beautiful little garden by dear father. Jack and I have been planning it. We are going to have rose trees and lilies of the valley

and sweet peas—father was so fond of sweet peas; and in the spring snowdrops and crocuses and violets. Allan says I may do it."

"Yes, surely, Dot."

"I wonder what father is doing now?" he exclaimed, suddenly, putting by the unfinished wreath a little wearily. "I think the worst of people dying is that we cannot find out what they are doing," and his eyes grew large and wistful. Alas! Dot, herein lies the sting of death—silence so insupportable and unbroken!

"Shall I read you your favourite chapter?" I asked, softly; for every day Dot made us read to him the description of that City with its golden streets and gem-built walls; but he shook his head.

"It glitters too much for my head to-night," he said, quaintly; "it is too bright and shining. I would rather think of dear father walking in those green pastures, with all the good people who have died. It must be very beautiful there, Esther. But I think father would be happier if I were with him."

"Oh, Dot, no!" for the bare idea pained me; and I felt I must argue this notion away. "Allan and I could not spare you, or mother either; and there's Jack—what would poor Jack do without her playfellow?"

"I don't feel I shall ever play again," said Dot, leaning his chin on his mites of hands and peering at us in his shrewd way. "Jack is a girl, and she cannot understand; but when one is only a Dot, and has an ugly crutch and a back that never leaves off aching, and a father that has gone to heaven, one does not care to be left behind."

"But you are not thinking of us, Dot, and how unhappy it would make us to lose you too," I returned. And now the tears would come one by one; Dot saw them, and wiped them off with his sleeve.

"Don't be silly, Esther," he said, in a coaxing little voice. "I am not going yet. Allan says I may live to be a man. He said so last night; and then he told me he was afraid we should be very poor; and that made me sorry, for I knew I should never be able to work with my poor back."

"But Allan and I will work for you, my darling," I exclaimed, throwing my arms round him; "only you must not leave us, Dot, even for father," and as I said this I began to sob bitterly. I was terribly ashamed of myself when Allan came in and discovered me in the act; and there was Jack keeping me company, and frowning away her tears dreadfully.

I thought Allan would have scolded us all round; but no, he did nothing of the kind. He patted Jack's wet cheeks and laughed at the hole in her handkerchief; and he then seated himself on the bed, and asked me very gently what was the matter with us all. Dot was spokesman: he stated the facts of the case rather lugubriously and in a slightly injured voice.

"Esther is crying because she is selfish, and I am afraid I am selfish too."

"Most likely," returned Allan, drily; "it is a human failing. What is the case in point, Frankie?"

Allan was the only one of us who ever called Dot by his proper name.

"I should not mind growing up to be a man," replied Dot, fencing a little, "if I were big and strong like you," taking hold of the huge sinewy hand. "I could work then for mother and the girls; but now you will be always obliged to take care of me, and so—and so—" and here Dot's lips quivered at little, "I would rather go with dear father if Esther would not cry about it so."

"No, no, you must stay with us, Sonny," returned Allan, cheerily. "Esther and I are not going to give you up so easily. Why, look here, Frankie; I will tell you a secret. One of these days I mean to have a nice little house of my own, and Esther and you shall come and live with me, and I will go among my patients all the morning, and in the evening I shall come home very lazy and tired, and Esther shall fetch me my slippers and light the lamp, and I shall get my books, and you will have your drawing, and Esther will mend our clothes, and we shall be as cosy as possible."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Dot, clapping his hands. The snug picture had fascinated his childish fancy; Allan's fireside had obscured the lights of Paradise. From this time this imaginary home of Allan's became his favourite castle in the air. When we were together he would often talk of it as though it were reality. We had planted the garden and furnished the parlour a dozen times over before the year was out; and so strong is a settled imagination that I am almost sure Dot believed that somewhere there existed the little white cottage with the porch covered with honeysuckle and the low bay-window with the great pots of flowering plants, beside which Dot's couch was to stand.

I don't think Jack enjoyed these talks so much as Dot and I did, as we made no room for her in our castle building.

"You must not live with us, Jack," Dot would say, very gravely; "you are only a girl, and we don't want girls"—(what was I, I wonder?)—"but you shall come and see us once a week, and Esther will give you brown bread and honey out of our beehives," for we had arranged there must be a row of beehives under a southern wall where peaches were to grow; and as for white lilies, we were to have dozens of them. Dear, dear, how harmless all these fancies were, and yet they kept us cheerful and warded off many an hour of depression from pain when Dot's back was bad. I remember one more thing that Allan said that night when we were all better and more cheerful, for it was rather a grave speech for a young man; but then Allan had these fits of gravity.

"Never mind thinking if you will grow up to be a man, Dot. Wishing won't help us to die an hour sooner, and the longest life must have an end some day. What we have to do is to take up our life and do the best we can with it while it lasts, and to be kind and patient, and help one another. Most likely Esther and I will have to work hard enough all our lives—we shall work, and you may have to suffer; but we cannot do without you any more than you can do without us. There, Frankie!"

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD BREEDING:

AS SHOWN IN CONVERSATION.

THE above title is the first on the list of articles with which I have been requested to supplement others of the same character, and so to respond to the perpetually recurring inquiries by "our girls" on the subject of good breeding.

The judicious selection of topics for conversation; discrimination as to those which should be avoided, together with the words and forms of expression which are inadmissible "in Society;" the word on which special emphasis should be laid; the inflections of the voice and expression of the countenance—all these are important considerations for those who would show good breeding in conversation. Nevertheless, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, children learn to speak as best they can, and no special training is given them.

Lord Chesterfield very truly observes, "A thousand nameless things which nobody can describe, but which everybody feels, conspire to form that whole of pleasing; as the several pieces of a mosaic work, though, separately, of little beauty or value, when properly joined form those beautiful figures that please everybody. A look, a gesture, a tone of voice, all bear their parts in the great work of pleasing."

How many of you, my youthful readers, have given your attention to this part of your education?

Some years ago an admirable article appeared in a leading daily paper, advocating the training of children to tell short stories, or narrate little incidents in their daily life. To this end I should suggest two or three rules. Let the hands be kept still; allow no fidgeting, pulling of the clothes, nor twisting of buttons. Such tricks become necessities in after years, and a student deprived of his old assistant, a particular button, has been known to lose his presence of mind, and the whole thread of his subject, and failed to pass his examination. Permit no wandering of the eyes here and there, and searching for a lost thought in the ceiling; nor attempt to gain time by "stop-gaps" in the form of "Well—a—a," "but—a—a," "hum," "you know," "you see," or "don't you see?" Bid the child to fix its thoughts on the main fact to be told, not on the selection of words, nor on any trifling accessories to the narrative, which might, or might not, be named in a parenthesis without loss to the primary statement made. So many are the words offering a selection, so various the ways of turning a phrase, that once begin to hesitate over their choice or rearrangement, and you are lost in a labyrinth of difficulty. The fewer words the better. Rigmaroles confuse the hearer. Commence the child's lessons in speaking by a series of brief questions, viz.:—"Of whom, or what are you going to speak?" "What happened?" "What did they say?" "When and where was it?" Several of these queries could be answered in a single word, and there would be neither any necessity for looking about, nor temptation to gain time, by saying, "Hum—a—a," nor "you know," when he knows you do not. The art of speaking without hesitation, and narrating a story in plain, simple English, must be acquired before leaving the schoolroom, or you will be utterly unprepared to be introduced into society.

When you enter a reception-room do not look as if going to be hanged, your eyes

glaring and your eyebrows uplifted to your hair. Remember the effect on others of a doleful apparition, and try to look like a gleam of sunshine. Hold your head up; be all eyes and ears, and ever on the *qui vive;* collect your thoughts, and take a rapid note of the persons assembled—those in mourning; those in circumstances of any anxiety; the deformed, or afflicted with any personal infirmity or defect; and bear in mind a possibly near connection existing between persons present and those about whom mention may be made. You will thus be forearmed and your friends protected against any *gauche* observation on your part, and the introduction of painful subjects, which you should avert or turn off at once.

Young people may rarely join in general conversation, excepting amongst contemporaries in age or in the home circle. They should confine their remarks to a next neighbour, or one or two persons forming a small *coterie*.

But whether to join in general conversation or not, it is essential that all should read, to render themselves agreeable and the topics of their discourse diversified. It will also serve to raise the conversation above those superfluous commonplaces—from which it seems hard to escape—of the thermometer and barometer type. Your education is not completed when you leave school; it is only then placed in your own hands, and the responsibility transferred to your own conscience. Always have some nice book on hand of travels, archæological or geological research, natural history, science, or art in all its branches. Make no parade of your studies; a mere allusion to a new work may suffice to give a pleasant change to the conversation, and open a way for others to speak. Yourself alone considered, such a course of study will help to develop what mind you may have very effectually.

For lack of such an aid in the duty of conversing, people fall back during the "awful pauses" on personalities; and then their absent neighbours suffer, and their own characters become deteriorated, or else they rake together all the delinquencies and misdoings of their respective servants, on which subject many might have just cause to sympathise; but how that threadbare topic palls on others! The less such domestic difficulties are exposed beyond the limits of the family circle the better. Injudicious mistresses doubtless form the popular theme in humbler reunions.

With reference to elevating the tone of conversation by means of a perpetual course of reading, I must warn my young friends of one objectionable practice—that of putting your friend through a course of examination to show off your own intellectual culture, and possibly to expose their ignorance. The unprofitable query, "Have you read so and so?" carried on through a list of new books half a yard long, very shortly becomes intolerably offensive—I may say, exasperating. A series of questions put by one party, and answered in monosyllables by the other, does not constitute "conversation," which denotes a mutual interchange of thought, including information and personal opinions.

Whether young or otherwise, you may venture to address any lady seated by you without a special introduction; the discretion of your mutual hostess being a sufficient guarantee for both. Look the person you address full in the face; but never begin to utter one word until they, or any person in your immediate group, have ceased speaking. Be patient, and never let others feel hurried. Leave a pause between the last subject discussed and the introduction of a new one. Never fly from one to another in rapid succession; allow people time to disengage their thoughts without violence from the last.

As to the choice of these said "topics," the sentiments, tastes, occupations, age, and circumstances of those whom you meet must regulate that. Much tact is essential to good breeding. In reference to religion and politics be specially on your guard. Reunions of friends in society are not designed for discussions, and it would be presumptuous on your part as well as offensive, whether young or old, to speak *ex cathedra* on such subjects in a mixed society and at a social entertainment. If such matters should crop up, politeness exacts that you should modify any expression of your individual opinions by coupling them with such a preface as, "It seems to me," or "as far as I am able to judge." In fact, you are not to make yourself and your opinions a nuisance, either by an intrusive statement of the latter, or by selecting to be in the opposition, for mere argument sake. You are not wanted as a "special pleader," your friends are not in the "witness box," and no one wishes their statement to be reduced to absurdity for your entertainment, even supposing you to be clever enough to "paint white black."

Some half-bred people think to raise the general opinion of their intellect, or gain credit for information, by assuming an air of incredulity when some curious statement has been made or story narrated. However incredible, never "look superior," nor cast glances to that effect at other listeners, and so pour silent contempt on what has been said. You were not asked to endorse it, even if you knew he were "drawing the long bow;" in such a case, "Silence is gold."

Again, it is quite inadmissible to speak on matters of business with a professional man when you meet him at a private reunion. Ask no opinion, legal or medical. Such an act would be equivalent to picking his pocket; he could not decline to give it, nor could he make a charge.

Quite as much in bad taste would remarks be on the subject of your high connections or noble birth. You may reply to inquiries, or speak of them to an intimate friend in private, supposing his position to be equal to your own. But great delicacy should be observed on this score; for some in the group around you, who may be of more humble birth and have no such distinguished connections nor family history, may feel mortified by your thoughtless remarks. Yet these persons may be of gentle birth, or at least may lay claim to the nobility of goodness or talent; possessing those attributes of the heart and mind that raise a man above his social position, and fit him for intercourse with princes.

Cultivate an unostentatious and genial demeanour, and a gracious style of language, which will serve to place everyone at ease in your society. Little kindly remarks may often afford more pleasure than long and eloquent discourses. Speak gently and low; never raise your voice thereby to "talk-down" another with whose observations you disagree, but articulate distinctly; moderate your laughter; and avoid clipping your words.

But while I insist on a low tone of voice, every child, not a mere "street Arab," must know from his earliest years that whispering or speaking aside, in a voice intentionally inaudible to a third party, who is not privileged to hear the secret, is an act of gross rudeness. Equally ill-bred is the practice of looking provokingly mysterious; giving half confidences; endeavouring to make a friend guess at the whole truth by speaking in innuendoes, in a cowardly fear of the dangerous responsibility involved in revealing a secret; or in expressing a damaging opinion of an absent individual. Never be guilty of such mean, underhand ways.

In reference to mimicry, to which a special cleverness in some persons addicts them, rendering them highly entertaining in society, a grand distinction should be observed—viz., between its general and personal application. To exemplify the eccentricities and inconsistencies of fashion, and the oddities of imaginary characters, is to render a service to society as well as harmless entertainment; but personalities are highly objectionable. Lord Chesterfield describes the latter as "the common and favourite amusement of little, low minds."

Much tact is necessary in reference to a joke. Never prolong it, however good-natured, at the expense of anyone present, when the first laugh is over, for all real fun is over then likewise; so turn the subject at once. When the colour rises in the cheek of the person quizzed, look another way, that they may recover self-possession. If the jest be against yourself, be good-humoured, even though you may feel annoyed. Do not retort snappishly with a "*tu quoque*," nor wear a sour expression.

Apropos of the expression of the countenance, it is of considerable importance as a handmaid to your speech. It should be in harmony with the thought expressed, yet may be used to soften the harshness of a truth that must be told, some unwelcome lesson that must be inculcated. "A look, a gesture, a tone of voice all bear their part in the great work of pleasing," and if many of "our girls" could only see the supercilious and sneering expression they often assume by turning down the corners of the mouth when they pretend to smile (a grimace repulsive to others and unbecoming to themselves), they would appreciate the weight attached to a look as well as to a word. How often you hear people say, "So much depends on how a thing is said." The word "how" has reference to the tone of voice, the expression of the face, and on the where the emphasis is placed, not on the "thing said;" and the words, "so much," just imply the making or marring of the *entente cordiale* between two people. A listener not trained to understand the right use of the tone of voice, expression of face, and due placing of the emphasis, may make incalculable mischief by an incorrect repetition of the original remark.

Some have a *gauche* trick of asking questions, partly, perhaps, from an impertinent curiosity, partly because they have no conversational powers, nor any thoughts to express, even if they had learned how to speak. There is a great difference between one description of question and another, for while tact and good breeding forbid your inquiry into the business, fortune, and domestic affairs, the ages, and unmentioned ailments of your acquaintances, you would be quite right in asking for any instructive information whenever you could possibly obtain it. In addition to such queries, it would be kind and judicious in your converse with some old gentleman to draw him out on the subject of his travels, adventures, military or naval service, and exploits of bygone years, and the interest you showed, in words ever so few, would prove quite a refreshment to him. And so, in like manner, if it pleased some old lady to communicate to you any of her trifling domestic affairs, leave her to do all or most of the talking; it is your part to listen and give her your undivided attention. Superficial thinkers might stigmatise the apparent interest which politeness requires you to assume as insincere; but it is only a charitable act of complaisance, and one of conformity to the Divine precept, to be "unto all pleasing."

It is really more essential to be a good listener than a good talker. Beware of a habit of absence of mind; to indulge in it is an act of very gross rudeness to those who address you. You should let your friend see that you are trying to place yourself in his position, and to realise the point of view from which he sees the matter, so as, if possible, to

give him your sympathy and to adapt your conversation to his tastes.

But two exceptions must be taken to this rule, and the oft-talked-of mystical line to be drawn must be recognised in this. Show none when the Christian faith is cavilled at by Freethinkers, and divine things spoken of in a profane and flippant manner. Show none either when evil speaking and scandal are made a form of social entertainment. Turn the conversation if you can; or, if addressed, endeavour to throw a charitable doubt on the truth of the report; or put a more kindly construction on some objectionable speech repeated by a still more objectionable person. An old and high authority observes, "As in robbery, so in scandal, the receiver is as bad as the thief."

Lastly, one word on the subject of conversing with those of a different sex. Conquer any silly shyness that arises from a vain self-consciousness. Let there be no flippant bantering. Be pleasant in manner, but always maintain a certain degree of modest reserve; an unostentatious yet quiet dignity, which cannot be confounded with conceit nor presumption. It will prove a safeguard against intrusive familiarity on their part, and undesirable comments and surmises on that of any spectator. S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

"Whose every fold and line in all their dresses
Something refined and exquisite expresses."
—ARTHUR CLOUGH.

WITH "chill October" comes the assurance that winter is on its way; and, in spite of cosy fires within and warm clothes without, we have plenty of reason to regret "the joy of our vanished summer"—especially the present one, which has been quite of the old-fashioned kind. Of course, there is much to talk about in the way of changes in dress and fashions this month, although, really, the changes are not very great.

In the way of dresses, everything that is worn will be worn—braiding tucks, plain skirts and long tunics, and kiltings and short tunics, bodices pointed and round, and full ones, as well as plain. So, in doing over old dresses, there is no anxiety about much alteration, as but little will suffice—for the bodice can be completely changed by the addition of a "Fédora" puff, and the skirt by an extra flounce or a kilting, put on in a different way. Many girls are very busy reconstructing their last winter's dresses, with braiding, waistcoats, plastrons, cuffs, and bands for the overskirts. Waistcoats being quite one of the features of the new dresses for the winter, very handsomely embroidered and braided, are within the reach of all people with clever and industrious fingers, as they can make them for themselves. Braiding patterns—which may be transferred to all materials by simply ironing them off with a warm iron—may be purchased for next to nothing at any fancy-work shop; and thus the first step is easily taken, even by the most inexperienced worker. The braid may be either of silk or mohair—I prefer the latter for wear. All worsted braids should be scalded with boiling water and then hung up, without wringing, to drip dry; and to ensure their neither shrinking nor turning green, a handful of salt may be added to the boiling water also. The stitches taken in braiding should be firm, and all corners must be carefully and neatly turned.

AUTUMN BONNET.

THE NEW STYLE OF HAIRDRESSING.

Cloth and other thick materials are frequently employed for plain skirts, and finished with a few tucks at the edge of the skirt, or rows of braid or velvet. With this style of making a long overskirt is requisite, so that the lower skirt may be at least three-quarters covered. With a short tunic it is very ungraceful. Dark green is unquestionably the most fashionable shade of the autumn; and if the right green be chosen, it is an excellent wearing colour. The newest and prettiest is called "amazon" green, another is *purée de pois*, and a third the blue-green tint of a turnip leaf, a charming colour, but perhaps not so fast and durable as could be wished.

The two new braids, called "old" silver and "new" silver, the one bright and the other dead, are more used to trim these pretty green dresses than gold; and navy blue serges, which are more popular than usual, have poppy-red or Turkey-red braid, or else silver braid with threads of colour in it. Pale primrose-coloured ribbons are also used for navy blue serge, and also striped satins, in two or three colours.

Amongst the new colours are "watercress"-green, *souris-agitée* (I hope my readers will be equal to translating this funny French name, which is a kind of mouse-grey), and moss-green. Iris and other shades of violet have been very popular during the autumn, both in wool and silk, and will continue to be so. Iris velvet has been most popular as a trimming for white felt hats, as well as straw and leghorn. It has also been used as a trimming for white dresses, both of cashmere and nun's veiling.

Black grenadine polonaises are very popular for quiet evening dresses, which sometimes are embroidered with black or coloured spots. The bodice can be either open or closed; and either a black or coloured silk skirt is equally suitable. This is a most useful fashion, and is very economical also; and the same may be said of the lace polonaises, both of black and white lace.

In the way of patterns and designs, I think checks have nearly had their day. Velvet ribbon is the fashionable trimming for them, when they are worn; and the bodice is of plain cloth, not of checked material. In the thin soft silks that have been so much worn all the summer, checks are still fashionable; and those of my readers who have a dress of the kind, will find it a useful autumn or winter evening dress by trimming it with a little lace

and a good deal of velvet ribbon, and replacing the checked bodice by a velveteen one. Stripes, shot materials, ribbed ones, spots, and heather mixtures appear to be the novelties for the forthcoming winter. The spots are far apart, small, and unobtrusive.

And now I must endeavour to give some account of the changes that have appeared in the making of dresses. Bodices are shorter in the basques, fronts, and backs, the fronts often having double points, and sometimes rounded ones. It is asserted on authority that short waists are to return to fashion now that the belted dresses have been so well received; but I do not think that people inclined to be stout will give up long waists and pointed bodices so easily. For although belts may be becoming to slim figures and young girls, they do not suit older ones.

Polonaises are a very popular revival; no modern fashion has ever been so useful and so generally becoming. The very new ones are full at the waist in front, but both they and the plain ones have a kind of belt formed by ribbons fastened into the seam under the arm, and the ends either lightly tied or fastened with a buckle in front.

The sleeves of the new dresses are not perhaps gathered so much on the top of the arm, and they are rather looser; but below the elbow they fit tightly to allow of the long gauntlet or kid glove going over them. There is a new French sleeve, too novel as yet to enable one to say how it will be liked. It is cut in a point up to the collar of the dress, and has no seam on the shoulder.

The great rage of the season is undoubtedly for the "Fédora"—or, as it is otherwise called, the "Molière"—plastron or bib-puff. One of its great attractions is that it can be added to any dress which may have grown a trifle old-fashioned, and may be of any contrasting colour, either a plaid or striped material, and thus applied its appearance will be altered completely. Even night-dresses are made with these bib-plastrons, and straps of work buttoned across them, as well as lace and ribbons.

In our large illustration this month I have been very careful to give the last ideas of the cloaks or pelisses which have now taken the

WATERPROOF AND TRAVELLING CLOAKS.

place of the old and unstylish "circular waterproofs" and even of the "ulster," which has lasted so long. There are two distinct sorts at present—the *tight-fitting* redingote, or polonaise cloak, which was illustrated in our last number, and these pretty, roomy-sleeved cloaks, under which any dress can be worn, and wearing which one does not look quite such a *guy* as in an ulster or waterproof. For all kinds of travelling they are more comfortable than any other form. The two shapes illustrated are the newest of the autumnal season. That represented at the left hand has one large bunch of pleats, with a buckle into which all the back fulness goes, and from which the sleeves originate. It is made in green waterproof tweed, with a thread of gold-colour and red in it. The hat worn is the fashionable "Henri III.," or "French hat," as it is sometimes called. The opposite figure wears a similar cloak with a different sleeve and back, the back being shaped to the waist, and the pleats and buckles at the sides. The sleeves, also, are open, lined with silk, and gathered round the hand in a frill. The high frill at the neck is much the same in both cases, being box-pleated and very full, so as to be stiff enough to stand upright round the throat.

The figure at the back wears a skirt of plaid, trimmed with three rows of velvet, a cloth coat bodice, to match the darker colour of the plaid, and a sailor's hat. This bodice may be made in velveteen, if preferred. The new shape of sleeves is shown here, being rather looser in the upper arm than they have been, and tight enough below the elbow to allow of the gloves going over them.

The small and stylish bonnet shown is one of the new shapes, short in the back to allow of the hair being dressed high; the lattice-like crown is composed of black jet beads, and the trimming is simple in the extreme—only a long bow and two ends on each side, and a tiny cluster of feathers in front. The original was all black, and was made in Paris.

The seated figure wears one of the new striped dresses in gold-colour and black, and a high double frill, or Bernhardt ruff, of black lace. The hair is dressed in a roll and plait, while the front is curled. This dress might be copied in any striped material, or in blue serge and striped silk. The bodice is very short, both in front and on the hips, and there is also a gathered "Fédora" plastron in front.

The new fur capes are pointed at both back and front, and made high in the shoulders, like the present style of dresses; but just now little is known about furs, for no one has thought much about them. The favourite fur-lined circular cloak has had sleeves put to it, which is a great improvement as regards comfort, as well as in appearance, and hats and bonnets of seal to match the seal capes have been introduced by some of the leading furriers.

The autumn jackets worn by young girls are very plain, as we have illustrated. They are generally in grey or brown cloth, not black. But for everyone, excepting very young girls, the favourite garment is the "mantelette," which is made in all kinds of material, Paisley shawling, Indian cashmere, broché, cloth, silk, and fur. These "mantelettes" have short backs, and long ends in front, and are very elegant and graceful.

The tight "redingote" has returned to favour for young people this autumn, especially at the seaside, and they are often made in dark red cloth, with a small cape, and are trimmed with black velvet, or else with half capes, or those which look like a cape in front and over the arms, but are joined into the side seams at the back, so that there is no cape at the back. There are also some tight pelisses that are made in thin materials and have belts round the waist, but these are as yet too new to talk about, and they are not useful enough to suit my fancy.

Grey hats and grey feathers; black velvet hats and white feathers; and cream felts, trimmed with iris or violet velvet, are the usual afternoon hats this autumn. For the winter, I believe that we shall have quantities of felt hats, the "Henri II." being still popular, only with a much narrower brim. There are also hats of this same shape, made with wider brims, which are turned up, and are thus rendered less trying.

"By the sad sea waves," the Bowler hat, and the limp tennis felt hats are worn. There is nothing new to notice about the former; but the latter, instead of being embroidered with insects, birds, and reptiles, have the brim fastened up in front with two large rosettes of narrow ribbon of two colours, and pieces of the same ribbon carried across the crown of the hat from one rosette to the other.

In spite of the return of polonaises, no one need think that bodices and tunics are going out of date. Indeed, tunics appear in so many shapes that they are difficult of description. They are sharply divided into short and long; as regards the method of draping them, and as to shape, they are called by several names—shawl, puffed or panier, Watteau, or scarf. The first-named are arranged in either one point or two, the points always hanging on one side. Puffed tunics have one deep puff, or three, each deeper than the one above it. Panier tunics are crossed in front, like a window-curtain. The Watteau tunic is the newest, but is not suited to the very stout. It is gathered into the bodice so as to be quite full at the waist, and is caught up below, once or twice, so as to hang in festoons. I have said but little about the much-worn waterfall, or straight tunic, because I do not consider it generally a successful shape, and also because it appears to entail a larger dress-improver or crinolette than I regard as becoming to any one; and so I do not advise its adoption, and prefer the puffed backs to the skirt. These give all the full effect, but without hard outlines.

My last note must be taken from a letter in the columns of the *Times*, written by a well-known doctor of experience on the subject of the very strong effort now being made to put an end to the practice of tight-lacing, and the recommendation to use braces, and thus to throw the weight of the clothes on the shoulders instead of the hips. This he considers a grave mistake, and braces as having an evil effect both on men and women. In the first place, he says that braces will destroy a fine carriage amongst women, as they generally do amongst men, by placing a constraint on the movement of the shoulders. The truth seems to be that the great aim in dress lies midway between all these opinions. Reduction of weight, and of the number in petticoats, wearing only one, if possible, and the adoption of the long-sleeved and high-necked "combination" garment of sufficient warmth. An even heat may be thus secured. I have not mentioned that the nicest "combination" garments that I have lately seen have been made of Turkey-red twill instead of white calico. I think the material is an excellent one, for it is soft, warm, and thick, and washes very well.

VARIETIES.

Luther's Daughter.

Luther conducted the religious education of his children himself. His daughter, Magdalen, was an unusually interesting girl. A picture of her, with large, imaginative eyes, by Cranach, is still in existence. Luther saw in her the promise of a beautiful character; she died when she was fourteen, and he was almost heart-broken. When she was carried to the grave, he said to the bearers—"I have sent a saint to heaven; could mine be such a death as hers, I would die at this moment." To his friend, Jonas, he wrote:—"You will have heard that my dearest child is born again in the eternal kingdom of God. We ought to be glad at her departure, for she is taken away from the world, the flesh, and the devil; but so strong is natural love that we cannot bear it without anguish of heart—without the sense of death in ourselves. When I think of her words, her gestures, when she was with us and in her departing, even Christ's death cannot relieve my agony." On her tomb he wrote these lines:—

"Here do I, Lena, Luther's daughter, rest—
Sleep in my little bed with all the Blest.
In sin and trespass was I born,
For ever was I thus forlorn;
But yet I live, and all is good—
Thou, Christ, redeem'st me with Thy blood."

St. Cecilia.

St. Cecilia is generally regarded as the patroness of music. She is represented in sacred art as singing, and playing on some musical instrument, or listening to the performance of some angel visitant. This last circumstance is in illusion to the legend that an angel was so enraptured with her harmonious strains as to descend to earth to visit the saint. This has been happily touched upon by Dryden in his "Ode for Cecilia's Day."

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Handsome Wives.—He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; it is a pleasure to look upon her and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never content with what we have. *Selden.*

The only way to regenerate the world, is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.—*Rev. C. Kingsley.*

That household is nearest the Christian ideal where are studied most minutely those delicate offices and interchanges of kindliness which, like golden threads, run through the warp and woof of every-day life.—*McDuff.*

The First Lesson.—Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt.—*Quarles.*

The Past and the Future.

Two paths hath life, and well the theme
May mournful thoughts inspire;
For, ah! the past is but a dream—
The future, a desire!

—*From the Arabic.*

SUSIE'S CONQUESTS.

CHAPTER III.

THE acquaintance thus pleasantly formed ripened rapidly into strong friendship. The two elder women often met to chat over their experience in gardening, to exchange recipes for home-made country dainties, and to discuss household matters.

And, as to Dan, the more they saw of him, the better they liked him. He was always ready to dig their garden, to clean out the poultry places; and, in fact, to take any hard or unpleasant duty off Susie's shoulders. And then he was always so interested in their affairs, which were prospering even more than they had hoped. He talked over his own plans and projects, too, declaring that "three heads were better than one any day." A day seldom passed at the cottage which was not enlivened by his bright face and merry words. He could be serious, too, when occasion required it, and was high in the esteem of his employer, for he was always ready to do his duty, often a dangerous one, thoroughly and wisely.

The information that old Bristow had given him had led to the capture and imprisonment of the cleverest and most daring poacher in the neighbourhood, and for a time his duties had become lighter in consequence. For "Long Siah," as he was called, in allusion to his unusual stature, was the ringleader of the band, and without his wily brain to plan and daring spirit to encourage them, the rest of the gang were easily kept in check by Dan's vigilance.

But he knew that his precautions would have to be redoubled as soon as the term of the poacher's punishment had expired.

Mrs. Lively, Aunt Bab, and Susie begged him never to go about at night alone in the woods, for Long Siah was a desperate character, and they felt sure that neither he nor his comrades bore any good feeling towards the young keeper, who looked so sharply after them.

But Dan laughed at their fears, and continued his usual course, even after the poacher had been seen in the neighbourhood again.

"If he thought I was scared, that's just what would bring him forward," said Dan, one evening, when Aunt Bab was reiterating her cautions.

"I believe you like bein' a keeper, Dan," said Susie; "I should be afraid."

"I *do* like it," replied Dan; "it's a fine calling. I couldn't abide anything that kept me indoors all day."

"Do you know, Dan, I wonder sometimes if it isn't rather hard on a very poor man that he dursn't take the wild creatures that——"

"Not a bit of it, Susie. Why, you might just as well say it's hard on a very poor man that he can't help himself to a chicken or two when he wants. His lordship, or his people before him, hev bought the land, and all on it. They pay to feed and tend the creatures, an' it's theirs, as much as your poultry is yours. Besides, it's always the idle good-for-nothings that take to poaching, because they won't work."

Susie's reason was convinced but not her feeling. She could not help asking herself, why some people had so much and others so little. She could not believe that anyone would be dishonest, idle, or poor by choice. When Dan had gone she talked to her aunt about it.

"Look at poor father," she said; "he never was idle, but look how poor he was, an' I know he don't like it—at least, he didn't use to."

"We know whose fault that was, an' is, Susie," said Aunt Bab, gravely; "you take my word for it, my girl, when people get as poor as that, there's sin somewhere."

"But that don't seem fair, that the good ones should be served out for the bad ones," said Susie, doubtfully.

"Ah, the Almighty's ways do seem dark sometimes, but I hev my thoughts about that, too. When a man marries he ought to think that he's choosin' a mother for his children, maybe, and look out for something more than a pretty face. Why, he'd be as happy again with a plain woman, as would bring up her family respectable."

"Lately, I've wondered if it was right me stayin' heer so happy and comfortable, an' poor father——Maybe, if I was there, I might be able to set matters straight a bit."

"Dear me! how she do talk!" said Aunt Bab, looking over her spectacles at Susie, with great consternation. "Why, you'd ha' been the same as the rest, if you'd been brought up there."

"So I should, if it hadn't been for you, aunt."

"Then your duty, as plain as a pikestaff, is to stay with me. Besides, a bargain's a bargain, an' that's how me and your father settled it."

"Well, I'm glad you think so, aunt," replied Susie, with a sigh of relief; "for I know which life I like a hundred thousand times the best." And she gladly dismissed the subject from her thoughts. It had worried her a great deal lately, and had grown out of some of her talks with Dan, for he had strict ideas of duty, and Susie and he often held grave and earnest conversations on such topics.

It may seem strange that she had not asked his opinion on the matter, but Aunt Bab had so diligently inculcated the idea that her home and mother were a disgrace not to be spoken of, that Susie, though naturally of an honest and candid nature, had never done so.

Mrs. Weller, though a kind, warm-hearted woman, was apt to be hard on those who did not attain and keep to her standard of goodness and respectability. She was just a little self-righteous, although she did not think herself anything of the kind. She failed in that Divine charity which, while it hates sin, still loves the sinner. But life teaches us all, if we will only learn its lessons, and for both Susie and her aunt the future held some that were bitterly hard to learn.

To-night Susie felt happy enough, however—specially so when she remembered how different her lot might have been, and she dropped off to sleep thinking gladly that her duty and happiness were one.

The next morning she awoke early, hurried down, and ran out into the garden, where she expected to see Dan, for he had promised to come and dig her little potato patch. The garden was empty, however, and she went about her usual duties, thinking that he would certainly be round in the evening. But many evenings elapsed before the quiet dwelling received the hitherto constant visitor again. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Lively appeared, looking anxious and troubled.

"Hev Dan been in heer this morning?" she said, without stopping for any greeting.

"No, that he hevn't," replied Susie. "Is anything wrong?"

"I doen't know. He's not been home all night. I made sure I'd find him heer," replied his mother, hurriedly. "I thought he might hev come in without waking me—he do often—and gone out again before I was about. You're sure, Susie, he hevn't been round?"

"No; and what's more, he promised he'd come at six to dig the potatoes for me," replied Susie, with a scared face.

"Something's happened to my Dan!" cried Mrs. Lively. "Where shall I look? What shall I do?"

"I'll run straight off to Maister Wallingham; he'll likely hev seen him last," replied Susie. "Sit down, Mrs. Lively, while I go and call aunt. She's somewhere at the back."

In a very few minutes Susie found her and told her the news.

"I must go. Come, Susie," said Mrs. Lively, clinging to her arm.

"I could go quicker alone," said Susie, doubtfully.

"Yes, Susie, you're right, and as for you, you're not fit to go all that way in the sun; why, you look that faint and bad; an' after all, maybe, he hev only stayed at Maister Wallingham's," said Mrs. Weller, assuming a cheerful tone.

"Ah! but he never do other times," persisted Mrs. Lively.

Susie meanwhile, the moment her aunt turned to the anxious mother, had slipped out, and was now on her way to the head keeper's cottage.

When she arrived she found that Dan had been there late the night before, and had declared that he should return by a longer route, passing round by Deadman's Hollow. The name, as it fell from the old man's lips, struck a chill to Susie's heart.

"Surely he hevn't met that great ruffian, Long Siah!" he exclaimed. "He wouldn't hear of my comin' with him last night. I do hope nothing hev happened, but I'm off this minute to search."

"Make haste, please," said Susie, chafing at his slow movements.

"All in good time, my dear, but I must hev one or two matters, as may come in handy," he returned, proceeding to fill his pocket flask.

"I'll go on, then," said Susie.

"Ay, so you can," he returned, deliberately. "Mother! jest step up to Dick's, will'ee, and say that Dan's missing, and tell him to foller to Deadman's Hollow, as quick as maybe."

Susie was off before these directions were finished, and flying with rapid footsteps and boding heart to the hollow.

Scarcely had she reached the spot, when, sickening with vague fear, she saw in the damp marshy ground prints of men's feet, looking as if there had been a struggle, and someone had slipped.

At the bottom of the hollow was a black, dismal-looking pool, darkened by a dense, overhanging foliage of trees and bushes.

In wet weather it was often four or five feet deep, but now Susie saw with thankfulness that the water was too shallow to hide what she feared it might have done.

Looking round her, she perceived that the heavy footprints were fewer, and showed no signs of any struggle here. She climbed the slope again, tracing her way to where, the ground becoming dry and firm, the marks ceased. In sore perplexity, she began to call loudly Dan's name, when suddenly the word froze upon her lips, for a little beyond where she stood, her horrified gaze encountered a bright crimson stain. Now, indeed, there were traces enough. She followed them swiftly and silently, till at last, with a great cry, she darted in among the trees, for there, with his head resting against the gnarled

trunk of one of them, lay Dan's unconscious form.

His coat was off, and lay by his side, one shirt sleeve was turned up, and a handkerchief was wound round his left arm, which had been bleeding freely; his face, too, had been wounded.

Sick with dread, she knelt beside him, and wiped the red stain from his face; then, with a sudden hope that he had only fainted from loss of blood, Susie ran back to the water, and returned with a wet handkerchief to bathe his brow, just as the keeper and Divall appeared.

"Quick! Quick! He's alive," cried Susie.

"I'm none so sure o' that neither," said the old man, kneeling down beside him, and, while Susie supported his head, he proceeded to pour a few drops of brandy between the white lips of the sufferer.

"Dick, you be off for the doctor. Sharp! I tell'ee, and bring back a hurdle an' a couple of men with 'ee," he ordered.

At last a tinge of colour stole into the cheek so wan, in spite of its brownness, the eyes opened, and presently, with a faint languid smile, Dan recognised Susie.

"*Can'ee stand, do'ee think*, my lad?" asked Wallingham, after a little longer. But the groan which any attempt to move wrung from the sufferer showed that he could not, and there was nothing left but to wait patiently till help arrived.

During this time they gathered from the broken sentences that fell from his lips that he had come upon Long Siah and another, and that, in reply to his question as to what they were about, they had attacked him savagely—the former being armed with a large knife, and his companion with a heavy stick, besides guns, which he supposed they did not use for fear of the report.

They had overpowered and thrown him down, and he, finding that he could no longer defend himself from their brutality, had resigned himself to his fate, when, perhaps thinking him dead, or sufficiently punished, they had left him. He had managed to tie the bandage tightly enough to stop the bleeding from the wound on his arm, and then had fainted, but could not tell how long he had remained unconscious.

When the doctor arrived, he sent Susie on before to prepare Mrs. Lively for her son's return, a kind office which till now the girl's agitation had caused her to forget.

When he was once more comfortably at home in his mother's care, and Susie had returned to the cottage, she relieved her overwrought feelings by telling Aunt Bab the tale, and having what Mrs. Weller called "a regler good cry."

"An', it is but natural, my girl, to have it out, an' you'll feel the better of it, for if that wasn't enough to upset anyone, I don't know what would be, I'm sure," she continued, for she saw that at first her "child" was trying to restrain herself. This kind and wise excuse for her agitation removed the restraint she had tried to assume, by which she had all unknowingly revealed to her aunt feelings of which, as yet, she herself was hardly conscious.

What a blank would have come into her happy life if Dan had been killed! And even now she shuddered to think that there might be danger.

But shrewd Aunt Bab, who guessed a great deal of what was in Susie's mind, was a capital comforter, and prophesied that in six or seven weeks he would be about again, as strong and lively as ever.

The next day, when Susie, heavy-eyed and languid, was sitting in the porch with her needlework, Dick Divall stopped at the gate, and leaning his arms upon it wished her "Good evening."

She returned the greeting, and resumed her work.

"May I come in?" he asked, presently.

"If you like," she replied, indifferently. "Aunt's inside."

But instead of entering, he replied, "Mrs. Lively asked me to look in, and tell you how Dan was gettin' along."

Susie looked up now with interest.

"The doctor say he'll hev to be kept very quiet; he seem to think it a bad affair."

"Ye don't think there's any danger?" asked Susie, anxiously.

"Well, I don't know that, but his mother say the doctor do think it'll be a good bit 'fore he's about again. She was scared yesterday, no mistake, but she look all right again to-night; more than you do. You do look bad!"

"I was a bit upset yesterday," replied Susie, hastily, and flushing brightly, "but I'm that silly it make me feel right queer to see aunt kill the chicken even; I can't look at bleedin' any time."

"You an' him's pretty thick, ain't you?" said Dick; "he don't seem to like anyone else to speak to you."

"What nonsense!" replied Susie, bending over her work; "but they're good neighbours to us. He's always ready to do a good turn for aunt."

"Oh!" replied Dick.

The tone annoyed Susie, and she replied sharply, "You hev no call to believe it if you don't like, but it's true for all that."

"You need not count too much on that though," replied Dick, watching her; "he's always ready to do a good turn for any nice, pretty girl."

"Look here, Dick Divall," said Susie, with the hot angry colour in her cheeks, "ye needn't come to me with your hints. I'm sure I don't know what you're drivin' at, but if you hev anything to say against one that's always good to everybody, say it out open, though I'd be shamed to speak now, an' him lyin' at death's door, maybe." And without more ceremony Susie brushed past him, and shut the door with a sharp slam.

When she had cooled down a little, she felt that she had acted unwisely. Dick's suspicions would be confirmed by her anger, so she resolved next time they met to be friendly, and speak as if she had forgotten any cause of offence she might have against him.

Dan had never spoken a word that a kind brother might not have uttered, and very likely had no idea of anything but friendship in being so good and helpful to her, Susie thought; and yet she did not feel unhappy, for at any rate she was his chosen friend, whatever Dick might say. For the present that was enough, and she felt joy and a kind of pride in the fact that she regarded with affection a man so good and worthy of every one's esteem.

But although in her own heart she was proud of her feelings, she could not endure the idea of anyone joking her about them, and Dan, too, must not dream of such an idea, "unless, perhaps, he"——but, here, frightened at her own boldness, she resolutely refused to follow this train of thought, and turned her attention to other matters.

During the long weeks the patient was kept a prisoner, Susie contrived that her aunt should almost always be the one to walk over to his mother's, to give her a little friendly assistance, and to inquire as to her son's progress.

In pursuance of her resolution, she was friendly in her manner to Dick, and sometimes permitted him to do some of those kindnesses for her which had hitherto fallen to Dan's lot.

At first she had her suspicions of his motives, but he was so cool and friendly that they soon died out. Aunt Bab, though she was anxious and puzzled, watched and said very little, for she felt that "her girl" could not act unworthily. And so matters went on till Dan was declared convalescent, and took his first walk to the cottage since his accident.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE ELDER SISTER

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Sis and I were alone together:
  Our mother had died before I knew;
Sis remembered her dying whisper—
  "Baby, Sis must be good to you!"
And every morning she kneeled and prayed
To keep the trust which was on her laid.

Sis learned the lessons I'd have to learn,
  She read the books that I liked to read,
She kept my cash, and she darned my socks,
  And fed the pets I forgot to feed!
It seemed her pleasure, and that was true:
The good heart likes what it ought to do!

She never spoiled me, my loyal Sis—
  She spoke the truth, though it brought me blame.
"Who learns to blush for himself," said Sis,
  "Is saved from the bitter outer shame."
Sis loved enough to have used a knife
On a loved one's limb, to save his life.

So she loved me all through, my Sis,
  As only the strong hearts dare to do;
Who fears the truth is afraid to love,
  And cares for himself and not for you!
For Love has ever to pay the cost
To save the sinking, and find the lost.

And when life broadened before my feet,
  And faces turned to the far, far west,
Sis rose to follow. "No land on earth
  Is meant," said she, "for our lazy rest.
When loved ones go, it is time to move;
The best of living is work and love."

Hardships she bore with ready laughter,
  Never a word had our shifts but praise:
Life will be richer ever after
  For thoughts of those dear old roughing days;
While Sis has now her own home to grace,
And I know someone to fill her place!

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER II. *(continued.)*

THE boys were all delighted to find Candy at home when they awoke the next morning.

"I could hardly get to sleep for thinking about you!" said Tom. "And then I dreamt that Jack Wilson had told about you, and that you were being hung up under one of the cotton-wood trees."

Candy shuddered and turned pale.

"Did you go far, Candy?" asked Alick; "and did you see any Indians—I mean real, wild ones—out on the plains?"

"No, Alick; but don't ask Candy anything about it. Candy's head aches so badly."

"Poor Candy!" said impulsive but loving little Ronald. "Ronnie's so sorry. Candy shall lie down and have Ronnie's picture-book."

She put her arms round the boy, kissed him warmly, and then, after having finished dressing him, went downstairs, with an anxious, timid face, to meet Mr. Warner. She dreaded his being grieved with her far more than she feared the anger of her mistress.

He was out by the corral, however, and she began to help in the kitchen, where Mrs. Warner was; Denis being the only "help" they had both for the house and the yard.

"Now, be quick, Candalaria," said she, "and let me see by your good behaviour that you repent of your wickedness. If you can show me that, I will try to forget what has passed, and not make an example of you, as you deserve."

This day, which began so heavily for Candalaria, was to be a more eventful one than any in her short life before, except, perhaps, the one on which she was found hanging—poor little mortal!—like a sign of the lamb one sees often over a hosier's door.

Whilst she went about the house, sadly, and yet meekly trying to do her best, because of her promise to Mr. Grahame—wondering now and then whether he would remember to come and ask Mrs. Warner to allow her to go to the Sunday-school—the old Mexican woman who had sold her lay dying in her miserable hut at Santa Anna, and a messenger came to beg Mr. Warner to come to her at once, as she had something of importance to say to him before she became speechless.

No wonder she had felt no love or pity for the poor babe! It was not her own, but the child of a Mexican lady of good family, who had died on a journey when her little daughter was born. The father, an officer, had perished during the last war; and no one was there to care for the orphan, or to find out whether it had any relations left who would adopt it.

The dying woman told Stephen that the lady had stopped to rest in her hut at Santa Maria, where she was then living; that a man servant who had been in attendance on her had gone on to find help for his mistress, but had never returned. Some money and a few jewels which the lady wore, and which she thought she had hidden away safely, had been afterwards stolen from her—all except a small gold heart which she had transferred from the poor lady's neck to her own, intending, she said, to give it to the child when it was older.

"Take it," she uttered, feebly, uncovering her poor shrivelled throat.

Stephen cut the string to which it was attached. On the surface were engraved the letters A. G.

"Were there no letters or papers about the lady?" he asked.

"Yes; but I burned them."

"Why did you do that?"

The woman did not answer at once; she seemed to struggle with physical as well as moral weakness.

Stephen kept his eyes fixed on hers, and repeated the question.

"I wanted the money," she gasped, at length.

Seeing that the wretched woman had nothing more to tell, and that she was fast sinking, Stephen called to a girl who was near the hut to come to her, bade her stay there, and he would send someone else as soon as possible, who would do all that was left to be done for the dying; and then he rode away.

"What will Eleanor say to this?" he thought. "She will perhaps feel more mercifully inclined towards Candalaria as the child of well-born people than she did to the despised and ill-treated little outcast. Candy's affairs have certainly come to a crisis, and please God they shall take a turn for the better." He took the heart out of his pocket: "A. G." The letters told him nothing. "They may serve as a clue some day, however," he said to himself, as he urged his horse on more quickly.

Candalaria was dusting in the parlour when he reached home. Her heart was very heavy, and the duster went up to her weeping eyes almost as often as it did to the chairs. She heard the father's horse approach, then his steps on the veranda, and she trembled with nervous anticipation of what his greeting would be.

Stephen went at once to his wife, and told her of his strange interview with the dying Mexican.

"Let us forget all about the poor girl's misdeeds, Nell," he said, in conclusion, "and adopt her afresh. She does not come of the low set you disliked so much, after all; and, with some patience and some instruction that I mean her to have, she may yet be a great comfort to you."

Mr. Grahame arrived before Mrs. Warner had time to say anything worth relating. The three talked over the child's past, and made some plans for her future; then Candalaria was sent for. She had fled from the kitchen into her own room on hearing Mr. Grahame's voice in the passage.

Standing at the parlour door for a moment, she looked timidly from one face to the others. That of Mr. Warner seemed to promise protection and comfort.

"Don't be afraid of us, child," he said, kindly. "Come here."

She went quickly and shyly up to him. The touch of his arm as he put it round her reassured, and yet made her tremble, bringing tears—not bitter ones, however—to her eyes.

"I will never be naughty any more, father," she said, pleadingly. "Ask Mrs. Warner to forgive me. I will try so hard to please her."

Stephen led her across to his wife, who felt embarrassed under the observant eyes of the minister, and did not know what to say. She did the best thing, perhaps, under the circumstances when she kissed the weeping child and said nothing.

Candalaria was very much bewildered on receiving the first kiss she had had from Eleanor as long as she could remember. She was still more so later on in the evening, when the gold heart was fastened about her brown little throat, and she was told that it had once belonged to her mother, and she was to wear it always.

"My mother! my own mother!" thought the girl, wonderingly. Then a feeling as though loving arms had been wrapped around her—such a feeling as she had never been conscious of before—filled her heart.

"Did she wear this always?" she asked.

"Most likely, Candy; your mother

was a Mexican, and they are fond of such things."

A Mexican! Such a one as those low, dirty people who live in mud huts like holes in the hillside! The thought was not pleasant.

"A Mexican?" she repeated, anxiously.

"Yes; but not like those you know. She was a lady, and your father was an officer."

Stephen it was who said this; he had divined the thought expressed in her face, and wanted to make her happier.

She felt very weary after so many tears and so much excitement, and, as soon as the boys were undressed and put to bed, she was glad to creep in herself beside Ronnie, where her thoughts wandered back over the day that was closing—the strangest and fullest of her short life. Then she remembered her promise to the minister, and she jumped out of bed again in order to kneel down. "Oh, God, please make me good; help me to keep good, and make Mrs. Warner love me, for Christ's sake. Amen," she prayed.

When she laid down again, her hand closed over the little gold heart. How it seemed to comfort her! It would lie always there, where the locket had lain; and it seemed to speak of love and forgiveness. Life would never be the same to her as it had been. She suspected this, however, only very dimly; not having been taught much, she knew nothing well beyond the limits of this family and home, outside which she had only vague ideas of wide, endless plains, rugged mountains, Indians, men who were to be feared and avoided, and wild animals.

No definite thoughts of parents, of whom she had never been told anything, had hitherto shaped themselves in the child's brain; part of Stephen's bargain with the Mexican woman had been that she was never to show herself at his house or to communicate in any way with Candalaria. She had, however, felt that she was different to the fairer-skinned boys, and had been conscious that even that bad Stokes's Anna treated her as something inferior to herself; and the feeling had pained and irritated her. Now that she knew her father had been an officer, like the gentlemen to whom Mrs. Warner was so polite, and Mr. Warner had called her mother "a lady," she felt better and happier. The treasure on her neck sent a warm thrill through the lonely heart as she thought, "If my mother had lived I should have been caressed and petted like Ronnie here."

She was to go to school, too—not only on Sundays, but every day—to that kind, cheerful Mrs. Carey, who had always greeted her pleasantly when she passed her door.

After thinking well over what the dying woman had told him, Stephen Warner concluded that he had better go and see Judge Lynchem, to tell him what he had learned, and to request him to make a note of all that was known of Candalaria's origin, and of the fact that he and Eleanor, his wife, had adopted her.

He found the learned judge at home, in front of his frame-house, the central figure of a motley assemblage of frontiersmen, Indians, Mexicans, and lean mongrel dogs. Candalaria's little history was duly registered; the only clue to her parentage lying, perhaps, in those letters "A. G.," which were engraved on the gold heart.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A FEMALE STUDENT.—We should think Girton College would suit you. The entrance examinations are in March and June, and the terms are 105 guineas per annum. Address the Mistress or the Secretary, Mrs. Croom Robertson, 31, Kensington-park-gardens. Perhaps the examinations of the College of Preceptors would answer as well.

MIMETTE.—We should think the place of pupil teacher in a high school would be best. You could not take a situation before you were eighteen.

AVE.—Inquire of any educational publisher or bookseller.

EXCELSIOR.—As you do not yet know anything about shorthand yourself, you had better wait until you learn it before you make plans for teaching it to others. You are only sixteen, and your ordinary writing is very defective indeed.

AN EARWIG and S. P.—The College of Preceptors is at 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. It holds half-yearly examinations; fee, 10s. The Battle of Stanford Bridge took place September 26th, 1066, between Harold II. and his brother Tostig, who had joined the invading army of Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. Both the latter were slain.

CAUGHT.—We should advise you to go in for the examination of the College of Preceptors, by all means.

EARLY RISER.—Perhaps you learn like a parrot, and do not understand your lessons; or perhaps you do not repeat them over a sufficient number of times to impress them verbally on your memory.

CORNWELL.—We always regret that our prizes and certificates cannot be awarded to all our industrious competitors; but they must necessarily be limited to the most deserving amongst them. Judging from the style of your letter, we could have no doubt that your composition was not "up to the mark." For example, you say, "My life is to be a life of study if all goes well. I have done excellent in my studies up to now; and my mind is given to it." Your earnest endeavour to persevere is praiseworthy.

OSMUNDA REGALIS.—That a certificate is not always obtained by those at times successful, is no proof that their work is without some amount of merit; but that amount must be weighed against what may be justly credited to others.

BLUSH ROSE.—Write for "A New Companion to the Bible," for Bible classes and Sunday-schools, price 2s. 6d.; it would assist you in teaching. Write for it to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. He would send you one of the General Catalogues of the Religious Tract Society, and you could select what you require and see the prices.

JESSIE FRANCK.—We regret to hear that you were one of those disappointed at the last competition. Amongst the multitudes competing, we have to select the best, and in so doing no particular fault—as regards an "infringement of rules," or otherwise—need be necessarily laid to the charge of the majority, who must be disappointed. Even were such to exist, we could not undertake to keep notes of all these, with the respective names of the competitors affixed to each set. It would be unreasonable to expect it. We are glad to hear that you were on two occasions the fortunate winner of a third-class certificate.

COOKERY.

ROMOLA.—A recipe for vegetable-marrow preserve was given at page 111, vol. iii. In "How to Cook Vegetables," page 6, vol. iii., you will find vegetable-marrow mentioned. The tone of your post-card is not polite; certainly not well-bred

META MILVER.—Crab may be made into soup as follows:—Boil half a pound of rice in one quart of stock, water or milk, with nutmeg, salt and pepper, and one ounce of butter. While the rice is slowly simmering, break up a fresh boiled crab, taking all the white meat out and keeping it separate. Pound all the yellow pith, from the body, with the soft rice, and mix the whole with a quart of hot stock (water or milk), and pour into a saucepan. Add the white meat from the claws, etc., season with a pinch of cayenne and a little anchovy; stir over the fire till quite hot, without letting it boil, and serve. Crabs are used for salad. When cold, crack and empty the shells, and in the largest mix some vinegar, salt, white pepper, and cayenne. Put the meat to it, and mix all together; add a little sweet oil, but the crab being rich it does not need much. To serve crab hot, chop and fry some parsley, mushrooms, or a little young onion; mix these with the meat, and fill the largest shell with them; add some good gravy and some lemon juice, shake a little flour over the surface, brown in the oven, and serve very hot. Do not use the brown parts—only the yellow and white.

C. E. R.—1. The following is a recipe for pickling salmon:—Mix equal quantities of vinegar, white wine, and water, and boil the mixture, with mace, cloves, ginger, pepper, and horseradish. When sufficiently boiled, take out the horseradish and pour the pickle over the salmon, which should be previously boiled in a solution of strong salt and water. 2. Employ "insecticide," to be had at any grocer's. You write badly.

MUSIC.

ATLANTIS.—You will find what you require in "Our Great Living Composers." Cheap editions of all those you mention are published. We think if you copied some good writing which you are fond of for its owner's sake, you would improve.

E. R. A., CASTELLINO, and Others.—You will find the series of primers issued by Messrs. Novello very useful to you on all musical subjects.

L. M.—The American organ differs from the harmonium, but is a variety of the same instrument. The tone is sometimes produced by each reed being placed in a separate tube, or in a very short pipe made of soft wood. The arrangements for producing the expression and tremolo stops, etc., are different from those in the ordinary European harmonium.

EMMIE.—We do not advise any young girl to risk going abroad to a situation, either as a teacher in a school or in a private house, without a previous personal acquaintance with the parties to whom she is going, or an introduction by reliable friends. You had better apply to the Secretary of the new Royal College of Music, at Kensington Gore.

NEMO and A DANISH GIRL.—Write for the information you require to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, and obtain the papers that state what is essential for passing the examination. Address, Charles Morley, Esq., Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore. You can have THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER sent to you to Copenhagen by writing to Mr. Tarn, and arranging with him about the subscription and postage. The amount of the latter is trifling.

BONNIE LESLIE had better make inquiries at some music-sellers, and if the verses be set to music it will be procured for her. We have not met with it. The verses are good. "Geoffrey" is pronounced "Jeffree."

VERITAS.—Play the "Harmonious Blacksmith" as marked. It would have a doleful effect to play it very slowly. Whoever did so, was probably reading it without having had much previous knowledge of the notes. A "phrase" in music is a musical sentence, thought, or idea. "Phrasing" is "dividing the musical sentences into rhythmical sections." Why do you not procure a dictionary of musical terms?

EMMA B.—The bagpipe is of very ancient origin. Excavations at Tarsus have brought to light a representation of a pair, dating at least 200 years before the Christian era.

ART.

A CANADIAN GIRL and F. W. HALL.—Silk or satin should be stretched on an open frame before using it in any way, and then it should be sized with a solution of gelatine, if intended for water-colours. See "How to Paint upon Silk and Satin," page 66, vol. iii.

MARGARET.—Size the cork frame with isinglass, and afterwards varnish with copal varnish.

GERANIUM.—The articles on water-colour painting ran through all last year (vol. iii.). Those on oil colours are in vol. ii. You had better procure both.

L. C. C., CARDOZO.—1. The surface of the terra-cotta may be coated with a wash of Nelson's gelatine, and the outlines with Chinese white mixed with gelatine for water-colours. For oil colours no such preparation is needed, but the brush must be held upright while painting. Mix your colours with Robertson's medium. 2. As soon as the child has learnt the alphabet, give her a small story-book with large print and words of one syllable, and tell her each word as it comes, pointing to it, and having great patience in returning to the beginning of a sentence to tell all over again so long as the child may forget a word. Try to make it amusing by your own remarks, and do not make the lesson a long one. "Little by little," "short and sweet," should be the rule.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDELWEISS.—Provided the needful legal forms have been complied with, the marriage would be legal, whatever the religion of the parties.

R. M. C. C.—Young girls should not go out in the evenings without some older person's escort, and certainly not without the entire approval of their mothers. September 26th, 1866, was a Wednesday.

L. BELL (India).—Many thanks, but we are quite overstocked at present.

MARIE DUMORTICO.—We believe Pitman's system of shorthand is most recommended. Inquire for his three manuals at a bookseller's. December 8th, 1865, was a Friday.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—The 15th August, 1866, was a Wednesday.

A LOVER OF SUNSHINE.—So long as you do not bathe too soon after eating, and avoid chills, it will do you no harm.

CLARE DESMOND.—May 17th, 1865, was a Wednesday; July 4th, 1866, was a Wednesday; August 22nd, 1867, was a Thursday.

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—Darwin was buried in Westminster Abbey. All dogs need washing, if there is no water near, where they can bathe themselves. If there is, and the dog does not go in of himself, he should be washed.

CHAULES, FRANCES, WITCH I., and TWENTY YEARS.—We know of nothing better for the hair than a decoction of rosemary, which you can make yourselves from the fresh leaves by pouring boiling water upon them and letting them stand till cold, when the decoction should be well rubbed in with a sponge to the roots of the hair.

CARISSIMA.—We suppose you mean the inhabitants of the torrid zone, who are called *amphiscii*, because their shadows project alternately towards both poles at noon, the sun being at different times of the year north and south of them. We think you had better be satisfied with your writing as it is.

WATER LILY.—The quotation, "Not dead, but gone before," will be found in Rodgers' "Human Life;" the original is, however, from Seneca, Epistle lxiii. 16.

TIMIDITY.—"How happy could I be with either," is from the *Beggar's Opera*, by Gay.

UNHAPPY FLO.—Do not mind about "feelings." Tell the person who thus annoys you that his conduct is ungentlemanly and rude in forcing himself upon you, and that if he continues it you shall be obliged to ask your father to interfere.

ESTELLIE.—Certainly you may send your verses, but we warn you that we rarely receive any that constitute poetry. You write tolerably well, but the grammar and spelling are incorrect, which we only name for the purpose of directing your attention to these departments in your education rather than to encourage you in the useless writing of verses. We are glad you like our paper, and perceive that it strives to raise the standard of our readers' views and aims in life.

LITTLE BIRDIE. — Pronounce the German word "Ehren" as "air-ren."

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—Your brother should avoid wearing leather shoes or boots when possible, and after having, with very delicate and sharp scissors, cut away the corn, let him soap the inside of his sock thickly with soap of the consistency of butter, all over the portion of the sock covering the part affected. This may be damped during the day, when it becomes hard and dry, so as to keep the inflamed and tender spot cool. At night lay a soft wet sponge on it, and wrap a piece of linen rag round it. Patent leather shoes, and indiarubber goloshes, are very injurious to persons troubled with such a complaint, and unwholesome for anyone.

BEATRICE C. has written a very nice letter, and enclosed specimens of versification which evince very considerable aptitude in so expressing her thoughts; they flow smoothly, and those addressed to her brother (the little tormentor, who ought to have had his ears boxed) have much humour about them. She writes a beautiful hand. 2. The name about which you inquire is not on record.

GEMSTA.—We think that you may keep the little gift, if one to be regarded as merely that of friendship. You must know best the terms on which you meet, with which we are unacquainted.

BUTTERCUP.—We do not think it safe for ladies to ride their tricycles in the crowded streets of a town, nor does it look well for them to do so. Get boots to fit you, avoiding the ugly pointed toes.

EDESTEIN.—February 23, 1866, was a Friday. We do not advise such things for anyone, and young girls do not need them.

DESPAIR.—We could not advise you on the subject, as we do not know what caused the deafness. We suppose you have consulted a doctor.

DAME TROT.—We think that silver looks better when worn by itself, but there are no rules about it. Pronounce the "i" as in "machine." The writing is careless and untidy.

YAM AND YLLEN.—The reason given you for not reading on the beach may be wrong in your eyes, but the principle of prompt and willing obedience is *right*, and on it you must act. We are Christians, and must act as such, "rendering to all their due, honour to whom honour—reverence to whom reverence." Find some other amusement: learn to recognise the difference between the ships you see, and the various kinds of rigging, for instance; this will take you some time, and be an endless interest.

A LOVER OF LEARNING. — "Scots wha hae" is properly called "Bruce's address" to his army. It was composed by Burns.

BUDGE.—The meaning of the Latin words *Miserere Domine* is, "Have mercy on me, O Lord!" and of *Gloria tibi Domine*, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord!" Your handwriting is legible, though not very pretty. "Sweetness" does not depend on the attainment of any particular age, but on the individual.

BLUSH ROSE.—*Nisi prius* are two Latin words, which literally signify "unless previously." It forms a term used in law; a *nisi* case is a cause to be tried in the assize courts. Sittings at *nisi prius* are sessions of *nisi prius* courts, which never try criminal cases. You write fairly well.

FLORA A.—You should write your names with capital letters. Ask your mistress whether you may be allowed the pleasure of sending her a piece of your cake, and enclose with it (should she accept the offer) a sheet of note-paper, "With Flora So-an-So's best respects." It would be quite unseemly to send your "compliments" to her; and we should imagine that you have too much real good taste and feeling to do or say anything that would be out of place and presumptuous.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOM.—The hymn commencing "O! Paradise, O! Paradise" is by Faber. We are not acquainted with any selected portion of it under the name you mention, but such names are arbitrary and peculiar to each hymn book.

OLINSKA.—The saying, "Diamond cut diamond," means, cunning outwitting cunning, or the sharpest intellects coming into collision, just as in engraving or in cutting diamonds diamond dust is employed as a medium. The so-called "æsthetics" are overdrawn and caricatured to bring them to reason, and to amuse others. Your last question we quote for the latter purpose, "I should like to know if Antony in Shaskpear's Antony and Cleapatra was the saint of Italy?"

HUZZ AND BUZZ.—Your quotation is too vulgar for notice. In the name "Romola" the accent is on the second syllable. We regret that we cannot compliment you on your success in the verses you have sent us.

MABEL C.—We thank you for your letter and recipe, and must recommend you to count the syllables of every line, and make the lines that should correspond one with another similar in length, placing the emphasis on the same syllable in each. The words, flower, tower, bower, and fire, etc., should be classed as of one syllable in poetry.

EVELYN V.—You write freely, and to the point, although the beat and numbers of feet in some of the lines need revision. We thank you for the subjoined recipe. You write a very pretty hand. To clean a slimy sponge, place it in a basin, pour half a pint of vinegar over it and leave it to soak for about ten minutes. Then squeeze out the vinegar and rinse the sponge well in cold water. This quantity of vinegar is suitable for one of medium size.

MIRIAM.—Cromer (Norfolk) stands high on the cliffs, but is sheltered by well-wooded hills. The air is bracing. The town is old-fashioned, and has good shops; the provisions also are cheap. There is a sea-wall, jetty, and good esplanade, and the sands are said to be "perfection," extending for miles, which seems to render the bathing good. Apartments are plentiful; there are two hotels and a boarding-house. The lodgings are abundant, and provisions are cheap at Lowestoft, and also at Great Yarmouth; but at which of the three watering-places they are the least expensive we could not inform you. This must depend on the situation and style of the house and furniture, and description of attendance selected in any one of them, as one is not more fashionable than another. The climate of all three places is bracing, being on the east coast.

TOORAK.—The climate of Ilfracombe is bracing, and the mortality only 17 per 1,000. The surrounding country is hilly, and there are pretty walks, and excursions to be made also by carriage, railroad, and steamer, at between two and a half and twenty miles distance. There is very little sand, but the bathing is good, and the approach to the machines is through tunnels. There are assembly and reading rooms, and a "Reading Society"; concerts are given at the Oxford and Assembly Rooms, and a band plays every evening on the Capstone Parade. Apartments plentiful. Brixham (Devon) is pretty and quiet; provisions and dress are cheap, and so are lodgings, of which there are many and good ones. The town is divided into "Higher" and "Lower" Brixham; the climate is even milder than that of Torquay, and the season is from October to April; the summer months being too hot for most visitors.

FAIRY OF THE DOWNS.—Give them to your own neighbours. If you show them kindness and attention, you will have more influence over them for good.

DOT.—The letters "P.P.C." stand for the French words *pour prendre congée*, "for to take leave" being the literal translation. You will find the answer to your second query already and recently given.

SIXTEEN YEARS.—First wash in a lather of soapsuds, and then dip into coffee, to give the cream-colour, and then press in a book. Write round-hand copies.

JOSEPHINE.—It is quite true that no fish are to be found in the Dead Sea, which covers the crater of a volcano. There is no visible outlet to the lake, although the River Jordan pours a volume of water into it daily, computed at six millions and ninety thousand tons, which must sink down into some subterranean abyss. The jagged rocks and ravines, and whole appearance of the coast around it, give unmistakable evidence of the awful convulsion of nature by which the infamous "cities of the Plain" were destroyed.

NAN.—The degree of "Bachelor of Medicine" is taken first, and then that of "Doctor of Medicine," which is, of course, the higher of the two.

PEARL.—Slope your writing a little more, and think of the person, and the remark made to you, and not of how you are looking, or what they may be thinking of you.

BER.—We have answered both your questions over and over again. We can only now advise you to wear a veil, and to keep your hands in gloves as much as possible. Neither disfigurement is always capable of cure. Red hands and freckles are natural to many. Bathing with cold sage tea is good for sun-burn.

YOLANDE.—You may serve God in many ways—in fact, in the conscientious discharge of all your natural home duties from the very smallest up to the greatest act of filial devotion. Feelings are often mere fancies in point of fact, "Not everyone that saith, 'Lord, Lord,'" etc., "but he that doeth the will of my Father" (see St. Matthew vii. 21). Love and faith must be made practical. Endeavour to please Him, and honour His will and commandments, by doing all zealously, as in His sight and as His grateful and dutiful child, and pray daily for His guidance and blessing in all things. You write fairly well, but use a bad pen.

E. W.—The name "Cleophas" occurring in St. John, xix., 25, should be "Clopas," and the individual named by St. Luke, xxiv., 18, is a different person from the former, as proved from the oldest version. Some difficulty has arisen in the same way respecting "Alphœus," for we find "James, the son of Alphœus," and "Levi the son of Alphœus." Whether one and the same individual, does not appear substantiated.

NESTA.—By all means wear your hair as may best please your mother and sister. To gratify your parents by consulting their wishes, even in such little trifles, is an act of filial feeling of far more value and consequence than the mere act itself. Apart from this view of the case, it is always seemly in a well-bred (as well as in a religious) woman to dress as much as possible like the majority of other people of their age and their own position in life, so as to attract as little notice as possible by singularity of appearance. To cut your hair straight across your forehead would now attract observation, as, with the exception of very young children, no one wears it thus at present. We rejoice to hear that you desire to lead a consistently religious life, and we sincerely wish you Godspeed.

BRUNHILDA MYRIA.—Your parrot had probably been eating too much green food. Your writing is certainly very careless and bad.

MARY LLOYD.—We have not heard of any solution yet, though we have hunted through all kinds of volumes.

F. A. B.—We do not act as advertising agents, nor do we keep a registry office.

CALCUTTA.—We think that it is right for the bride and bridegroom to consult their own feelings and position in life; they are by no means forced to take a wedding tour.

JUPON.—We rather doubt the quilted petticoat dyeing well, but you had better inquire of a practical dyer. If not, put a kilting of black silk at the edge, which will hide any stains.

MARICEL.—Many thanks for the card. We knew water-drinking was said by many medical men to be fattening, but the idea seems to be that it affects grown-up people more than girls or boys.

SUNBURNT TOPSY.—A million of old postage stamps is not worth any money at all, and old stamps are useless, save to make snakes and paper the outsides of boxes.

MOLLY BAWN.—Azotus, or Ashdod, was a seaport of Phœnicia, north-east of Ascalon. It was fortified by the Egyptians against the Assyrians, and according to Herodotus it stood a siege twenty-nine years, B.C. 631.

LOUIS BRAUNLEIN.—We suppose your shoulders have become round from the habit of stooping over a desk. We know of no remedy but the use of a face and back board. You might wear the latter even when writing. It would do you good to take drilling lessons from a drill sergeant. The other defect cannot be cured.

TROTTIE.—The defect of showing the veins at the back of the hand is not one to be cured. We suppose that you are thin. Try to fatten yourself.

MISS THOMPSON.—We thank you for your offer, but are unable to accept it, as our stock of MSS. is so great.

DAISY.—Allow us to commend to your notice and interest the following societies very deserving of aid in the presentation of clothing. The Working Ladies' Guild, 113, Gloucester-road, South Kensington, for the benefit of poor governesses and other indigent ladies; for intending emigrants, addressed to the Secretary, Northern Branch, W. E. S., 13, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W.; for poor clergy and their families, to the office of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

INNOCENT.—It is quite a matter of taste. Most intending brides postpone the marking of the trousseau until after marriage, which is the best plan. The house linen newly purchased may be marked with the united initials of the Christian name of bride and bridegroom and that of the man's surname.

VIDA.—The second temple did not contain the ark. It is not known what became of it, whether it was taken amongst the spoils of the city or destroyed by the Jews themselves. January 7th, 1868, was a Thursday; October 20th, 1870, was a Thursday.

BELLADONNA.—We are sorry for your disappointment, but we cannot possibly insert, or even always notice, all the poetry our girls send us. We do our best, and point out faults to help all our readers when possible.

TOOTHBRUSH.—The first quotation is from Charles Kingsley, the second from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and grey,
"An emblem of myself thou art."
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart.

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams,
And songs of merry birds again.

"But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart."

WHITTIER.

VOL. V.—NO. 200. OCTOBER 27, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

BY DORA HOPE.

"I FEEL sorry that a sister of mine, that a St. Adrian, should make use of such very coarse expressions," said Mr. Ralph Adrian St. Adrian, in a tone of considerable asperity, laying down an open letter beside his plate on the breakfast table.

"Well, you know aunt was always fond of calling a spade, a spade; and, after all, you must confess that the substance of her letter is true, daddy dear."

"Whether or not it be true is not the question, my dear Adrienne," replied her father, with his most ceremonious manner. "I merely observe that it is a pity your Aunt Gwendolyn should clothe her opinions in such—such offensive language. If I mistake not, she actually makes use of the word wages!—positively wages!!—in connection with my daughter. Yes, here is the passage," he went on, taking up the letter again and reading aloud the following extract: "'I have waited till Narcissa's twenty-first birthday, as I thought, when she became a woman, she might possibly see the folly and sin of the worse than idle life she is leading, and might strike out some line of usefulness for herself. But this is hardly to be expected of a girl who has been brought up as you, brother Adrian, have brought up yours, teaching them that because they bear an aristocratic name, they must look upon industry as vulgar, and because they come of a good old family, must prefer penury to earning a competency by honest work. So I write to ask Narcissa to come and help me in my school. Her long residence in France and Germany will have given her sufficient fluency in those languages to make her useful, and in return for her services as general assistant I am willing to give her £30 a year wages at first, till I see what she is good for; and a comfortable home where she can be happy if she chooses, and if she does not bring with her any of the

All rights reserved.]

"'I HAVE OFTEN READ THAT EVERYONE HAS SOME CROSS TO BEAR,' SAID NARCISSA."

grand notions which I daresay she inherits from her father. Let me hear your decision as soon as possible ; I shall not ask her a second time, and if you refuse, I must see about finding a young person elsewhere.

Your affectionate sister,

GWENDOLYN ST. ADRIAN.'

"Oh! it is positively insulting! Give me little more cream, Adrienne. Wages! Young person, indeed!!" continued Mr. St. Adrian, actually trembling with indignation, as he handed up his cup for a second supply of the exceedingly blue milk with which the cream jug was filled.

The appearance of the breakfast table gave a very fair idea of the style which characterised the whole proceedings of the family which now sat round it. There was truly a goodly array of dishes, covers, and plates; but the quantity of actual food they represented was indeed small as compared with the requirements of a hungry man. On the centre of a large dish, plentifully garnished with parsley, reposed one mutton chop, of the smallest possible dimensions. Another dish, befrilled and beflounced with dainty napery, contained two sardines, lying tail to tail, and looking half ashamed of the poor figure they cut amongst such a wealth of fine linen decorations. An egg dish was there too, but he who lifted the comfortable china hen which formed the cover would have found an empty nest. An exceedingly small pat of butter, in a dainty dish, and a single French roll completed the array of viands which were spread at Mr. St. Adrian's end of the table; but at the other side, occupied by the girls, there was a substantial home-made loaf, a dish of stewed fruit, and two good sized plates from which the porridge had already been demolished with a good appetite. Thus it was in all the affairs of the family: the father rigorously keeping up a pretence of the style of living which he thought suited to his aristocratic descent, whilst the daughters, pinching themselves to gratify his fancies, were glad to satisfy their healthy young appetites with the cheapest possible fare, averring that very plain food suited their digestion better than dainties, and that they preferred to go on wearing shabby old dresses because they were so much more easy and comfortable than stiff new ones; transparent excuses which deceived no one, but spared Mr. St. Adrian's sensitive feelings from being wounded by a suspicion of vulgar poverty.

The only luxury the girls allowed themselves at table was a plentiful supply of fruit. They had been so long accustomed to living in countries where fruit is plentiful and cheap, that they had come to look upon it as one of the necessaries of life, and rarely sat down to a meal without it—indeed, they greatly scandalised some of the landladies they sojourned with in England by the habit they had acquired on the Continent of always eating stewed fruit with hot meat, and it amused the girls extremely to notice the look of horror some of them put on when told to serve stewed pears or prunes with roast mutton, or apple sauce, sprinkled with currants and sultana raisins, to beefsteak. They had another fancy about fruit which was sometimes a source of grief to their landladies, namely, that they strongly objected to plums, cherries, and such like fruit with the stones left in, and always insisted upon having them stoned before cooking. A mixture of different kinds of fruits, all cooked together, also rather upset their landladies' ideas of what was correct, though on being invited to taste the dishes they complained of, they were generally compelled to acknowledge that stoned cherries and red currants stewed together made a delicious dish, as did apples and cranberries, and, indeed, apples and anything else, with the addition of a little lemon-peel; while it was undoubtedly economical, as long as rhubarb was in season, to stew it with whatever other fruit could be obtained, as rhubarb takes the flavour of whatever is cooked with it, without imparting its own, if used sparingly. When the girls were particularly short of money and had to live more economically than usual, they made a more substantial dish by putting a little rice with the fruit into a jar, and stewing them all together in the oven. When they were well off, on the other hand, and could afford a little extravagance, they had a very plain crust made, and the fruit cooked in a dish covered with this paste, like an ordinary fruit tart. This lid was afterwards removed. The reason for cooking it in this way was that they had noticed that fruit out of a pie is so much nicer than that cooked in the ordinary way. But it was not often that they could afford luxuries of this kind—economy was generally their only object, and they breakfasted day after day on oatmeal porridge, followed by the cheapest obtainable stewed fruit, and bread.

Mr. St. Adrian was fond of his children, in his somewhat selfish way, but his affection was not of the sort which could induce him to descend from his own exalted position and work to give his daughters a few luxuries. He would have preferred to see them well dressed, but never thought of denying himself in any way to give them the means of improving their appearance. They, on their side, could not but be aware of the weakness of their father's character; but ever since their mother had died, begging them with her dying breath to try to fill her place to him, they had loved and cared for him in a fond, half-motherly fashion which was very pathetic. They had taken upon themselves the burden of their poverty, and cheerfully ate their porridge and bread that he might enjoy his fine white roll, and laughed cheerily the while as they chatted with him across the table.

The conversation this morning was, of course, about the offer of Miss Gwendolyn St. Adrian to take Narcissa, the elder of the two girls, as assistant in her school. The girls had led a Bohemian sort of existence since their mother's death, five years ago, moving from place to place, chiefly on the Continent, stopping for a few months at a time wherever their father could find amusing company, and they "comfortable apartments"—an elegant expression which, in the St. Adrian family, meant lodgings cheap enough to be within their means. They were never dull, and fell in with plenty of their compatriots, aristocratic people, too, who, like themselves, "disliked ostentation and preferred to live simply."

But in spite of the bright face they put upon it, they had felt the sting of poverty too painfully not to see that this offer of their aunt's must not be lightly refused, much as the parting involved would be felt by all concerned. They set to work, therefore, to coax their father into giving his consent; but the plain speaking in his sister's letter had so ruffled Mr. St. Adrian's temper that to convert him to their view was no easy task. He was, of course, aware of the shifts to which the little household was reduced in order to make both ends meet, and in the rare moments when he permitted serious thoughts of life to enter his mind, he was compelled secretly to acknowledge that a less selfish man would, in his place, have turned his time and talents to account to swell their scanty income. But such reflections were not pleasant company, and a stroll along the favourite promenade speedily banished them from his mind. It pleased him to lead this farce of a life, and nothing so surely ruffled his usually placid temper as to have the real facts put plainly before him. However, at length the girls gained their end, and coaxed and persuaded their father to give a reluctant consent, but so turning and twisting the facts about that they appeared in a different and, as he thought, a happier light than the true one.

"Of course, if I choose to send my daughter to finish her education later in life than is usual, why—it is my affair entirely; and if my sister chooses to present her eldest niece with a trifling sum, just as pin money, well, that is her affair; and far be it from me to forbid my daughter to gratify her aunt in this matter."

And so the matter was settled, and the sisters fell to discussing ways and means to provide the few new garments which this step rendered necessary.

"There is no occasion for my having anything at all showy or stylish, Adie, dear—in fact, the more plain and dowdy my things are, the more aunt will approve," said Narcissa, turning over an old black cashmere which was to be transformed into a neat morning dress.

"You can never look anything but a lady, whatever you wear, with your figure and good carriage," said Adrienne; but still I agree with you, that the plainer your dresses are the better, which is fortunate, as it happens that our dress purse does not contain a single farthing."

"I feel rather a poor, lorn creature, going out alone into the wide world, Adie, and leaving you and dear daddie," said Narcissa, with a little choking in her voice; "and I am afraid that this school is such an extraordinary place. We have heard such odd reports about aunt's system of instruction, and you know I do so dislike anything *outré* and out of the way—it seems to grate on me, somehow."

"Poor dear! I am afraid you will be grated on considerably then, for I suppose aunt's school does stand quite alone, though we have only heard vague reports of the curious things that go on there. But at any rate, Cissa, I think you are better off than I, for you are going out to be some use in the world, and to earn money, and to expand, as it were, whilst I shall have to toil and moil on alone, trying to make one shilling go as far as ten, and playing Princess in a shabby gown to poor dear father's Grand Seigneur."

"I have often read that everyone, even the most fortunate, has some cross to bear," said Narcissa, meditatively, "and I suppose it is so—it certainly is in *this* corner of the world, Adie, and all we can do is to bear ours as bravely as we can; and, after all, you know, it might be much worse—you might be blind and I might have been born an idiot—we are not as bad as that, anyhow!" at which sage remark both girls began to laugh, and returned to their work on the old black dress with lighter hearts. They were accustomed to look for the brightest side of things, and their occasional fits of low spirits were of very short duration.

The days sped quickly by, and the last had come, and the pain of parting was keenly felt by all the three, who till now had clung together so affectionately through fair weather and foul. Adrienne and her father went with Narcissa to the station, and started her off with a smile and a cheering word, and then turned homewards, feeling very bereft without their gentle Narcissa. As for her, poor girl, she broke down altogether as soon as she was out of sight of the station, and felt that she was indeed going out alone into the world; but she soon recovered herself and forced herself to read the book she had with her, to distract her thoughts. The day was cloudy and dull, and the journey long and tiring, and as she grew nearer her destination her heart sank lower and lower. As the shades of evening drew on, a shrill gusty wind sprang up, and

the rain beginning to fall heavily at the same time, pattered dismally against the carriage windows. But the longest day has an end, and after a journey which seemed interminable, the station was reached at last. Narcissa gave a hasty look round, but not seeing anyone who seemed to be waiting for her, she gave her modest luggage to a porter to carry to a cab.

"Spike House, oh yes, miss! we all knows that, about two mile away," said the man; and Narcissa thought she saw a half smile flickering on his face as he shouldered her box.

The cab soon left the town and went splashing along a muddy country road, on either side of which, through the rain and fog, Narcissa could dimly discern hedges and trees. At length she saw that they were passing a high brick wall, the top of which was plentifully adorned with sharp iron spikes.

"This surely must be it," she murmured, shivering in the cold, draughty cab. "Oh, dear, what a dreadful place: it is just like a barracks!" she went on, as the cab turned in at an iron gateway and stopped almost immediately opposite the door of a large square brick house. The building was quite devoid of architectural ornament, and its row upon row of straight, square windows, seen in the gloomy darkness of a wet evening in autumn, gave it the appearance of a prison rather than a dwelling-house.

In response to the cabman's ring, the door of this dismal abode was opened by a plump, rosy-cheeked maid, and a flood of light poured out into the darkness. Dismissing the cab, Narcissa followed the maid across the hall, hearing with surprise as she went the sound of merry voices, intermingled with unmistakable bursts of laughter, which evidently proceeded from a large room on her left. As she passed, the door of the room was suddenly opened, and she caught a glimpse of a large party of girls engaged in a mad merry game with balls.

"The young ladies have not been able to go out to-day, miss," said the maid, noticing Narcissa's surprised glance, "so they always has a good game of romps before bed-time. This is Miss Gwen's room, miss, where she wished you to be shown when you come."

The room into which Narcissa was shown was a small, cosy-looking apartment, very simply furnished, but with a general air of comfort pervading it. As she entered, a lady rose to meet her, and, taking both her hands in hers, looked kindly but scrutinizingly into her face. "And you are my niece Narcissa," she said, after this momentary examination; "you are welcome, my dear, and I hope we shall be very happy together;" and taking her wet cloak from her she drew her to a comfortable chair by the fire. After a few minutes' chat, Miss St. Adrian rang for the maid and said, "Find out which of the young ladies is housekeeper, and tell her that my niece has arrived, and will be glad of some refreshment in a quarter of an hour."

This order rather puzzled Narcissa, but as her aunt offered at this moment to take her to her bedroom, she had no opportunity to ask any questions. On reaching the landing, Miss St. Adrian struck a match which she took from a bracket, and lighting a wax taper in a brass taper-holder which lay beside the match box, she preceded Narcissa into a bedroom, lit a lamp on the dressing-table, and carefully extinguishing the taper, returned it to its place on the bracket.

"This is to be your room, Narcissa," she said, "and I hope you will be comfortable here." But on glancing round the room she appeared to be dissatisfied with the arrangements for her comfort, and hastily ringing the bell, told the maid to send Miss Selby to her. A minute after there was a knock at the door, and a merry-looking girl entered, who, from her rough hair and rosy cheeks, had evidently come straight from the game in the play-room.

"Minnie, you have charge of the bedrooms, have you not?"

"Yes, Miss Gwen."

"I am sorry you are not a little more thoughtful for the comfort of our visitors. On a cold, wet night like this you should have provided a fire and hot water; and look at this soap, you should never leave such a small, half-used morsel to greet a new arrival, as though you grudged it. Use this up for one of the servants' rooms, or, if they are well supplied, send it into the laundry; and bring a fresh piece here as quickly as possible. And there is no brush and comb; you must always provide all kinds of toilet necessaries for travellers till they have time to unpack their luggage."

Minnie looked very much abashed, and speedily brought the required articles, receiving one more direction from Miss St. Adrian—to bring a maid as soon as Narcissa had gone down to supper, and to direct her to unstrap the luggage and take the covers off such as had any.

Narcissa's toilet was soon finished, and on returning to the sitting-room they found the table spread, and a tall, graceful girl of about seventeen putting the last touches to the arrangement.

"This is one of our elder girls, Ruth Stanley," said Miss St. Adrian, introducing her to Narcissa, who bowed a little stiffly, not feeling quite sure what was expected of her.

"May I get you a cup of tea, Miss St. Adrian?" asked Ruth. "I should have had it ready, but as it is rather late I thought you might prefer chocolate."

Narcissa looked hesitatingly at her aunt. This conduct was so different from what she had ever expected from schoolgirls that she was too bewildered to reply, but her aunt helped her out of the difficulty by advising chocolate. "Tea is so likely to keep you awake, you know, as it is nearly bed-time," she said. "It was very thoughtful of you to think of that, Ruth," she added, laying her hand for a moment on the girl's shoulder as she left the room.

"I can see you think this a very extraordinary school," she went on to her niece when they were left alone; "but you are much too tired to talk to-night—you must make a good supper now, and in the morning I will explain to you all about it. It is fortunate for you that it was Ruth who had to provide your supper, as there is a chance of your finding something eatable, which is more than I can always promise you."

The table was prettily laid out, with a vase of flowers in the middle, and on one side of it a dish with two veal cutlets, grilled, enclosing a small heap of potatoes cut in slices and fried a light brown, and on the other side a glass mould of potted veal; there was also dry toast, bread-and-butter, and marmalade.

As soon as Narcissa was served, Miss St. Adrian, or Miss Gwen, as she preferred to be called, took a note-book from her pocket and wrote a few words in it.

"You must excuse my making these notes," she said to Narcissa when she had finished; "I, unfortunately, have a very bad memory, and am obliged to write down everything I wish to remember; and I must not forget, when I give Ruth my criticisms on her housekeeping to-morrow, to tell her that when there are only two dishes they should not be of the same kind of meat, especially veal, which many people cannot eat at all; and the table would have looked better if she had provided a little cake, or fruit, or sweets of some kind. She ought to remember, too, that though veal can be had all the year round, it is not in season now, whereas all kinds of game are very plentiful, and game makes a nice light supper dish, as it is easily digestible. But how do you like your chocolate?"

"It is very nice indeed, aunt, unusually so—very different from what one usually gets in England."

"Most of the elder girls can make it nicely now. I tell them to scrape at least an ounce of chocolat Menier into an earthenware saucepan for a breakfast-cup of chocolate, and to make it with half milk and half water, poured cold on to the powder, and carefully stirred till it has just boiled, and then to serve it immediately. Sometimes I add two or three drops of vanilla, and sometimes I stir a very little finely-grated cinnamon into the milk before heating it. Several of our girls are rather delicate, and are ordered cocoa in preference to tea or coffee. I always have cocoa nibs boiled for them; this thick chocolate is too rich to drink constantly, and the doctor tells me that the pure nibs make the most wholesome and most easily digestible of any kind of cocoa."

(*To be continued.*)

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

THINK less of your own souls, more of your Saviour. Let it be your constant aim to realise His greatness, to dwell upon His love, to seek communion with Him. You need care little then that you are unable to describe the outflow of your souls in the language of the Church or the experience meeting. When you rush into the arms of your nearest earthly friend, you do not stop to inquire into the nature of your affection, to investigate the elements of your joy, or to reason out the philosophy of your embrace. Nor do you compose yourselves into an attitude learned from others, before you express your affectionate delight. Somewhat thus let it be with your religion. The looking-glass is very well sometimes, but it is no mark of wisdom or humility to be going thither always. And so, while there is an important meaning in the command, "Examine your own selves," there is another injunction far more appropriate to Christian childhood: "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith."—*Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.* From "Christian Ministry to the Young."

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE GEOFFREY.

THE day after the funeral Uncle Geoffrey held a family council, at which we were all present, except mother and Dot; he preferred talking to her alone afterwards.

Oh, what changes! what incredible changes! We must leave Combe Manor at once. With the exception of a few hundred pounds that had been mother's portion, the only dowry that her good old father, a naval captain, had been able to give her, we were literally penniless. The boys were not able to help us much. Allan was only a house-surgeon in one of the London Hospitals; and Fred, who called himself an artist, had never earned a penny. He was a fair copyist, and talked the ordinary art jargon, and went about all day in his brown velveteen coat, and wore his hair rather long; but we never saw much results from his Roman studies; latterly he had somewhat neglected his painting, and had taken to violin playing and musical composition. Uncle Geoffrey used to shake his head and say he was "Jack of all trades and master of none," which was not far from the mark. There was a great deal of talk between the three, before anything was settled. Fred was terribly aggravating to Uncle Geoffrey, I could see; but then, he was so miserable, poor fellow; he would not look at things in their proper light, and he had a way with him as though he thought Uncle Geoffrey was putting upon him. The discussion grew very warm at last for Allan sided with Uncle Geoffrey and then Fred said everyone was against him. It struck me Uncle Geoffrey pooh-poohed Fred's whim of being an artist; he wanted him to go into an office; there was a vacant berth he could secure by speaking to an old friend of his, who was in a China tea house, a most respectable money-making firm, and Fred would have a salary at once, with good prospects of rising; but Fred passionately scouted the notion. He would rather enlist; he would drown, or hang himself sooner. There were no end of naughty things he said; only Carrie cried and begged him not to be so wicked, and that checked him.

Uncle Geoffrey lost his patience at last, and very nearly told him he was an idiot, to his face; but Fred looked so handsome and miserable, that he relented; and at last it was arranged that Fred was to take a hundred pounds of mother's money—she would have given him the whole if she could, poor dear—and take cheap rooms in London, and try how he could get on by teaching drawing and taking copying orders.

"Remember, Fred," continued Uncle Geoffrey, rather sternly, "you are taking a sixth part of your mother's entire income; all that she has for herself and these girls; if you squander it rashly, you will be robbing the widow and the fatherless. You have scouted my well-meant advice, and Allan's"—he went on—"and are marking out your own path in life very foolishly, as we think; remember, you have only yourself to blame, if you make that life a failure. Artists are of the same stuff as other men, and ought to be sober, steady, and persevering; without patience and effort you cannot succeed."

"When my picture is accepted by the hanging committee, you and Allan will repent your sneers," answered Fred, bitterly.

"We do not sneer, my boy," returned Uncle Geoffrey, more mildly—for he remembered Fred's father had only been dead a week—"we are only doubtful of the wisdom of your choice; but there, work hard at your daubs, and keep out of debt and bad company, and you may yet triumph over your cranky old uncle." And so the matter was amicably settled.

Allan's arrangements were far more simple. He was to leave the hospital in another year, and become Uncle Geoffrey's assistant, with a view to partnership. It was not quite Allan's taste, a practice in a sleepy country town; but, as he remarked rather curtly, "beggars must not be choosers," and he would as soon work under Uncle Geoffrey as any other man. I think Allan was rather ambitious in his secret views. He wanted to remain longer at the hospital and get into a London practice; he would have liked to have been higher up the tree than Uncle Geoffrey, who was quite content with his quiet position at Milnthorpe. But the most astonishing part of the domestic programme was, that we were all going to live with Uncle Geoffrey. I could scarcely believe my ears when I heard it, and Carrie was just as surprised. Could any of us credit such unselfish generosity? He had not prepared us for it in the least.

"Now, girls, you must just pack up your things, you, and the mother, and Dot; of course, we must take Dot, and you must manage to shake yourselves down in the old house at Milnthorpe"—that is how he put it; "it is not so big as Combe Manor, and I daresay we shall be rather a tight fit when Allan comes; but the more the merrier, eh, Jack?"

"Oh, Uncle Geoff, do you mean it?" gasped Jack, growing scarlet; but Carrie and I could not speak for surprise.

"Mean it! Of course. What is the good of being a bachelor uncle, if one is not to be tyrannised over by an army of nephews and nieces? Do you think the plan will answer, Esther?" he said, rather more seriously.

"If you and Deborah do not mind it, Uncle Geoffrey, I am sure it ought to answer; but we shall crowd you, and put you and Deborah to sad inconvenience, I am afraid;" for I was half afraid of Deborah, who had lived with Uncle Geoffrey for five and twenty years, and was used to her own ways, and not over fond of young people.

"I shall not ask Deb's opinion," he answered, rather roguishly; "we must smooth her down afterwards, eh, girls? Seriously, Allan, I think it is the best plan under the circumstances. I am not fond of being alone," and here Uncle Geoffrey gave a quick sigh. Poor Uncle Geoff! he had never meant to be an old bachelor, only She died while he was furnishing the old house at Milnthorpe, and he never could fix his mind on anyone else.

"I like young folks about me," he continued, cheerfully. "When I get old and rheumatic, I can keep Dot company, and Jack can wait on us both. Of course I am not a rich man, children, and we must all help to keep the kettle boiling; but the house is my own, and you can all shelter in it if you like; it will save house-rent and taxes, at any rate for the present."

"Carrie and I will work," I replied, eagerly; for, though Uncle Geoffrey was not a poor man, he was very far from being rich, and he could not possibly afford to keep us all. A third of his income went to poor Aunt Prue, who had married foolishly, and was now a widow with a large family.

Aunt Prue would have been penniless, only father and Uncle Geoff agreed to allow her a fixed maintenance. As Uncle Geoff explained to us afterwards, she would now lose half her income.

"There are eight children, and two or three of them are very delicate, and take after their father. I have been thinking about it all, Esther," he said, when Allan and I were alone with him, "and I have made up my mind that I must allow her another hundred a year. Poor soul, she works hard at that school-keeping of hers, and none of the children are old enough to help her except Lawrence, and he is going into a decline, the doctors say. I am afraid we shall have to pinch a bit, unless you and Carrie get some teaching."

"Oh, Uncle Geoff, of course we shall work; and Jack, too, when she is old enough." Could he think we should be a burden on him, when we were all young and strong?

I had forgotten poor Aunt Prue, who lived a long way off, and whom we saw but seldom. She was a pretty, subdued little woman, who always wore shabby black gowns; I never saw her in a good dress in my life. Well, we were as poor as Aunt Prue now, and I wondered if we should make such a gallant fight against misfortune as she did.

We arranged matters after that—Allan and Uncle Geoff and I; for Carrie had gone to sit with mother, and Fred had strolled off somewhere. They wanted me to try my hand at housekeeping; at least, until mother was stronger and more able to bear things.

"Carrie hates it, and you have a good head for accounts," Allan observed,

quietly. It seemed rather strange that they should make me take the head, when Carrie was two years older, and a week ago I was only a schoolgirl; but I felt they were right, for I liked planning and contriving, and Carrie detested anything she called domestic drudgery. We considered ways and means after that. Uncle Geoffrey told us the exact amount of his income. He had always lived very comfortably, but, when he had deducted the extra allowance for poor Aunt Prue, we saw clearly that there was not enough for so large a party; but, at the first hint of this from Allan, Uncle Geoffrey got quite warm and eager. Dear, generous Uncle Geoff! he was determined to share his last crust with his dead brother's widow and children.

"Nonsense, fiddlesticks!" he kept saying; "what do I want with luxuries? Ask Deborah if I care what I eat and drink; we shall do very well, if you and Esther are not so faint-hearted." And when we found out how our protests seemed to hurt him, we let him have his own way; only Allan and I exchanged looks, which said as plainly as looks could, "Is he not the best uncle that ever lived, and will we not work our hardest to help him!"

I had a long talk with Carrie that night; she was very submissive and very sad, and seemed rather downhearted over things. She was quite as grateful for Uncle Geoff's generosity as we were, but I could see the notion of being a governess distressed her greatly. "I am very glad you will undertake the housekeeping, Esther," she said, rather plaintively; "it will leave me free for other things," and then she sighed very bitterly, and got up and left me. I was a little sorry that she did not tell me all that was in her mind, for, if we are "to bear each other's burdens," it is necessary to break down the reserve that keeps us out of even a sister's heart sometimes.

But though Carrie left me to my own thoughts, I was not able to quiet myself for hours. If I had only Jessie to whom I could talk!—and then it seemed to me as though it were months since we sat together in the garden of Redmayne House talking out our girlish philosophy.

Only a fortnight ago, and yet how much had happened since then! What a revolution in our home-world! Dear

"'WE DO NOT SNEER, MY BOY,' RETURNED UNCLE GEOFFREY."

father lying in his quiet grave; ourselves penniless orphans, obliged to leave Combe Manor, and indebted to our generous benefactor for the very roof that was to cover us, and the food that we were to eat.

Ah, well! I was only a school-girl, barely seventeen. No wonder I shrank back a little appalled from the responsibilities that awaited me. I was to be Uncle Geoff's housekeeper, his trusted right-hand and referee. I was to manage that formidable Deborah, and the stolid, broad-faced Martha; and there was mother so broken in health and spirits, and Dot, and Jack, with her hoidenish ways and torn frocks, and Allan miles away from me, and Carrie—well, I felt half afraid of Carrie to-night; she seemed meditating great things when I wanted her to compass daily duties. I hoped she would volunteer to go on with Jack's lessons and help with the mending, and I wondered with more forebodings what things she was planning for which I was to leave her free.

All these things tired me, and I sat rather dismally in the moonlight looking out at the closed white lilies and the swaying branches of the limes, until a text suddenly flashed into my mind, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." I lit my candle and opened my Bible, that I might read over the words for myself. Yes, there they were shining before my eyes, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," refreshing and comforting my worn out spirits. Strength promised for the day, but not beforehand; supplies of heavenly manna, not to be hoarded or put by; the daily measure, daily gathered.

An old verse of Bishop Ken's came to my mind. Very quaint and rich in wisdom it was—

"Does each day upon its wing
Its appointed burden bring?
Load it not besides with sorrow
That belongeth to the morrow.
When by God the heart is riven,
Strength is promised, strength is given;
But fore-date the day of woe,
And alone thou bear'st the blow."

When I had said this over to myself, I laid my head on the pillow and slept soundly.

Mother and I had a nice little talk the next day. It was arranged that I was to go over to Milnthorpe with Uncle Geoffrey, who was obliged to return home somewhat hastily in order to talk to Deborah, and see what furniture would be required for the rooms that were placed at our disposal. As I was somewhat aghast at the amount of business entrusted to my inexperienced hands, Allan volunteered to help me, as Carrie could not be spared. We were to stay two or three days, make all the arrangements that were necessary, and then come back and prepare for the flitting. If Allan were beside me, I felt that I could accomplish wonders; nevertheless, I carried rather a harassed face into dear mother's dressing-room that morning.

"Oh, Esther, how pale and tired you look!" were her first words as I came towards her couch. "Poor child, we are making you a woman before your time!" and her eyes filled with tears.

"I am seventeen," I returned, with an odd little choke in my voice, for I could have cried with her readily at that moment. "That is quite a great age, mother; I feel terribly old, I assure you."

"You are our dear, unselfish Esther," she returned, lovingly. Dear soul, she always thought the best of us all, and my heart swelled how proudly, and oh! how gratefully, when she told me in her sweet gentle way what a comfort I was to her.

"You are so reliable, Esther," she went on, "that we all look to you as though you were older. You must be Uncle Geoffrey's favourite, I think, from the way he talks about you. Carrie is very sweet and good too, but she is not so practical."

"Oh, mother, she is ever so much better than I!" I cried, for I could not bear the least disparagement of my darling Carrie. "Think how pretty she is, and how little she cares for dress and admiration. If I were like that," I added, flushing a little over my words, "I am afraid I should be terribly vain."

Mother smiled a little at that.

"Be thankful, then, that you are saved that temptation." And then she stroked my hot cheek, and went on softly: "Don't think so much about your looks, child; plain women are just as vain as pretty ones. Not that you are plain, Esther, in my eyes, or in the eyes of anyone who loves you." But even that did not quite comfort me, for in my secret heart my want of beauty troubled me sadly. There, I have owned the worst of myself—it is out now.

We talked for a long time after that about the new life that lay before us, and again I marvelled at mother's patience and submission; but when I told her so, she only hid her face and wept.

"What does it matter?" she said, at last, when she had recovered herself a little. "No home can be quite a home to me now without him. If I could live within sight of his grave, I should be thankful; but Combe Manor and Milnthorpe are the same to me now." And though these words struck me as strange at first, I understood afterwards; for in the void and waste of her widowed life no outer change of circumstances seemed to disturb her, except for our sakes and for us.

She seemed to feel Uncle Geoffrey's kindness as a sort of stay and source of endless comfort. "Such goodness—such unselfishness!" she kept murmuring to herself, and then she wanted to hear all that Allan and I proposed.

"How I wish I could get strong and help you," she said, wistfully, when I had finished. "With all that teaching and housekeeping you will overtax your strength."

"Oh, no, Carrie will help me," I returned, confidently. "Uncle Geoffrey is going to speak to some of his patients about us. He rather thinks those Thornes who live opposite to him want a governess."

"That will be nice and handy, and save you a walk," she returned, brightening up at the notion that one of us would be so near her; but though I would not have hinted at such a thing, I should rather have enjoyed the daily walk. I was fond of fresh air, and exercise, and rushing about, after the manner of girls, and it seemed rather tame and monotonous just to cross the street to one's work; but I remembered Allan's favourite speech, "Beggars must not be choosers," and held my peace.

On the whole, I felt somewhat comforted by my talk with mother. If she and Uncle Geoffrey thought so well of me, I must try and live up to their good opinion. There is nothing so good as to fix a high standard for oneself. True, we may never reach it, never satisfy ourselves, but the continued effort strengthens and elevates us.

I went into Carrie's room to tell her about the Thornes, and lay our plans together, but she was reading Thomas à Kempis, and did not seem inclined to be disturbed, so I retreated somewhat discomforted.

But I forgot my disappointment a moment afterwards, when I went into the schoolroom and found Dot fractious and weary, and Jack vainly trying to amuse him. Allan was busy, and the two children had passed a solitary morning.

"Dot wanted Carrie to read to him, but she said she was too tired, and I could do it," grumbled Jack, discontentedly.

"I don't like Jack's reading; it is too jerky, and her voice is so loud," returned Dot. But his countenance smoothed when I got the book and read to him, and soon he fell into a sound sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' ALLOWANCES, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

By Dora de Blaquiere.

CHAPTER I.

THE WRONG WAY TO MANAGE THEM.

"Cheap dress, bought for cheapness' sake, and costly dress, bought for costliness' sake, are both abominations. Right dress is bought only for its worth, and at its worth; and bought only when wanted."—*Ruskin.*

On thinking over my series of articles on this most momentous subject, I speedily came to the conclusion that I must begin by holding up a kind of picture gallery of fearful examples; viz., of girls who had misused their allowances in various ways; and in this list, unless I am much mistaken, many of my girl readers will find exactly the cap that fits their own particular heads.

There is no doubt that much of the blame for this mismanagement must rest on elder heads; for few mothers endeavour to prepare their daughters in any way to enter on their future duties, and, in fact, many of them do not know enough themselves to teach others. One of these great duties is, to my mind, to know how to manage money so as to spend it to the best advantage, and to procure everything of the best, and yet at the lowest market value. Money is one of our chiefest talents, and like time, another equally precious, is constantly being frittered away, in most cases ignorantly and thoughtlessly; but in others, alas! wilfully and determinedly.

"Mother" has bought everything, and thought of everything, and chosen every dress or bonnet; and so, for years—the years of school-life—our maiden floats happily on, without a care, save for her pocket money, and how to make the shilling or two last to the end of each week. Then comes the hour of her emancipation from school; and both mother and father think that at eighteen "It is time that she should have an allowance, and learn to spend it for herself." Mother feels it rather an emancipation too; for generally she has enough to think and plan for; and she yields consent gladly, and does not take at all into her consideration how unfitted her child is for managing money, how little she knows of the value of materials, or the amount required for anything. Even if you asked her how she expected her daughter to economise her allowance judiciously, you would probably get the laughing reply that "she must learn someday; that experience was the best teacher; and, lastly, that as to herself, no one had given her any instruction in managing her own." The first year or two of such a girl's life, in regard to her dress allowance, is usually a very miserable period; and fortunate indeed is she if sufficiently well principled to avoid debt.

It is incumbent, I think, on all parents to make their daughters fully understand what their allowance is for, and what they expect it to include; for, of course, when a girl is expected to purchase her own stationery and books, pay her own travelling expenses, and give to all charity and church collections out of her allowance, it very materially decreases the amount she has to spend on her dress. As a case in point, I give a page from one of our girl's account-books, where they may see this exemplified. The amount of allowance is £20 per annum—£5 per quarter—and the month in which the letter was written was February, little more than five weeks remaining of the winter quarter.

	£	s.	d.
Dress and making	2	3	11
Expenses of leaving home three times	0	10	10½
Brush and comb	0	5	0
Stockings, calico, veil, gloves, and handkerchiefs	0	16	5½
Presents	0	5	5½
Collections and charity	0	9	6½
Lace, muslin, and frilling	0	5	11
Brooches and watch mending	0	1	6
Magazine and lecture	0	2	2
Sundries	0	1	9
Total	£5	2	7

Now, out of this quarter's allowance of £5, we find £1 8s. 0½d. was spent on other objects than dress; and if we take this sum as a basis of calculation for the whole year, we shall find that, deducting £5 12s. 2d., £14 7s. 10d. is the true amount of the allowance for dress. And on this, taking one quarter's expenditure with another, all calculations must be based when these deductions are expected from us.

Therefore, we say that it is the duty of each girl to ascertain for herself exactly what is expected of her; for she must remember that if the allowance be given for dress solely, it is a breach of trust, so to say, to use it for charity, or other purposes of the sort. It is not long ago that I heard a father complain of this very thing, remarking that he could not understand why, with good dress allowances of £30 each, his daughters looked so dowdy and shabby. In this case the real cause was that both girls were spending fully half their allowances on charity, and, as young people will do when fired with the enthusiasm of youth, were forgetting everything in the one pursuit. When spoken to by the girls, on their side of the question, I advised them at once to come to an understanding with their father as to the amount they might have to spend on charity; for, as he was a most liberal subscriber to all the parish collections and charities, he might think that they did enough by sharing in those, with him, from the general income. As it turned out, this was what he had thought; but he suggested that they had much leisure time, and might give their personal work and materials for it, but that he thought, while young and at home, gifts in money could not be expected from them.

Of course, the real mistake that these girls had made will have occurred to most of my readers, and that was that they ought to have saved, by their own self-denial, by making their own clothes, by extra care of clothes, and by making-over old dresses for the poor. In this manner they might have done quite as much in reality, and have considered their father's feelings about their appearance at the same time. Of course, each of us has a certain duty as regards charity to our fellow-creatures; but we must not take from money given to us for a specific purpose. There is nothing to prevent our using extra care in the wear of clothing, and industry in re-making our clothes; and the gifts thus procured are the most delightful and pleasant of all to the happy giver. It was strange that this view did not occur to the girls I have mentioned; for at the very time that the discussion in which I was a party took place, they were disposing of their old dresses, bonnets, and mantles in what seemed to me a very careless and unthinking manner; for I hold the opinion that a very great amount of merciful and loving acts of true charity may be performed if we will by means that seem to us so worthless; and this subject will form one of my later articles in the series.

The next question is—after charities, what else is expected to be got out of the dress allowance? All long journeys will naturally be paid as extras; but how is it about the numberless short ones, and those small expeditions which all young people take in this restless age of the world? If these must be paid for, as well as the magazines and lectures; the collections, stationery, and charities; then we must, as I have said, make special allowances for them, and lay aside a certain sum during the year, quarter by quarter. Even then, out of £10 or £12 per annum, I do not think these expenses could be afforded, nor should they be asked for.

The next point, to my mind, into which inquiry should be made is, "How is the young *débutante* provided with clothes when taking possession of her allowance?" I find that, as a very general rule, her stock, both outdoor apparel and underclothing, have been permitted to run so low, that she enters on her new responsibilities burdened with many difficulties, which she might unquestionably have been spared. Perhaps her allowance begins in October, with neither winter jacket, furs, ulster, nor even a warm winter dress and flannels. Or, perhaps, it begins in April, when she has spring things to buy, and no provision at all in her wardrobe; and this when the "July Sales" are three months off!

For this reason I find it impossible to make out what a girl who dresses on £10 or £12 per annum would require for the first year of having an allowance; because impossible to say what she may already have in her wardrobe. One thing is, however, quite sure—that her wants each year will not be respectively equal; for one of my girl-friends who has dressed for years on the first-mentioned sum assures me—and gives me evidence, too—that her expenses last year were only £8, and that out of that she had a black cashmere dress, black straw bonnet trimmed with jet, and an ulster. She was in mourning the whole year, and was wearing crape for the greater part of it. So it is evident that there are years when we can make our small savings, with a view to winter jackets, furs, and evening dress, if we require it. "The year I was ill," says another girl, "I saved £6, and was very thankful I had done so, for I had afterwards to buy such warm flannels, and a fur-lined cloak, besides the new dresses I needed when I went away on visits for change of air after I was well."

On a dress allowance even of £20 per annum I think there is little or no room for dressmakers' bills, and certainly when the allowance sinks to £10 or £12 there is no possibility of incurring them and of presenting a respectable appearance at the same time. It is for this reason, especially, that I think all mothers who neglect teaching their daughters, or having them taught, plain needlework and cutting-out, as well as dressmaking, are so blameworthy. If the family income will not allow of dress allowances of more than £10, it is quite certain that such knowledge is essential to a girl's happiness and comfort. For her dress must be both neat and pretty, and like that of other girls, if she is expected to retain her self-respect and feeling of equality with the young people of her age.

I have found, on inquiry, that in the country parts of England the usual price for making young ladies' dresses is from 7s. 6d. to 10s. Many girls get them made even in London for the latter sum, and very nicely, too. I also hear that very fairly efficient dressmakers are to be found who go out to work by the day, at from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., and their food. Where there are several girls—if "mother" could be persuaded to allow such a thing—a visit of a week or ten days from a capable person of this kind would be a great saving, especially if there were a sewing-machine, which the young ladies could work themselves, and so help on the business. In America this kind of thing is done in the spring and autumn in nearly every household. A great deal may be learnt, also, from a clever worker; and patterns are to be obtained in nearly every town, where a shop for American paper-patterns is sure to be seen in one or more of the streets.

There are also systems of scientific dressmaking advertised, which appear to be most successful in their results, and which enable the learner to measure and cut out dresses with ease and complete success. And lastly, there is always the old-fashioned plan of keeping the lining of a well-fitting dress, and pasting it on brown paper so as to preserve the shape accurately, and render it easy to cut out. This is, to many girls, the most satisfactory plan of all, since, if this lining be accurately copied, the result is known beforehand, as the pattern is an old friend, and a tried one, and was proved to be becoming and comfortable.

I have spoken one word on the subject of going into debt, and before closing my chapter of advice on "How not to manage your allowance," I would repeat again, never be persuaded to have a bill, always do your best never to anticipate your quarterly allowance, but have the full sum ready to lay out in what you need. I know few things so unsatisfactory as having to pay bills, and to run in debt over again to get your new winter or summer outfit.

Someone has cleverly said "paying cash is a great check on the imagination;" and so my girls will find it in this matter, so important to them, of making the best of their allowances.

I have headed my article with a quotation from Ruskin, which to my mind is both apt and true, and contains the gist of the whole question of dressing well and suitably. This condemnation of "cheap dress for cheapness' sake" is peculiarly wise, for though seeking cheapness, we must not forget value and suitability as well; and it is well worth while to educate both eye and taste in this matter. Our money is a "talent," and as such must be treated with thoughtful care.

(To be continued.)

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day
The glory of the sunset sky
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven
Oh! for the golden floor.
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore.

COMMON ERRORS IN DAILY LIFE.

By JAMES MASON.

I.—Errors in Speech.

The day is past—if ever there was such a day—when a good word on behalf of ignorance had any chance of being listened to.

"Much learning does not become a young woman."

Doesn't it? That maxim might do well enough a hundred years ago; but, girls, we all now know better.

The object of the following papers is to point out a few of the errors into which people are liable to fall, whether in connection with speaking, spelling, thought, taste, or anything else.

None of us, you are aware, are faultless, and the work of correcting errors and guarding against them must, especially in early life and before good habits are fully formed, occupy a great deal of attention. It is not a task, however, that falls in with the humour of many of us; we want to be hurrying on, and are impatient of what only appears to keep us back. But now is the time, girls, for correcting mistakes. They must be taken in hand some day, and the present day is by far the best, by far the easiest, and by far the most convenient.

First of all, we have to deal with errors in speech, and there are few mistakes that ought to be more anxiously shunned. When an error in speech is heard, we naturally draw the inference that the speaker has been unaccustomed to refined society, and, what is of more importance, we are apt to come to an unfavourable conclusion as to her character; for "purity of speech," as someone says, "is allied to purity of thought and rectitude of action."

The following, collected from many sources, are by no means all the common errors met with in speech, but there are quite enough to put you on your guard. The study of them may perhaps induce you to go farther in the same field, till at last you are able to say, with more truth than Mrs. Malaprop, "Sure if I *reprehend* anything in this world it is the use of my *oracular* language and a nice *derangement of epitaphs*."

When people set about murdering the Queen's English they usually begin with the small words; thus we find a great many errors arising from the wrong use of pronouns.

"You are stronger than *her*," says Rosa, "and she is taller than *me*."

Here are two common errors in one sentence—*her* should be *she*, and *me* should be *I*.

"This is a secret," says Alice, "between you and *I*." Wrong, Alice; you should say "between you and *me*."

"Eliza went out with Kate and *I*." Here, again, *I* should be *me*.

"Was it *her* who called me?" *Her* should be *she*.

"It is *me* who am to blame." *Me* should be *I*.

In "let each of you mind *their* own business," the *their* should, of course, be *her*.

Who and *which* are often confused. Long ago both words used to be employed to stand for persons; but, nowadays, *who* is used when speaking of persons, and *which* when alluding to things. Thus, "The lady *which* I spoke to," ought to be "The lady *whom* I spoke to."

"*Who* do you think I saw to-day?" is a phrase often heard. *Who* should be *whom*. "*Who* do you mean?" Say, "*Whom* do you mean?"

Many of our errors arise from attaching wrong meanings to words. In some cases we are led away by the mere sound, like the lady we have already quoted, when she said of Lydia Languish, that "She is as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile." It was the sound, too, that led astray the young lady who told me the other day about a little village on the east coast, and finished off an enthusiastic description by saying it was "such an *embracing* place!"

Reverend and *reverent* are very different words, but they are often confused. "Dean Swift," says the author of "The Queen's English," "might be very reverend, but he certainly was not reverent. Reverent is the subjective word, describing the feeling within a man as its subject; reverend is the objective word, describing the feeling with which a man is regarded—of which he is the object."

The words *lie* and *lay* are very often wrongly used. The first is a neuter verb—"a vessel *lies* in a harbour." The other is an active transitive verb—"a hen *lays* an egg." It is decidedly bad grammar, then, to say, "My cousin *lays* ill of a fever," "The books were *laying* on the table," "The boat was *laying* outside the bar."

Another common error in regard to the meanings of words is found in such sentences as, "Rosa walked down the *centre* of the street," and "the stream ran down the *centre* of the town." Both Rosa's walking and the stream's running are impossible performances, for a *centre* is a *point*.

Some people fail to distinguish between *quantity* and *number*, and say, "There was a *quantity* of people present," instead of, "There were a *number*." Thackeray and Sir Walter Scott have both fallen into this error.

In connection with numbers one frequently hears the *two first* used when it ought to be the *first two*. It is by no means a matter of indifference which you say. The girls at the top of two different classes would be the two first girls. The first and second girls of the same class would be the first two girls.

There are also errors connected with superfluous words. "Open *out* the parcel," is one of these. The "*out*" is not needed.

"Lead sinks *down* in water." *Down* is superfluous.

"Equally *as* well." Omit the *as*.

"Whose are these *here* pins?" is a very vulgar phrase, to be mended by omitting the "*here*."

For is often employed unnecessarily, as in, "She came to Bath *for* to drink the waters." This would have passed as good grammar in old English, but it will not do in these times.

In the phrase, "The cat jumped on to the chair," the "to," according to Dean Alford, is wholly unneeded and never used by any careful writer or speaker; but Mr. Washington Moon in his "Dean's English" comes to a different conclusion. "I beg leave to observe," he remarks, "that when we say 'The cat jumped on to the chair,' we mean that the cat jumped from somewhere else *to* the chair and alighted *on* it; but when we say, 'The cat jumped on the chair,' we mean that the cat was on the chair already, and that while there she jumped. The circumstances are entirely different; and according to the difference of circumstances, so there should be a difference in the language used to describe them respectively."

"One of my great difficulties," says Annie, "is in connection with verbs. Should I say 'news *is*' or 'news *are*?'"

That depends entirely on circumstances. Sometimes the verb should be in the plural, sometimes in the singular.

"Another difficulty! Should one say, 'Either you or I *are* wrong,' or 'Either you or I *am* wrong?'"

The latter is grammatically correct, but we must employ the former, for popular usage is in its favour.

We have an example of a verb in the wrong number in the sentence, "One of these houses *were* sold yesterday." Here the ear is misled by the plural noun "houses": we forget that the verb should be "was," agreeing in number with "one."

"Each of the girls *are* to have a separate share." This is an error of the same sort. *Are*, of course, should be *is*.

The question has been raised whether we should say, "two and two *is* four, or *are* four," and it has been laid down by some people as a rule that in all abstract cases, when we merely speak of numbers, the verb is better singular. But there is as much authority, perhaps more, on the other side.

A number of miscellaneous errors remain to be mentioned.

"I *shall be very pleased to accept* your kind invitation for Wednesday first." This should be "I accept with pleasure," for there is nothing future about your acceptance.

Let no one in accepting an invitation call it "your kind *invite*": nothing could be more vulgar.

An everyday mistake amongst the half-educated consists in the use of *like* in place of *as*. For example: "*Like* she did;" "*Like* I do now;" "*Like* we were;" "*Like* she told me."

To some people such combinations as *hare-skins* and *hares-skins* present a difficulty. The first certainly is right, but we might speak correctly enough of "hares' skins."

"Six *spoons full*" and "six *spoonfuls*" are different things, though often confounded. To take "six spoonfuls" only *one* spoon is needed, but for six spoons full you must have *six* spoons.

The use of *directly* instead of *immediately* is a common Cockney error. "*Directly* Mary came," says a London girl, "I went away."

May one say "*well*-looking" instead of "*good*-looking"? No. *Well-looking* has no standing in respectable society.

"Blanche is as different *to* Georgina as she could be." Here *to* should be *from*.

"Minnie *has a good hand of write*." Say "Minnie writes well."

"I *know'd* her at once." *Know'd* should be *knew*. An odious vulgarism.

"I intended *to have played* on the piano to-day." This should be "I intended to play."

A great many errors are to be ranged under the head of Scotticisms—that is to say, forms of speech not recognised by cultivated English people, but in everyday use among all classes in the northern portion of Great Britain. They constitute a highly respectable body of mistakes; indeed, it seems almost an injustice to give to many a Scotticism the name of mistake. The worst that can be said of it, per-

haps, is that whilst having its root in reason quite as much as, if not more than, the corresponding English phrase, it has the misfortune to be made use of by the minority.

One of the errors often cast in the teeth of Scotch people is their employment of *shall* and *will*, and the anecdote is told of a Lowlander falling into a river, and shouting out, "I *will* be drowned! I *will* be drowned! and nobody *shall* help me." Now that man was not a Lowlander, he was an Irishman. In Ireland we find *shall* and *will* constantly reversed, but in Scotland it is only *will* that is used contrary to the practice of modern English.

For the benefit of any who find a difficulty about these words, it is enough to say that *will* in the first person and *shall* in the second and third express resolution, whereas *shall* in the first person and *will* in the second and third express simple futurity.

Thus the future of determination runs:—

I will; thou shalt; he shall.
We will; ye or you shall; they shall.

And the simple future is:—

I shall; thou wilt; he will.
We shall; ye or you will; they will.

Connected with the weather there are several Scotticisms, "A *coarse* day" or "*coarse* weather" is said instead of "a *bad* day" or "*bad* weather," though one may be pardoned for inquiring from the Scotch point of view, why, if it be right—as is the case—to speak of a *fine* day, we may not with as much propriety speak of a *coarse* one.

"This day is *dull*," says a Scotch lassie.

"Say *overcast*, Ellen."

"Yesterday was a *soft* day."

"You mean *wet*."

"And all last week," she adds, "we had *fresh* weather."

"*Open* weather, you mean."

Another Scotch girl out for a walk talks about *going the length of the Castle*, or the Post Office, or the Railway Station, when she ought to say *as far as*. And if you ask her how far her cousin kept her company, be not in the least surprised to hear her answer, "*No more than to the foot of the street.*"

"The teapot is *sitting* in the press," instead of *standing*, is another Scotticism. Then there is a wrong use of *standing* in the phrase "The clock *is standing*," which intimates that the clock *has stopped*. You ask whether it has been wound up, and most likely are told that want of winding up is not the matter, for "The clock is *out of sorts*."

One hears in Scotland of an industrious lassie "*sorting* the room," instead of *putting it in order*. She is in a hurry, she says, for it must be finished by midday, and it is now "five minutes *from* twelve," instead of five minutes *to* twelve.

When Maggie was in London, she *stopped*, she says, with her cousins at Gloucester Gate, meaning *stayed* or *resided*. When she arrived there, she lamented that, having lost the key, she couldn't "*get into* her box," "*get into*" being a Scotch equivalent to "*open*." Then she sat down to write home and asked, "Have you any *word to* my brother?" meaning "*any message for*."

When Sunday came she inquired, "*Who* do you *sit under?*" by way of asking her cousins to what church they went; and this question she followed up by, "*When does the church go in?*" the true Scotch way of saying, "When does service begin?"

"Bessie," says a Glasgow lady of her daughter, "*is turned* a great scholar." She should have said "has become." If you call Bessie from her book, she comes and says, "*What's your will?*" meaning what do you want. "Go and play *yourself*, Bessie," says her mother, not seeing that the "yourself" is quite superfluous.

"She has been *ailing*" is Scotch for "She has been unwell." "What is the matter?" you ask. "She had *a sore head*" (that is to say a *headache*); "she was very *bad*" (*ill*).

If you are taking breakfast in Scotland that is called "*getting your breakfast*," and likely enough you will be asked if you "wish ham and eggs *to* breakfast," instead of *for* breakfast. Whilst breakfast is being prepared, perhaps you feel cold, so you are invited to "come *into* the fire," that is to say, towards the fire.

At a hospitable Scotch dinner table you are asked "if you *are for* any pudding," instead of "will you take any." Then someone says, "Let me *give you a clean plate*," instead of "change your plate."

When the ladies retire to the drawing-room Jeanie goes up to Lizzie and says, "Lizzie, do you *mind* me?" "No," says Lizzie, "I don't *mind* that I ever saw you before." This use of *mind* for *remember* appears peculiar to Scotland. It is only a sensible native of the North who would say, "I shall do my best to *mind* all these errors."

Amongst the most amusing errors are those of pronunciation. Take, for example, the substitution of *w* for *v*, and *v* for *w*, so often heard amongst uneducated English people, and particularly Cockneys. Everyone has heard of the worthy citizen who said to his servant:—

"Villiam, I vants my vig."

"Vitch vig, sir?" asked the servant.

"Vy," said his master, "the vite vig, in the vooden vig box, vitch I vore last Vednesday at the westry."

It might very well have been the same speaker who gave it as his opinion that "vine, weal, and winegar are werry good wittles."

We have all, too, met with an illustration of this peculiarity of speech in the famous trial scene in "Pickwick."

Sam Weller is giving his evidence.

"What is your name, sir?" inquires the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord."

"Do you spell it with a V or a W?" asks the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replies Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a V."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaims, "Quite right too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a We, my lord, put it down a We!"

The letter "H" is more unfortunate even than either V or W. Poor letter H! how often do we miss hearing it when it ought to be sounded, and hear it in words where no "h" should be. All the world over, and for many a long day, it has had a bad time of it. Misplaced "h's" were common even among the early Christians of Rome and Gaul, as is shown by inscriptions in the catacombs and elsewhere. The Greeks also had the same difficulty as many of ourselves, and it is not to be wondered at that in some languages the problem of knowing when to "hexasperate the haitch" has been solved by allowing the letter to disappear from articulation altogether.

Not only amongst the vulgar do we find reckless habits in regard to "h's." They are to be met with—no doubt on account of defective early training—in society where people really should know better. It is to be hoped, however, that in these enlightened days it would be hard to encounter a schoolmaster like one I read about lately, who told a pupil that there was "only one hen in Venice"—the pupil having written "Vennice" in his copybook—and who failed to see the joke when his pupil made the very natural observation that "eggs must be very scarce there."

To illustrate this peculiarity there are a great many similar anecdotes in circulation. If not quite true, many of them deserve credit for being exceedingly well invented—the story, for example, of the barber who one day amazed a customer by saying—

"The cholera is in the hair, sir," and immediately explained, "It was not the 'air of the 'ed I meant, sir, but the hair of the hatmosphere."

"R" is another letter that gives quite unnecessary trouble. Sometimes we hear it sounded just as if it were a *w*, and this is one of the most absurd of affectations. Road is pronounced *woad*, rubbish *wubbish*, Rome *Wome*, and so on.

At other times, and with another set of people, r's are tagged on to the end of words in an extraordinary manner. They say, "The law*r* and the prophets," and "the idea*r* of it!" With them, Louisa, Laura, Emma, and Julia are transformed into Louisa*r*, Laura*r*, Emma*r*, and Julia*r*. "I saw*r* Jane," says our friend Molly, "with a brown boa*r* round her neck."

"Victoria our Queen" is spoken of by those who are thus great in superfluous r's as "Victoria*r* our Queen;" and a very good Cockney example of this peculiarity, united with the omission of the letter "h," is met with in *Maidar 'ill*, for Maida Hill.

It excites surprise that this affectation has become so deeply rooted in the conversation of many of good education, that they are often quite unconscious of any transgression of the sort. You may hear superfluous *r's* in the pulpit, at the bar, on the platform, and on the stage, and from men and women, too, of whom one might reasonably have expected better things.

This is a common error also in America, where, however, people do not, in addition, drop their *h's*, and are not lacking in respect to *v's* and *w's*.

Amongst miscellaneous errors in pronunciation, it may be as well to point out that *u* is often given a wrong sound, as in *dooty* for duty, and *Toosday* for Tuesday.

The *ts* in *sts* is often carelessly omitted, as in per*sists*, which is made per*sis'*, and in in*sists*, to which the sound is given of in*sis'*.

A frequent mistake is also to drop the *g* in "ing." Walking, running, eating, reading, thus become walkin', runnin', eatin', readin'.

There are some names of persons the pronunciation of which is peculiar, and it is as well to take note of these when we hear them. They include the well-known examples of Cholmondeley, pronounced Chumley; Marjoribanks, shortened into Marchbanks; Charteris, which becomes Charters; and Cowper, pronounced as if spelt Cooper.

Names of places are also often pronounced wrongly, but it is hardly in good taste to make oneself conspicuous in company by giving the local rendering of the name of any town or district when the general and outside public have made up their minds that it should be pronounced another way.

In connection with provincial pronunciation a good deal might be said; but considerations of space forbid, and the most that can be done is to point out a few of the errors which give such a marked character to the conversation of the Irish. The uneducated in Ireland, and sometimes even the educated, err in the pronunciation of the following: a, e, i, o, u, ea, ei, ey, oo, ou, d, t, l, and r. For example, they say—

bould	instead of	bold	plinty	instead of	plenty
bŭsh	,,	bush	resate	,,	receipt
kĕtch	,,	catch	resave	,,	receive
cowld	,,	cold	schame	,,	scheme
convee	,,	convey	shuk	,,	shook
coorse	,,	course	sinsare	,,	*sincere*
desate	,,	deceit	soorse	,,	source
fut	,,	foot	stud	,,	stood
helum	,,	helm	tay	,,	tea
lave	,,	leave	tuk	,,	took
loudher	,,	louder	twinty	,,	twenty
nate	,,	neat	watther	,,	water
plase	,,	please	pŭsh	,,	push

So much, then, for errors of pronunciation. Beware of them, girls, for they often render ridiculous what would otherwise command attention and respect.

It is a good rule in every case of doubt to consult a pronouncing dictionary, and one may easily be had, both good and cheap. Write down the words in which you find yourselves tripping, and read them over and over aloud till the right sound at last becomes so familiar that your ears would as soon tolerate the wrong pronunciation as put up with a discord in music. In fact, an error in grammar or pronunciation should strike the ear just like such a discord.

Errors in pronunciation arise most often from ignorance, and half the battle is over when we know exactly what they are. Other fertile sources are carelessness and affectation; and if any girl suspects that she is either careless or affected, let her at once begin to mend her ways. A few errors arise from pedantry, but that is hardly a woman's failing.

One can excuse ignorance, and once in a while perhaps pardon carelessness, but it is difficult to tolerate affectation. Affectation in pronunciation comes out strongly in singing, and everyone has heard songs sung in the style in which an American critic says "The Last Rose of Summer" was given by a distinguished vocalist at the New York Beethoven Centennial:—

"'Tis ze las rose of zummare,
Leff pluming alone.
All ees luffly gampanyuns
Are fated um cawn."

The "Minstrel Boy," to give another example, is sometimes sung thus:—

"Tha minsturrel bo-hoy to tha wa-a-har as gone,
In tha ranks of de-e-heth youill foind im.
His father's sworrud e as gurrded on,
And is harrup ee as hu-hu-hung behoind im."

This example must be our last, for our space is exhausted. But a great deal remains to be said, and of other errors in speech, and the means of correcting them, we may perhaps speak another time.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

By the Countess of Aberdeen.

To the Readers of The Girl's Own Paper.

It is just a year ago since your Editor was good enough to allow me to ask you to join together to help your sisters, the "working girls" of London, by founding and helping to support a home of your own for them. With his constant kindness and sympathy he has more than once since then commended this object to you, besides publishing the lists of subscriptions and donations; and now he allows me to encroach again on his valuable space in order to convey my most hearty thanks to those who have responded so kindly and generously to my appeal. I have myself received very many kindly and sympathetic notes, and some of these from persons who, though but poor themselves, have been anxious to lend a helping hand to other struggling ones, knowing well from their own experience the temptations, the sorrows, the dangers of a life *alone in London*. The Hon. Director of the Homes has also received many such letters, and he has quoted one in the interesting report of the Homes just published. It is one from your own Editor, enclosing a collecting-card with £4 14s. 6d., and saying—

"The poor little Miss Mary E. Craig, who collected the money, filled in the last name the night before her death. She wished to do the last stroke (for it was all written by her); then that the money might be sent in immediately she had been called to her 'own home.'"

Another very pretty letter has just been received from a young lady in the Barbadoes, who sends back her collecting-card, with no less a sum than £16 10s., and who apologises for not sending more. We have another kind friend who sent us a legacy of £100 which had been left her, but who will not allow us to mention her name; so that altogether we have now got together the sum of £545 2s. 2d.

And, again, let me say that we are most grateful for this; but—but you must now let me have a little bit of a grumble.

The number of subscribers to The Girl's Own Paper is now very large, and if (as I pointed out last year) each subscriber gave one shilling towards the Girl's Own Home, you would be surprised to find how much it would exceed the thousand pounds that we want for the starting of this home. And surely no reader of The Girl's Own Paper, who has a home herself, can think without sympathy of a girl working away day after day, with oftentimes long hours and insufficient food, without friends, without a home, in that dreary waste of London. If I liked, I could tell you many and many a story of girls who have been sheltered in these Homes which are already started, which would fill your eyes with tears and your hearts with compassion; but we would not lift the veil from the privacy of *home* life, and so we only ask you to think of many a sorely-tried and tempted one living now in the shelter of a home, brightness and comfort surrounding her, a motherly friend from whom to seek advice, and, above all, an atmosphere full of happiness because full of true Christianity. If any of you wish to know more about the working of the Homes, you have but to ask the Hon. Director to send you a Report, which differs from usual reports by being full of interesting matter. But do let me appeal to you earnestly not to let this year close without making an effort to raise the sum still required. Please let every reader who has not already done so, write to J. Shrimpton, Esq., 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and ask him to send a collecting card for the Girl's Own Home.

A young and beautiful woman, to whom God had given every good gift in this world, and whose heart was filled with all noble aspirations and unselfish desires, once asked Thomas Carlyle to tell her the way in which he thought she could best do some good in her generation. "I'll tell you what you can do," said he; "just find out some puir lassie and be kind to her." We have now the opportunity of acting on this advice. Shall we turn a deaf ear to the pleading of these thousands of Christ's little ones whom He asks us to remember for His sake?

P.S.—It will perhaps be of interest to mention that we are about to establish a registry for female servants in connection with one of the Homes (Gordon House). This, it is hoped, will afford valuable opportunities for mistresses to obtain good servants, especially when they wish to engage German girls.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Alice, 1s.; One of the Girls, 2s.; Sympathy, 1s.; collected by Miss Spencer, £1; an English Reader, 2s.; Readers at Lamington, 10s.; collected by Miss M. F. Hurt, 7s. 6d.; How Slow the Readers are in Helping You, 1s.; Isabelle, 10s.; collected by Miss Gale, 13s.; Three E's, 2s.; Waratah and Lily, 6s.; total, £3 15s. 6d. Total amount received to August 31st, 1883, £545 2s. 2d.

VARIETIES.

Be Cautious.—Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears; God made one, and the tailor the other. Don't judge him by his family relations, for Cain belonged to a good family. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grander structure. When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind; the angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

A Woman should have the principles of various things observe, not a smattering of the superficialities, but the principles, well laid, so as to be able with ease to go on with anything which may be necessary, and to feel no great disappointment in having to turn from one to the other.—*Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.*

Self Improvement.—I do not advise you, my young countrywomen, to fly from the world, but I earnestly recommend it to your particular attention never to allow your minds to sink below the tone and vigour which mark their natural strength. Be as gay and playful if you will as those who assume gaiety to conceal their weakness, but never cease at any period of life to increase your knowledge, and by exercise to improve the powers of your understanding.—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

Fear, this effects—that I do not the ill;
Love, more—that I thereunto have no will.
Trench.

I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him.—*Rev. C. Kingsley.*

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned, and, however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.—*Prof. Huxley.*

Old Proverbs.

Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.

Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

Who looks not before, finds himself behind.

Judging by Events.—Mankind are too apt to judge of things solely by events, and to connect wisdom with good fortune and folly with disaster.

A Mad Interval.

One day, an emperor, who was a tyrant, went to the outside of the city by himself. He saw a man standing under a tree, and asked him:—

"What sort of a person is the emperor of this country? Is he a tyrant or a just man?"

The man answered, "He is a great tyrant."

The emperor said, "Do you know me?"

"No."

"I am the emperor of this country."

The man was much frightened, and asked in reply, "Do you know me?"

"No," said the emperor.

"Then," said the man, "I am the son of a certain merchant; every month during the space of three days I become mad. To-day is one of those three days."

The emperor laughed and left him.

"'I AM NOT FEELING SO BAD AS YOU THINK,' REPLIED DAN."

SUSIE'S CONQUESTS.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a pleasant preparatory bustle going on in the little dwelling, for Dan was coming to tea. New-laid eggs, cake, honey, jam, and the best china were all called into requisition, to do honour to the occasion.

When he arrived, Susie was gathering a fine nosegay for the crowning adornment of the table, singing blithely, meanwhile, in the gladness of her heart.

She turned when she heard his footstep, with a bright, expectant face, which had its quick reflection in his own expression. He had been feeling rather gloomy and miserable, for Aunt Bab had not failed when she had seen him first at his mother's to make an apparently careless allusion to Dick Divall's late attentions. But the unmistakable welcome shining in Susie's clear eyes reassured him somewhat.

"It do seem nice to be here again," he exclaimed.

"Come in, Dan, an' sit down," said Aunt Bab, appearing at the door, "for I know you must be feelin' tired. You're a bit shaky yet, I know."

"Well, you hev made a grand spread," said Dan, looking at the table with great gratification; "it make me feel quite hungry."

"To be sure I hev, but it's none too good," replied Aunt Bab, heartily; "an' if you don't eat a good meal I shall be finely disappointed." And she bustled out into the kitchen to fetch the teapot.

Dan joined Susie in the garden, where she was fastening a rosebud into the bosom of her dress.

"I think I ought to have a flower, too," said he.

"So you ought," replied Susie, taking one from the bunch.

"I hev rather a fancy for that one, if you don't mind," he said, touching the bud she wore; "jest stick it in my button-hole, Susie; I'm not to use my arm too free just yet."

With a smile and a blush she complied with his request, and they went in together.

The meal passed off merrily; and Dan insisted upon going into the kitchen to help Susie wash the tea-things.

"I thought you wasn't to use that arm too free," said Susie.

"That won't hurt it, will it, Mrs. Weller?" asked Dan.

"Well, you know best, Dan," she replied, with a knowing little smile, as she settled herself to her knitting. A little while afterwards they were laughing gaily over his clumsiness, when through their merriment came the sound of a man's voice, speaking to Aunt Bab. All the light died out of the young man's face

directly, as he exclaimed, brusquely, "Who's that?"

"It's Dick Divall, I think," replied Susie, uneasily.

"What may he want here?" demanded Dan, gloomily.

"Why, you don't mind him, do you?" asked Susie, "because he hev been so kind while you was bad, and——"

"The mean, cowardly hound! He dursn't come till I was out o' the way," interrupted Dan, angrily. "I'll teach him to creep into my place," he continued, rising suddenly, with a very red face, to leave the kitchen.

"Now, look here, Dan," said Susie, with a timid hand on his arm, "don't be so foright, now, don't! Do you think aunt and me can forget good friends like you, so easy?"

Perhaps it was the red sunset rays, streaming in at the window, which threw such a rosy glow upon her cheeks, but there was no mistaking what they shone upon in the honest grey eyes, and he felt considerably comforted, but he replied moodily, however—

"How can I t ll?"

"Oh, well," returned Susie, feeling rather nettled, "if that's what you think, it's clear we don't count for much with you."

"You know better'n that, Susie," said Dan, reproachfully, and very irrelevantly he began to tell her how Lord Broadhurst had been down his own self to see him and "had spoke quite handsome," saying he meant to pension off old Wallingham by-and-by, and more than hinted that the young keeper might be his successor.

"There, Dick's going!" broke in Susie, "an' he promised to take a settin' of eggs over to Moorgate Farm for me. Come along, Dan," and she ran off before he could answer.

Dan followed more slowly, frowning heavily, and according only a surly nod to Dick, who, however, did not seem to notice any want of warmth in his greeting; but then he was laughing and talking with Susie.

"That noisy fellow hev made your head ache with his clack," exclaimed Aunt Bab irritably, when the visitor had at last departed.

"Oh, no, he hevn't; but I think I'd better be going," said Dan, speaking in a quiet, constrained tone.

Susie could see that he was vexed, unreasonably, so she thought, for Dick's hint recurred to her mind, and rankled there. "What business had he to mind her speakin' civil to a neighbour? And even supposing he had the right, he ought to believe that she could speak to any man, without saying anything the most particular brother could mind." She felt almost inclined to show him how he had hurt her by his unworthy suspicions, only she remembered that he had been ill, and the sight of his pale, miserable face made her more patient than she would have been.

So she rose and accompanied him when he said "good-night" to her aunt.

"I never thought you was the girl to care for laughing about with a pack of fellows," he began, as they stood together at the gate.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" cried Susie with an angry blush, "an' you know it ain't true."

"Stop, Susie!" for she had turned to go in, "say that again."

"No! If you don't think I mean what I say, once speaking, you may do the other thing for me."

"Don't be angry, Susie; if you knew—— There! there's that bothering fellow again!" he exclaimed angrily, as they saw Divall, after a backward glance, turn to retrace his steps.

"I know that you are weak an' tired," said Susie, hurriedly, in a low voice, "or I should be even more put out than I am."

"We part friends, then?" pleaded Dan.

"I don't know," said Susie, laughing, and with a forgiving glance which contradicted her words, she gave him her hand, and he seemed satisfied.

"Ah, there you be, Dan," said Dick as he came towards them; "I thought maybe you'd be glad of a friend to walk a bit o' the way with you."

"Don't go out o' your road on my account," replied the other, but an expressive glance from Susie stopped him from saying any more, and bidding her "good-night," the two started together, Susie leaning on the gate and looking after them.

She was just turning to go in, when a lad called to her and gave her a letter, telling her that it had been at the Post Office for her since yesterday, but that when the man came with it he could not make anyone hear.

"Oh, I was down the village post-time," she said, "and when aunt's in the back she can't always hear. But it don't matter, thank you."

How little she knew! The letter was from her father, and told them that "Mother was very queer;" that he had fallen when moving some furniture, and had broken his leg badly. He went on to say that he did not know what would become of them all, unless they got some kind of help. The letter was evidently written with great difficulty, and took them some time to decipher.

"Bless me! 'Troubles never come alone,' they do say," was Aunt Bab's comment. "Poor brother Jack! Well, after all, marriage is a lottery, an' I must say it's a man's own fault, for nine times out o' ten it's the pretty face, with nothin' to back it, as they're all after. An' he as fine likely a lad, I mind, as you'd meet in a long day's march."

"Aunt, must I go, do you think?" asked Susie, suddenly.

"Go, girl! Why, what should make you think o' that? He heven't asked you yet," replied Aunt Bab, with a troubled face. For many reasons the idea was most distasteful to her. What would the house be without Susie? What should she do without her help? How could she let her go back to that dreadful place? If there had been only poverty for her to go into, that would have been bad enough; but the place and the people were so far from respectable! It was the wife's place to look after her husband, and she would be well enough able to do it if she would give up her shocking habits! She did not see why Susie should be taken away from her just now that she was such a help. And then, too, Aunt Bab thought, there must be something between Dan and her child which might come to nothing if they were separated just at this time, when there seemed to be a coolness between them. All these reasons, except, of course, the last one, the good woman urged upon Susie's notice, the more vehemently that she had to struggle against a conviction that she was wrong and selfish in doing so. But she would send them some money, she thought; that clearly was all the help that was at all expected.

"Well, aunt, I must sleep on it," said Susie, wearily, at last. "I don't want to go, but it will only be for a time. I should be back by the winter, when you want me most."

"Well, I only hope you won't bring your mother back with you, that's all!" said Aunt Bab, irritably. "I hev kept myself respectable, an' you too, since you've been here. But there, you must take your own way!"

"Aunt," cried poor Susie, "it's hard enough without——"

"Well, yes, I know—you're a good girl—but you can't look for me to take it so easy—that hev ——" and poor Aunt Bab stopped, unable to say any more, and actually broke into a stifled sob.

"Oh, dear aunt—my dear—don't!" cried Susie, much distressed by such an unusual occurrence, and throwing her arms round her neck, she kissed and soothed her.

"There, we'll not say any more about it till to-morrow," she said, and she carried her unlightened trouble upstairs with her.

"What *ought* I to do?" That was the question which must be answered. Suddenly her eye fell upon her little prayer-book, and there flashed into her mind some of the words in it, that she had been taught so particularly before confirmation, 'To love, honour, and *succour* my father and mother.' It seemed like a direct answer to her question. Falling upon her knees, she prayed earnestly for help and guidance, and rose, feeling that though the trouble was still there, she had not prayed in vain.

It would be wrong, she thought, to go without her aunt's consent, but she felt convinced that would no longer be withheld when duty was clearly seen in the matter.

And so her determination was formed, but not without some bitter tears, and a sharp struggle with her own desires.

As she had expected, Aunt Bab was more reasonable when she met her next morning, and declared that since she must go she had better be off as quickly as possible, as she would be back all the sooner. She could have started that day, but deferred it till the next, that she might have an opportunity of saying good-bye to Dan, who she felt sure would be round in the evening.

But no Dan made his appearance. Dick came in, and on hearing the news, offered to drive Susie to the station, and see her off. Reluctantly enough she accepted this little service from him, for her aunt did not like her to go alone, and could not leave home to accompany her.

Hungry, tired, and depressed, she reached her destination about six o'clock in the evening. As she walked into the little shop, everything look smaller, dirtier, and uglier even than she had fancied it would be. She stopped a moment to gather courage, and then, turning the handle of the door, entered the tiny room behind. A young man was sitting at the dirty, rickety table with a mug of tea in one hand and a huge wedge of bread in the other, while a herring, propped upon an old fork, was cooking in front of the fire. This was a sample of the home to which Susie had come. Her reception was not encouraging either.

Tom stared at her for a minute or two, and then exclaimed—

"Why, what in the name of everythink brought you 'ere?"

"Father's letter, to be sure," replied Susie. "An' how are you, Tom? An' how's father? and what's the matter with mother?"

"Doesn't matter 'ow I am. An' as to 'er, serves 'er right!" he replied, savagely, getting up and reaching for the herring.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Susie, determined not to be disheartened.

"Dropsy, the doctor says; drink, *I* say; says he, much the same thing."

"They upstairs?" asked Susie, after a few moments' silence, during which Tom continued his repast.

He nodded his head.

"Where's Kitty?"

"Somewheres in the street."

"Then, if you'll tell me where the things are, I'll make myself a drop o' tea," said Susie.

This being accomplished after some trouble, she drank it, and having eaten a few of the biscuits with which Aunt Bab had provided her, set about reducing the dirty, untidy place to something like order, Tom watching her meanwhile with a sullen kind of wonder.

"Now I'll go up and see father," she said at last, "and Tom, would you mind fetching my box from the station?"

"Not worth while, as I can see," he replied, sulkily.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Oh, you'll get tired o' this before long," he exclaimed.

"Well, I don't mean to go till father's all right," returned Susie, and after some persuasion he went.

Upstairs her reception was warmer; her father seemed as if he could not be glad and grateful enough for her coming; her mother did not seem able to take very much notice.

There was plenty for her to do, and it was late before she could snatch a few hours' repose.

The next morning she was up early, and busy before anyone was about. This was the beginning of a time of toil and trouble, both for mind and body, which grew harder as the weeks passed on.

A month after her arrival her mother was dead and buried, her father still an invalid, while debts were cropping up on every side.

All this time she had heard nothing from Aunt Bab. But just when she was feeling almost overwhelmed with care came a letter from her. She was longing unspeakably for the pleasant country life, with its profitable toil, its pure interests, its pleasant recreations, and thinking sadly that she might never enjoy it again, as all her friends seemed to have forgotten her. The fact of having been remembered at last was consolatory; but, as Aunt Bab was wont to declare, "letter writin' was such a business," and perhaps that was why there was not much in the epistle to satisfy the recipient's heart hunger.

Dan was quite strong again, but had only been once or twice to see her. How long did Susie mean to stay? for the work seemed too hard now it all came on her, and the poultry wasn't paying so well, for want of help in tending them. She was very sorry to hear about her sister-in-law's death, and pitied Susie very much.

Susie wrote back to say she saw no chance of returning just yet, for her father was still laid up, and business did not look very bright. No answer came to this letter, and she began to fear that her aunt was angry with her. Dan, too, had not even so much as sent her a friendly message. She had hesitated long as to whether she should send a word to him, but had at last decided not to do so. One idea had taken strong possession of her mind—that Dan's forgetfulness was sent as a punishment to her for having so long forgotten her own home and parents. His manner and words had seemed so full of meaning when they parted that evening at the gate, and thrilled her with a happiness as intense as it had proved evanescent.

What with her known and unknown trouble, the continual toil, the confinement in a close, unhealthy atmosphere, she lost her health and spirits. To her utter consternation, she found that her temper, too, was becoming decidedly bad. But that was not wonderful. Tom was idle and selfish, Jack ailing and helpless, Kitty impertinent, wilful, and ignorant, and she was trying to improve and help them all. She wanted to take everyone's duties upon her own shoulders; but, as that is always an impossibility, she failed, morally at least, for, as to external respectability, the home certainly showed many signs of improvement.

One thing that worried her very much was the suspicion that Tom did not give her a true account of the money he took from his branch of the business. Bills came in a second time that she had believed settled. And she could not persuade him to spend his evenings at home, although it was so much cleaner and tidier than it had been. He was so indignant, too, when she asked him about both these matters. At last they came to an open quarrel.

"What business is it of yours, I want to know?" he said, angrily; "I work hard enough. You don't think I'm a goin' to do it for nothing. I dessay you'd like to get all the money into yer own 'ands, wouldn't yer?"

"For shame, Tom!" cried poor Susie; "you know what I want it for. There's scarce a vegetable in the shop, an' what's the use of keepin' one with nothing in it?"

"You do without me, that's all," muttered Tom, sullenly.

"I'd do a good bit better, I know," exclaimed Susie, passionately, "even if I had to pay a boy to help, for then I shouldn't lose his character for him if I *did* tell people to pay no one but me. It'll hev to come to that with you, I see."

"We'll see about that, Mrs. Clever," said Tom, in a blustering tone, but with a sudden scared look at her. He went out shortly afterwards, and Susie, left to her own reflections, began to reproach herself for having spoken with so much temper. "I'll try an' talk it over more quiet like next time," she thought. But no next time came. She sat up late, waiting for him in vain. The next three days she passed in an agony of self-reproach. "What had she driven him to do?" At last came a letter, saying that he had gone to sea, and that for the future, he meant to be his own master as far as they were concerned.

Her father, to whom she told something of her trouble and suspicions about Tom—now become a certainty—took the news very apathetically, telling her "not to fret, for he'd be about again soon, he hoped." Poor Susie! It was more over her brother's guilt, than his absence, that she troubled.

She sat down and wrote a few forgiving words to him, and then, yearning for sympathy, wrote a long letter to Aunt Bab. The reply reached her the same day that her father resumed his usual occupations. It said that Dan was coming to London, and begged her to return with him. How her heart beat with happiness; how gladly her will answered the request! Surely, surely, she had done enough, she thought; her aunt really needed her. Her father was well again, and Kitty was old enough to do for him. She felt worn out and ill, and yet she was afraid to think what they would do without her. After two days' thought, in sore perplexity, she took the letter to him. As he read, his face grew longer.

"Well, my girl," he said at last, "you've no call to ask me about it; you're your own missus—— an' you deserve to be," he added, turning away with a heavy sigh.

She stood silent a few moments, battling with a temptation almost too hard for her. Her lips parted, then closed again irresolutely, as she strove to find words to explain and excuse to her father her desire to leave him alone. She knew that even in his own mind he would not reproach her, and yet, how cruel it seemed to her! He was already turning slowly and dejectedly away, when something shining on the back of his hand caught her eye. That tear had spoken more eloquently to Susie's kind heart than any words could have done. Springing after him, she exclaimed, hurriedly—

"Father, dear, you'd like me to stay, I'm sure?"

"Like it! But 'tain't fair to you, Susie. There's Kitty to——"

"Kitty hev a lot to learn. I won't go back till she know how to make you comfortable!"

"God bless you, child! I've got a good daughter! Wait a bit, Susie! I'll make it up to yer some day," and he went off to his work with renewed energy and spirit.

He had scarcely left, before she received a summons to the shop, and there stood Dan!

A host of conflicting emotions kept her silent. Joy, surprise, soreness at his long neglect, the recollection of Dick's insinuations, all struggling together in her mind, rendered it impossible for her to speak.

Her visitor seized her hand, as if certain of his welcome, and said—

"Well, Susie, how are you? What an out o' the way sort o' place, to be sure! I *hev* had a trouble to find you!"

"I'm very sorry," said Susie, reddening.

"Oh! I didn't mean that I minded," he replied, smiling; "besides, there's someone, not a hundred yards from here, as I wanted to see particular. So you see it's myself I was pleasing, more'n you!"

He quite expected that she would understand that he alluded to herself, and would say that he *had* pleased her as well as himself. But she quite misunderstood him, and wondering sorely all the time who it was in the neighbourhood he wanted so much to see, she answered, shortly, "I'm glad o' that."

"Well, won't you ask me to come in?" asked Dan, with some surprise, noting her constrained manner.

"Oh! come in if you like," she said, opening the door; "but it's a poor place, you see."

"What does that matter?" asked Dan, jovially; "you'll be the readier to leave it."

"That may be some folks' way, but it isn't mine," she returned, stiffly. Then, feeling that, after all, she had no right to be angry with him for assenting to her own statement, she said, with an attempt at cordiality—

"How's your mother all this long time?"

"Very well; but she's a bit put out that you hev never sent a word to us, Susie."

"I've had too much to see after," she replied, coldly—thinking angrily all the time it was not likely she was going to remember them when they had forgotten her.

"Susie, what makes you so queer?" asked Dan, with a troubled face; "you seem quite altered."

"I daresay, an' I am not the only one!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

This little allusion to his long silence and forgetfulness she could not restrain, and rapped it out sharply.

Dan could not understand what she meant, for he had asked Aunt Bab to tell her what Lord Broadhurst had said about him, and of course did not know that she had written it as if it had been her own news. So the silly fellow thought that she alluded to a slight disfigurement left from the wound in his face. This idea was strengthened in his mind by the remembrance of various innuendoes of Dick's, who, for his own purposes, had magnified his friendship with Susie.

"Well! I was warned, but I never could hev believed it of you," he exclaimed, indignantly.

"You're one of those that think that only men hev a right to a temper," she returned, bitterly. If he could only have understood and explained matters then, how gladly any real or imagined shortcomings would have been forgiven. As to the scar, Susie liked him better with it, for did it not show how brave he was?

"Well, it do seem that I can't please you, any way," returned Dan, "so I'd best tell my business, and get out o' your way. Mrs. Weller want you to come back with me to-morrow; but, maybe, you'd liefer be without me, an' I'm not the one to trouble you with my company, if you don't care for it."

Susie flushed brightly. Could there be any misunderstanding? He looked very unhappy, but it certainly was his place to explain.

"Tell Aunt Bab, with my love, that I want

to come bad. I will come, but not yet. I can't leave father."

"Good-bye, then, Susie."

"Good-bye; an', Dan, don't think too much of it. If I hev spoke a bit hasty—I—I only meant——"

Now that he was really going she thought she must give him a chance to make up this quarrel, which had risen so strangely between them.

"I'm not feeling so bad as you think," replied Dan, with some spirit, and the next moment he was gone.

And now came the hardest part of her sacrifice. During the long, sad weeks that followed she longed so to go to her aunt's, if only for a time, for perhaps when she was there things between her and Dan might resume their old footing. But more than ever she was wanted at home, and her old friends seemed to have forgotten her. The hardest part of it all was that her great sacrifice seemed to have done so little good. Her father did not seem to recover his strength, the business was failing, Kitty seemed daily to become more thoughtless and unmanageable, Aunt Bab was angry with her, and all for no good. After a while she began to understand that we may not always *know* the good we do when following the path of duty; and she grew more content, and determined, with all the strength of a strong nature, aided by heavenly help, that she would crush down these useless repinings after her old happy life. She had learnt her lesson and conquered self; her reward was to come after a long lifetime, perhaps, she thought.

One cold, cheerless day, as she sat sewing by the tiny fire, and thinking it all over, the door opened, and with her face rosy with the cold, and glowing with affection, there stood Aunt Bab. With one bound she was in her arms, her tired head resting upon the kind motherly bosom; the overburdened heart relieving itself, by tears and sobs, of the pent-up trouble of the long weary weeks and days.

"Come, come," said her aunt at last, wiping her own eyes, "you'll be a fine sight for Dan to see."

"Dan!" gasped Susie, in astonishment. But here he was to speak for himself.

"I thought you were angry, aunt," said Susie, when mutual explanations had ended satisfactorily.

"So I was, Susie; but you conquered; you taught me my duty, child, an' what I hev to say is this, I shall hev to give you up pretty soon, I'm thinkin', to go and take care of that fine new cottage Dan's been tellin' you about. I can't get on without more help, so I want your father to come into partnership with me; there be room enough, an' work enough for Kitty an' Jack, as well."

We need hardly say that everyone concerned was delighted with this arrangement; and the following year, when Susie was married to Dan, who had been made head keeper, Aunt Bab declared that it had turned out even better than she had expected. Her brother and nephew were strong and well able to do all the work which an increased business entailed; and Kitty, under Aunt Bab's kind but firm rule, bade fair to grow into as good a girl as Susie had been.

RUTH MITCHELL.

THE OBSERVER.

THESE notes are intended specially for the use of girls living in the country, in the hope of inducing those who have young brothers and sisters to teach them to observe the strange things going on around them. The subjects will not be worked out, but are simply intended as hints to be studied by the elders on behalf of the little ones. But it is not only in the open country and large gardens that nature may be observed. Picciola learnt more from the flower in his prison-cell than from all the trees and plants when he was free; and even those who live in the sootiest parts of our dirty towns can find something in nature to admire. A man who for three months had never left his bed in a small garret, and whose only view of the outside world was a few feet of sky and the top of a tree, once said to me: "I never knew how beautiful the clouds were till I had nothing else to look at, and the stars are like old friends coming in to look at me." For those who have microscopes, a door is opened into another world, one of beauty and wonder; but those who do not possess this magician's rod will be able to see a great deal, and do some useful work with a common pocket magnifying glass—indeed, however good the microscope at home may be, the magnifying glass should always be carried out and used to see what is worth bringing home for further observation.

To begin, then, with the sky, which is open to town dwellers as well as those in the country. Teach the children clearly first which side of your house is north, which south, and so on. Next, on a fine evening, let them stand with their faces to the north and look high up in the heavens, and they will see a bright star of a bluish colour, called the Pole star.

If you cannot find it easily, look down nearer the horizon, still in the north, and you will see the constellation called the Plough, or Charles's Wain. Four bright stars make the body of the Plough, and three others in a curved line represent the handle. The two front stars of the Plough, those farthest from the handle, are called the Pointers, because they point directly to the Pole Star; so that if you draw an imaginary line from them, carrying it a good distance higher up the sky, you cannot fail to find the Pole Star. It is important that the children should get to know it, as it is round this point that all the other stars move. When this is fixed in their minds, teach them the four constellations, which are always visible in England. First the Plough, mentioned above; which at this time of year is exactly under the Pole Star, nearer the horizon. Then the next constellation, Cassiopeia, which children would best remember as being just like the letter W. On an autumn evening you will find it high over your head. Look up in a straight line from the Plough to the Pole Star, and then about the same distance up again, and you will see the five bright stars which make W. The other two constellations, Lyra and Auriga, must be learnt later; but parts of them are not difficult to find. Still facing the Plough in the north, find the Pole Star again; then look to the west, about as far to the left of the Pole Star as the Plough is to the north, and you will see two very bright stars near together; the brightest of these two is called Capella. Once more, still looking north, point out on the east of the Pole Star, that is on the side opposite to Capella, and about the same distance off, one remarkably bright star, called Vega. These four constellations move round the Pole, but keep the same positions with regard to one another, so that they are always easy to find, and are useful guides by which to find others. This will be as much astronomy as the children will remember for one month; and probably they will forget the names; but it will be enough for the present if they can remember where to look for these stars.

In addition to the above groups of stars, fresh constellations are constantly coming into view, while others disappear from sight for a time. We will suppose that you look at the sky always at eight o'clock in the evening, facing towards the north. You will now see Pleiades rising above the north-eastern horizon. This is a beautiful group of stars, in a close cluster; six are usually visible, though observers gifted with sharpness of vision can see seven; but there are many more in the group. Now that the evenings are dark you may chance to see in the north, near the horizon, a brilliant glow of white or rosy light. This Aurora Borealis generally appears shortly after sunset. It is sometimes called the Northern Light, because from England we only see it in the northern sky. In November look out for shooting stars, which generally make their appearance in great numbers during this month.

November is the month of fogs; and, unpleasant as they are—especially mixed with the smoke of towns—they are not without interest to an intelligent observer. If you have the opportunity, go up a high hill, or on to the roof of a very tall building, and you will see for yourself that the fog is a heavy cloud which floats close to the earth; you will look down upon it lying below you, while you yourself are in clear sunshine. The reading-room at the British Museum is lighted by windows in a lofty dome, and frequently when the streets are quite dark with the dense fog outside, the reading-room is quite bright and light, because the dome is so high that it reaches into the sunshine above the fog. Notice, too, how much water some trees condense during fogs. Sometimes it drips from them like a shower of rain. This is the case chiefly when the leaves are still on, but you may see the water running down the leafless branches and dripping on the ground, though all around is comparatively dry. You will see that some kinds of trees do this much more than others, but all condense more water than the surrounding stone walls and iron railings. Observe, also, how strangely fog alters sights and sounds. Voices seem much farther off, and objects are distorted. If you happen to lose your way, or have to cross a wide road or a field in a thick fog, you will see an illustration of the strange tendency all human beings have to walk in a circle, always bearing towards the right, instead of straight on. Many savage tribes could not possibly build a wall or dig a ditch *straight* without having it carefully marked out for them, though they could dig or build an almost perfect circle without any guide; and we have so much of the savage nature left in us that if you try to walk straight across a field in a thick fog, or on a very dark night, you will almost certainly go too much to the right, and find the place you were aiming at somewhere to the left of you.

Now that the weather is getting cold, birds become bolder, and will come close to the house for crumbs. If you throw them out at regular hours the birds will soon get to know the time, and will collect on the neighbouring trees at the usual hour. Always blow a whistle when you are going to feed them, and by degrees they will get to know the sound, and will come when they hear it; but be careful that cats do not come too. Put out a shallow vessel of water on the lawn for the birds to bathe in. Strangely, the birds bathe oftenest in heavy, continuous rain. The boldest and most frequent visitors are generally blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, robins, wrens, and wagtails, though many others come occasionally. This bath will give you ample opportunity of noticing

the different habits of the birds, and their peculiarities of walking and flying. A starling, for instance, *walks*, putting one foot before the other as we do; while blackbirds, though so much like starlings, hop, with both feet together.

This reminds me of how few people can explain the distinction between walking and running. Set your little brothers and sisters to try it, and you will see that in their quickest walk they always have one foot on the ground, whereas in running, however slowly, they leap right off the ground, from one foot to the other.

The approaching cold weather drives common house flies to seek shelter and warmth, and you will find numbers of dead ones still adhering to the shutters, ceiling, or walls. They retain so exactly the position of living ones, that it is difficult without touching them to believe they are not really alive. If you look closely you will see that many of these dead flies are surrounded by a kind of whitish dust, which consists of the spores or seeds of a kind of fungus or mould, which has not only killed the fly, but has consumed the whole contents of its body, leaving only an empty shell behind. You can see that this is the case with the aid of a magnifying-glass. The fly's foot is wonderfully formed, and worthy of a most careful study in the microscope. At the end of the foot are two claws, with which it clings to any little unevenness on the apparently smooth ceiling and walls. These claws are furnished with little pads, which act like a boy's leathern sucker, which when made wet and pressed down squeezes all the air from underneath, and the weight of air above it keeps it down. The pad on the fly's foot acts in the same way, and it can let the air in and release its foot at will; but it is supposed that when dying it has no longer the strength to do this, and so remains a fixture. In addition to this, the surface of the foot is covered with minute hairs, each of which exudes a tiny drop of sticky fluid, which when they are dying they are not able to escape from themselves. These are only visible in the microscope with a high power.

DORA HOPE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MANUSCRIPTS.—We advise you to write to Miss Webb, secretary of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 267, Vauxhall-bridge-road, London, S.W., and she will give you all information respecting the training for Zenana work, and for school-teaching abroad. Otherwise, write to the Hon. Secretary (Mrs. Allan Gilmore) of the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, 2, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C. Mrs. A. Gilmore's address is Heron-court, Richmond, S.W.

LILY OF VALLEY.—Write for all information, and printed circulars, to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, Westminster.

SIS.—You must apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, at their office in Cannon-row, Westminster, and obtain their printed papers and forms, to be filled up.

KATHLEEN HOPE.—You should advertise for the kind of situation you require, and read those that may appear in such papers as the *Guardian*, or the *Englishwoman's Review*. Having seen what might be likely to suit you, write to the English chaplain, if there be one, at the same time as you write to the principal of the school, to obtain any further information as to the respectability of the establishment, from a reliable and independent source.

F. FLETCHER and MIGNONETTE.—For information respecting correspondence classes, write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay.

COOKERY.

JENNIE L.—To make baking powder, take an equal quantity (in bulk) of tartaric acid, carbonate of soda, and ground rice (or cornflour). Mix all thoroughly, and rub them through a wire sieve. One teaspoonful of this mixture will be sufficient for each pound of dry ingredients used. The pastry, or cake, which the baking powder is designed to lighten should be baked as quickly as possible after it has been moistened. The cabbage-water, which has always an offensive odour, should be poured out on the earth outside the house—never down the sink.

M. A. J. B.—What you seem to have commenced to make is "orange brandy," not "preserved oranges." The latter should be made thus:—Score the oranges or lemons all over, simmer them gently in water until nearly done through, and place in cold water to soak for twenty-four hours, changing the water every three hours. Drain on a sieve for several hours, and place in an earthen pan with sufficient syrup (of twenty-eight degrees strength) poured over them, during three days. The syrup should be boiled and skimmed, and when nearly cold poured back on the oranges, which should then be put into jars and well corked.

WORK.

SEDGWICK.—1. See "Knitted Designs," page 596, vol. iii. Double Berlin wool might answer your purpose for a white *berceaunette* blanket. 2. In reference to the proportion of starch and water for the stiffening of collars and cuffs, consult our article on "How to Starch," page 383, vol. ii.

CARINA.—Your are right in saying that the description of the "*chévron* stripe" is incorrect, at page 598, vol. iii. Eight rows have been omitted. You will find the full description in "Answers to Correspondents" in the same vol., page 719.

FLORIAN.—1. The "Dictionary of Needlework," Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., will supply you with all the information and the designs you require respecting Macramé, and every other kind of lace or work. It is on the reference list of the British Museum, or you could procure the book at the address indicated. 2. Gently sponge the gold frames with ammonia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEAN H.—We are only told that love is wrong when we make idols of those we love and allow them to stand in God's place. Take a concordance, and look out all the texts in the New Testament on love. Alas! dear little Jean, we fear you will come to the conclusion that we all of us love too little—not too much!

EGLANTINE.—Emma, daughter of Duke Richard of Normandy, married Ethelred II., called the Unlucky, a union which afforded the first pretext for the claims of William the Conqueror. The words placed in italics in the Bible are those which are introduced to make the sense of it in English clear.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We should advise you to leave the subject of your anxiety alone; nothing can be done. The writing you send promises well.

QUEEN MAB.—Consult a surgeon, and inquire of a good shoemaker.

CARNATION.—You should go to a dentist without delay.

A BIRDIE.—There is no bank, so far as we know, that employs ladies as clerks, except the Post Office Savings Bank. You would say, "Mrs. So-and-So presents her compliments."

A THORN IN THE FLESH.—Your letter shows a sad and unhealthy state of mind and body. Take more exercise—sea bathing, if possible—and get the doctor to give you a tonic. Begin to think of other people, and how you can minister to their comfort. Read your Bible, and learn each day some verses of good poetry by heart, so that you may strengthen your mind. Pray earnestly for help to resist wandering and unhappy thoughts.

MADGE.—You would require a master, in any case, to teach you to pronounce properly. It could not be learnt from books.

ROBINA.—July 30th, 1867, was a Tuesday.

VIOLET.—Torquay, in Devonshire, and Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, are both recommended for consumption. The British Catalogue of Stars contains seventeen of the first magnitude, seventy-nine of the second, and 223 of the third.

PEARL TREMAINE.—Tell the child's mother, and say you could not think of keeping the whole of the money, and offer to give him the half.

DAISY.—You are rather young to go away from home, but otherwise we suppose the change would be an improvement in your salary.

EURONOMY FROM WALES.—We agree with your parents, as we think the reformation has come from an earthly cause, when it should have come from love of God and goodness. We should advise your waiting a couple of years; if your lover be worth anything, he will emerge from the test triumphant. "Be ye not *unequally* yoked together," and no marriage made without the sanction of your parents would have God's blessing.

M. A. W.—The new volume begins in October. We do not know any cure save less hard work.

BOY.—We think it a matter for the individual conscience to decide for itself. If you follow its dictates honestly you will choose no path in life likely to separate you from God and His service.

HOWARDINA.—1. We do not give prices, as we always tell our correspondents. The copying of manuscripts is paid at so much a folio, and is generally a matter of agreement between the employer and the writer. Write by daylight, but with your face turned sideways to the light; not by any means by gaslight. Short sight is usually stronger than long sight. 2. Perhaps you bite or wet your lips; avoid this, and use lip salve at night. Your writing is very good.

BESSIE.—We cannot be "wise above what is written," and we are told that "He was in all points tempted as we are," although He never succumbed to these temptations nor fell into sin as we do. The mystery of the union of the Godhead with the human soul in His natural body as a man, we cannot comprehend nor explain. Yet we find that Satan tempted Him to accept a temporal empire, and give up His life of privation, trial, and ignominious death, on the stipulation that He would renounce His divine sovereignty and "fall down and worship him." He had human feelings and susceptibilities, and we know that He shrank, as a man, from drinking the cup of misery, which, as the Divine Redeemer and Creator of all, He had voluntarily come down to accept for us. We cannot give addresses.

MADCAP VIOLET.—We can only suggest your keeping the mountain ash berries in a pickle of salt and water. You curl your letters about in too fanciful a way. Form them simply, and with regularity.

MISSING LINK.—It is now the fashion to raise the hair higher on the head, which is in some respects a change for the better, as wearing it low on the neck soiled frills and collars so much. Make your back hair into a couple of twists, and roll them into a snail-shell form, if old enough to turn it up. You write a pretty hand.

A WOULD-BE DISCIPLE.—Your very anxiety to become a holy and devoted follower of the Master, as shown in your humble and interesting letter, proves that you are in a fair way to become one. We are all responsible creatures, although, as you say, none can become Christians but by God's saving grace. These facts are clearly shown to us in the teachings of the Bible, a book which we all must systematically, thoughtfully, and prayerfully read if we wish to know enough of heaven and how to enter it. Dr. Angus, in his "Bible Handbook," says that "the Scriptures teach, on a comparison of passages, that repentance, faith, and obedience, are the gifts of God. Do we there ore gather that men are guiltless if they do not repent, and believe, and obey the gospel? or do we deem it needless to exhort men to repentance, obedience, and faith? If so, our views are unsound, for the guilt of impenitence is charged entirely upon man. His unbelief is declared to be his great sin and the ground of his condemnation; and not to obey God is everywhere condemned. Men are exhorted, too, to repent, and believe, and obey. So Samuel taught the Israelites, and so Peter exhorted Simon Magus and the murderers of our Lord." Let us and all the readers of this magazine begin this new "Girl's Own" year with more careful and regular reading of the Scriptures, so that by "patience and comfort of God's holy word we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life" given us through Jesus Christ.

LIZZIE HASLAM.—Your little nephew and niece—who are dependent on your support, as well as motherly care (being orphans), and who at so tender an age refuse to obey you or to call you "auntie," as in their mother's lifetime—should be punished until you can again bring them under control. Try mild measures, such as standing them in a corner, or take away their toys for a time; this failing, give a good slap or two with your own hand on theirs, and if the rebellion be too determined for this to put it down, nothing remains then to be done but to give the unruly little people a good sound whipping. Instant obedience must be obtained, or later on your authority will be irretrievably gone, and they will grow up without due moral training.

M. E. L.—We do not know if vaseline would assist you; it can be procured of any chemist.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

The Editor begs to inform his readers that the Extra Christmas Part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER *will be published November 26, with the December magazines, under the title of*

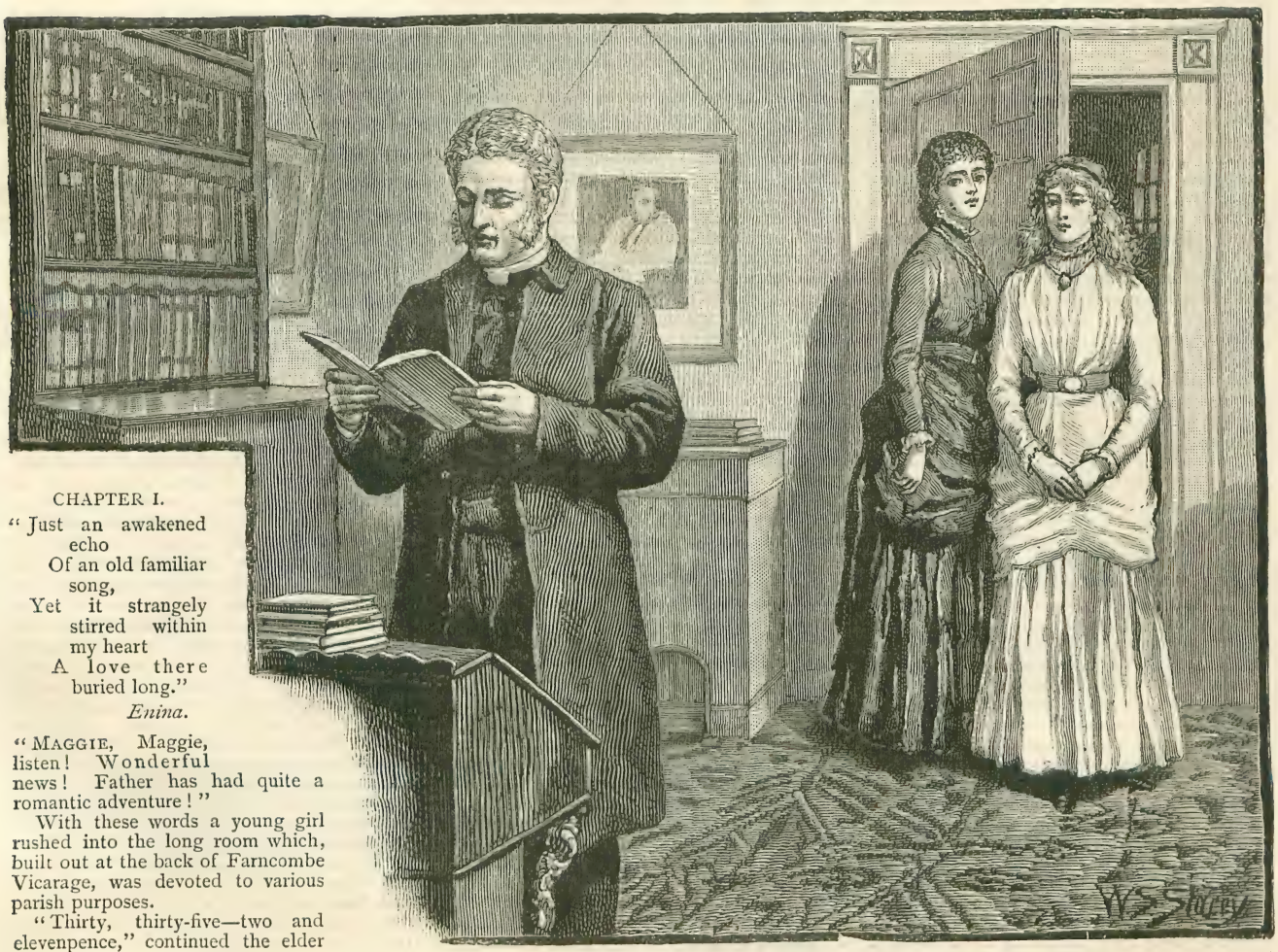
WINTER LEAVES.

In order to secure copies, our girls are requested to order them immediately, as only a limited number will be published, and cannot be reprinted.

VOL. V.—NO. 201. NOVEMBER 3, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TWO CHANGEFUL YEARS.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.



"THE PAGES OF ONE WERE BEING INTENTLY SCANNED."

CHAPTER I.

"Just an awakened
echo
Of an old familiar
song,
Yet it strangely
stirred within
my heart
A love there
buried long."

Enina.

"MAGGIE, Maggie, listen! Wonderful news! Father has had quite a romantic adventure!"

With these words a young girl rushed into the long room which, built out at the back of Farncombe Vicarage, was devoted to various parish purposes.

"Thirty, thirty-five—two and elevenpence," continued the elder

All rights reserved.]

sister, who, seated at the end of a deal table, was in the act of adding up a column of figures in an account-book, from which she turned to count sundry little piles of coppers, interspersed with a few more pretentious threepenny and fourpenny pieces, all of which were evidently about to be deposited in a holland bag, upon which was written the words "Clothing Club."

"Oh, Madge, *do* leave those horrid figures a moment. There, you *shall* listen," said Isa Brown, as, snatching the pen from her sister's hand, she pirouetted to the other end of the room, and stood shaking the captured weapon in merry defiance. "Don't you hear; he is an artist, and he's coming to stay—and——"

"Who?" cried Margaret, looking up now with some degree of curiosity, for, used as she was to Isa's enthusiastic outbursts, as a young housekeeper the last words had aroused her attention.

"Why, didn't I tell you? Father has met somebody he knew years and years ago—no, I mean somebody's son, or nephew, or something; but, oh! come along, Madge, *pater* will tell you all about it."

Seeing this was the only way of arriving at any lucid idea of what really had happened, or was about to happen, Margaret locked up her business-like account-book and bag, and followed her merry young sister, who was now dancing along the corridor leading to their father's study, her bright, fair hair tossing about her shoulders, it being merely confined by a light brown ribbon, which to-day matched her eyes. Yes, *to-day* matched them, for they were given to such chameleon-like changes that probably some would declare them dark grey *to-morrow*.

Knocking at the door, the girls were admitted with a "come in," uttered in rather a mechanical tone of voice, indicating the speaker to be thoroughly pre-occupied. And so, indeed, the Rev. Cecil Brown appeared to be, as he stood before his davenport, one of the drawers of which was open, displaying a heap of old diaries. These had evidently been overhauled, and the pages of one of a far back date were being intently scanned. Presently, "Ah! here it is! '23rd June. Went with Reginald and my wife to pic-nic in the Glen,'" read the vicar, and lifting his eyes he rested them on the fair view seen from the window before him; but his thoughts seemed far away.

"How vividly it all comes back!" he ejaculated; and the girls hung back silently, for they knew memories of the days when he had brought his young wife to her new home had been awakened. Again he turned the pages of the record of past life. "Yes, only three weeks after news of Reginald's death, caused by a fall from his horse." And stooping to replace the diaries, he now first seemed to realise the presence of his children.

Then it was Margaret heard the following account of her father's adventure, which had truly been one of unusual interest.

His morning's walk led him through a picturesque road, which, winding around the face of a hill, was on one side protected by the steep and rather rough incline, its boulders beautified by plumes of bracken and tufts of purple heather, whilst the other sloped away through a wood where harebells swung upon their stalks and primroses studded the mossy carpet and the fairy maidenhair found shelter—sloped away to the valley below, along which a stream threaded its course, and glossy hart's-tongues hid in many a nook and crevice.

Walking leisurely along, for it was a sultry July day, the Rev. Cecil Brown was roused from a reverie by the sound of a voice calling to him from the height, and glancing up he espied a young man scrambling down as best he could with the aid of a huge white umbrella by way of alpenstock, which he grasped with one hand, the other holding a sketch-book. Arrived safely on the road, and raising his *sombrero*, he displayed a head of curly hair above a genial face, whose frank expression, joined to the courteous manner of its owner, would have inspired even a far more suspicious man than the Vicar of Farncombe with ready confidence; but to win his sympathy was seldom a difficult matter.

"Can you tell me if I am on the right road for Farncombe Glen?" inquired the artist, for such he appeared to be.

"If you will accompany me a short distance, I shall be able to show you a path that leads to it," replied the vicar.

Thanking him, the young man walked beside him.

"But I am surprised," resumed his guide, "that the fame of our little glen should have reached a stranger's ears. Our village is quite out of the tourist's route, and some distance from any choice spots made famous by your brethren of the brush. You see, I take it for granted you are a stranger, since I do not recognise you," added he, smiling.

"Yes, this is my first visit here, and I must confess my geographical ignorance was such that, when I met with the name of Farncombe, a short time since, I was obliged to hunt up its whereabouts."

"I am not at all surprised to hear that; no one but a living gazetteer would be expected to know it. Pray, may I ask where you heard of its fame?"

"I had arranged to make a short tour in Devon, when, turning over some old sketches of my father's, I found an unfinished one that so attracted me that I determined, if Farncombe were anywhere within my reach, I would make it my first halting-place."

"Possibly your father was a Devonshire man?"

"No, Cumberland was his native county; nor do I ever recollect my mother speaking of visiting Devonshire; but as she died when I was only seven, I should scarcely remember, unless something very memorable were connected with the visit. This sketch is dated only a few weeks previous to my poor father's death, now three-and-twenty years ago, when I was not a twelvemonth old."

The young artist was seemingly as ready to give confidence as to inspire it, but he was scarcely prepared for the hearty grip with which his arm was seized, for the excited tones of delight which hailed him, as—

"Reginald Carrington! Yes, it must be so. From our first moment of meeting some old memory seemed stirred within me as I heard your voice. I cannot be mistaken: you must be the son of my dear friend, Reginald Carrington!"

"Did you know my father?"

"Know him! He was my closest college friend, and up to the time of the sad accident that caused his instantaneous death, our friendship remained unbroken."

"There can be no doubt your surmise is correct," replied Reginald, deeply interested.

"And this very sketch you speak of was made whilst on a visit to me and my dear wife."

"You were also acquainted with my mother, then?"

"No, to my regret I never saw her, for I was unavoidably prevented attending your father's funeral. You know they had only just come to England."

"Yes, and my mother returned at once to Ceylon, to her sister, a missionary's wife there, her only near relative, and remained there until her death."

"I remember your father met her in Ceylon; he had gone there as a civil engineer. He had a brother, a coffee planter, on the island."

"Yes, and a good uncle he has been to me, although I have seen but little of him until the last year or two, for I have been at school or college here, and his visits have been only occasional. He has, however, latterly made his home in London, leaving his plantation in his manager's hands."

"He was a very business-like man, your father told me."

"He is, and there has been a slight battle between us over my future. He, as a bachelor, naturally wished me to succeed him in his business, but after putting me for a time in a merchant's office, he yielded to my urgent entreaty to be allowed to follow my artistic bent, with the strict understanding that I give myself up with all earnestness to my profession. He hates half-hearted work; and so, having given me great advantages here, I am now in a few weeks to start off to Italy, there to give myself up to study for the next two years. But as you may imagine," continued Reginald, "that quite falls in with my own wishes."

By this time they had arrived at the path where they must part.

"I am sorry," said the vicar, "I cannot accompany you farther, for my duties call me in another direction; but one thing you must promise me, that is, to make the Vicarage your home whilst in this neighbourhood."

The promise was readily given, and with a warm grasp of the hand they parted—the younger man taking his way down the narrow path, the older to one of the outlying farms, both feeling that it could have been no mere chance that had thus so unexpectedly thrown them together.

(*To be continued.*)

SINGING.

By Lady Macfarren.

Part III.

Now comes the attractive period of this beautiful study. The young singer is now to sound forth a melody with continuous musical tone. Just as in the chanting of words the syllables vary in emphasis, so in music the notes vary in intensity, such intensity being governed by the rules of rhythm and musical accent, subject, however, to certain exceptions which it will be well not to encounter at the outset. The first few songs should be of a large and simple character, giving scope for the deliberate emission of sound, and containing no transitions of expression, such as Handel's "What tho' I trace," or "Angels ever bright and fair" (for a higher voice). In fact, the songs of Handel are the finest and safest mediums for the acquisition of an ample and artistic style of interpretation that exist, and ought to form the basis of every English singer's study. Next come the songs of Schubert and the beautiful national songs of England, the first containing every type of poetical and musical expression, and the second abounding in the most obvious melody of infinite freshness and variety. A good collection in each of these styles should keep a vocal aspirant in busy study for at least a year, alternating one with the other.

And now for the mode of study. First glance at the time-direction of the song to be learnt, and bring to perception its measure, whether two, three, or four in a bar; sing it through first on a single vowel sound, so as to realise the full continuity required for the accented notes, until each phrase of the melody *flows*, and the strong beats of the bar stand out in

sufficient relief to make the measure clear, as the lights and shadows in a drawing. Now compare the musical with the verbal accents, and in a good composition these will be found to correspond. Now fit the words to the melody, taking care to sustain the true vowels to the utmost length allotted to the accented syllables in the composition. When this is achieved, a great part of an intelligent interpretation will have been gained, and this kind of study will reward the singer by an amount of insight and joy in comprehending the composer's thought which no superficial acquaintance can give. In Handel's songs, the phrases will be found too long for a single breath, and this subject will have to be carefully considered in each song, until much experience has been gained.

Breath may always be taken where there is a comma in the text, and where a group of words make sense with each other, thus: "What tho' I trace" "each herb and flow'r," "Did I not own" "Jehovah's pow'r," etc. A very important point is the pronunciation of consonants terminating syllables, and requires great attention, neither to omit them nor to pronounce them prematurely; this last is almost invariable with beginners, and should be guarded against most carefully. If the vocal sound does not pass through the letters N and M, these will sound respectively D B; and it is difficult to keep back the letter L from blotting out the vowel before it in an ugly thick sound. To aspirate the H where necessary, to avoid interpolating an R after A, by a premature movement of the tongue — these are rocks and shoals which all English singers, not exceptionally gifted with a fine ear and delicate pronunciation, have to steer clear of, sometimes with much tribulation. Consonants prematurely pronounced clip the melody of its proportions, and thus mutilate its beauty; consonants unpronounced render the singing heavy and unreal. In good singing the words should enhance the music, and the music the words. The fatal superstition of our young lady singers is that German and Italian songs must be sung with their original words, however small the smattering of these languages they possess. This is at once to invite mediocrity in performance. The words, even when fairly pronounced, have no ring of nature in them, and mostly they are horribly mangled; the music sounds pale and meaningless, and it is an undue strain upon the patience of an intelligent person to listen to what is a mere pretence. As every good song has grown out of a musician's intense realisation of the meaning and spirit of his text, so every worthy interpretation of a song must repeat the same process; from the understanding of the words to their musical counterpart, and a lively sympathy with both.

[THE END.]

NEW MUSIC.

A First Book on the Theory of Music, applied to the pianoforte. By Louisa Gibson.—This is evidently the work of a sound theorist and clever teacher. The explanations throughout are remarkably lucid, though perhaps our young friends may remember that we do not like to see ledger or added lines spelt without a "d." These lines, being no lighter than those of the staff, need not be in any way connected with the French word *léger*—light. We would certainly recommend this little book to all commencing pupils.

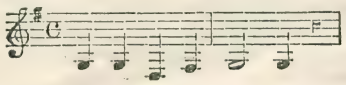
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

An entirely new method for learning to play the pianoforte. Book I., containing the first twenty lessons. By A. Hoering.—That the "understanding," or, as we prefer to call it, the intellect, should be the guiding power in all study, whether of languages, music, or any other art, is an axiom which has doubtless been amply demonstrated by all conscientious teachers long before Mr. Hoering was born.

In the preface of the work before us the author is a trifle contradictory, for in his italics he appears to admit what we deny *in toto*—viz., that it is possible "to *teach* music and leave out the best part of it—the understanding;" whilst a little farther on he says that "those who continue *teaching* music without giving their pupils this understanding . . . . profess to teach what in reality they do *not* teach." In the quotation appended from the Proverbs of Solomon it is clear that that wise man was acquainted with a method for combining understanding and knowledge somewhat similar to the one Mr. Hoering now claims to have originated.

With the method itself we have little fault to find, excepting as regards its assumption of entire novelty, and a few other little points to which we will now draw attention.

The first fifteen lessons are clear and intelligible, but in the sixteenth we think these ledger lnes



rather difficult for the understanding of any learner, child or adult, more especially as Mr. Hoering has hitherto omitted to teach any ledger lines beyond the second above or below. (*Vide* page 5.)

Again, on page 17, the note F in the eighteenth bar requires no accidental, the passage being written in the scale of C. On the same page, in a foot-note, we are informed that "it is of the greatest importance that the pupils learn to play the left-hand part softly, and the right-hand part much louder."

Now, in our opinion, this is a mischievous doctrine, though not a new one; for the left hand, being naturally the weaker of the two, and equality of touch being a great factor in the production of pure tone, we hold that one hand is as important as the other, and the left hand should, by practice, be strengthened to equal the right in power, more especially, too, as it not unfrequently happens that the melody falls to the share of the left hand. In fact, in Mr. Hoering's own composition, on page 20, the music for the left hand is evidently as melodious and of as great importance as that for the right.

As the whole of the exercises in Book I. are written for the treble clef only, by the author's own showing, it will take twenty lessons before the pupil's understanding is considered ripe enough to grasp the bass clef. We ourselves think it might be comprehended earlier.

Music, and How to Become a Good Musician. By A. Hoering.—In this pamphlet of thirty-six pages the author ventilates some startling theories. He commences by improving on Robert Schumann's advice to young musicians, recommending all would-be followers of the divine art not to study the theory of music in the abstract, but to earnestly study, *in retirement*, the works of the great composers. It has hitherto been our humble and old-fashioned belief that such works could best be understood and appreciated when heard adequately performed. A curious and entirely new idea is that perseverance is a quality over which we have no control. What, then, becomes of the understanding?

Throughout the pamphlet we are perpetually reminded that the music-learning public, as a body, were in total darkness prior to the advent of Mr. Hoering to convert this darkness into a "light which will grow stronger day by day." We really must protest against this wholesale classification of the entire musical profession (with one modest exception in the author's own favour) as "blind leaders of the blind." And although a great deal that Mr. Hoering advances bears the stamp of truth, still it has been said before by English authors, apparently more conversant with the English language; besides which, an arrogant method of advocating even well-known truths is not the surest means of gaining converts to them; and, as he goes on to say that "a true musician should be able to compose, even if he be not much of a performer," it only remains for Mr. Hoering to give us the pleasure of reviewing some of his compositions.

In conclusion, the most startling advice of all seems to us to be as follows:—"That in order to play from memory, all mere finger exercises should be discarded, and if the head alone can be employed to do the work, all the rest will come by itself!" We maintain that if the head be left to work by itself, without the alliance of the fingers, very little practical result will follow.

The Method of the Future for Teaching Music. By A. Hoering.—This method is simple to a degree; whether it would in all cases work well is another matter. It is this: To study Mr. Hoering's own method, already reviewed, for with it "a clever and talented child can learn the whole theory of music (including composition) even unassisted." The pamphlet winds up with numerous testimonials, irresistibly reminding us of similar advertisements in favour of quack medicines, each and all being entirely new methods for ensuring the attainment of health of body and happiness of mind.

H. W. STANSFIELD.

Old Boys' Valse. Composed by Edwin A. Stunt.—A capital arrangement for dancing purposes.

WEEKES AND CO.

Three songs for baritone or mezzo-soprano. Words by L. Uhland. Music by W. H. Hadow. No. 1, *Das Reh;* No. 2, *Die Kapelle;* No. 3, *Nachtreise.*—The three compositions before us indicate the hand of the master musician, not only in the melody, but in the charming accompaniments. We are particularly impressed with No. 3.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Organist. Song, with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment. Words by M. W. Music by S. Corbett, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—A very grand and impressive song; the harmonium greatly enhances the interest, and adds much to the general effect of the composition

JOY.

By ANNE BEALE.

To lie at morn upon the beach, alone,
  Vast sky above, broad ocean underneath,
  To feel the wind's exhilarating breath,
And hear the bounding waves' exultant tone;
To watch the shadows to the mountains flee
  From white-winged cloudlets fluttering in space,
  To see the awakening sun's rejoicing face,
Yet scarce be conscious that you hear, feel, see:

To cast the soiling sins, the carking cares,
  The grinding griefs of this world far behind;
  To let swift thoughts roll through the happy mind—
Thoughts that were praises, if expressed, or prayers:
To free the soul from cage of earth's annoy,
  And send her, lark-like, to heaven's golden gate,
  There let her sun her wings, and watch and wait
In floods of misty light—this, this is joy.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD HOUSE AT MILNTHORPE.

THE following afternoon Uncle Geoffrey, Allan, and I started for Milnthorpe. Youthful grief is addicted to restlessness—it is only the old who can sit so silently and weep; it was perfectly natural, then, that I should hail a few days' change with feelings of relief.

It was rather late in the evening when we arrived. As we drove through the market-place there was the usual group of idlers loitering on the steps of the Red Lion, who stared at us lazily as we passed. Milnthorpe was an odd, primitive little place — the sunniest and sleepiest of country towns; it had a steep, straggling High-street, which ended in a wide, deserted-looking square, which rather reminded one of the Place in some continental town. The weekly markets were held here, on which occasion the large white portico of the Red Lion was never empty. Milnthorpe woke with brief spasms of life on Monday morning; broad-shouldered men jostled each other on the grass-grown pavements; large country waggons, sweet smelling in hay-making seasons, blocked up the central spaces; country women with gay-coloured handkerchiefs sold eggs, and butter, and poultry, in the square; and two or three farmers, with their dogs at their heels, lingered under the windows of the Red Lion, fingering the samples in their pockets, and exchanging dismal prognostications concerning the crops and the weather. One side of the square was occupied by St. Barnabas, with its pretty shaded churchyard and old grey vicarage. On the opposite side was the handsome red-brick house occupied by Mr. Lucas, the banker, and two or three other houses, more or less pretentious, inhabited by the gentry of Milnthorpe.

Uncle Geoffrey lived at the lower end of the High-street; it was a tall, narrow house, with old-fashioned windows, and wire-blinds. These blinds, which were my detestation, were absolutely necessary, as the street door opened directly on the street. There was one smooth long step, and that was all. It had rather a dull outside look, but the moment one entered the narrow wainscoted hall there was a cheery vista of green lawn and neatly-gravelled paths through the glass door.

The garden was the delight of Uncle Geoffrey's heart; it was somewhat narrow, to match the house, but in the centre of the lawn there was a glorious mulberry tree, the joy of us children. Behind, was a wonderful intricacy of slim,

odd-shaped flower-beds, intersected by miniature walks, where two people could with difficulty walk abreast; and beyond this lay a tolerable kitchen garden, where Deborah grew cabbages and all sorts of homely herbs, and where tiny pink roses and sturdy sweet-williams blossomed among the gooseberry bushes.

On one side of the house were two roomy parlours, divided by folding doors. We never called them anything but parlours, for the shabby wainscoted walls and old-fashioned furniture forbade any similitude to the modern drawing-room.

On the other side of the hall was Uncle Geoffrey's study—a somewhat grim, dingy apartment, with brown shelves full of ponderous tomes; a pipe rack filled with fantastic pipes; deep old cupboards full of heterogeneous rubbish; and wide easy chairs that one could hardly lift; one of which was always occupied by Jumbles, Uncle Geoffrey's dog.

Jumbles was a great favourite with us all. He was a solemn, wise-looking dog of the poodle type, though I believe Uncle Geoff called him a Dandy Dinmont; blue-grey in colour, with a great head, and deep-set, intelligent eyes. It was Uncle Geoffrey's opinion that Jumbles understood all one said to him. He would sit with his head slightly on one side, thumping his tail against the floor, with a sort of glimmer of fun in his eyes, as though he comprehended our conversation, and interposed a "hear, hear;" and when he had had enough of it, and we were growing prosy, he would turn over on his back with an expression of abject weariness, as though canine reticence objected to human garrulity.

Jumbles was a rare old philosopher—a sort of four-footed Diogenes. He was discerning in his friendships, somewhat aggressive and splenetic to his equals; intolerant of cats, whom he hunted like vermin, and rather disdainfully condescending to the small dogs of Milnthorpe. Jumbles always accompanied Uncle Geoffrey in his rounds. He used to take his place in the gig, with undeviating punctuality; nothing induced him to desert his post when the night-bell rang. He would rouse up from his sleep, and go out in the coldest weather. We used to hear his deep bark under the window, as they sallied out in the midnight gloom.

The morning after we arrived, Allan and I made a tour of inspection through the house. There were only three rooms on the first floor; Uncle Geoffrey's, with its huge four-post bed, a large front room that we both decided would just do for mother, and a smaller one at the back that after a few minutes' deliberation I allotted to Carrie.

It caused me an envious pang or two before I yielded it, for I knew I must share a large upper room with Jack; the little room behind it must be for Dot, and the larger one would by-and-by be Allan's. I confess my heart sank a little when I thought of Jack's noisiness and thriftless ways; but when I remembered how fond she was of good books, and the great red-leaved diary that lay on her little table, I thought it better that Carrie should have a quiet corner to herself, and then she would be near mother.

If only Jack could be taught to hold her tongue sometimes, and keep her drawers in order, instead of strewing her room with muddy boots and odd items of attire! Well, perhaps it might be my mission to train Jack to more orderly habits; I would set her a good example, and coax her to follow it; she was good-tempered and affectionate, and perhaps I should find her sufficiently pliable. I was so lost in these anxious thoughts that Allan had left me unperceived. I found him in the back parlour, seated on the table, and looking about him rather gloomily,

"I say, Esther!" he called out, as soon as he caught sight of me; "I am afraid mother and Carrie will find this rather shabby after the dear old rooms at Combe Manor. Could we not furbish it up a little?" And Allan looked discontentedly at the ugly curtains and little, straight horsehair sofa. Everything had grown rather shabby, only Uncle Geoffrey had not found it out.

"Oh, of course!" I exclaimed, joyfully, for all sorts of brilliant thoughts had come to me, while I tossed rather wakefully in the early morning hours. "Don't you know, Allan, that Uncle Geoffrey has decided to send mother and Carrie and Dot down to the sea for a week, while you and I and Jack make things comfortable for them? Now, why should we not help ourselves to the best of the furniture at Combe Manor, and make Uncle Geoff turn out all these ugly things! We might have our pretty carpet from the drawing-room, and the curtains, and mother's couch, and some of the easy chairs, and the dear little carved cabinet with our purple china; it need not all be sold when we want it so badly for mother."

Allan was so delighted at the idea, that we propounded our views to Uncle Geoffrey at dinner-time; but he did not see the thing quite in our light.

"Of course you will need furniture for the bed-rooms," he returned, rather dubiously, "but I wanted to sell the rest of the things that were not absolutely needed, and invest the money." But this sensible view of the matter did not please me or Allan. We had a long argument, which ended in a compromise—the question of carpets might rest. Uncle Geoffrey's was a good Brussels, although it was dingy, but I might retain, if I liked, the pretty striped curtains from our drawing-room at Combe Manor, and mother's couch, and a few of the easy chairs, and the little cabinet with the purple china; and then there was mother's inlaid work-table, and Carrie's davenport, and books belonging to both of us, and a little gilt clock that father had given mother on their last wedding-day: all these things would make an entire renovation in the shabby parlours.

I was quite excited by all these arrangements, but an interview with Deborah soon cooled my ardour.

Allan and Jumbles had gone out with Uncle Geoffrey, and I was sitting at the window looking over the lawn and the mulberry tree, when a sudden tap at the door startled me from my reverie. Of course it was Deborah: no one else's knuckles sounded as though they were iron. Deborah was a tall, angular woman, very spare and erect of figure, with a severe cast of countenance, and heavy black curls pinned up under her net cap: her print dresses were always starched until they crackled, and on Sunday her black silk dress rustled as I never heard any silk dress rustle before.

"Yes, Deborah, what is it?" I asked, half frightened, for surely my hour had come. Deborah was standing so very erect, with the basket of keys in her hands, and her mouth drawn down at the corners.

"Master said this morning," began Deborah, grimly, "as how there was a new family coming to live here, and that I was to go to Miss Esther for orders. Five-and-twenty years have I cooked master's dinners for him, and received his orders, and never had a word of complaint from his lips, and now he is putting a mistress over me and Martha."

"Oh, Deborah," I faltered, and then I came to a full stop; for was it not trying to a woman of her age and disposition, used to Uncle Geoffrey's bachelor ways, to have a houseful of young people turned on her hands? She and Martha would have to work harder, and they were both getting old. I felt so much for her that the tears came into my eyes, and my voice trembled.

"It is hard!" I burst out, "it is very hard for you and Martha to have your quiet life disturbed; but how could we help coming here, when we had no home and no money, and Uncle Geoffrey was so generous? And then there was Dot and mother so ailing." And at the thought of all our helplessness, and Uncle Geoffrey's goodness, a great tear rolled down my cheek. It was very babyish and undignified; but after all, no assumption of womanliness would have helped me so much. Deborah's grim mouth relaxed; under her severe exterior, and with her sharp tongue, there beat a very kind heart, and Dot was her weak point.

"Well! well! crying won't help the pot to boil, Miss Esther!" she said, brusquely enough; but I could see she was coming round. "Master was always that kind-hearted, that he would have sheltered the whole parish if he could. I am not blaming him, though it goes hard with Martha and me, who have led peaceable, orderly lives, and never had a mistress or thought of one, since Miss Blake died, and the master took up thoughts of single-blessedness in earnest."

"What sort of woman was Miss Blake?" I asked eagerly, forgetting my few troubled tears at the thought of Uncle Geoffrey's one romance. The romance of middle-aged people always came with a faint, far-away odour to us young ones, like some old garment laid up in rose-leaves or lavender, which must needs be of quaint fashion and material, but doubtless precious in the eyes of the wearer.

"Woman!" returned Deborah, with

an angry snort; "she was a lady, if there ever was one. We don't see her sort every day, I can tell you that, Miss Esther; a pretty spoken, dainty creature, with long fair curls, that one longed to twine round one's fingers."

"She was pretty, then?" I hazarded, more timidly.

"Pretty! she was downright beautiful. Miss Carrie reminds me of her sometimes, but she is not near so handsome as poor Miss Rose. She used to come here sometimes with her mother, and she and Master would sit under that mulberry tree. I can see her now walking over the grass in her white gown, with some apple blossoms in her hand, talking and laughing with him. It was a sad day when she lay in the fever, and did not know him, for all his calling to her 'Rose! Rose.' I was with her when she died, and I thought he would never hold up his head again."

"Poor Uncle Geoffrey! But he is cheerful and contented now."

"But there, I must not stand gossiping," continued Deborah, interrupting herself. "I have only brought you the keys, and wish to know what preserve you and Mr. Allan might favour for tea." But here I caught hold, not of the key-basket, but of the hard, work-worn hand that held it.

"Oh, Deborah! do be good to us!" I broke out; "we will trouble you and Martha as little as possible; and we are all going to put our shoulder to the wheel and help ourselves, and we have no home but this, and no one to take care of us but Uncle Geoffrey."

"I don't know but I will make some girdle cakes for tea," returned Deborah, in the most imperturbable voice; "and she turned herself round abruptly, and walked out of the room without another word; but I was quite well satisfied and triumphant; when Deborah baked girdle cakes, she meant the warmest of welcomes, and no end of honour to Uncle Geoffrey's guest.

"Humph, girdle cakes!" observed Uncle Geoffrey, with a smile, as he regarded them. "Deb is in a first-rate humour, then. You have played your cards well, old lady," and his eyes twinkled merrily.

I went into the kitchen after tea, and had another long talk with Deborah. Dear old kitchen! how many happy hours we children had spent in it! It was very low and dark, and its two windows looked out on the stable-yard; but in the evening, when the fire burnt clear and the blinds were drawn, it was a pleasant place. Deborah and Martha used to sit in the brown Windsor chairs, knitting, with Puff, the great tabby cat, beside them, and the firelight would play on the red brick floor and snug crimson curtains.

Deborah and I had a grand talk that night; she was a trifle obstinate and dogmatical, but we got on fairly well. To do her justice, her chief care seemed to be that her master should not be interfered with in any of his ways. "He will work harder than ever," she groaned, "now there are all these mouths to feed; he and Jumbles will be fairly worn out."

But our talk contented me. I had enlisted Deborah's sympathies on our side. I felt the battle was over. I was only a "bit thing," as Deborah herself called me, and I was tolerably tired when I went up to my room that night.

Not that I felt inclined for sleep. Oh, dear no. I just dragged the big easy chair to the window, and sat there listening to the patter of summer rain on the leaves.

It was very dark, for the moon had hidden her face, but through the cool dampness there crept a delicious fragrance of wet jasmine and lilies. I wanted to have a good "think;" not to sit down and take myself to pieces. Oh, no, that was Carrie's way. Such introspection bored me and did me little good, for it only made me think more of myself and less of the Master; but I wanted to review the past fortnight, and look the future in the face. Foolish Esther! as though we can look at a veiled face; only the past and the present is ours, the future is hidden with God.

Yes, a fortnight ago I was a merry, heedless school-girl, with no responsibilities and few duties, except that laborious one of self-improvement, which must go on under some form or other until we die. And now, on my shrinking shoulders, lay the weight of a woman's work. I was to teach others, when I knew so little myself; it was I who was to have the largest share of home administration—I, who was so faulty, so imperfect.

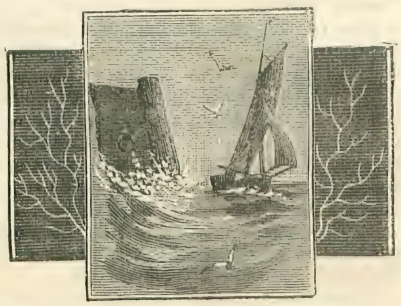
Then I remembered a sentence Carrie had once read to me out of one of her innumerable books, and which had struck me very greatly at the time.

"Happy should I think myself," said St. Francis de Sales, "if I could rid myself of my imperfections but one quarter of an hour previous to my death."

Well, if a saint could say that, why should I lose heart thinking about my faults? What was the good of stirring up muddy matter to try and see one's own miserable reflection, when one could look up into the serene blue of Divine Providence? If I had faults—and alas! how many they were—I must try to remedy them; if I slipped, I must pray for strength to rise again.

Courage, Esther! "little by little," as Uncle Geoffrey says; "small beginnings make great endings." And when I had cheered myself with these words, I went tranquilly to bed.

(*To be continued.*)



THINGS THAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD LEARN TO DO

By MEDICUS.

LEARN to do, I must be supposed to mean, for the sake of her own comfort, health, and happiness in life, and for the comfort and happiness of those she may come in contact with, not only while still young, but after she is grown up.

"Ought to learn to do? Ought to?" Yes, I confess that the very words are enough to make some wayward girls fight shy of advice. Life, in the private opinion of this class, should be something like the "steam circus" children delight so much in at fairs, all one pleasant merry-go-round. To do things not personally pleasurable, or at all inconvenient, would be entirely against the creed of such girls as these. Born probably with no great share of real goodness in their natures, they degenerate rather than improve as they grow older, for the simple reason that that great social reformer—self-sacrifice—finds no foothold in their narrow minds.

Now, I feel pretty sure that one of woman's missions in this world is to soften, refine, and ennoble it; but, alas! a man might listen for a week—or for a year, if he had the bad taste—to the conversation of girls of the kind I am talking about without finding himself one whit morally improved at the end of the time. Some physical beauty of form they without doubt often possess, and to this they take care to add the worldly witchery of over-dress and outside show. Only fools are fascinated by these alone; the wise among mankind can see through them, and look deeper for evidences of soul and truth and that grace of mind that shall last till hair grows grey and white. Admiration they may gain, if this be all they look for, but I doubt if it be ever of a very lasting or permanent order. Is it not, to give a homely simile, too often of the boy-and-butterfly description? Young curly-poll will chase the lovely moth over hill and dell, lured onwards by its gaudy colours. There is fun and excitement in this, and much satisfaction to curly-poll when he has run it down at last. But when he has done so, and admired it for a little while, he invariably either throws it up again into the blue sky and sunshine, or throws it down, and goes away and forgets all about it.

It is good for human beings that girls are not all of this thoughtless, frivolous nature; and thousands among our readers—nay, I trust the majority—really do possess consciences, have minds refined and pure, and warm hearts. Life to them is real and earnest, and the grave is not its goal. They cannot look around them in the world without seeing much pain and suffering and sorrow that their lighter-minded sisters are blind to. It is really a great and true honour to be able to pour the oil of consolation and kindness on the troubled ocean of life. A woman is a queen who can do that, and, in my opinion, all women ought to be queens, and if spared in health and blessed with strength they may be so.

"What! Then," some may ask me, "would you make every girl a kind of home missionary?"

If you care to put it in that way, I reply "Yes, certainly; and no girl or woman has to go beyond the circle of her own friends, acquaintances, and neighbours to find plenty of good to do, and that too all unobtrusively."

But—and here I take my standpoint, and you will find it is truly that of your physician, after all—I wish our girls to do good, if good there may be done, because it is everyone's duty so to do, because the sense of having done your duty causes happiness, and because happiness begets health, and health beauty.

I am not going to advise you to be preceptorial, which means to preach. A girl has seldom any business to preach, even to her juniors, but a thousand times more good, as far as you are concerned, may be done by example.

Well, now, I do not think that any girl can do her duty, either to or by the society in which she moves, unless she pays the utmost respect to her own personal appearance; and this, in my opinion, includes, among other things of greater or less moment, attention to toilet, comportment, conversation, and politeness.

A few words on one or two of these may form a suitable introductory paper to our series.

How to be Healthy, Happy, and Wise.

First, as to the toilet. You arise from your bed of a morning, it is to be hoped, both refreshed and full of life and spirits, and with a wish to commence the duties of the day as early as possible. If, however, you have not enjoyed the beauty-sleep, you will feel neither refreshed nor comfortable, but, on the other hand, probably somewhat cold, and with little desire to get up.

This beauty-sleep, then, is somewhat essential; for, although fresh air may subsequently remove, in some measure, the jaded feeling which the absence of healthy sleep has engendered, it will not do so entirely. You will, unless very young indeed, feel tired and worn before the day is over, and have much difficulty in suppressing an inclination to yawn. Yawning is generally supposed to be but a vulgar habit, but to us medical men it is one of the signs of a wearied and labouring heart.

Very likely it is your own fault if you have not slept well. Supper may have been too late, too heavy, or too sloppy, or consisted of indigestible food; or, perhaps, you have gone to bed without any supper at all, which a young person never should do.

Sleep may have been banished and toilsome dreams induced by a fatiguing weight of bedclothes, by a too-soft bed, badly-arranged pillows, closely-drawn curtains, or an ill-ventilated apartment.

On the other hand, neither of all these may have had anything to do with it. You may not have been enough in the fresh air on the previous afternoon: you may have neglected exercise, or caused a too great flow of blood to the brain by excited conversation before going to bed. This last I look upon as one of the great causes of want of sleep. There should always be a period of calm, quiet, and meditation before lying down. If you wait for the brain to settle or the blood to adjust itself after lying down, you may hear the cocks all crowing before sleep seals your weary eyes.

But enough said on the subject. Sleep, you know, is all important, if only for the simple reason that the want of it is a beauty spoiler. But you must get up at all events, and try to do better for the day that is before you.

Now for the reason that one wants to be clean all over and refreshed as well, and that it is difficult to obtain these results by cold water alone, I always recommend the soap bath to those who wish to retain health and beauty. Simplicity itself—a wash with warm water and soap, then a cold sponge. If anyone has a difficulty in obtaining a small canful of hot water in the morning, and I know such difficulties do obtain in some households, where Mary Jane brings it lukewarm and keeps you waiting for that, then the expenditure of a shilling or two on a kettle and lamp, and a farthing a day—how well laid out!—for methylated spirit makes you as independent as you need wish to be. And when you come out of your bath, you will begin to sing if there be any music in you, so refreshed will you feel.

The hair should never be washed in the morning. It takes up too much time. The face should be washed in hot water and afterwards laved in cold, especially before going into the bath. More delicate girls should use lukewarm water, instead of the cold, but the vigorous by all means the cold.

Well cleaning the teeth with a moderately soft brush and innocuous powder should never be neglected.

I may here mention parenthetically that, although I have never hitherto given the readers of The Girl's Own *many* useful recipes, I have considered the matter carefully, and mean this year to be more liberal, and will let them into the secret of easily and cheaply compounding many a delicious little knick-knack. One girl wrote Our Editor, asking for instructions in making flower waters. I have not forgotten it.

Not only in the morning, but after every meal, should the teeth be brushed, if only with soft water and soap alone. For decay of the teeth comes on much earlier if they are not properly attended to, and bad teeth not only look unsightly, but positively injure the health.

If you cannot wash the hair every morning, and once a week is enough, you can well brush it; but do not use oils or pomades. They are both vulgar and uncleanly. Good health alone will keep a gloss on the hair. I shall have more to say about this another day.

The finger-nails want seeing to every day, and the greatest care should be taken to preserve the colour and delicacy of the hand. I am sometimes asked for recipes for whitening the hands. Well, I can give one or too. Not to-day, excuse me; but the skin of a girl's hand is naturally soft and white, and it can be retained so. No need to expose it to the rays of a summer's sun, or bronze it by exposure to wind and weather; gloves are cheap. So are rainwater and mild non-alkaline soap.

Underclothing should be light but warm, and worn as free from wrinkles as possible. The corset should on no account be too tight. Mothers should see to this. Very young girls require none, but the framework of a growing girl needs support—but not modelling, remember!

The feet require as much attention if not more than the hands do. A neat and pretty boot should be worn, but not a pinching one, and not a high-heeled one.

As for dress, it has no need to be expensive; one should see the girl, not the dress. Well, that is only perhaps a man's way of looking at the matter; but I think there is some little grain of truth in it, because if it is becoming and non-obtrusive in every one part, if gloves and boots be faultless, with hair and hat to match—why, then it strikes me that dress seems really part of the person.

But there is another thing about dress which as a medical man I may be allowed to point out. If a girl be permitted to assume any extreme of fashion, she cannot really disabuse her mind of the idea that she is causing attraction and inviting criticism. In society, therefore, or even in the street, if at all modest she cannot feel perfectly at ease, perfectly calm and self-possessed; and not to be so is, pardon me, not to appear a lady. And it is within reach of even the poorest girl to be a lady, both at heart and in appearance and manner.

The very first signs of a love of *outré* finery in a child-girl should be checked by the mother; older girls should check it in themselves, as they would the thoughts of a deadly sin. It often leads to the utter ruin of all correct deportment in society, and causes the girl to be looked down upon even by people of both sexes. Remember, I speak as a medical man, and not as a connoisseur of taste in dress. I have no desire to blame a girl for coming out in a new hat or bonnet that might terrify a Frenchman, although I might object to be seen much in her society; but I insist that no girl possessed of a mind many degrees above that of a Chak-chak Indian would feel altogether at ease in such a headdress, and her uneasiness, although it may not amount to actual nervousness, may be the very first thing that shall lead up to that disease. I call it a disease plumbly and plainly, because it was one of the ailments of modern life, born in one often, and oftentimes associated with feebleness or positive disease of heart.

The effects of mind over matter are too well known to need description. Sudden bad news, for example, instantly takes away the appetite, and in some cases induces nausea or positive sickness; a fright or shock shall fur a tongue that was as pink and pretty as a pet dog's a moment before; a single thought shall set the heart palpitating, or bead the brow with perspiration, and hair has been turned grey in a single night from fear.

Can you not understand, therefore, that even the combined little shocks to a girl's nerves, caused by her not feeling at ease in society, may tend to enfeeble a not over-strong heart and induce the disease we call nervousness? Is not modesty and unaffectation in dress, then, not a thing to be studied? I say it is.

A modest girl that feels herself faultlessly dressed, who knows she is looking her best, and who neglects no part of her toilet, has an immense advantage over a more careless sister (I mean sister in the wide acceptation of the term). She will feel perfectly at home, delightfully at ease, she will take a delight in listening to or joining in the conversation going on in the room, she will be positively happy, and the happiness will do a thousand times more good to her nerves and health than all the medicine in the British pharmacopœia could. No fear of a girl like this taking the fidgets, or twirling her hands about, or throwing her eyes in the wrong direction when talking, or swaying her body backwards and forwards, or moving a toe needlessly, or doing anything in fact to annoy anyone that sees her; on the contrary, she will feel so quiet that she will be able to study the very poetry of motion.

Girls even at home, if they care for retaining good health, should never sit, or stand, or walk in a position that is in any way constrained.

There are a variety of things that every girl should learn to do, because they increase the strength of the muscles, the power of the lungs, and even the heart's action. Now, for example, there is calisthenic enerc——. Hullo! I cannot complete the word, much less the sentence, for a friendly hand is laid on my shoulder and our Editor's kindly voice says:—

"Doctor, how about your space?"

I throw down my pen, merely waiting to express the hope that, gossipy and homely though this paper may be, it may contain some hints worth remembering and some food for thought.

(*To be continued.*)

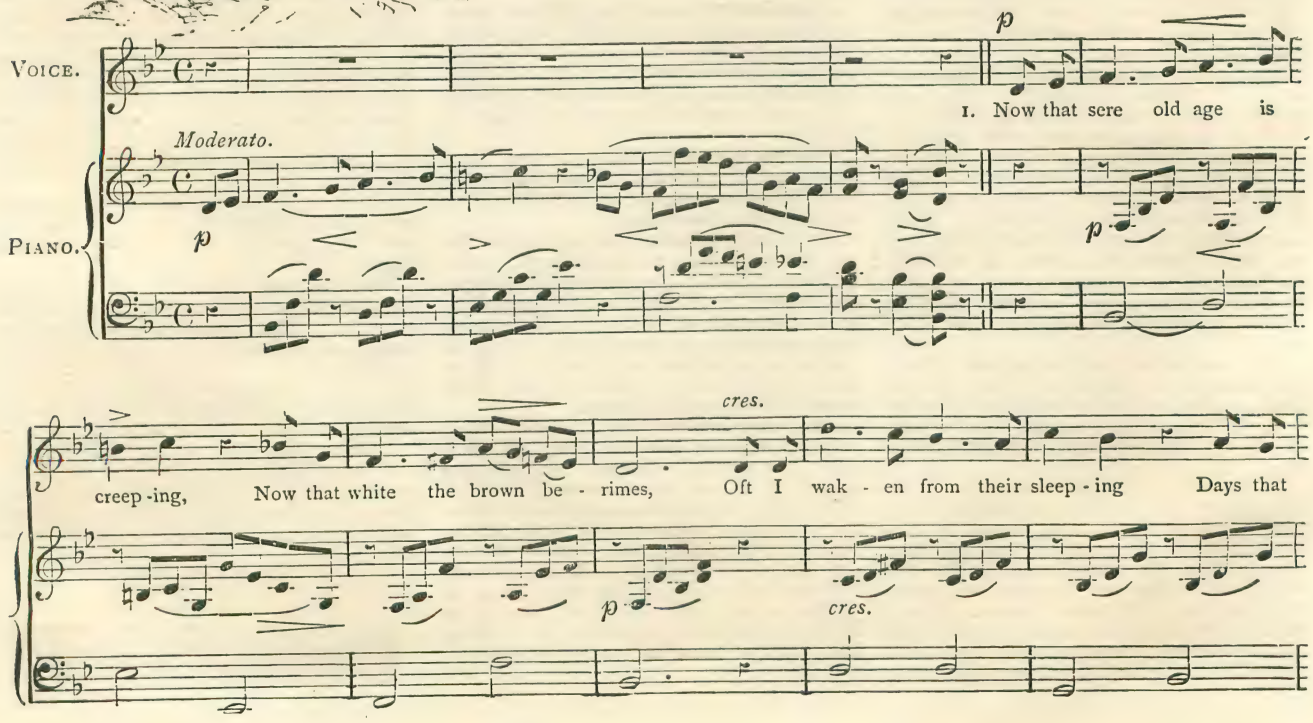
OLD TIMES.

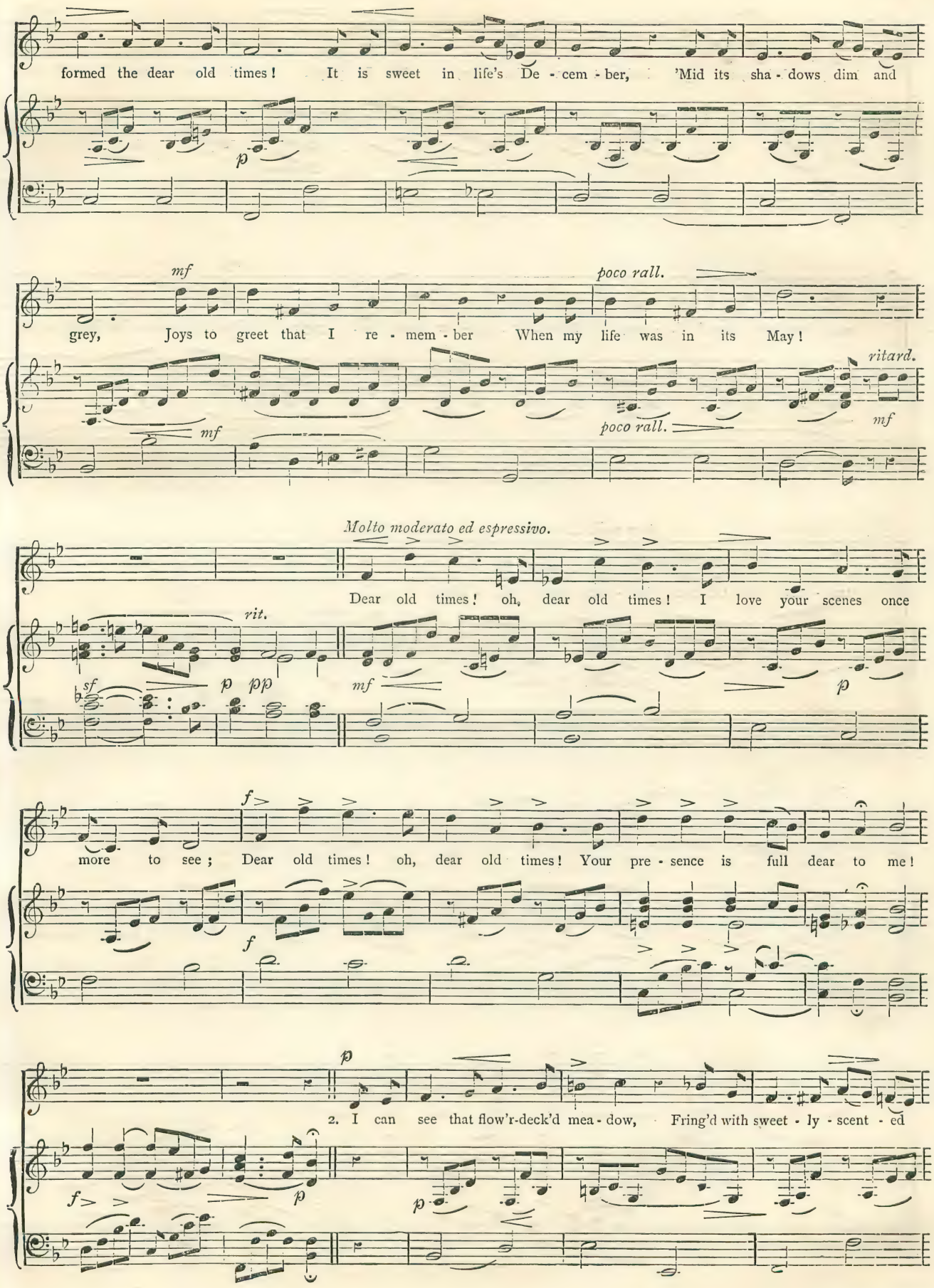
WORDS BY

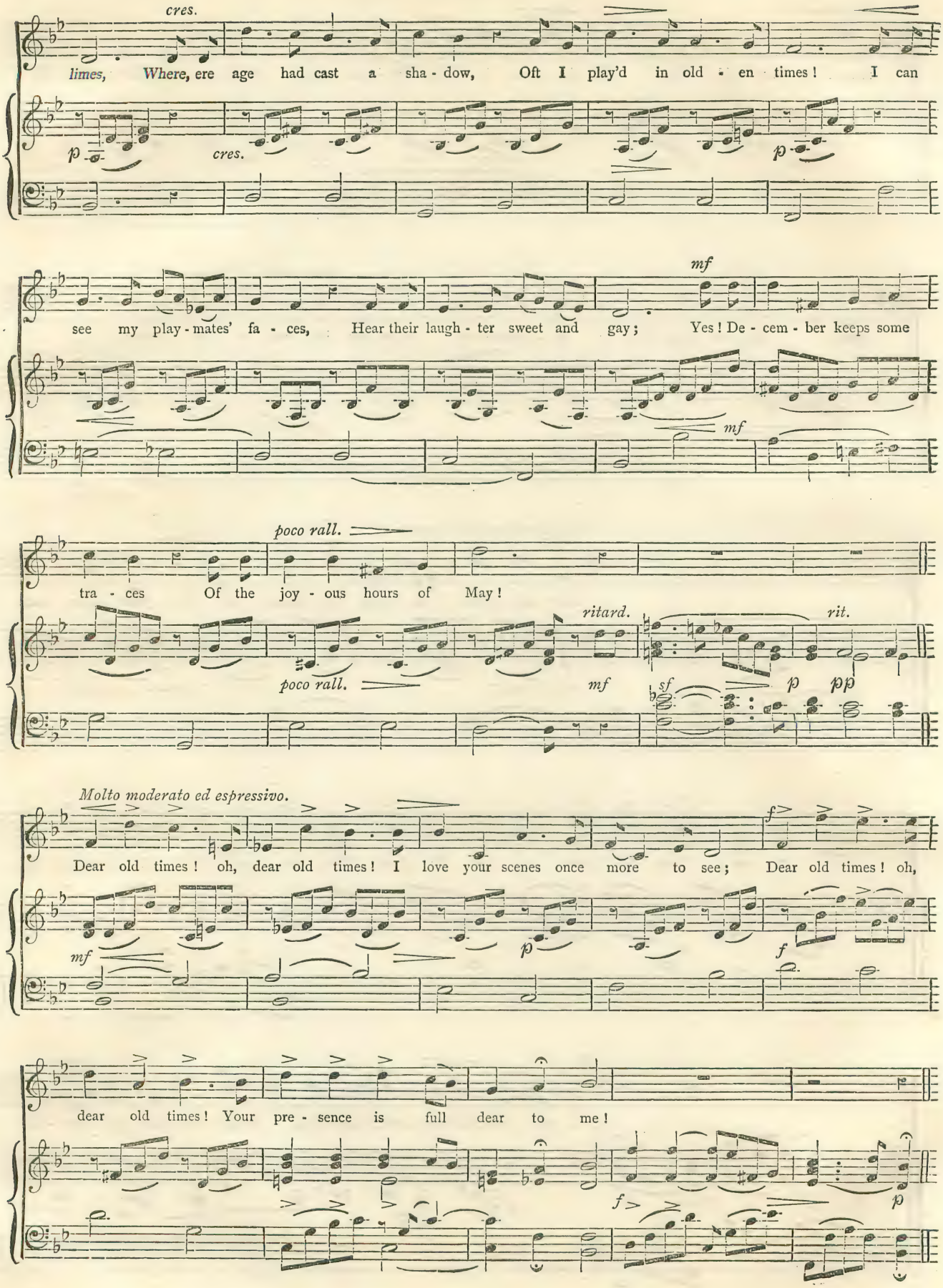
EDWARD OXENFORD.

MUSIC BY

FRANZ ABT.




formed the dear old times! It is sweet in life's De - cem - ber, 'Mid its sha - dows dim and
p
mf
poco rall.
grey, Joys to greet that I re - mem - ber When my life was in its May!
ritard.
mf
poco rall.
mf
Molto moderato ed espressivo.
Dear old times! oh, dear old times! I love your scenes once
rit.
sf
p pp
mf
p
more to see; Dear old times! oh, dear old times! Your pre - sence is full dear to me!
f
f
p
2. I can see that flow'r-deck'd mea - dow, Fring'd with sweet - ly - scent - ed
f
p
p


cres.
limes, Where, ere age had cast a sha - dow, Oft I play'd in old - en times! I can
p
cres.
p
mf
see my play - mates' fa - ces, Hear their laugh - ter sweet and gay; Yes! De - cem - ber keeps some
mf
poco rall.
tra - ces Of the joy - ous hours of May!
ritard.
rit.
poco rall.
mf
sf
p
pp
Molto moderato ed espressivo.
Dear old times! oh, dear old times! I love your scenes once more to see; Dear old times! oh,
f
mf
p
f
dear old times! Your pre - sence is full dear to me!
f
p

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GERMAN COOKERY.

"EIN Vogel in der Schüssel ist besser als zehn in der Luft" (one bird in the dish is better than ten in the air). This is the German rendering of the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The proverbs of a country are said to be characteristic of its people, but we should certainly do the Germans a great injustice if we took this one literally, for they are particularly fond of "birds in the air," though they are by no means indifferent to them on dishes. As a matter of fact, the Germans are large eaters, especially in some parts of Germany. I have often been astonished at a table d'hôte to see the quantity of meat consumed.

Judged by the English standard of manners they eat very inelegantly. A German friend who has been in England some years, and returned last week from a visit in Germany, remarked to me that the way in which her countrymen used their knives at table made her shudder; the way of eating with the fork in the right hand is very ugly to us.

When a German girl leaves school her domestic education commences. Girls learn to weave in most parts of Germany; they also go regularly into the kitchen, and go through all the routine of the work, the management of the stove, cleaning pots and pans, and everything. A German lady told me that when she was learning she even had to kill the pigeons and poultry; the result of this training is that they are good cooks and thrifty managers.

German girls generally marry at an earlier age than English girls. When married, the greater part of each morning is spent in the kitchen. It is very seldom that the cooking of the dinner in a middle-class household is not personally superintended by the mistress. The dinner hour varies in different parts of Germany from one to three o'clock; it is the meal of the day. The supper is not so heavy.

I should be sorry to say anything against girls being domesticated, but when I am in Germany one thing always strikes me very forcibly—that is, that the German ladies do so much more than they need in their houses. They seem to lack what I consider a greater gift than the ability to do things themselves—that is, the capability of directing and teaching others. It is no doubt a very excellent thing for girls to learn cooking practically, but, having learnt themselves, they should next study how to impart their knowledge to others. There is no reason why a lady whose income enables her to keep servants should spend her time in cooking. If she learns very thoroughly herself, she will find that most servants will be able to follow her directions. When I hear anyone say, "I was obliged to make it myself, my servant is so stupid," I am inclined to wonder whether the fault has been in the careless impatient way in which the directions have been given. I admit it is often less trouble to do a thing oneself, but my young readers must not lose sight of the fact that in teaching another they are conferring a benefit, and also leaving themselves more time for the cultivation of their minds. I know a German family where the husband, a well read man, plays and sings, and entertains his friends. The wife is a woman of fair ability, but her accomplishments are somewhat less than when she left school, her time since having been devoted entirely to household matters; her whole conversation is of domestic affairs. Her husband has a good housekeeper certainly, but no companion.

This I can assure my readers is not at all an exceptional case in Germany. Throughout Germany the markets are very good. Ladies do their own marketing, taking a servant with them to carry home the provisions.

As in France, the vegetables and fruits are prepared for use; even apples can be bought ready chopped. Certainly poultry is often brought to market alive. I must say I found myself at fault once when I was shown some chickens in a coop, and asked which I would have. It requires experience to judge of fowls in their feathers.

With regard to the arrangements for dinner, I have frequently found Germans much more fertile in expedients than English people. I will give you an instance, when, I am sure, had we been in England we should not have fared as well. I was travelling with a friend, and we were caught in a thunderstorm on the Lowenberg (one of the "Seven Mountains"). There is a little inn on the way up, at which we found shelter; and, as we were likely to be detained some hours, and had walked ten miles, we asked for dinner. The host said they had nothing in the house but some cold stewed beef, but they would do their best. The dinner was very original. In twenty minutes the host announced that the soup was served. We were somewhat surprised to find, when the cover was removed, a tureen of new milk, cold. This was served in soup plates, and grated black bread (rye bread) was handed with it. The next course was a salad of cold potatoes, then followed some stewed beef, then thin slices of black bread with cheese, and to finish large plates of delicious wild strawberries and milk. We did full justice to our dinner, and I do not know that I have often found things more refreshing than that milk soup. A German proverb says "hunger makes raw beans into almonds." As a contrast, here is a copy of the bill of fare of a dinner ordered for two at a German hotel:—

Clear soup, with cheese.
Craw-fish and black bread and butter.
Fillets of beef, with Madeira.
Red cabbage, stewed apples, mashed potatoes, cutlets of fresh pork.
Cold tongue.
Eels in asparagus jelly.
Hashed venison.
Rice and young chickens, with Perigord sauce.
Preserves, salad, and fruit ices.

I cannot say if all the dishes were partaken of.

The English and Russians are dinner-giving people, the Germans are not; they do not, therefore, require the same accommodation in their kitchens that we do. They can do with a much smaller one; at the same time, I think their kitchens are much better arranged than ours. The cooking utensils, which are chiefly bright, are kept in better order than in most English houses, and with less labour. The kitchen itself is also better kept.

The German living differs so essentially from the English, that without a good many recipes my readers will not be able to understand the difference; but I will first name a few things that we are not accustomed to see—I think the most striking and the most disagreeable is the raw ham. A friend who was with me in Germany ordered some cold ham for her breakfast one morning. I shall never forget her look when she had put a piece in her mouth, or her horrified exclamation of, "It's raw!" Of course she scolded the waiter, and said she wanted cooked ham, but he gravely replied that ham was quite spoilt by being cooked. Herrings are pickled and eaten without being cooked. I will give the recipe, in case any reader likes to try them; they are served between the courses at dinner.

Marinirte Häringe.—Cut open six herrings, empty them, and wash them in cold water, then lay them in milk for twelve hours. Wash the roes quite clean, cut them up, then rub them through a hair sieve; add to them four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, enough vinegar to make the mixture the consistence of cream, one tablespoonful of capers, one tablespoonful of sliced shalots, some white pepper, and sufficient salt; drain the milk from the herrings and lay them in this pickle. They may be served in three or four hours. Herrings with soft roes must be chosen.

Sauerkraut is a great deal eaten in Germany. I had so often heard it called "rotten cabbage," that I think prejudice would have prevented my tasting it had I known what it was. I am glad I did not, for I think it very good, but, like most things, it requires to be well made and well cooked. The following is a recipe for making it, and after is one for dressing it.

To make good Sauerkraut.—Mix in a pan half a pound of salt with three finely-sliced cabbages; lay cabbage leaves over the bottom of a tub, then sprinkle a handful of salt over and a handful of juniper berries; then lay the cut cabbage in in layers, pressing it down each time and sprinkling now and then a handful of juniper berries between, until the tub is full, the top layer being cabbage; then fasten all down tightly. After eight days, pour off the brown liquor, and, if you wish the kraut to be very good and to keep well, pour over it a bottle of red wine. In a day or two it will be ready for use.

Sauerkraut to Cook.—Put sufficient sauerkraut to make a dish into an earthenware stewpan with hot water, boil it four or five hours, fill up the pan with water as it evaporates; when quite tender, drain it. Put in a stewpan four ounces of goose fat or butter, cut a small onion very fine, cook it in the fat until tender; add a spoonful of flour. If you have some liquor in which salt meat has been boiled, add a quarter of a pint to it, stir it, and then put the cooked sauerkraut into it with a little salt. Just before serving, stir in another spoonful of goose fat or butter; serve very hot. Sauerkraut does very well to serve with plain mutton or pork cutlets.

Fruits preserved with sugar and vinegar are very much eaten with baked meat. Here is a recipe for preserving cherries, as they are eaten with roast beef and other meats.

Eingemachte Kirschen.—Morello cherries are the best for this, but if you cannot get them use the common red cherries. Cut the stalks of four pounds of fresh cherries, leaving just enough to hold them by; lay them in a clean stone jar; pour over them two pints of good wine vinegar; let them stand three hours; then drain off the vinegar, and put it into a stewpan, with two pints more, three pounds of white sugar, two ounces of cinnamon, twelve cloves, the rind of a lemon or, better still, of an orange; boil it down to three pints, skimming it well as it boils. When done, pour it into a pan to cool; when nearly cold, pour it over the cherries in the jar, then tie them down. Plums and greengages are preserved in the same way. Cranberries, prunes, and apples are also stewed with sugar, and served with different meats. The custom seems strange to us at first; one is inclined to refuse cherries with beef in Germany, and come home and eat apples with pork or goose. The fruit is always put on a little plate by the side of the meat plate.

In parts of Germany fresh-water fish is very plentiful. The *Hecht* (pike) is often the sign of an inn. Carp, eels, trout, and craw-fish are much eaten; anchovies are used a great deal in sauces and made dishes. The German soups are good; superior to French. I have translated the recipes for two; I have chosen them as being very different from our soups, and easy to make.

Kartoffelsuppe (Potato Soup).—Eighteen peeled and medium-sized potatoes cut in quarters; have a pint of boiling water in an iron saucepan; put the potatoes in it with a head of celery. When the potatoes are done, take out the celery, stir them until you have like a thick

broth, then stir broth or boiling water in until you have two quarts of soup in the saucepan. Put three ounces of butter in a frying-pan, with a finely chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls of flour; fry to a gold colour, put in a basin, pour some of the soup on it, then stir it into the soup; boil a quarter of an hour. When it is time to serve the soup, fry some very thin slices of roll in fresh butter; they must only be just coloured; lay them in a warm napkin near the fire. Grate a little nutmeg into the soup tureen; put a very thin slice of garlic in it, also four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; stir the soup into the tureen. Just before it is put on table, turn the slices of fried bread into it.

Lebersuppe (Liver Soup).—Cut a quarter of a pound of bacon into small pieces, put in an earthenware stewpan, let it cook five minutes then add a finely-sliced onion, cover the stewpan, let it cook five minutes more, then add half a pound of finely-chopped liver, a sliced carrot, a finely-chopped head of celery, and a little pepper; cover and let cook for twenty minutes, then add gradually three pints of hot water or broth, and the crumb of a milk roll. Let the soup stew until all is quite soft; rub through a sieve, put back in the stewpan, and boil it up. Fry some thin slices of bread in butter, put them in the soup tureen, pour the soup over them, and serve.

In Germany beef is served every day at dinner, sometimes boiled, sometimes stewed or roast. I have a recipe out of a German book for beef in the English way; the author recommends it as being a very good dish. I have never tried it, and do not think it would be a success, but I will give it to my readers as a curiosity. I do not suppose they have ever tasted "Beef in the English way." Take twelve pounds of beef, beat it well, and keep it many days in a cold place covered with chopped parsley, lemon-peel, shalots, cloves, salt and pepper; rub the beef every day with the mixture, sticking a sharp knife through it in different places. When it has been long enough in the pickle, cover it with buttered paper, and roast it before the fire, basting it well with its own fat.

Germans excel in milk puddings—"Mehlspeisen." When I am in Germany I invariably order one for supper. Not only are the puddings good, but the sauce which is put over them is delicious. I will give a recipe, and I hope some of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will try it. It is called—

Sago Auflauf.—Wash half a pound of sago three times in boiling water, then boil it in milk till it is quite soft and the milk quite thick, then let it cool; beat the yolks of ten eggs, with a quarter of a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar that has been rubbed on a lemon, and then pounded; add the sago; then beat the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the sago, put into a buttered mould, bake slowly. When done it may be served as it is, or turned out gently and the following sauce poured over it.

Wine Sauce.—Mix half a tumbler of white wine with the yolks of four eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; whisk briskly in a saucepan until it thickens. If boiled it is spoilt.

German recipes are generally for rather large dishes; half the quantities, both for pudding and sauce, would be quite sufficient for an ordinary dish.

These "Mehlspeisen" are more extravagant here than in Germany, where eggs are much more plentiful.

A German pastor, whose family consists of himself, his wife, and one servant, told me a few weeks ago that he received four hundred eggs a year from his parishioners, that he kept fowls himself, and, in addition, he generally bought about eight hundred more eggs each year. The greater part of his stipend, which is very small, he receives in produce, and he said that in the summer, when eggs were cheap, they lived on them principally with the produce of their garden and dairy. The Germans preserve eggs in various ways.

In most German hotels so many French dishes are served that I have often heard people make the remark that "much of the cooking was very like French cooking." The real German cookery I do not think at all like French cookery, nor do I think my readers will, if they take the recipes I shall give them and the bills of fare as fair examples of the dishes usually served. I may here mention that nearly all the recipes given in this paper are from the notes of the proprietor of a large hotel on the Rhine. I do not think any of them have ever been translated before. In most cases the proportions are given. Should our girls ever try to cook from foreign cookery-books, they will find a little general knowledge of cooking most useful, as the writers so rarely give the quantities, except in the way of saying a handful or three kreuzers' (coins) worth of anything. I have a German cookery-book, which is quite useless on this account. In one recipe you are told to take a "basketful;" in another a mark's worth. Where prices are as different as they are in England and Germany, this sort of measurement is difficult to work from.

The Germans make very good cakes. They use sour cream a great deal both in soups, cakes, and other things. Cinnamon sugar, too, is much used; it is made by pounding white sugar and cinnamon together, and then sifting. There is a cake called Sand-kucken that is eaten a great deal; it is a sort of sponge cake with butter in it. Cakes are made often with fresh fruit in them. I do not think them at all nice; the juice from the fruit spoils them. Numberless cakes are made with yeast. I will give you a recipe for making little rolls to eat with coffee. They are called—

Kaffee-Brödchen.—Take two pounds of sifted flour, put it in a dish, make a hole in the middle, put in two tablespoonfuls of yeast and some warm milk, make into a rather stiff paste; when it is risen, beat half a pound of butter, put it on the dough, break four eggs in one after the other, and half a pound of sifted sugar that has been rubbed on a lemon rind, some warm milk and two more tablespoonfuls of yeast; knead all well together, make into little loaves, flour a baking sheet, put the rolls on it, place in a warm place for an hour or two to rise. When well risen, brush over with yolk of egg, and bake.

Soup is always served at a German dinner, and "Pastetchen" are frequently served after it. I give a recipe for—

Pastete of Raw Ham.—Take half a pound of raw ham, take off the rind, chop the ham, with two ounces of kidney suet, very fine. Take the crumb of a roll, soften it in milk. Chop six shalots and three sprigs of parsley, and put them into half an ounce of hot butter, then add the soaked bread with one egg, the ham, and a little nutmeg; mix all together, then put in a mortar, pound as fine as possible, put in a saucepan, make hot, fill some ready-baked patty cases with the mixture, and serve.

The patty cases for "Pastetchen" should be rich, and light pastry made with an egg in it.

The following is a bill of fare for a German dinner, and, after it, is one for a supper. I will give the recipes for the different dishes that have not already been given:—

Kartoffelsuppe (potato soup).
Ochsenfleish mit Melonen (beef with melon).
Rothkraut und Wurste (red cabbage and sausages).
Gebratene Gans mit Kastanien gefüllt (roast goose stuffed with chestnuts).
Sago Auflauf (sago pudding).

Ochsenfleish or *Rostbraten.*—Take a piece of ribs of beef, take out the bones, beat it well all over, skewer it together; melt some fat in a stewpan; when it is hot, put in the beef with an onion, pepper, salt, a carrot, and two cloves; let it cook gently, turning it over from time to time until it is a nice brown colour and tender; then put a little stock or gravy in the stewpan and let it cook ten minutes; take out the beef, strain the gravy, and serve.

Melon to serve with Beef.—Take the rind off a ripe melon, cut into pieces—not too thin—lay the pieces in wine vinegar and leave them two days; on the third day take the pieces of melon out of the vinegar, drain them, and then place them one on the other. Allow one pint of vinegar and half a pound of sugar to each pound of melon; put the vinegar, the juice from the melon, and the sugar into a stewpan, boil it fifteen minutes, keeping it skimmed, then pour it over the melon, and leave it twenty-four hours. Repeat this every day for four days; on the fifth day put into the vinegar the rind of a lemon, six cloves, and a stick of cinnamon; boil again fifteen minutes, skim, take out the peel and spice, and lay the pieces of melon gently in the vinegar; let it boil until the vinegar is tolerably thick, then put it into glass jars. When cold, tie over.

Red Cabbage.—Take the leaves of two red cabbages, place them one on the top of another, cut them as fine as possible—the finer the better. Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan with a chopped onion, leave it to cook for five minutes, put a wineglassful of vinegar over the cut cabbage and mix it well, then put it into the stewpan with the onion and some salt and two tablespoonfuls of broth or water; cover it and simmer for three hours, stirring it now and then with a fork; then add a small spoonful of flour, two ounces of pounded sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of red wine; simmer half an hour, and serve hot.

Stuffed Goose.—The goose being prepared, take two ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of chopped shalots and some chopped parsley, put in a stewpan to get hot, take from the fire and add four or five beaten-up eggs, some salt, pepper, and the liver of the goose, finely chopped. Have ready a pint of chestnuts that have been boiled quite soft and have had the outsides taken off; mix these with the rest of the stuffing, and put the whole into the goose; sew it up carefully, cut off the pinions, put the goose into a stewpan with a pint of stock, a cut onion, a carrot, and some salt; put on the fire, cook gently, basting the goose now and then. When tender, brown it with some fat, skim, strain the gravy, and serve in the dish with the goose. Ducks may be dressed in the same way.

Nachtessen, or supper:—
Lebersuppe (liver soup).
Gefüllte Tauben (stuffed pigeons).
Crême von Kaffee (coffee cream).

Stuffed Pigeons.—The pigeons are not to be stuffed inside, but over the breast. To this end take two pigeons, and lay them in water half an hour to loosen the skin, which must be separated from the flesh over the whole of the breasts. Soak the crumb of a roll in milk; make one ounce of fresh butter hot in a stewpan; throw into it three chopped shalots, some parsley, and some grated nutmeg; then add the soaked roll and one egg. Keep it hot on the stove a few minutes, then stuff the pigeons with it, carefully sew them up, lay them in boiling water for five minutes, take them out to cool. An hour and a half before they are wanted put two ounces of butter, a chopped onion, a sliced carrot, and the livers, hearts, and gizzards in a stewpan. When all is hot, lay in the pigeons, breasts down, on the onion; sprinkle with salt. When the pigeons are brown, turn them, but be careful not to injure the skin by using a fork; finish with the breasts up. When the pigeons

are brown, add a little stock to them, stew very gently until tender, dish up with the livers and gizzards round, pass the gravy through a sieve, serve a little over the pigeons, and the rest separately.

Coffee Cream.—Take a pint and a half of milk, boil it ten minutes, then throw into it three ounces of freshly-roasted whole coffee; cover it well, and keep it hot for an hour, when it should have the flavour of the coffee. Beat well the yolks of six eggs, with three ounces of sugar, strain the milk to them, butter a mould well, pour in the mixture, stand the mould in a saucepan of hot water, stir the cream till it thickens (the water must be kept boiling, or it will not thicken), then stand the mould in cold water. Serve, when cold, turned out.

My readers will observe that the bills of fare are suited to this season of the year. They will find a German dinner take longer to cook than a French. I shall conclude this paper with a recipe that many will like to have; it is for

Mustard Mixed in the German Way.—Take half a pound of mustard and a tablespoonful of pounded sugar, mix to a proper consistency with tarragon vinegar, tie it down, and put it by for eight days; it will then be ready for use.

VARIETIES.

A Serious Responsibility.—Women govern us. Let us render them perfect: the more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of man. It is by woman that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*

Five Good Rules.

Here are five good rules for the conduct of life:—

1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till we are absolutely forced to.
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a different account would be given of the matter.

The Flounder and the Sole.

It was Theodore Hook's good or evil fortune to find himself one night at a "musical party." In the course of the evening's tortures, a certain young lady attacked a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated expression and a great many blunders. Next to Hook sat an elderly lady, as decided an amateur in criticism as the songstress was in singing.

"Oh, Mr. Hook!" she murmured, "don't you adore her singing? It is so *full* of soul!"

"Well, madam," said he, "for my part, I think there seems more of the flounder than the *sole* about it."

How to Improve.—The most barren ground, by manuring, may be made to produce good fruits; the fiercest beasts, by art, are made tame; so are moral virtues acquired by custom.—*Plutarch.*

Useful Praise.—The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Whenever we leave the station where God has placed us, be it for never so seemingly self-sacrificing and chivalrous and saintly an end, we are tempting the Lord our God—we are yielding most utterly to that very self-will which we are pretending to abjure.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. Owen.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW NAME.

Before Candalaria began to go to school Mr. Grahame said he should like her to be baptised. She was most anxious that it should be done at once, and she

"'I WILL COME BACK IN ABOUT AN HOUR, CARRIE.'"

seemed pleased when Mr. Grahame suggested to Stephen that the little Mexican, on being received into the church, and, as it were, a second time into his family, should have a new name given to her. The child was just in that transition state in which nothing fresh seemed to surprise her. A new life was beginning; she was to go to school; new dresses were being made for her; and why should she not have a new name also?

"What shall it be, wife?" asked Stephen. "I always liked the name of Mary or Annie, but it shall be whatever you prefer."

"Oh, I would much rather it were another Mexican or Spanish name, Steeve."

"Why that, Nell?"

"Because I do not wish her ever to be taken for our own child; and she might be, with an English name."

"Really, Nell, you are incomprehensible to me sometimes; however, I suppose you women are more notional than we men. Settle the matter with the minister; I have no more to say about it."

Mrs. Grahame, when called into council by her husband, suggested "Carita."

"It seems a pretty and a suitable name for the poor little lamb," she said.

They had lost their only child since coming to San Juan, and she was a tender-hearted woman.

"Just the thing," was the minister's answer. "They can call her Carrie too, if they like, which will be conveniently near Candy."

Before the day of her baptism, Mr. Grahame said he would like to have some quiet talk alone with her, so Candalaria came, with some awe, but yet without fear, to the minister's study.

There he talked to her very plainly and very affectionately. He taught her the meaning of the sacred rite; told her also of the new birth, of the love of the Father, who says, "And ye shall be my sons and daughters;" of the love of His only Begotten Son, which made Him "come to seek and to save that which was lost." How He gave His life for the sheep and the lambs, of which she, Candalaria, was one. The experiences of the last few days seemed to have prepared the soil for the seed of the sower, and it took root; she seemed to grasp the significance, and to be able to feel the truth of all he thus taught her. Then Mr. Grahame read over and explained to her two texts. In the one was, "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written;" and in the other, "and I will write upon him my new name."

A new name was given to the maiden that day in her home down here, and she knew that her name was written in the Book of Life above.

Carita, as we shall now call her, felt often very bewildered at the change in her position. She would run to her little mirror to see if it was really herself who looked out so much more cheerfully on the world, who wore a gold ornament, and for whom those new dresses were being made. And softly to herself she would repeat her new name over and over again.

The fact that she was not the child of a low, squalid woman could not fail to make a difference in Eleanor's estimate of her, as she never pretended to have adopted her from any higher motive than that of satisfying her husband. Now she graciously told Carita she might call her "mother" or "mamma," as the boys did, adding that she hoped she would not prove ungrateful, but improve, so as to be of some little use some day.

"O, my eye! Ain't we fine, though!" cried Jack Wilson, when he saw Carita in one of her new frocks, on the Saturday before she began her school life. "So you're going to be one of Mother Carey's chickens—that's what we call the girls there. I give the old girl a fine lot of worry, I can tell you; but if ever you split on any of my school larks, I'll tell about the locket."

The girl flushed crimson and tears came into her eyes. She had hoped never to hear it named again, but had forgotten that Jack, who knew all about it, was to be one of her schoolfellows.

"Look here, Candy. I've been saving up ever so long to buy these;" and the terrible boy showed her a bright bowie knife and a small six-shooter. "You won't be in my class, as you can't read much, but mind you. tell no tales, or I'll be even with you."

Jack was a bully, like most bad boys, and as the Warners were the only intimate friends his parents had made in the place, he was afraid some of his misdeeds might be carried to them through Carita, and so thought it safest to intimidate her to begin with. His sister, Adelina, was completely under his influence, and never attempted to interfere with his wild pranks.

Sunday was a very happy day to our little maiden. She felt so pleased with her new dress, the nice Bible and the prayer-book (a present from the kind father), and a bright-coloured ribbon by which the heart was hung about her brown little throat. Stokes's Anna, who also came to Sunday-school, observed she was quite "sot up" with it all; and she might have given herself up to foolish and vain thoughts, had it not been for the love and devotion that filled her heart as she looked at the kind clergyman, remembering the ride in front of his saddle six days ago, and the good words he spoke to her then.

C'est l'amour, l'amour qui fait tourner le monde," says the old French song—"'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round;" the sunshine of the heart that quickens its tender germs into form and beauty. Carita's nature was a passionate one, and it was well that it had not been left to itself too long, or it might have fed on what was hurtful and killing to the tender growth of a young soul.

The schoolroom, rude and bare as it was, save for a few brightly-coloured texts and pictures, seemed a beautiful place to the Mexican girl as she listened to the hymns she would soon be able to join in; and when Mr. Grahame talked about the good Shepherd and His love, her thoughts went back again to the cactus bush on the lonely plains, where she had lain and listened in terror to the awful sounds of the night, until a loving voice and kind hand had come to bring her home again.

After school she joined the Warner family in church, and in the afternoon she took the three boys into the hay-shed, and, climbing up on to the top of the fragrant stack, held a little Sunday-school of her own for their benefit, whilst Mrs. Warner rested awhile. Nothing marred the brightness of that day, and it was the first of many similar ones, which strengthened the girl for some darker ones that had to come later on.

Mother Carey, as Jack called her, was a sweet and strong natured old Methodist dame. Her husband, a stone mason, had not the same strength of character as herself, but he was a gentle loving creature, and the two were very happy together. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, on which occasion their only son, who was studying in some town east, with the intention of becoming a "travelling preacher," had composed a very fine poem indeed, which was read and appreciated by all Mr. and Mrs. Carey's friends, and afterwards published in the *San Juan Observer*. It was to support this son at college that the dear, energetic mother kept her day-school, which was no easy work, for some of those frontier boys were of the wildest order, young as they were. Although she prided herself on being a Methodist, and Mr. John Wesley's picture, with that of Mr. Fletcher of Madely, formed the chief adornment of her parlour, her mother having brought them from England sixty years ago, yet she loved Mr. Grahame and his wife, and he had no more constant and faithful allies than herself and her husband. She had been educated in a public school in Philadelphia, had always read much, and was well fitted for preparing the boys and girls for the higher town school.

Carita was so teachable and well behaved that she became Mrs. Carey's favourite pupil, whilst, brightened and encouraged by the morning's experiences, she did her best to please Mrs. Warner after the school hours were over. During the three years she was allowed to remain at her studies, she made such good progress in every way, that she developed into an intelligent, companionable girl. The religious instruction she received meanwhile from Mr. Grahame and his wife also sank deeply into her heart.

I have dwelt rather long on the description of her teachers, because their influence changed the tenour of her life, and in them she found friends who were afterwards often of service to her.

* * * * *

One evening, just after Carita had left school altogether, Stephen came home looking terribly depressed. He had often felt so of late. The country was

more settled, and his contracts for the supply of cattle had fallen off. The railroads bringing an influx of miners and settlers had not yet come to that part of the state, and times were hard. Stephen Warner had speculated largely in land, expecting to be able to dispose of it again to advantage, just before commercial stagnation had set in; so that he was now what is called "land poor," being eaten up by taxes, which though light in themselves, mounted up heavily where large tracts of land yielding no produce were held.

Besides Mariposa, he had a dairy farm up in the mountains, about forty miles distant, amongst the foot-hills of the Sangre de Cristo range. It was called "Elk Ranche," and was beautifully situated on one of the high lying natural parks peculiar to Colorado, surrounded by picturesque peaks and pitch pine forests. The place was lonely, and Eleanor never cared to stay there long together. A man and his wife lived in a cabin on the ranche, and did all that was necessary, except during harvest time.

"I shall have to go to Washington in the course of a few weeks, Nell," said Stephen, sitting down, weary and anxious looking.

"Oh dear, Steeve! I thought you had arranged your business in writing."

"No, it seems I must be on the spot myself, to do what I want. The fact is, Nell, I am sick of this state of things, and of the taxes I am paying on land, out of which I shall make nothing for some years. I want to get rid of the greater part of it, at any price. You have never liked life on the plains, or perhaps we might have done better. I do not blame you for it, Nell," he added, quickly, as he saw she looked irritated.

"And what do you intend to do if you can sell the land, Steeve?"

"My idea is to let Mariposa to Judge Lynchem, who is wanting a larger house, he tells me; and to move you all up to Elk Lodge, before I start. The summer will be very pleasant there, and you will have almost all you need, excepting groceries, on the farm. I may be away for some months; but when I return we will consider whether to invest the money I hope to have from my land sales in enlarging and stocking the mountain ranche, or to take a different course altogether. As you have always longed to go back east, we might perhaps be able to do it for a few years—at any rate, so as to give the boys better advantages than we are likely to have here for some time."

"Why can we not stay here until you return, Steeve?"

"Because I shall want all the money I can get together to pay my expenses, and I can sell this place now."

Eleanor, as usual, thought more of her own comfort than of her husband's anxieties.

"It will be horribly lonely up there, Steeve; Denis and Hephzibah are to be married next month, so he will be leaving us." Hephzibah was a "help," engaged when Carita began to go to school.

"So much the better, Nell. Sam Morris and his wife will do all you want on the farm; there will not be room for them in the house with you, but I will have the huntsman's hut fitted up for them. It is within reach of call, and Carita is so useful now, she will do most of the housework, and look after the boys also."

Elk Lodge was a large log cabin. It had received its name from an Englishman, who had been hunting in its vicinity the previous summer. A park within half a mile of it had, until lately, been a favourite feeding-ground of the elk deer. Over the cabin porch were two pairs of immense antlers, interlaced closely. The animals had become entangled in fighting, and died in a gulch near, unable to free themselves.

Mariposa was a pleasant home. Eleanor, disliking the outside life of the plains, had turned all her attention indoors, and become, as her neighbours said, houseproud. She looked round at her household gods, and said—

"Where in the world should I put all my furniture?"

"As much as we can in the mountain house, which we could easily enlarge by adding a lean-to kitchen."

"House, indeed! Why, Steeve, you know it is only a cabin."

"A good, large one, Nell; with plenty of sleeping room in the loft."

"Well, and what should we do with the rest?"

"Sell it to Mrs. Lynchem; she will need more than she has."

This was too much for Eleanor's feelings; she felt deeply aggrieved by the suggestion, and burst into tears. The idea of a sale of her furniture was apparently more painful than the thought of parting with her husband.

Stephen felt mortified and helpless.

It would cost him a great deal to leave his wife and children for some months, and only a feeling of necessity impelled him to do it. The boys came running in at this juncture, but stopped short in dismay when they saw their mother weeping.

"Here, boys," cried Steeve, "I've brought you some new fishing tackle; you may ask Denis if he can find time to go down to the river with you, to try it."

He was always considerate, and had got this purposely, in order to send them out of the way whilst he talked over his plans with Eleanor.

"Mother is not very well," he said to Carita, who was busily sewing on the veranda. "Make some good tea for her, and persuade her to lie down."

What man is there, however kind and gentle, who does not hate the sight of tears? It was no use saying anything more to his wife just now, so Steeve turned to go out again.

"And when will you have supper, father?" asked Carita, anxiously. She saw he was troubled about something. "You scarcely ate anything at dinner time."

"I will come back in about an hour, Carrie."

Then he saddled his horse again—it had not yet been turned out for the night—and galloped off to a cotton wood copse some distance up the river side.

Dismounting, he hitched his horse's bridle to a tree, pulled out his pipe, and lay down on the ground to try and get over his vexation as he smoked.

"Nell would never second him in anything," he said, bitterly, to himself. "It was always the same The fact was, he had spoiled her as her parents had done before him. He found he must bear her burden as well as his own, and never expect any help or sympathy from her.

A French proverb says that, in love, there is always "*Un qui baise et un qui tend la joue*"—one who kisses, and one who only turns the cheek. Let us hope it is not always so one-sided! Unfortunately it was very much the case in poor Stephen's lot.

When the pipe was exhausted, he jumped up again, sprang into the saddle, and entered his wife's parlour a little later with a kind word for Eleanor, whom he found lying on the sofa, too much upset, she said, to sit down to supper with him.

"I have good news for you, Eleanor," he said, next morning, when he came in to breakfast.

"Are you not going then, after all; or are you taking us to Washington with you?"

"Neither, Nell; but you will not be so lonely in the mountains as we feared. I have just heard from Judge Lynchem, that an Englishman, named Heath, has bought a ranche below ours, on Pepperbox Flat. He is bringing his wife and family out to settle there. They are expected next month, so I shall leave you with much more comfort. The Judge says he has had a very good account of them from our consul in Liverpool."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

J. L. B.—1. There is a training college for elementary schoolmistresses, expressly for the daughters of the clergy and professional men, at Chichester. It is called the "Bishop Otter Memorial College." The terms are £20 per annum for Queen Scholars, and £40 for students. 2. A "Sabbath day's journey" was seven and a half furlongs, or 1,650 yards, according to Dr. Adam Clarke; but the Rabbins calculate it at about 1,350 yards. The Mount of Olives was five *stadia*, or 625 paces, from Jerusalem.

A Happy Girl should get a small round-hand copy-book, and practise as carefully as she can every day. We thank her for her good wishes, and return them.

Inquirer, Athaline.—1. To obtain the prospectus of the Correspondence Classes for the Local Examinations of the Edinburgh University, write to Messrs. Douglas and Foulis, Castle-street, Edinburgh. The fee for the preliminary subjects is one guinea. 2. At the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., or at the Training Institution for Protestant Nurses at 3A, Cambridge-place, Paddington, W. Probationers begin with a salary equivalent to 14 guineas, rising to £25. At the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, E., educated women, like yourself, who enter as "sister probationers," begin to receive a salary of £25 per annum six months after their admission. They are bound to remain three years in the hospital. For all further information apply direct.

Schoolgirl.—You will obtain all such information at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W. Write to that address.

Gabrielle, Jenny T., F. B. E., Anxious One, Dot.—See our article on Sunday-school teaching entitled "Infant Class Teaching," vol. ii., page 730. If you have not got the whole volume, write for the number for August 13, 1881. Also see in *Christmas Carillon* "Decorations for Home and School."

WORK.

C. B. P.—To make "wool balls," see page 736, vol. ii.

Lauretta.—If the velveteen be a good one, it is worth the expense of dyeing. We see no prospect at present of the nursing profession being overstocked.

A Member of the "C.E.T.S."—You do not make a knot to commence with, but simply run in the silk with the other end, so as to hide both ends. We could not say what it would be worth when made. You will find an article on the subject, called "Ladies' Work Amongst Soldiers and Sailors," at page 811, vol. ii.

Two Village Bee Hives.—We regret we cannot accede to your request. Such a pattern would be too large for our columns, and it is not expensive to purchase. You had better get someone to give you a lesson in crochet.

Butter-cup, Daisy.—See "Neapolitan Apron," page 332, and "Aprons," page 472, vol. ii.

Maisee.—1. Consult the indexes of each of our volumes. "The Fairy of the *Family*" will also give all such information. We must decline repeating our advice and recipes. It is tiresome to general readers, and waste of our own time. 2. The coloured feathers might be employed to decorate hand screens.

Marie.—Your best plan is to obtain orders from the trade. Show your work at different shops and endeavour to obtain them.

T. M. C.—1. We have often advised the wearing of a face and back board during some part of every day, which can be done while reading and learning, by placing the book on a stand. The wearer may sit, walk, or stand, as she likes. 2. See our articles on "Seasonable Clothing," and also the "Fairy of the Family," for all hints about remaking dresses. You write very well.

Wymecote.—1. We cannot make any promises about future work competitions. 2. Take a teaspoonful at a time of the prepared charcoal, either dry or in a wineglass of water.

COOKERY.

Ellie.—To make cocoa-nut biscuits, take one pound of cocoanut, and pound it into a mortar until it forms a smooth paste. Add the whites of two eggs to prevent its oiling. Beat together the yolks of eight eggs and one and a quarter pounds of fine powdered loaf sugar. Whisk the whites of the eggs, put them with the cocoanut paste, and add the yolks; thicken it gradually with four ounces of flour, rubbed together with another pound of loaf sugar finely powdered and sifted. Lay the paste thus prepared in small paper cases, sprinkle sugar over the tops, and bake in a slow oven. When cold, take off the cases. The quotation, "Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea," is from a poem by Eliza Cook.

Shamrock.—You will find a recipe for making cocoa-nut rock at page 399, vol. iii., and you can make any varieties you please by changing the flavouring and substituting almonds for cocoa-nut. The 11th May, 1869, was a Tuesday; November 15th, 1871, was a Tuesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Reader.—For all your good wishes we thank you, and regret that the lines you send for publication are so utterly incorrect in metrical composition. Even as prose they are as much so. All the rhymes that should have been made have been forgotten, commas not required perpetually break the sentences, capital letters are employed for small ones, apostrophes divide the letters in the words "oh" and "ah," and a single "I" does duty for two in the words which you write thus, "she'l" and "I'l." You also say, "Thou bore," instead of "borest." We name all these errors to show you that even if new and beautiful ideas were expressed in the lines they would need to be clothed in correct English. Do not think that we mean to hurt your feelings in so doing.

Isoline Stanley.—1. The beautiful hymn of praise to which you refer in the Communion Service of the Church of England is a translation of one employed in the ancient liturgies of the Eastern Church, and thus the exact rendering of a single word may not always be given; but, in any case, we see no difficulty presented in the passage you quote. If God were not as glorious—in every sense in which the word may be applied—as He is, we could not reverence Him as we now must do. One of our Saviour's titles is "the King of Glory." 2. In order to become a Zenana missionary, you would, of course, have examinations to pass. Write for particulars to the secretary of the Zenana Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, 17, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W. There is a second institution of the same character, for information respecting which write to the secretary, Canon Crowfoot, Minster-yard, Lincoln.

R. Brinkworth.—We regret to say, as so often before, that we do not give addresses, because that would be equivalent to advertising.

Roderick Dhu.—The origin of the word "teetotal" is ascribed to Richard Turner, who in addressing a meeting in September, 1833, duplicated the letter "t," to give it emphasis. "We want not only total abstinence, we want more; we want t-total abstinence," said he. The origin of this word has been erroneously ascribed to a gentleman at Preston who stuttered.

A. E. K.—The Prudential Life Assurance Company employ young ladies as clerks.

A Constant Reader (Bournemouth).—We fear that long delays are too much the method of treating authors and their manuscripts; but have patience; write again, and do not grow rude nor unladylike, but wait, and if needful, try again elsewhere.

Winifred.—If you be in the path of duty, remain where you are. Remember that each action can be done for Christ; and wherever we may be, we "serve Him," and in doing so we may find happiness and contentment.

Bookworm.—Do you think it a good thing yourself? Do you not feel it a better plan to keep one day apart on which you may "dress your soul," as some old writer says, and ornament it for eternity?

Topsy.—Unless you were previously acquainted, he was impertinent and intrusive in bowing to you.

Etiquette.—It is usually surgeons who are called Mr. So-and-So. If you are in doubt, ask the persons themselves what they wish to be called.

Dolly Dalrymple.—Wash the hands in vinegar and water.

I. E. R. K.—We are indeed grieved to hear of your sorrow and disappointment, but you know "in Whom you have believed," and He that knoweth whereof we are made, has sometimes better things in store for us than we could have thought of for ourselves. Your letter seems by no means an uneducated one, but is well written and expressed.

Young and Simple.—We do not think that any good man, or one who respected you, would ask you to perform any act of impropriety. Ask your father and mother; there should be perfect confidence between you.

Primavera.—Your uncle is quite right; it is pronounced like "Sicily," of course. Your quotation, "A fellow-feeling," is from David Garrick's Prologue on quitting the stage in 1776.

Vive le Roi.—There is no doubt that England roused the French Huguenots to rebellion, the cause being Buckingham's private pique against Cardinal Richelieu. His endeavour to aid them proved a disastrous failure at La Rochelle, and the fall of that city was the ruin of the Huguenot cause in France. Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" is correct, and you will find a good account in Green's "History of the English People."

Most Miserable.—Although you think that your health is good, your depression of spirits may be attributable to a certain condition of the bodily system. We also imagine that you lack some special object to employ your time and thoughts, work that would give you little time for thinking of yourself, and likewise prove interesting. You should be a good deal out of doors, taking care of a garden, or joining with other young people in innocent outdoor games. Never allow yourself to sit brooding, but pass quickly from one occupation to another. Make a list of things to be done each day. Join a "Working Bee Society," if you can get one up, for supplying hospitals or your own parish with baby clothes or other articles. Arrange a course for yourself of instructing and interesting reading, and try to think about all around you, and how you can be helpful to each, every day as it comes. But ask God's grace to aid you in this work for others, and to make you do all to His glory and as in His sight. Read Isaiah l. 10th verse, and St. Luke vii. 28th verse.

C. C. Aldershot.—1. Pronounce "Massachusetts," "Massa-choo-sets." 2. The address you require is "The Home and Colonial Training College Kindergarten," Gray's Inn-road, W.C. We are glad to hear that our paper is so much liked by both teachers and pupils in your establishment, and thank you for telling us so.

Vectis.—Our magazine goes to New Zealand as well as to all parts of the world. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and give him your address and an order to send it, and he will supply you with all necessary information.

Une Suissesse.—We have read your kind and grateful letter with pleasure, and thank you for it, with our good wishes. You certainly fail to do yourself justice, for we cannot agree in regarding you as "without education," when you can read and enjoy both English prose and poetry.

Impolite Polly writes an unseemly letter to complain of having received no answers to some previously sent us. Had she repeated her queries, we might have enlightened her this time at least; as it is we can only "be good enough to inform her" that it is ill-bred to subscribe herself "Your's et cetera."

Sunday's Bairn.—The English book of "Common Prayer" has not been revised for use in this country, although the Irish disestablished church has made some changes for its own special and exclusive use. There has been no revision of the English Bible "authorised" to be read in churches, but a perfectly separate translation of the New Testament, having our authorised Bible for its foundation, has been brought out, but is not accepted in place of the other. August 2, 1863, was a Sunday; September 13, 1864, was a Tuesday; September 18, 1865, was a Monday; October 13, 1866, was a Saturday; and December 24, 1868, was a Thursday.

Ehtra.—We imagine that you have made your bird feverish by giving him hempseed. He would soon become gouty also, if you continued so doing. One seed, or two occasionally, is all that you could safely give.

Little Perseverer, Tinker, and Toby.—Yes, the pink lace would do very well, and so would white or cream-coloured. Send the teapot to a china shop to be mended; they will tell you whether it can be done so as to bear hot water. We do not understand the question put by "Toby." If you do not go to school when required to do so, you ought to be well punished.

Lily of the Valley.—We do not understand your letter. If always "so courteous and kind to you," and you "meet him so often," how can you inquire "whether you may speak to him?" You must speak to him very often, and he must know you well, if you also "know that he esteems as well as loves you." Consult your near relatives, if you have any, whose good sense and kindliness may be relied on.

Lulu V. J. S.—We are much gratified to hear that our paper has proved of spiritual comfort and benefit to you, and thank you for your kind letter and the roses. A Jewish term "shekel" was not always significant of one description of money. It denotes weight, and also is applied to coins of gold, silver, or copper, or a piece of silver of a fixed value. Three kinds of shekels appear to be named in the Old Testament, viz., the "shekel" simply, that "of the Sanctuary," and that "of the king's weight." The value of the silver shekel was equal to two shillings and eightpence, and weighed about 253 grains; and the gold shekel about £2, containing 260 grains. Those of silver mentioned in Nehemiah v. 15 may refer to the silver coin in circulation in Persia, called "siglos," weighing only 84 grains, and having no connection with the "siklos," that weighed some 220 grains and upwards. This subject of the Jewish money is too extensive for our correspondence columns.

Foin Coupe.—Your success in writing a letter in English is very creditable to you, there are but very few and trifling errors, and your handwriting is very good. It is difficult to advise you in reference to a spoilt child. You must beware of losing your temper. Firmness should be united with gentleness and patience; pray for wisdom, and if you fail in reforming the child, you will have achieved much in your own power of self-government. See Proverbs xvi. 32.

Mrs. Elsie W. H.—1. We are continually requested to suggest "very light and easy work," which is, nevertheless, to be "remunerative," and the "rag picking"—performed by the utterly untrained for any work, in cloth manufactories—was named only ironically. Work that is remunerative must be performed by specially trained persons, and is rarely "light," for even if accomplished by feeble hands, and without much cost of mental power, it is rendered hard and heavy by the length of time it occupies daily, or its wearying monotony. But there is a species of "rag-picking" which proves a most charitable and valuable occupation, that of making "charpie," for use instead of lint, on wounds. It consists of short threads of old soft linen cloth, ravelled out of pieces cut about an inch in length. The hands employed for this purpose should be most scrupulously clean, or blood poisoning might result from its application to the wounds, and it should be rolled up, as ravelled, in clean silver paper. The linen also should be well washed before cut up. 2. The copying of addresses is performed in the offices where required. We regret that we cannot help you.

Grannie.—We reply by drawing your attention to the fact that the number "seven" is named and made use of in Holy Scripture more than double as many times as "forty." The former was employed to represent fulness, or perfection, and thus had a special signification amongst the Israelites such as no other number possessed. Thus, in inculcating the duty of perpetual forgiveness of injuries, our Lord intensifies the idea as significantly suggested by St. Peter, and bids him to forgive "until seventy-times seven." The recurrence of many other numbers may often be regarded as only coincidences, and in others as typical of subsequent facts having reference to the same subjects.

S. R. Z.—A solution of borax and camphor is good for cleansing the head and hair. Do not use soda, as it splits it.

Marguerite.—Employ white varnish for the acorns and pine cones.

A. O.—1. The origin of the nick-name "John Bull" is due to a satire by Dr. Arbuthnot, who thought he saw in the English character a general resemblance to the typical English farmer, who is bluff, straightforward, bull-headed, and kind-hearted; though while he termed the Frenchman "Louis Baboon," and the Dutchman, amidst his canals and tanks, "Nicholas Frog," the idea took public fancy, and a comedy was written by George Colman, entitled *John Bull*. The typical Englishman is generous, irascible, quick in wit, yet easily cheated, and as easily led by designing and less candid persons. 2. Putting some salt into the cold water in which the checked cotton gown is washed, tends to preserve the colour. See "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii.

Waiting.—We could not, of course, look for your lost certificate, nor give any information about it, when you did not send your name and address.

La Mascotte.—The two Italian words, *piu* and *à piacere*, are pronounced as "pew" (a pew in church) and "pe-a-cheree."

Penultimate.—Photographs are fastened in with gelatine. "Pouring oil on troubled waters" is not a quotation, but a fact, which has been sufficiently proved.

VOL. V.—NO. 202. NOVEMBER 10, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

All rights reserved.] "'WE ALWAYS GET ALONG WELL, YOU AND I, DON'T WE, LITTLE WOMAN?'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLITTING.

So the old Combe Manor days were over, and with them the girlhood of Esther Cameron.

Ah me! it was sad to say good-bye to the dear old home of our childhood; to go round to our haunts, one by one, and look our last at every cherished nook and corner; to bid farewell to our four-footed pets, Dapple and Cherry and Brindle, and the dear little spotted calves; to caress our favourite pigeons for the last time, and to feed the greedy old turkey-cock, who had been the terror of our younger

days. It was well, perhaps, that we were too busy for a prolonged leave-taking. Fred had gone to London, and his handsome lugubrious face no longer overlooked us as we packed books and china. Carrie and mother and Dot were cosily established in the little sea-side lodging, and only Allan, Jack, and I sat down to our meals in the dismantled rooms.

It was hard work trying to keep cheerful, when Allan left off whistling, as he hammered at the heavy cases, and when Jack was discovered sobbing in odd corners, with Smudge in her arms—of course Smudge would accompany us to Milnthorpe; no one could imagine Jack without her favourite sable attendant, and then Dot was devoted to him. Jack used to come to us with piteous pleadings to take first one then another of her pets; now it was the lame chicken she had nursed in a little basket by the kitchen fire, then a pair of guinea pigs that belonged to Dot, and some carrier pigeons that they specially fancied; after that, she was bent on the removal of a young family of hedgehogs, and some kittens that had been discovered in the hay-loft, belonging to the stable cat.

We made a compromise at last, and entrusted to her care Carrie's tame canaries, and a cage of dormice that belonged to Dot, in whose fate Smudge took a vast amount of interest, though he never ventured to look at the canaries. The care of these interesting captives was consolatory to Jack, though she rained tears over them in secret, and was overheard by Allan telling them between her sobs that "they were all going to live in a little pokey house, without chickens or cows, or anything that would make life pleasant, and that she and they must never expect to be happy again." Ah, well! the longest day must have an end, and by-and-by the evening came when we turned away from dear old Combe Manor for ever. It was far more cheerful work fitting up the new rooms at Milnthorpe, with Deborah's strong arms to help, and Uncle Geoffrey standing by to encourage our efforts; even Jack plucked up heart then, and hung up the canaries, and hid away the dormice out of Smudge's and Jumbles' reach, and consented to stretch her long legs in our behalf. Allan and I thought we had done wonders when all was finished, and even Deborah gave an approving word.

"I think mother and Carrie will be pleased," I said, as I put some finishing touches to the tea-table on the evening we expected them. Allan had gone to the station to meet them, and only Uncle Geoffrey was my auditor. There was a great bowl of roses on the table, great crimson-hearted delicious roses, and a basket of nectarines, that some patient had sent to Uncle Geoffrey. The parlours looked very pretty and snug; we had arranged our books on the shelves, and had hung up two or three choice engravings, and there was the gleam of purple and gold china from the dark oak cabinet, and by the garden window there were mother's little blue couch and her table and work-case, and Carrie's davenport, and an inviting easy chair. The new curtains looked so well too. No wonder Uncle Geoffrey declared that he did not recognise his old room.

"I am sure they will be pleased," I repeated, as I moved the old-fashioned glass dish full of our delicious Combe Manor honey; but Uncle Geoffrey did not answer; he was listening to some wheels in the distance.

"There they are," he said, snatching up his felt wideawake. "Don't expect your mother to notice much to-night, Esther; poor thing, this is a sad coming home to her."

I need not have worked so hard: that was my first thought when I saw mother's face as she entered the room.

She was trembling like a leaf, and her face was all puckered and drawn, as I kissed her; but Uncle Geoffrey would not let her sit down or look at anything.

"No, no, you shall not make efforts for us to-night," he said, patting her as though she were a child. "Take your mother upstairs, children, and let her have quiet; do you hear, nothing but quiet to-night." And then Allan drew her arm through his.

I cried shame on myself for a selfish disappointed pang, as I followed them. Of course Uncle Geoffrey was right and wise, as he always was, and I was still more ashamed of myself when I entered the room and found mother crying as though her heart would break, and clinging to Allan.

"Oh, children, children! how can I live without your father?" she exclaimed, hysterically. Well, it was wise of Allan, for he let that pass and never said a word; he only helped me remove the heavy widow's bonnet and cloak, and moved the big chintz couch nearer to the window, and then he told me to be quick and bring her some tea, and when I returned he was sitting by her, fanning and talking to her in his pleasant boyish way, and though the tears were still flowing down her pale cheeks, she sobbed less convulsively.

"You have both been so good, and worked so hard, and I cannot thank you," she whispered, taking my hand, as I stood near her.

"Esther does not want to be thanked," returned Allan, sturdily. "Now you will take your tea, won't you, mother? and by-and-by one of the girls shall come and sit with you."

"Are we to go down and leave her?" I observed, dubiously, as Allan rose from his seat.

"Yes, go both of you, I shall be better alone; Allan knows that," with a grateful glance as I reluctantly obeyed her. I was too young to understand the healing effects of quiet and silence in a great grief; to me the thought of such loneliness was dreadful, until later on she explained the whole matter.

"I am never less alone than when I am alone," she said once, very simply to me. "I have the remembrance of your dear father and his words and looks ever before me, and God is so near—one feels that most when one is solitary." And her words remained with me long afterwards.

It was not such a very sad evening, after all. The sea air had done Dot good, and he was in better spirits, and then Carrie was so good and sweet, and so pleased with everything.

"How kind of you, Esther," she said, with tears in her eyes, as I led her into her little bedroom. "I hardly dared hope for this, and so near dear mother." Well, it was very tiny, but very pretty, too. Carry had her own little bed, in which she had slept from a child, and the evening sun streamed full on it, and a pleasant smell of white jasmine pervaded it; part of the window was framed with the delicate tendrils and tiny buds; and there was her little prayer-desk, with its shelf of devotional books, and her little round table and easy-chair standing just as it used; only, if one looked out of the window, instead of the belt of green circling meadows, dotted over by grazing cattle, there was the lawn and the mulberry tree—a little narrow and homely, but still pleasant.

Carrie's eyes looked very vague and misty when I left her and went down to Dot. Allan had put him to bed, but he would not hear of going to sleep; he had his dormice beside him, and Jumbles was curled up at the foot of the bed; he wanted to show me his seaweed and shells, and tell me about the sea.

"I can't get it out of my head, Essie," he said, sitting up amongst his pillows and looking very wideawake and excited. "I used to fall asleep listening to the long wash and roll of the waves, and in the morning there it was again. Don't you love the sea?"

"Yes, dearly, Dot; and so does Allan."

"It reminded me of the Pilgrim's Progress—just the last part. Don't you remember the river that everyone was obliged to cross? Carrie told me it meant death." I nodded; Dot did not always need an answer to his childish fancies, he used to like to tell them all out to Allan and me. "One night," he went on, "my back was bad, and I could not sleep, and Carrie made me up a nest of pillows in a big chair by the window, and we sat there ever so long after mother was fast asleep.

"It was so light—almost as light as day—and there were all sorts of sparkles over the water, as though it were shaking out tiny stars in play; and there was one broad golden path—oh! it was so beautiful—and then I thought of Christian and Christiana, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, and father, and they all crossed the river, you know."

"Yes, Dot," I whispered. And then I repeated softly the well-known verse we had so often sung—

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

"Yes, yes," he repeated, eagerly; "I seemed as though I could see father walking down the long golden path; it shone so, he could not have missed his way or fallen into the dark waters. Carrie told me that by-and-by there would be 'no more sea,' somehow; I was sorry for that—aren't you, Essie?"

"Oh, no, don't be sorry," I burst out,

for I had often talked about this with Carrie. "It is beautiful, but it is too shifting, too treacherous, too changeable to belong to the higher life. Think of all the cruel wrecks, of all the drowned people it has swallowed up in its rage; it devours men, and women, and little children, Dot, and hides its mischief with a smile. Oh, no, it is false in its beauty, and there shall be an end of it, with all that is not true and perfect."

And when Dot had fallen asleep, I went down to Uncle Geoffrey and repeated our conversation, to which he listened with a great deal of interest.

"You are perfectly right, Esther," he said, thoughtfully, "but I think there is another meaning involved in the words 'there shall be no more sea.'

"The sea divides us often from those we love," he went on, musingly; "it is our great earthly barrier. In that perfected life that lies before us there can be no barrier, no division, no separating boundaries. In the new earth there will be no fierce torrents or engulphing ocean, no restless moaning of waves. Do you not see this?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Geoffrey," but all the same I thought in my own mind that it was a pretty fancy of the child's, thinking that he saw father walking across the moonlight sea. No, he could not have fallen in the dark water, no fear of that, Dot, when the angel of His mercy would hold him by the hand; and then I remembered a certain lake and a lone figure walking sorrowfully on its watery floor, and the words, "It is I, be not afraid," that has comforted many a dying heart!

Allan had to leave us the next day, and go back to his work; it was a pity, as his mere presence, the very sound of his bright young voice, seemed to rouse mother and do her good. As for me, I knew when Allan went some of the sunshine would go with him, and the world would have a dull, workaday look. I tried to tell him so as we took our last walk together. There was a little lane just by Uncle Geoffrey's house; you turned right into it from the high street, and it led into the country, within half-a-mile of the house. There were some haystacks and a farmyard, a place that went by the name of Grubbings' Farm; the soft litter of straw tempted us to sit down for a little, and listen to the quiet lowing of the cattle as they came up from their pasture to be milked.

"It reminds me of Combe Manor," I said, and there was something wet on my cheek as I spoke; "and oh, Allan! how I shall miss you to-morrow," and I touched his coat sleeve furtively, for Allan was not one to love demonstration. But, to my surprise, he gave me a kind little pat.

"Not more than I shall miss you," he returned, cheerily. "We always get along well, you and I, don't we, little woman?" And as I nodded my head, for something seemed to impede my utterance at that moment, he went on more seriously, "You have a tough piece of work before you, Esther, you and Carrie; you will have to put your Combe Manor pride in your pockets, and summon up all your Cameron strength of mind before you learn to submit to the will of strangers.

"Our poor, pretty Carrie," he continued regretfully; "the little saint, as Uncle Geoffrey calls her. I am afraid her work will not be quite to her mind, but you must smoothe her way as much as possible; but there, I won't preach on my last evening; let me have your plans instead, my dear."

But I had no plans to tell him, and so we drifted by degrees into Allan's own work, and as he told me about the hospital and his student friends, and the great bustling world in which he lived, I forgot my own cares. If I had not much of a life of my own to lead, I could still live in his.

The pleasure of this week lingered long in my memory; it was so nice to feel that Allan and I understood each other so well and had no divided interests; it always seems to me that a sister ought to dwell in the heart of a brother and keep it warm for that other and sacred love that must come by-and-by; not that the wife need drive the sister into outer darkness, but that there must be an humbler abiding in the outer court, perchance a little guestchamber on the wall; the *nearer* and more royal abode must be for the elected woman among women.

There is too little giving up and coming down in this world, too much jealous assertion of right, too little yielding of the sceptre in love. It may be hard—God knows it is hard, to our poor human nature, for some cherished sister to stand a little aside while another takes possession of the goodly mansion, yet if she be wise and bend gently to the new influence, there will be a "come up higher," long before the dregs of the feast are reached. Old bonds are not easily broken, early days have a sweetness of their own; by-and-by the sister will find her place ready for her, and welcoming hands stretched out without grudging.

The next morning I rose early to see Allan off. Just at the last moment Carrie came down in her pretty white wrapper to bid him good-bye. Allan was strapping up his portmanteau in the hall, and shook his head at her in comic disapproval. "Fie, what pale cheeks, Miss Carrie! One would think you had been burning the midnight oil." I wonder if Allan's jesting words approached the truth, for Carrie's face flushed suddenly, and she did not answer.

Allan did not seem to notice her confusion. He bade us both good-bye very affectionately, and told us to be good girls and take care of ourselves, and then in a moment he was gone.

Breakfast was rather a miserable business after that; I was glad Uncle Geoffrey read his paper so industriously and did not peep behind the urn. Dot did, and slipped a hot little hand in mine, in an old-fashioned sympathising way. Carrie, who was sitting in her usual dreamy, abstracted way, suddenly startled us all by addressing Uncle Geoffrey rather abruptly.

"Uncle Geoffrey, don't you think either Esther or I ought to go over to the Thornes'; they want a governess, you know?"

"Eh, what?" returned Uncle Geoffrey, a little disturbed at the interruption in the middle of the leading article. "The Thornes'! Oh yes, somebody was saying something to me the other day about them; what was it?" And he rubbed his hair a little irritably.

"We need not trouble Uncle Geoffrey," I put in, softly; "you and I can go across before mother comes down. I must speak to Deborah, and then I meant to hear Jack's lessons, but they can wait."

"Very well," returned Carrie, nonchalantly; and then she added, in her composed, elder sisterly way, "I may as well tell you, Esther, that I mean to apply for the place myself; it will be so handy, the house being just opposite; far more convenient than if I had a longer walk."

"Very well," was my response, but I could not help feeling a little relief at her decision; the absence of any walk was an evil in my eyes. The Thornes' windows looked into ours; already I had had a sufficient glimpse of three rather untidy little heads over the wire blind, and the spectacle had not attracted me. I ventured to hint my fears to Carrie that they were not very interesting children, but, to my dismay, she answered that few children are interesting, and that one was as good as another.

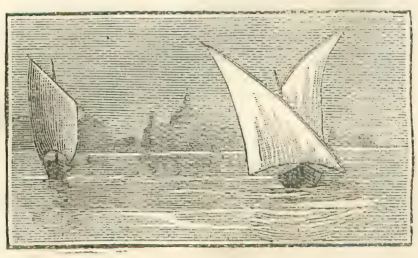
"But I mean to be fond of my pupils," I hazarded. rather timidly, as I took my basket of keys. I thought Uncle Geoffrey was deep in his paper again. "I think a governess ought to have a good moral influence over them. Mother always said so."

"We can have a good moral influence without any personal fondness," returned Carrie, rather drily. Poor girl! her work outside was distasteful to her, and she could not help showing it sometimes.

"One cannot take interest in a child without loving it in time," I returned, with a little heat, for I did not enjoy this slavish notion of duty—pure labour, and nothing else. Carrie did not answer, she leant rather wearily against the window, and looked absently out. Uncle Geoffrey gave her a shrewd glance as he folded up the newspaper and whistled to Jumbles.

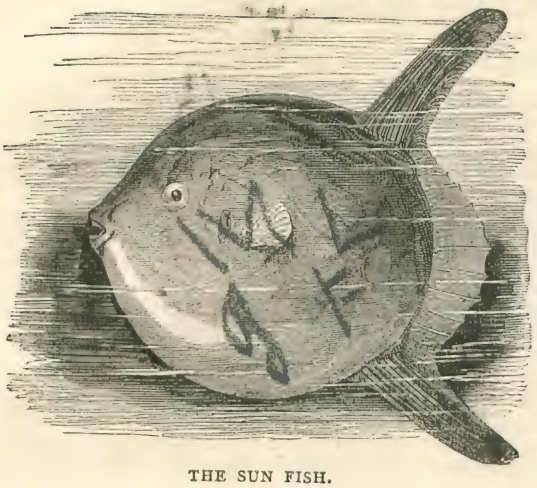
"Settle it between yourselves, girls," he observed, suddenly, as he opened the door, "but if I were little Annie Thorne, I know I should choose Esther," and with this parting thrust he left the room, making us feel terribly abashed.

(*To be continued.*)

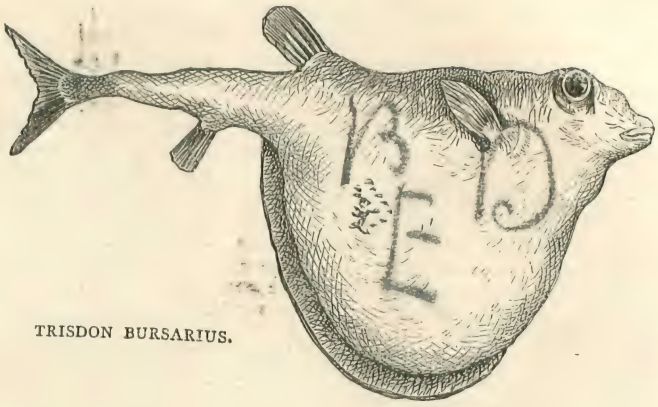


WONDERFUL FISH.

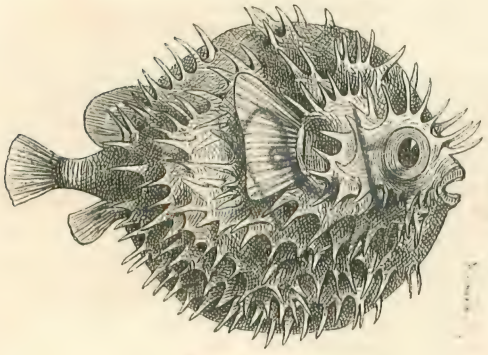
By FREDERICK WHYMPER.



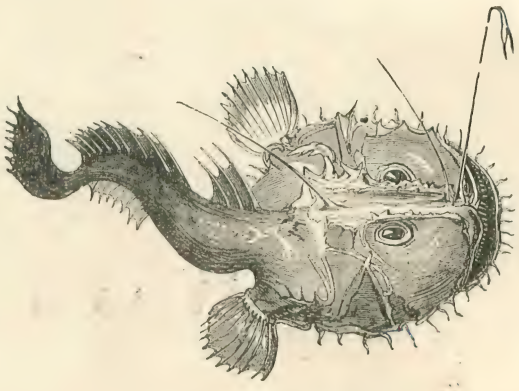
THE SUN FISH.



TRISDON BURSARIUS.



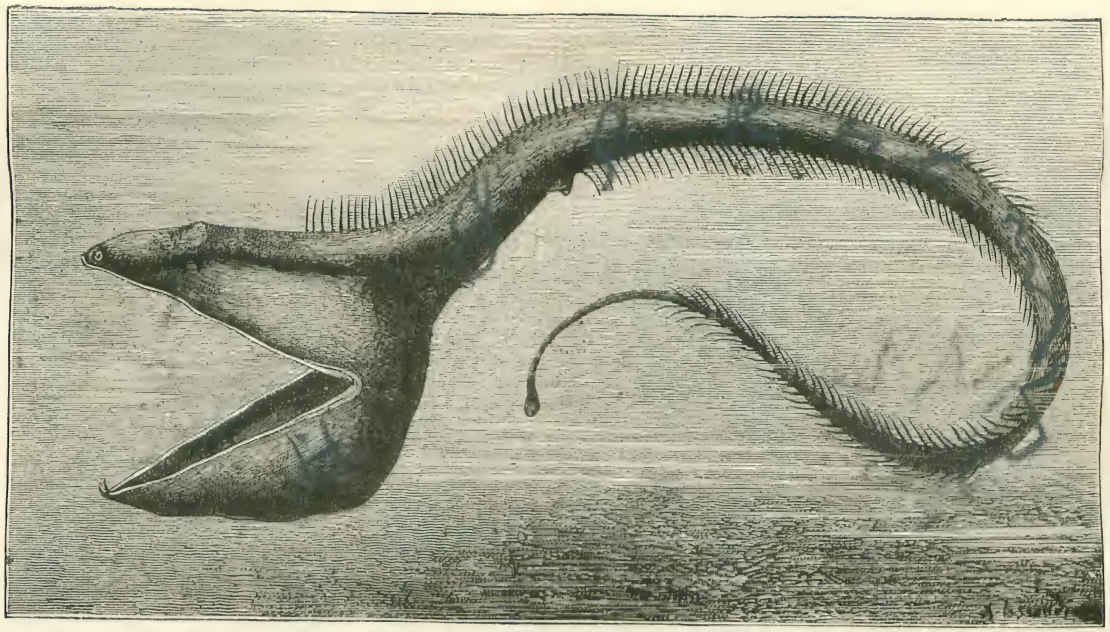
GLOBE FISH.



THE FISHING FROG.

PLATAX GAIMARDIN.

YOUNG ANGLER.



PELICAN FISH.

ALL the works of the great Creator are wonderful, and the term is only used in the present case to denote and specify those which are especially so, either as regards form, appendages, habits, or characteristics. Our ideas of fish are *generally* of a pleasant kind, apart from that practical side of the question which regards them merely as so much food—

HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

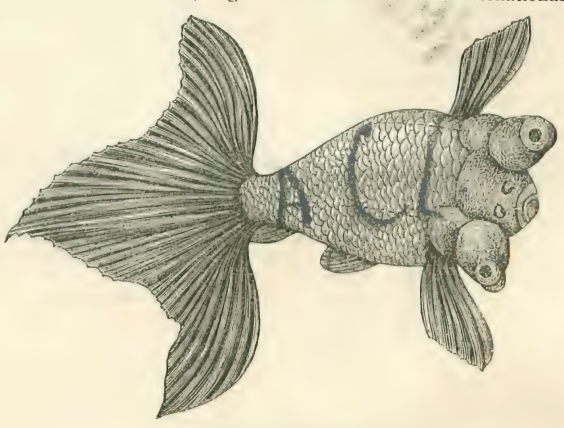
and very good food, too. When we see them darting, leaping, diving, and playing in the water, whether in the cool recesses of some wood-girt pool, in the clear, green deep sea, or even in well-kept aquaria—like those of Brighton, the Crystal Palace, and the Fisheries Exhibition—their shining silvery scales, their "fins of various dye," their gay, bright spots, bands, stains, or stripes, mark them as "things of beauty," demanding all our admiration. Their figure, also, is generally graceful, and their movements agile, lively, and rapid, denoting keen enjoyment of life in their particular element. In strong contrast to these, however, are many forms so ugly, squat, repulsive, or vicious that one instinctively recoils from them. No branch of the animal kingdom is more remarkable for varied and curious figures and shapes. Thus we have flat fish, round fish, and fish almost square. Some may be said to be all head and no body, and others all body and no head.

People commonly speak of "fishing" for whales, though the whale is no true fish, and is classed by naturalists as a mammal, because, unlike fish, it suckles its young. What was the largest fish ever known would be a conundrum difficult to solve. In ancient fable, there was a giant named Geryon, for whom the people, his vassals and slaves, caught only the finest and biggest fish, occasionally securing one the body of which offered an acreage as great as that of the isle of Crete. When it was the kingly giant's pleasure to dine, which he did at intervals of several months, the Sardians, Lycians, Paphians, and other people vied with each other in felling down huge trees to cook it. "Then they piled up the forests they had cut down into a vast pyre, in circuit equal to a city; and having let a lake into the caldron that was to seethe it, and carried for eight months in succession a hundred daily waggon-loads of salt to season the pot, they kindled the crackling mass, and as it flamed up, five galleys, every one of which carried its five banks of rowers complete (sets of slaves on different decks, one above the other), cruised round the margin of the caldron sea, and as it bubbled up, issued prompt directions to the crowd below not to overboil the contents."

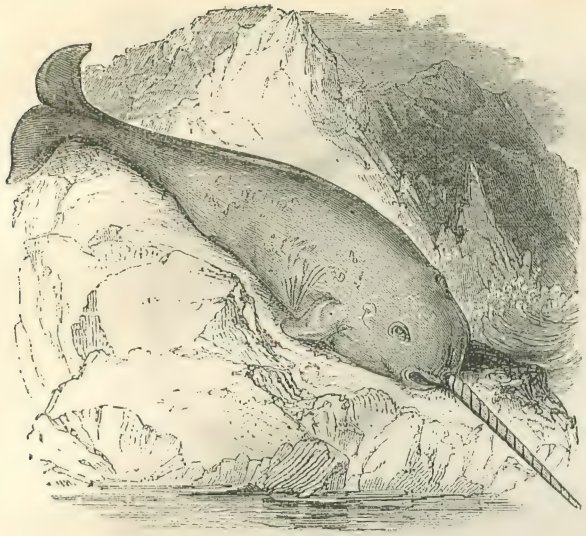
"Was not that a noble fish to set before a king?"

Unfortunately we are left in the dark as regards the species of this magnificent fish. Serious history, however, records a turbot (which some have tried to debase to a brill) of such monstrous size that the vast resources of the Emperor Domitian's kitchen could not provide a pot or other apparatus nearly big enough to hold it. A French naturalist describes a turbot as big as a small whale, and one was taken off Whitby not very many years ago which weighed thirteen stone eight pounds (190 pounds), and measured six feet across. Where was the kitchen in the land which could have cooked it whole?

Many fish attain at times these exceptional growths. The stuffed sturgeon, or models thereof to be seen at South Kensington, are, for example, mere babies in comparison with those often taken in the Volga, Danube, and other great rivers, both of Europe and Asia, and which sometimes take a yoke of oxen to drag ashore when hooked or netted. They occasionally reach a weight much exceeding an English *ton*, and have been known upwards of 2,800 lbs. weight. In the case of a female of that size, the eggs alone—which go to make caviar, that delicacy of Northern Europe, so little appreciated in England—would weigh nearly 800 lbs. Examples of the halibut, which commonly attains a weight of 300 lbs. to 500 lbs., with a length of six or seven feet, have been taken off Greenland and Iceland twenty feet in length, with proportionate weight. A single halibut, it is said, has fed the entire town of Reikiavik, in Iceland, for a whole week! The sun-fish—an enormous example of which measuring seven feet in diameter, taken off the west coast of Ireland, might have been seen at the International



TELESCOPE FISH.



NARWHAL.

Fisheries Exhibition (in the New South Wales Gallery, near the large Australian fish, the heads of which seem suddenly to have come to an abrupt end, as though they had been scalped or decapitated), and which is an edible fish, often attains a weight of several hundredweight. Its great circular sides reflecting the sun on a bright day, resemble the dazzling silvery reflector of a lighthouse; hence its name. By night it shines brightly from its own phosphorescence. "When many of these fish rove about together," a Frenchman tells us, poetically, "mingling their silvery trains, the scene suggests the idea of dancing stars." The flesh is fat and rank, and would not suit refined palates, yet it sometimes reaches the markets of Paris, the *chefs* of which city do their best with sauces and flavourings to disguise its oily coarseness. An allied genus, the globe-fish, or sea hedge-hog, which, unlike its big brother, is covered with spikes, is often to be seen in a mummy form, hanging from the ceilings of naturalists', and, occasionally, of old-fashioned druggists's shops. Some of these species are poisonous. Abroad they are often used as weather-cocks on church steeples or tall trees, and their inflated skins are utilised by the Chinese for making ornamental lanterns. These globe-fish have much the ordinary fish form till they inflate themselves. One is so represented in our engraving.

Distinctly allied to the above-named fish are the curious pipe-fish, occasionally to be found on our beaches, and the hippocampus, literally the horse-fish, but known generally in England as the seahorse. This little creature rarely attains a length greater than four inches except in a larger Australian variety, which has branches emanating from its body, making it resemble a mass of foliated coral of a delicate kind).

A most remarkable fish, known only to the Indian Ocean, and which is also given in our illustrations, is that scientifically known as *Platax*. Two of its great fins, stretching far behind its misshapen body, resemble wings more than anything else, while a third, hanging from its ugly head, gives it the appearance of being bearded—with a long, thin, pointed beard like a Yankee of days that are long since past. Its tail is quite a small affair compared with these fins. Nothing, too, can be much odder in form than the *Trisdon bursarius*, which has, as it were, an enormous pouch. In this case the fins are so small that they are hardly worth mentioning. The head, with its enormous glaring eyes, is otherwise not unlike that of a sheep. The body is rough, and covered with small bristles and knobs. But a single species is known of this rare fish, which is also an inhabitant of the Indian Ocean.

Perhaps the most remarkable, as most certainly the ugliest, fish of which we have cognizance is that known variously as the angler, fishing frog, sea-devil, or toad-fish (*Lophius Piscatorius*), and which, as Mr. W. Saville Kent, the distinguished naturalist, who is now curator of the great aquarium at Manchester, has shown, has been, even in the latest popular works on natural history, completely misunderstood and misrepresented.

The angler has been described as a gigantic tadpole blown out to the size of a porpoise; and, indeed, there have been some known to attain an even greater size (several authors mentioning examples up to seven feet, and Pontoppidan one of twelve feet in length), with an immense head. The mouth extends on either side far beyond the width of the body, and bristles with hooked and mobile teeth; its skin is cold and clammy, and it has a pair of hand-like fins planted close under the throat. The singular conformation of the bones of these fore-limbs is very similar to that of our wrists, and they can use them practically as legs, and by their aid creep about the sea-bottom. Some of the foreign forms, familiarly known as walking-fishes, perambulate the shore when the tide is low is search of food. Rondolet found one early one fine morning on land, holding a fox fast by the leg. Reynard had apparently been on his nightly prowls in search of chickens, when he had inadvertently "put his foot into it," and the capacious trap-jaw had closed upon him. The most cunning of land animals had been overmatched by a fish.

Extraordinary also is the modification of the first back-fin, the rays of which are separate, and one of which bears at its extremity the membranous "line" which gives it its popular name. That the fish used this apparatus as a fisherman does his rod and line is a tradition dating from the most ancient days; nevertheless it is untrue, although the fish may fairly be said to "angle" with it. Mr. Saville Kent has given a graphic description of a fine specimen, four feet in length, which had been secured alive for the Manchester Aquarium. "It was in the first place observed on that occasion that the fish, while quietly reclining upon the bottom of its tank, presented a most astonishing resemblance to a piece of inert rock, the rugose prominences in the neighbourhood of the head lending additional strength to this likeness. This resemblance being recognised, it was next found, on a little closer inspection, that the fish constituted in connection with its colour, ornamentations, and manifold organs and appendages, the most perfect facsimile of a submerged rock, with that natural clothing of sedentary animal and vegetable growths common to boulders lying beneath the water." Thus small sponges and other zoophytes which grow on rocks at the sea-bottom are closely imitated by certain of the angler's appendages. The "rod and bait" finds its counterpart in young sea-plants, such as the oar weed, while the eyes are raised on conical elevations, with striped sides, reproducing with wonderful minuteness the shell of a rock barnacle. These are only a few of the subterfuges by which this fraud of the ocean conceals his identity, and thus disguised, often lying half buried in the sand, perhaps gently waving his line to attract attention, his jaws are constantly going "snap," and his belly is always well filled. The foolish "small-fry" are not his only victims, for the grey mullet, known as a very hare among swimmers, one of the most agile and nimble of fish, is often deluded into his great open trap and securely bagged.

While speaking of gaping jaws, one must not forget one of the very latest discoveries, popularly described as the wide-throated pelican-fish. M. Vaillant tells us in the pages of a French scientific periodical that, in the latest voyage of the exploring vessel *Travailleur*, this most singular creature was, for the first time on record, revealed by their deep-sea dredging. The animal, about seventeen and a half inches long, has a snaky body with double row of spines on back and belly, and is of a dark colour. It is to the enormous head, however, that attention is specially directed, the jaws of which are prolonged far back into the body. The mouth attains a prodigious development compared with the size of the animal, the upper jaw being hinged to the side of the head and upper part of the body by a strong membrane, capable of great distension, like the pocket of a pelican. The distended mouth gives to the animal much the appearance of a large funnel, the body representing a long pipe. In the pouch-like lower jaw the food can be stored, and is, perhaps, partially digested, as in some other fish. Its place in natural history can hardly be said to be at present determinable; it may be regarded as a new type.

Almost as curious, but far better known, is the great fish, ten or twelve feet in length, and weighing several hundred pounds, the cognomen of which accurately describes him as the "hammerhead." He is a shark of most shark-like propensities, and his fury when he gets entangled in a net, as he sometimes does, is of the most ferocious nature. His vicious hungry eyes are set in one end of the "hammer." Another curious fish, a very small Indian variety, in which the eyes are set in two projections, not unlike opera-glasses, has been described by Dr. Günther, and entitled the "telescope-fish." Perhaps the "binocular" might have been more appropriate.

"Fish," a clever writer has said, "being more distinguished for the size of their heads than for the amount of brains lodged in them, and affording consequently an easier capture than either beasts or birds, fell early victims to the crafts and assaults of their arch enemy, man." Nevertheless man has learnt much from fish, however stupid they may be considered. He *may* have been first induced to attempt to swim by watching their graceful, easy undulations in the cool waters; he *may* have been taught to shoot by them, for the Chætodon, an oriental fish, ejects through his beak watery bullets with the greatest accuracy, bringing down his game, in the form of insects, with almost unerring certainty. Warlike instruments of other kinds *may* likely enough have been suggested by such terribly belligerent animals as the sword and saw-bearing fishes, and the jaws of the shark *may* have been the embryotic idea from which shears and scissors first came into existence.

The spear of the narwhal, the blade of the sword-fish, and the serrated beak of the saw-fish are all powerful instruments of offence and defence. Nothing whatever, alive or dead, animate or inanimate, is safe from the furious onslaughts of the sword-fish; for whales in particular he has an undying, unrelenting hatred; while all the larger fish, boats, bathers, aye, and even rocks themselves, are liable to assault and battery from his savage

attacks. An old Roman writer records the latter fact in the following couplet :

"Struck by the blade, the sounding stone gives way,
And shatter'd rocks their secret veins display."

In the Mediterranean one sword-fish will put to flight a shoal of thunny, leaving his marks, however, all over the waves, in the shape of bleeding, dying, and defunct fish. At Genoa the term "*pesce spada*" is often changed for that of "*imperatore*," but even here the allusion is to the sword; Roman emperors being represented in ancient Italian pictures with sword in hand.

This pugnacious fish will often chase a small sailing vessel, and speed like a flying spear shot from some powerful artillery right in between her ribs. The bottoms of large wooden vessels have often been pierced by it, and those on board have thought, feeling the concussion produced by the onslaught, that they had struck a rock; at the end of the voyage a broken blade has been found embedded in its timbers. Iron vessels, more especially ironclads, are rather too much for it, but that it would just as readily attack them is indubitable. It is believed that it attacks ships, thinking them, in its short-sighted rage, to be whales. Yarrell cites the case of an unfortunate whale attacked both by its enemies the "thrashers" and a sword-fish. As soon as the back of the ill-starred monster rose above the water the thrashers leapt several yards into the air, and struck him with their powerful tails as they fell, the reiterated percussion of which, it is stated, sounded like a distant volley of musketry. The sword-fish meanwhile attacked the whale from below, getting close under his belly, and with such energy and effect that there could be little doubt that he was soon reduced to a mass of helpless blubber. These fish are often on a very grand scale, and specimens as long as ten feet have been stranded on the Essex coast. Large Mediterranean examples reach twelve, fourteen, or even a greater number of feet, though those for sale in the fish markets do not usually exceed four to six feet. The flesh is highly esteemed, and the round fillets look and taste somewhat like veal.

Fish, however, are not limited to ordinary weapons of the kind above described, for some of them long antedated the invention of the frictional electric machine, the galvanic battery, or the modern electro-magnetic apparatus, and gave shocks *ad libitum* long before man knew anything whatever about the science. The gymnotus, of which there are five varieties, though scarcely as big as a large conger, can bring the sword-fish to a standstill, stun leviathan at a distance, and lay the fiery courser low beside him. No one has as yet given a more graphic and lively description of these creatures than Alexander von Humboldt, his information being derived from M. Bonpland, who made the observations recorded in Caraccas, prior to his voyage up the Orinoco.

"Having remained," says this narrator, "for three days to no purpose in the town of Calabozo, and receiving but a single living eel, and that rather weak, we resolved to proceed to the banks of those pools in which the gymnoti abound, and make our experiments in the open air. . . . We were greatly surprised when we were informed that the Indians were going to catch about thirty half-wild horses in the neighbouring savannahs, to employ them in fishing for these electric eels. . . . While our host was explaining to us this strange system of fishing, a troop of horses and mules arrived. The Indians had made a sort of enclosure around them, and pressing them closely on all sides, forced them to enter the water. . . . Being provided with very long reeds and harpoons, they placed themselves around the basin. Some of them mounted upon the trees, whose branches overhung the surface of the water. They all prevented, by their cries and by the length of their reeds, the horses from attaining the shore. The eels, stunned and confused by the noise of the horses, defended themselves by the reiterated discharge of their electric batteries. For a long time they seemed likely to gain the victory over the horses and mules; these were seen in every direction, stunned by the frequency and force of the electric shocks, to disappear under the water. Some horses, however, rose again, and in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gained the shore, exhausted with fatigue; and their limbs being benumbed by the electric commotions, they stretched themselves upon the ground. I could have wished that a skilful painter had had the opportunity of seizing the moment when the scene was most animated. The groups of Indians surrounding the basin; the horses with their manes bristling, terror and anguish depicted in their eyes, trying to escape the storm which surprises them; the yellowish and livid eels which, like huge aquatic serpents, are swimming on the surface of the water, and pursuing their enemy; all these objects presented, without doubt, the most picturesque assemblage imaginable. I remember the superb picture of a horse entering a cavern, and frightened at the view of a lion. The expression of terror is not stronger there than what we witnessed in this unequal contest. . . . When the combat had lasted a quarter of an hour, the mules and horses appeared less affrighted. They no longer bristled up their manes, and the eye was less expressive of suffering and fear; they were no longer seen to fall backwards; and the eels, swimming with the body half out of the water, and now flying from the horses instead of attacking them, began themselves, in their turn, to approach the shore." They were then harpooned, and drawn ashore by cords attached to the little spears employed for that purpose.

The narke, a kind of skate well known in the Mediterranean, possesses similar powers. Plato compared Socrates to a narke, from that philosopher's well-known capabilities of electrifying his audiences. This fish has perfect control over its electrical powers, and sometimes absolutely declines to exert them. Badham says: "In accordance with this, we were not able, during a long sojourn at Naples, to obtain one shock in our own person, while many lazzarone friends who did not seek it had frequently their arms 'astonished' for a whole day after lugging a narke on board." The Italian fishermen believe that they can even transmit the electric current from the depths below, *viâ* the net in which they are caught, and numb the arms of those in the boat above who are hauling it in. This is pure nonsense, for the fibrous net would most assuredly be a non-conductor.

In China there is a fish which is said to go ashore and "graze," whilst the testimony in favour of the walking fish of Ceylon and India is conclusive, though that in regard to "climbing perch" is not by any means so certain. Sir Emerson Tennent told us long ago of fish that he saw travelling overland in search of water. If they were unsuccessful, they simply buried themselves in the mud or soil, and waited till next season! The travelling perch of Ceylon generally takes up its march by night, when the dews are falling, but has been met in numbers, toiling along a dusty road at midday. An official at Trincomalee described these fish, in the dry season, first crowding the little pools, then leaving them, as the water evaporated, and painfully toiling over the hard soil, where they pretty frequently fell a prey to the kites and crows. There are fish in India and Ceylon which deliberately sink into the fast drying mud and go to sleep till a change in the monsoon occurs. The natives often excavate them with a shovel or spade. The practice was long before known to some of the ancients, one of whom says, "Now we must go to fish with a hatchet instead of a hook."

That there are fish which can (apparently) fly is an old story. They will leap over the bulwarks, or walls of a vessel, at least fifteen feet above the water's surface, and lie quivering on the deck, though not for long, as they soon find their way to the cook's galley. They are excellent eating, much resembling the flavour of a herring, though somewhat more delicate. The fish which is generally called the flying-fish is not the only one that can make the springs or leaps which give it its name (supporting itself while in the air by the pectoral fin-rays, which are connected by membranes, forming a kind of parachute), for several species of the gurnards possess the same power. All nature seems to conspire against these poor creatures; the sharks, the dolphins, the bonitas, the gulls, frigate-birds, and albatrosses make their lives a perfect burden to them, their brilliant colouring serving to point them out to their vicious enemies. Nevertheless, the long and high flights they are able to make give them some chance of escape. Captain Basil Hall has recorded flights witnessed by him of two hundred yards in length, and others have timed them "on the wing," and proved that they could sustain themselves for at least half a minute out of the water.

VARIETIES.

THE BLIND MAN'S LANTERN.

A blind man, carrying a lamp in his hand, and a pitcher on his shoulder, was pursuing his way one night, when a hare-brained fellow met him, and said: "O, fool! day and night are to you two things alike, and darkness and light are equal to your eyes; tell me of what use this lamp can be to you?"

The blind man, smiling, said: "This lamp is not for my use; I carry it to warn all those who, like you, possess a soul blind and without understanding, not to run against me, and throw down my pitcher."

From the Persian.

LITTLE SINS.—I will account no sin little, since there is not the least but works the death of the soul. It is all one whether I be drowned near the shore or in the midst of the sea.

A GOOD NAME.

Good name, in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine; tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare.

GIVEN TO HUMANITY.—Aristotle being reproached for giving alms to a bad man, replied, "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

THREE KINDS OF FRIENDS.—"I have three kinds of friends," says a well-known French author: "the friends whom I love; the friends about whom I am indifferent; and the friends whom I detest."

IN SILENCE.—Listen, if you would learn; be silent, if you would be safe.

Arabic Proverb.

"A TABLEAU THAT WILL NEVER BE EFFACED FROM HIS MEMORY."

TWO CHANGEFUL YEARS.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"Love took up the harp of life,
And smote on all the chords with might."
Tennyson.

AN invitingly spread tea-table stands upon the vicarage lawn under the shadow of an old chestnut tree, and screened by a thick hedge from the few passers-by.

Margaret had decided not to depart from their usual custom on a hot summer's day, and so it comes to pass that when Reginald emerges from a shrubbery that hides the entrance gate, his gaze is arrested by a *tableau* that will never be effaced from his memory.

Seated at the table, ready to dispense its bounties, Margaret is in the act of replacing a spray of fuchsia that had fallen from a charming nosegay arranged in an old china bowl. The grace of her attitude as she stoops forward, her fine figure, her red-brown hair, are all attractive enough to the artist eye, although

unlike the artistic damsel of nowadays there is no perplexed, abstracted look in the sensible face, nor general mien of limp weariness, and the hand that adjusts the delicate flower so tenderly is no attenuated specimen, but a healthy, well-shaped one that may be counted on as ready for any work needing its ministration.

In the countenance of the father, seated in a garden chair by his daughter's side, the same restfulness that is apparent in hers may be seen—a restfulness as of spirit-strength. The older face bears traces of wrestling passed, of peace that looks beyond; the younger wears a thoughtful air, the result of having had that trying duty made hers four years back—the duty of endeavouring, as far as could be, to fill the place of a dear lost mother; yet in her eyes beams the hopefulness inseparable from healthy-minded youth, that sees gladness in a near as well as distant future.

The third member of the group wears no shadow of trouble on her sunny face, as, kneeling on the grass, with forefinger upraised, she exercises the patience of her little black and tan terrier, who, sitting with a piece of sugar cleverly poised on his nose, patiently awaits the command to toss and catch the coveted morsel.

Reginald Carrington had hitherto had little experience in family life, but from this time he began to learn more of the meaning of that sweet English word, "home," than he had ever known before. Three or four weeks went by, and still he was domiciled in Farncombe Vicarage. Many a sketch, it is true, had been made, but all centred round the one spot, and the proposed tour amongst the more widely known beauties was still postponed.

But a day came when Reginald must face himself, a rather difficult task sometimes! A letter from Mr. Gilbert Carrington arrived, informing his nephew that he should expect him in town at once, as with some inconvenience he had made arrangements which would enable him to comply with said nephew's wishes—namely, that they should together travel for a month or two in France and Germany, before Reginald settled down to hard work.

What would the kind, if somewhat tyrannical, uncle have said could he have seen the manner in which that missive of his, with its supposed satisfactory intimation, was thrown down with an impatient gesture? "Tried to persuade his uncle to start earlier than had been intended, that they might together enjoy a lengthened holiday." Well, so he had, but then he did not know—he did not think. Two whole years devoted to his loved art! How delightful the thought had been! Twenty-four months of separation from—what a blank prospect! But now he must face the question, What was the cause of this change in him? It had seemed quite natural he should care to linger on, with one who could tell him so much of that father of whose inner life he had so often yearned to know more.

And had it not been the most likely thing in the world that the kind host should persuade the "boy" of his former friend to "stay a day or two longer," seeing that his brush might be quite as well employed amongst Farncombe's choice "bits" as elsewhere?

And if the good vicar, with all his experience and spectacles to boot, had failed to see the hidden meaning of the little life-drama enacting beneath his eyes, was it surprising if Maggie and Isa thought it "extremely nice" to have a "kind of brother in the house?" But the arrival of the post had apparently revealed to more than one of the happy party that the past weeks had been momentous ones in their lives, and that the old life could never be resumed exactly as it had been.

A few hours later the Rev. Cecil Brown and his guest were seated in that sanctum where we first were introduced to the former. Many a pleasant, confidential chat had been held there before, but whatever the topic now under discussion, it would be difficult for an onlooker to decide how far it was of a pleasurable nature, so earnest and anxious looked both the speakers.

"It is useless for us to talk farther on the subject, my dear Reginald," said the vicar, after a few minutes' silence. "My mind is thoroughly made up. No correspondence will I permit you to carry on with my Margaret, unless with your uncle's full consent. You owe this consideration to him, especially having already thwarted his wishes concerning your career in life. But if," he continued, laying his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, "when you have passed through the prescribed time you still feel the same affection for my child you now profess, and she reciprocates it, I shall then consider, believing you both to have been seeking Divine guidance, that neither I nor anyone else would have a right to hinder the fulfilment of your wishes."

Reginald looked rather crestfallen.

"You will write to me now and then, will you not?" he said.

His companion hesitated a moment.

"No, Reginald, it would be better not. Although I think my Maggie worthy to be any man's wife, however great and good, your uncle will take a different view of the case. She will be a poor parson's daughter in his eyes, and as I told you before, in all probability all I shall have to leave my children is a small jointure that was their mother's, not more than eighty pounds a year between them, since all I had beside was lost in the bank failure I told you of. I repeat it, your uncle's decision will be mine.

That the vicar's mind was made up was only too evident, nor could Reginald himself feel him unjust; yet it seemed rather a cruel fate both for him and for her whose love he had hoped was already won.

His journey back to London was made with considerable perturbation of spirit. How would this bachelor uncle of over fifty receive the confession about to be made? As it proved, with a sarcasm rather trying to the poor young lover.

After listening with almost irritating patience to the end of the tale, "I am glad," said Mr. Gilbert Carrington, "your reverend friend shows so much discernment. He knows very well what mushroom growth these fancies of young people are: a few days together, and they imagine themselves lovers for eternity; a few days separated, and they look back with amusement at the little episode."

Reginald's face flushed with indignation.

"I am not a boy," he began; "it is no passing——"

"I beg your pardon, I have had rather more experience of human nature than you have. At any rate, Reginald," added his uncle, sternly, "understand, if you engage yourself in any way but to your profession, for two years to come, I wash my hands of you. Of course you are at liberty to do as you like—choose poverty and the parson's daughter, and bring a life of anxiety upon her, or wait until by a term of hard work you have proved whether you have the stuff in you to make a creditable artist."

This was anything but satisfactory to Reginald, but he knew well it was no use gainsaying his uncle's dictum, for had he even felt inclined to oppose it, neither Maggie nor her father would approve.

Hence he had to leave England, content as far as could be with just a few little written words that led him to hope that, even if twice two years passed before he again met her, he would still find her the same "Maggie Brown."

(*To be continued.*)

UNINTENTIONAL CRUELTIES.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."—*Hood.*

"The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well,
If so he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not, but help
All things, both great and small, that suffer life."—*Arnold's "Light of Asia."*

If there be a more kind-hearted little girl than Lettie Lane living, or a better-disposed child, I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Lettie and I first came to know each other more than four years ago, and in the following way: I was walking to Reading one evening about sundown, and had still about two miles of the road before me. I had just reached a somewhat gloomy tree-shaded hollow, a place where, it is reported, the mail-coach had been more than once attacked by footpads in "the good old times," when who should I see coming along on the footpath towards me but a tiny mite of a girl not very much bigger than my walking-stick, and trotting by her side a wise-looking collie dog. Where was she going, I considered, all by herself? There was not on all the road, up or down, another figure to be seen, and there were no houses anywhere near. She was well dressed, pretty, and looked intelligent; evidently no ordinary gutter child. The dog wore a beautiful leather collar with brass mountings, another proof of the respectability of the pair of them.

But where were they going? Now I would run a mile any day sooner than speak to anyone in the street to whom I had not been previously introduced, but this was a somewhat exceptional case. So I stopped in front of her, and addressed her in the words of the old song—

"Where are you going, my little maid?"

Her round blue eyes sought my face for a moment, then came the answer straight enough—

"I'm doing to Leading, and I'm tired. Cally me."

And she stretched out her little arms, and stood imploring.

"You are going to Reading," I repeated, "and you're tired, and want me to carry you? Eh?"

"Yes," she repeated; "cally me."

"But you are walking away from Reading," I said; "right away from it. Do you live at Reading?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I live at home. I'm doing to Leading to buy sweets."

It was evident the child was lost, and it was just as evident that it was my duty to take her somewhere. But where? A hasty inspection

of the dog's collar made me no wiser. There was neither name nor address thereon. However, I picked her up—she was no great weight—and resumed my journey. There was no use trying to question her in order to find out where she lived. She lived at home with pa and ma, that was all, and when I asked her pa's name, she got quite merry over the idea of his having any other name than "just pa."

"And what is your name, dear?" I asked.

"Lettie," she answered.

"What else then, Lettie?"

"Just Lettie," she persisted. "Lettie, nussin more."

And with this I was obliged to be content and wait for events to evolve themselves.

"I daresay," I said to myself, "I'll have to take her to the police-station, and give her into the charge of some motherly old policeman."

She told me a deal about the "dickie-birds" she had at home, and the "moo-cows," and the "piggie-wiggies," and the "tocks and hens and the big gobble-wobble," by which latter, I suppose, she meant the turkey-cock. This gobble-wobble, she said, was always naughty, and "never, never dood," and he sometimes chased her. Suddenly she looked down at her friend the dog.

"Poor Bounce," she said, "must be very tired; cally him, too."

"No, thank you, Lettie," I replied, "you must excuse me; one of you is enough at a time."

"Poor Bounce!" she repeated, the tears coming into her eyes; "if I was big I would cally him."

We had got within half a mile of Reading, when at a cross road the dog stopped and barked. I knew at once he meant me to turn down that path, and I did so.

"Go home, Bounce," I cried.

The faithful and intelligent animal barked joyfully, ran on a little way, then came back, wagging his tail and barking right gleefully. He was saying, as plainly as he could speak, "You follow me, sir, and I'll take you home right enough, only I won't go too far away from my little mistress."

The dog led us across country quite a long distance, and I was beginning to think we should never come to a house, when, at a bend of the road, we all at once came in sight of a substantial-looking farmstead. And I need not tell you that the parents of the little waif and stray I held in my arms were very pleased to see us.

That was my first introduction to Lettie. In walking to Reading I often go cross country and look in at Daisy Hill, to see Bounce and Lettie, and have a talk with Mr. Lane, who is one of the most intelligent farmers in our neighbourhood. Alas! though, I will never see Bounce again; for even as I write these lines he lies stark and stiff. Lettie is inconsolable, and no wonder, for kind-hearted though she is, the death of her playmate and favourite lies at Lettie's door. That is the saddest thing about it. It is bad enough, and sorrowful enough to lose a faithful, loving dog by death, to think that he will never romp or play with you any more, or rush to meet you on your return home with gladsome bark and rough caress; but if you harbour in your mind the sad reflection that you were not always so attentive to his little needs and wants as you might have been, or ought to have been—ah! then, indeed, I pity you.

It is thus with Lettie. The day before yesterday was fiercely hot, and it was the day on which Lettie was going away to the woods to a picnic with some little friends. She could not take Bounce with her, much though she might have liked to do so. But Bounce would do well enough for one day, chained, for safety's sake, to his barrel-kennel.

When she returned in the evening her heart gave one great throb of anxiety, for as she neared the house there was no bark of greeting.

"Bounce!" she cried.

There was no reply.

"Bounce! Bounce!" But never a sound, and when she ran to the spot where she had left him, behold he lay on his side, with his legs stretched stiffly out. The eyes were glazed, and there was blood about the mouth. The poor dog had died of a fit from the heat of the sun. There was evidence of this, too, for there was a hole he had dug to lie in, as if he wanted to cover himself up with the cool earth for comfort. Worse even than this: in his pannikin *there was not a drop of water.* Lettie, in her haste to get away, had quite forgotten that.

"Oh!" she weeps, "if I only had my Bouncie back again, how kind I would be to him!"

But Bouncie never will come back again. They will bury him near the old oak tree in the paddock, and many a flower Lettie will place on his grave, but she will never forget her sorrow, because, but for her neglect, he would still be alive and well and happy.

Now this mournful little story of Lettie and her dog put it in my mind to say a few words about what I call unintentional cruelties, for I assure you that with the best intentions in the world towards their animal friends, people are often unkind to them without knowing it.

I do not think that there are any readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who would willingly cause either grief or pain to a poor dog or cat, for instance. You see, I say grief as well as pain, because it is denied by nobody nowadays, who has the slightest pretensions to education, that nearly all animals—our domestic pets, at all events—have minds, and think and reason to some degree as you do, and are even more susceptible to a slight of any kind. Now very often a person, whether young or old, may happen to be out of temper, displeased, cross, or angry—call it what you like—and, at that very moment, his pet dog may come up to him or to her; then I think it is most unkind to show anger to the animal, or to speak cross or snappishly, because other people may have hurt your feelings.

"Get out of the way, dog, or I'll give you a kick." These very words I have heard over and over again from the mouths of people on such occasions towards the very animal that at other times they would fondle and make very much of indeed. And I've seen the dog, after one wistful look at the well-loved face, creep away out of sight and throw himself down in a corner with a big sigh, and a big cold lump at his heart, I have little doubt.

Never, I pray you, be cross with your poor dog, or scold him if he does not deserve it, just because you happen to be peevish. For no friend in the world can love you better, and certainly none will be so faithful to you as the dog that a kind Providence has given you for a companion. Others may turn from you, others may be angry with you for faults you have committed, he will never believe you in the wrong; you are always in his eyes the beloved mistress that can do no wrong, and, if you are in grief, he will share and try to lick away your tears. Short—alas! too short—are the lives of our poor dogs at the best. If, then, our hearts be not as hard as stones, we should feel it to be our duty to make them as happy as possible while they do live.

Dogs and cats are both jealous of the attentions paid by a master or mistress to other animals, therefore, in your favourite's presence you ought not to make too much of another animal, for he or she will think about it, and be unhappy over it for days together. I am speaking advisedly when I say so. What I wish you, dear reader, to believe and remember is this: one does not do one's whole duty towards a domestic pet by simply supplying it with food, drink, and shelter. Because animals have minds. Dogs especially are gifted in this way, and they will not and cannot be happy unless they have a good deal of your society. You may take a dog or a cat into the room with you and let it lie beside you while you are at work. Well, to a certain extent this will be kind, because, while lying there at your feet, or near you, the animal is at all events easy in his mind because you are with him. A dog or cat thinks a very great deal about the absent mistress. This is why he is so excited when you return home after an absence of some duration. He has been thinking about you *all* the time; you have been in his mind by day and in his dreams at night. He may have imagined that you would never, never return. That evil had befallen you; some danger happened to you which, had he been with you, he could have warded off, or, worst thought of all, he may have imagined that you had forgotten him. And so when you do return, your faithful dog finds it incumbent upon him to take leave of his senses entirely for a time, and simply go wild with fun and joy.

You never should leave a pet animal when going from home without a kind word, even if it be but a bird. For even a bird right soon knows the meaning of those little words, "Good-bye, Dickie," accompanied by the kindly nod and smile.

Always see before you leave the house that your favourite has a good supply of food and water. The sufferings of poor dumb animals for want of water are sometimes so great that it quite harrows one's feelings to think of them.

Well, now there are two domestic animals at all events that never can be happy unless they have exercise daily, combined with fun—I mean the dog and the cat. The latter can usually make plenty of fun for herself, though she likes better to play with her mistress than with anyone or anything else. But she is a very imaginative creature, and can easily make herself believe that whatever she sees moving is an enemy of some kind to be waylaid and attacked and conquered. She can make a mouse of a moving leaf or a ball of worsted, and, if it doesn't move of its own accord, why then she sets it agoing and keeps up the sport on her own account. But even a cat will play with ever so much more gusto if she thinks anyone is looking at and admiring her. It is different with a dog; when he goes out with you he expects that you yourself must be his partner in a good game of romps. Never fail to oblige the poor fellow; it will do you as much good as the dog. I often pity poor dogs who are chained to their kennels all day without a chance of getting out; and so, wherever it can be managed, I advise the use of those chains with two or three swivels to prevent twisting. I wish to make this method of dog-chaining very common in England; will you try to do what you can to help me, by drawing the attention of your friends to it? Thank you, I feel sure you will.

It is unkind to keep a lot of puppies or kittens that you have no prospect of either selling or getting homes for. It is far more humane to destroy them, and this is best done by putting them in an earthenware pan full of clean water with something on the top close above to keep them down.

How about the mother? it may be asked. Whether a cat or a dog, will she not suffer if deprived all at once of all her offspring? She will want additional care and a little dose of castor oil, and rubbing three or four times a day with a little oil of camphor mixed with spirit. She will thus soon get over it.

Muzzles should never be put on dogs; it is better, if magistrates say they must be kept under control, to lead them by a string.

Horses are all too often the subjects of unintentional cruelties. These are too numerous to even mention in this paper. Working them too long, or driving hard uphill is very cruel. Too harsh a hand in driving is so also, or pulling them too sharply up, or jerking the reins to make them go quicker.

If a horse has to stand any time, the cart shafts should be propped up. Nose-bags should be hung on somewhere; it is pitiful to see a poor horse tossing up the bag in order to get the food at the bottom; this may lead to permanent injury of the eyes. Too great attention cannot be paid to a horse's feet, nor to his bedding.

The frog of the horse's foot should never be cut away. It is most unkind to do so. It is with this they feel their way; without it they have no confidence, and are far more apt to slip and fall.

Bearing-reins are both absurd and cruel.

The care of horses and dogs should not be entirely entrusted to grooms. The master or mistress should be master or mistress in reality, and not in name only. Horses when on a journey should often have a little drop of water, and it is a good plan to carry a light leather bucket for the purpose of giving them some.

Birds are often cruelly treated in cages; injudicously fed, insufficiently watered, overpampered, and *hung in the sun*, or in a stifling atmosphere. Want of good perches is another cruelty. Perches ought to suit the size of the bird's foot, be firmly fixed, and always clean. Feeding parrots on meat, or giving them bones, is cruel. Depriving any creature of *water*, *fresh* and *pure*, is both sinful and cruel.

Gold fishes suffer many species of cruelties, which space here forbids me from entering into. But no one should keep a pet of any kind without fully understanding its nature and all it wants to keep it happy and in health.

A word in conclusion to mothers: Never let your children make playthings of moths, dragon-flies, frogs, minnows, or tadpoles, or of anything, indeed, likely to suffer pain by their attentions; and if your children are permitted to keep pet dogs, cats, or any other species of domestic animals, pray see that they use them well, and feed them even before they sit down to their own meals.

GIRLS' ALLOWANCES, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

By Dora de Blaquiere.

CHAPTER II.

VARIOUS PLANS OF MANAGEMENT.

"She always had a natural taste for dress. The first thing I ever heard about her was that she dressed well—an excellent gift for a woman."—*Carlyle* (speaking of his wife).

My own particular girl, Mary—who honours me with her advice and assistance in this most difficult research—is a fountain of wisdom, though her years are few, and she is a long way from grey hairs. She has dressed for years, too, on £10 a year, and knows all the "ins and outs," and her profound study of economy puts one to shame. My other girl-friend, Ethel, who sits beside me, busily scanning the following lists for the hundredth time, is a model of goodness, too, in her way. She has passed the "Senior Oxford," has been through the "School of Cookery," and has two ambitions—one is to send up a whole dinner of her very own cooking, and the other to know "how to make her own dresses;" in pursuance of which last idea she is now going through a course of scientific lessons, and makes her head swell daily over the most awfully deep calculations, made by means of a perfectly hopeless-looking chart. She is getting on, however; and after her lesson of to-day, assured me that she "thought she saw light through her back, but it was very difficult to learn a divided front!"

Mary has a more thrifty and economical turn of mind, and represents that class of girls who prefer a good thing, and do not mind so much about the fashion; but are willing and clever enough to turn and twist their dresses as long as they will last. Ethel belongs to the other set of girls, who prefer to buy cheap, fashionable things, which last a shorter time, but are put on and worn until they are worn out, without change of shape or form. These represent the two ideas of dress which rule amongst young girls in the present day; and very warm are the arguments between the champions of the two conflicting opinions. I hold a middle course, because I personally prefer a thing to be at the same time both good and fashionable, but like Ethel, I want very few things—two ordinary dresses a year, for instance, but good enough to look well to the last, and fashionable enough also to defy hostile criticism, too, or those meditative eyes which one woman turns on another, in the effort to find her out and judge of her social status by her outward apparel. These are, therefore, the three influences which have given their best consideration to the three lists that follow, which are made out on the basis of £10 a year.

But someone will say, how is that when the first list is £13 6s. 10d., the second £8 15s. 6d., and the third year £11 16s. 4d.? The first list given is really a kind of experimental list, for no girl when she begins her allowance, or commences a new year is wholly without something in her wardrobe more or less good. What these articles would be in each wardrobe it would of course be difficult even to guess; so it has seemed best to us to take a list of things wanted in any ordinary wardrobe for a year. If the owner were nearly "run down" and out of this list, each girl can select the things she has, and does not need, as well as the things she has not got, and must buy, to the value of her allowance of £10.

The second year's list shows the things that would be required in that year, were the chief expenses borne during the previous year. It will always be found that every second or third year will be a year of saving, and in this way we shall be able to accomplish the purchase of a new winter jacket, new furs, or to pay for repairs to those we have. Our spring and summer outdoor covering must sometimes be replaced by a light cashmere jacket or cape, and this must be done when the year of saving comes round. The third year's account, we all three have decided, could be very much reduced, for, as Mary says, "no one could have run through two winter dresses; and if the material were good, one of them should be on hand ready to do up, turn, or dye, for the third winter's use. All the boots, likewise, cannot be worn out, and a new pair should not be needed; and some stockings must be extant. The petticoat, too, may need a new top, which might be made so as to take off a worn-out edge."

First Year's Supposed List.

	£	s.	d.
Four pairs stockings (Lisle thread, 2s. 10d.)	0	11	4
Four pairs woollen stockings (3s.)	0	12	0
One dozen handkerchiefs	0	5	0
One pair black stays	0	10	6
Two pairs house shoes (4s.)	0	8	0
One pair boots	1	1	0
One pair walking shoes	0	8	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Winter dress of serge and toque (3s. a yard)	1	10	0
Nuns' cloth dress (1s. a yard)	0	16	0
Linings, etc.	0	3	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet	0	6	0
Summer hat, covered with muslin and lace	0	3	0
Ulster	1	1	0
Winter jacket	1	1	0
Fur cape	0	12	6
Umbrella (*en tout cas*)	0	7	6
Under-vests, winter and summer	0	4	6
Two flannel petticoats	0	10	0
Underlinen, each year 10s.	0	10	0
Sundries	1	0	0
Winter petticoat	0	10	6
Total	£13	6	10

Second Year.

	£	s.	d.
Handkerchiefs, half a dozen	0	5	0
Stays	0	10	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Boots and shoes	1	17	6
Winter dress	1	10	0
Summer dress	0	18	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet	0	6	0
Summer hat	0	3	0
Renovating winter jacket	0	10	0
Underlinen	0	10	0
Sundries	1	0	0
Total	£8	15	6

Third Year

	£	s.	d.
Stockings	0	11	4
Woollen stockings	0	12	0
Handkerchiefs	0	5	0
Stays	0	10	6
Boots and shoes	1	17	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Winter dress	1	10	0
Summer dress	0	18	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet and hat	0	9	0
Umbrella	0	7	6
Linen	0	10	0
Petticoat	0	10	0
Fur cape and repairs	1	10	0
Sundries	1	0	0
Total	£11	16	4

The following is a reduced table of charges, at which I find certain things can be procured which are too highly priced in the first list, perhaps:—

	£	s.	d.
House shoes	0	2	6
Boots (walking)	0	7	11
Oxford shoes	0	5	6
Winter dress (skirt made)	1	1	0
Ulster	0	15	6
Winter jacket	0	17	6
Winter petticoat	0	5	0
Total	£3	14	11

These things I have priced and examined myself, and thought them excellent for the money, and likely to wear well. Someone, however, may say, "Where are we to go to find such things?" Mary, on being consulted, says, "Oh, lots of places: Edgware-road, Oxford-street, Tottenham Court-road, Upper-street, Islington, and many other places, I daresay, that I have never tried." Mary, who lives in the country, adds that "she manages to come to town for her shopping, and does it when on visits, as London is cheaper than the country."

I have already mentioned the difference of

opinion that exists between girls, as well as married women, on the question of purchasing things to wear, so I shall throughout this series of articles consider both sides as far as possible; but I wish my girls to remember very distinctly that I myself consider the essence of good dressing consists in having as few things as possible, and in taking great care of them, so that they may look well to the last. This careful treatment may be almost reduced to a science, and every girl who has to dress on £10 yearly must be prepared to acquire it with both time and thought.

While I am writing for the aid and assistance of those with £10 allowances, I am still endeavouring to help those also who have much more, for it stands to reason that, if one girl can make a ladylike appearance on £10, another who has £30 could do the same on the same money, and would be able to add the extras she requires for day and evening dress with judicious care. The same underclothing, for instance, or nearly so, would answer for both girls, except that the richer one may go on visits and require a couple of best sets, which she should always keep for the purpose, and should use them for no other occasions. The same might be said of boots and shoes; the addition of one or two pairs of best evening and day shoes should make the difference, although in this last matter there is a very great difference in the way two girls respectively will wear their boots and shoes.

One thing must be borne in mind in making our purchases—that when we have to dress on £10 a year, the very extreme of fashion is best avoided, as well as all fashions likely to grow peculiar within a short time. Individual taste—or rather "fads," as the North-country people say—must also be tabooed—excepting, of course, when they relate to becoming colours and shapes, which have been proved the best by experience. In these two last-named matters we shall do well to be as adamant in our firmness.

The extreme of fashion in patterns and materials it will be well to avoid; because, even if we make up our minds to have only two dresses, and wear them until done with, anything "loud" becomes so quickly remarkable, and so do we ourselves, because we have no change to make. One of my friends, for instance, indulged herself in a complete costume of "smashed strawberry colour" when it first came out, and of course has been worried all the year by the one dress, which everyone knew, till she was positively forced into the purchase of a second for the sake of escaping observation. The colour, also, was too light to wear well, and if it had not been for the fortunate fancy for trimming every material with velvet, my poor friend would have been much worse off. But a few yards of dark red velveteen made matters straight in September, and the unfortunately-chosen dress looked a different thing with a "Fédora puff," cuffs of velveteen, and bands of the same on the skirt. In this way the difficulties presented by the tennis parties of the autumn were surmounted; but in spite of this happy issue the lesson of experience was learnt, and I do not think the same error will be again committed.

In England, more than anywhere else, I think that colours are "run to the ground" when they become popular, and much bad taste appears to me to be shown by those who ought to know better.

We are more fortunate, however, in the matter of shapes, and can always find them sufficiently unobtrusive to last in fashion for some time. The coronet shape in bonnets, and the small princess; and the "toque" and "bowler" in hats, appear to be always worn, and the *nuances* of difference each season can be noticed and adopted by anyone who can use a needle and thread. One of the best dressed, as she is one of the highest in rank in England—H.R.H. the Princess of Wales—is also the most conservative in fashion, for she does not, apparently, vary her bonnet shape for a year at a time, the small "princess" suiting her so admirably that she looks better every time we see her in it.

But, says someone, perhaps, "Girls on an allowance of £10 cannot go into society (so-called), of course." Not to evening parties, very probably; but thousands of girls in England never do go to them, and are only required to look nice always; or they perhaps live in a country neighbourhood, where lawn-tennis is the only diversion. Mary, however, says that she dresses every evening for dinner, and though she does not go out into what is called "society," as the heads of her family are invalids, still they constantly have visitors staying in the house, and she is never without two dresses, suitable for the quiet evenings at home. One of these is always a black grenadine, with varieties of trimmings in blue, grenat, and cream; and the other is usually her summer's dress, which she chooses with special reference to the evening wear it must undergo. If needful she has it cleaned; but as a general thing, she can manage without that for some time. She has just done up a very pretty evening dress, which is composed of a green velveteen skirt of two winters' wear, and a part of her summer's sateen dress, which was of pale green, with flowers on it. The front had a green velveteen plastron added to it, and some cheap cream lace made the whole look both elegant and becoming.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER IV.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Two years passed away rapidly to all excepting Eleanor, who, during her husband's absences, which became more and more frequent, had nursed her grievances and brooded over them until she had grown very morbid, and at last fallen into poor health. The family were still in the mountain ranche. All that Stephen had been able to do was stocking this better and enlarging the log cabin, which now made a very comfortable home, rough as it was. He was sorry for his wife, whom he loved still, but he felt very anxious about the future of his three boys. He wished them to have a better education, and also to see something of the more civilised world, even though they might afterwards settle down in the West again. If he could only find purchasers for more of his land, he might not only manage this, but also give Eleanor a thorough change of scene for a year or two; perhaps take her to Europe, whither she had always longed to travel, like most of her educated countrywomen.

Carita was now eighteen years of age, an intelligent, loving woman, for girls develop fast in the Western world. She was the mainstay of the household, the mentor of the boys, and the umpire in all their differences. Eleanor did a part of the housework, but Carita had to get up very early in the morning to do her own share—the larger one always—so as to be able to hear the boys read for an hour or two daily, there being no school within many miles of Elk Ranche. She did her best to keep them out of harm's way, and from the society of the cowboys round; a difficult task when their father was from home, for as soon as his back was turned, Tom, now a fine strong lad of thirteen, would be off over the hills with one of Stephen's guns, or down to Rattlesnake Bar to find a companion amongst the settlers there.

"If you would only take to the Heath boys, Tom," Carita would say.

"Oh, they ain't up to anything," he would reply, scornfully.

"Tom don't care for any fellow who don't carry a six-shooter and a bowie knife," observed Alick, one day.

"You only care for your stomach, Al," retorted Tom.

Alick was not strong, and he never cared to stray away very far; but he would gorge himself with the sour choke-berries that grew profusely in the gully behind the house, then be ill afterwards for days. He worried Susan Morris, too, by getting into the dairy and tampering with the cream, littered the living-room with rubbish, and when Carita remonstrated he would appeal to his mother, who allowed him to do anything so long as she herself was not incommoded thereby.

Ronald was the favourite—an impulsive, warm-hearted little lad; but what a pickle he was! When Judge Forbes's boy, commonly called the Buster, was staying at the Craigie Lea Farm during the summer, Ronald would wander down over Pepper-box Flat to meet him, and the two paddled in the creek, watching the beavers, and crammed themselves with wild strawberries and raspberries in the slopes near the mountain stream, without any fear of lurking rattlesnake or clumsy bear. Does not every Rocky Mountain boy know that the former will not bite unless he is disturbed? and even then will shake his rattle three times before he springs; and the latter is a heavy, slow, phlegmatic old beast, who seldom comes down from the upper to the lower mountain regions, excepting when the

acorns are ripe, and then you hear the creature tumbling and rolling down amongst the dwarf oaks, and can get out of his way fast enough ; besides that, he is only dangerous when worried.

The young scamps would sometimes turn on the water in passing, and irrigate Pepper-box Flat, when Mr. Heath and his boys were out of the way. The Buster had an active and enterprising nature, and Ronald and he were ingenious in finding scope for their energies. Once or twice they roused a skunk, and then Ronnie came home with his clothes smelling so awfully that they had to be burned and he himself fumigated. All which made work for his mother and Carita.

Pepper-box Flat was an ugly name for a beautiful little park, surrounded by gently sloping hills, backed up by high mountains, which were covered halfway with forest. The dark sombre green of the pitch pines was varied by their red brown trunks, and relieved in the more sheltered nooks by the lovely silver fir. Grotesquely formed limestone rocks stood in groups here and there, contrasting with bright red sandstone ; the latter glorious in the light of the rising or setting sun, whilst the weird white stones stood out wondrously in the moonlight. And all this beauty lay under a sky which is only overclouded about forty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. The soil would be very arid and barren were it not for the innumerable streams and the indispensable irrigating ditches, from which the farmers can turn on the water, rich with vegetable matter and the mineral deposits of the mountains, over their fields at pleasure ; although it was aggravating to have young rogues like the Buster meddling with one's farming arrangements so effectually.

Mr. Gervase Heath, the owner, had been in business in Liverpool ; but health had failed him there, and having heard much of the wonderfully recuperative influences of this mountain air, and the healing properties inhaled with the odours of pitch-pine forests, he sold his business, only realising enough to buy this moderate-sized farm, after paying for the family outfit and passage and providing for the first two years. It was what is called an improved farm ; that is, it was mostly fenced in, roughly ; and on it stood a good-sized log cabin, built by the former proprietor, who had found farming at such a distance from the markets too slow, and so had betaken himself to mining up at Rosita. It was a long way to take the corn, the butter, and the chickens up to Rosita, or down to Cañon City, and even to San Juan ; but soon the little narrow-gauge mountain railroads would be winding up near them, and transit would be easier.

Mr. Heath and his boys knew nothing of farming except what they tried to learn from books, and as these were English ones they blundered much for many years, during which they lived from hand to mouth, trying to apply Old-country methods to the soil and the climate of the Western world. Also, not being so smart and keen-witted as their neighbours, they were constantly underrated in their sales and worsted in their "swoppings"—a primitive form of dealing in regions where money is scarce, if Nature is bountiful. No great harm

"'DO SIT DOWN AND TAKE SOME LUNCHEON WITH US,' SAID CARITA."

came to them, however; they gained health and learned self-denial and endurance, and by-and-by will make money. They still live on Pepper-box Flat, a happy united family; only Joyce, the eldest daughter, has a home of her own, of which we shall tell hereafter.

Ellen never took to the Heaths. She called them "high-toned," chiefly because they had family prayers every morning before separating to work, and in the evenings the father and daughter read aloud from Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Dickens; whilst the good mother stitched away, and the boys made knick-knacks for the cabin, mended their shoes, sewed on their buttons, and even knitted socks — accomplishments they had learned with much pains and patience, and for which they were heartily despised by the Warner boys.

Mrs. Warner was fond of going to church. It was at San Juan an occasion for putting on her better garments, for studying at one's leisure the latest bonnet from Denver, and borrowing ideas generally. She felt it also to be very respectable to make an appearance in public at regular intervals with her husband and her boys; and was thankful that Stephen had the decency to prefer going to Divine service, instead of sitting on his veranda on the day of rest, like Judge Lynchem, with his feet against a post at a higher level than his head, his chair tilted back against the house, a cigar in his mouth, and the *Colorado Chieftain* in his hands.

Up at Elk Lodge she missed the public religious observances much, and was quite scandalised when Mrs. Heath said that she considered daily family worship and united prayer in the home of even more importance than the Sunday services; looking on these latter as a privilege, so to speak, which one missed greatly, but had to leave behind, with other advantages of more settled neighbourhoods. And yet she was neither a Quakeress nor a Plymouth Sister, but a very good English churchwoman. Mrs. Warner could not understand such ideas, and so summed them up under the term "high-toned."

Often, though, on a warm summer evening Carita would wander down to listen to the singing of the boys with Joyce and little Dorothy. Sometimes they practised glees, the father directing them; but it was the beautiful hymns touched her most. Some of them Carita had learned with Mr. Grahame; others, new and popular ones, such as "Scatter seeds of kindness" and "Go bury thy sorrow," were new to her, and later on came back to her with comfort in many an hour of loneliness and pain. Joyce found her outside listening one evening, and asked her to come and join them as often as she could, which the girl did whenever it was possible to do so without irritating Mrs. Warner.

* * * * *

"What makes you so thoughtful and quiet to-night, Steeve?" asked Eleanor, as they sat outside the cabin one evening late in September.

"I guess father's pretty well played out, mother," said Tom; "he's been so busy in the harvest."

It was not a heavy one; only grass, and some oats for winter feed, with a small crop of maize. Stephen's mountain ranche was not suited to any extensive raising of stock for the market.

"It's time you boys were on the roost—off with you! I want to talk alone with mother," said their father.

"I had a letter from Sam Johnson to-day, Eleanor," he continued, when the lads had gone—"Johnson, who spent a few months with us at Santa Anna, you know."

"And who married the rich young Californian widow—lucky man!" added Eleanor.

"Yes; he has been settled in San Francisco ever since, and is director of ever so many prosperous companies. He knows I have been unsettled the last year or two, and he writes to ask if I will go down to the Maitailoa Islands, in the interests of his latest hobby, the 'Polynesian Land Company.' He knows I have nothing to invest, but says that if I will undertake this business I shall be handsomely paid, and have a chance of making something for myself as well."

"What is the object of the company, Steeve?"

"To buy up land cheaply from the natives, and sell it in parcels for coffee and cotton plantations."

"And how far is it to these islands, Steeve? I never heard of them before."

"Anything beetween four and seven weeks' sail from San Francisco, Nell."

"Oh, how dreadful! Nearly four months to be spent in going and coming, besides the stay there."

"That might only be for a couple of months, and the thing might lead to something better, Nell. In San Francisco I might find a purchaser for this farm, and go into some business there with the money. I ought to get a good sum for it now."

The idea of living once more in a city was very tempting to Eleanor. She had hankered after more society, the delights of shopping, gay crowded streets, and rounds of visits, ever since she left New York, a girl of eighteen.

A week later Stephen was on his way towards San Francisco. Carita and the boys accompanied him as far as Rattlesnake Bar, seven miles down the foothills, where the plains begin.

"You have always been like my own daughter, Carita," said Stephen, as he bade her good-bye. "I know you will look after the boys well, and not let them worry mother too much. She never has been very strong, you know, and if she is a little impatient sometimes, bear with it, child, and promise me not to leave her till I get home again?"

"Leave her, father? Where should I go to? I shall never leave you all."

"I think you will, some day, Carrie," he said. "You are a woman now; someone will want to rob us of you by-and-by."

Her heart was too full to allow her to answer. He took her in his arms, kissed her with the tender loving kiss of a father; kissed his boys, and then rode off at a gallop.

Poor Carita! She suffered more than any one of them in parting with the man who had shown her such unwavering loving-kindness—more even than did his wife, although Eleanor stayed in bed, bemoaning herself for two nights and a day, saying how hard her lot always was, with a husband who could be so little in his own home.

Carita had to cook the boys' supper and do some house-work after they got back, and it was late before she was able to run across the park and down to the creek, beside which was the bower of trailing arbutus which was her oratory, her sanctum, and her refuge when Mrs. Warner was more than ordinarily exacting and unreasonable.

When all were in bed she slipped out barefooted into the starlit night and sobbed until she was exhausted. "Six months at least! How long it seemed! and the dangerous ocean to cross, too! Suppose he should never come back? She had read of many a shipwreck and fire, or foundering at sea. A heavy weight of sorrow and presentiment of trouble to come pressed on her lonely young heart.

"Oh, God! keep father safe, and help me to do my duty and to keep strong until he comes home again!" she prayed over and over again.

At last she felt very chilly, crept up the hillside again, and was soon in her bed, sleeping the heavy sleep which comes in youth to those who are tired with long weeping.

Mr. Heath had promised Stephen that he would go up to Elk Lodge often to see that all went on well; Mrs. Heath, too, would have been as a sister to Eleanor, but she was always repulsed by her coldness.

Happily for all, it was a very busy time. Much had to be done in the way of pickling and preserving, and warmer clothing to be got ready for the winter, so Carita had her hands full. Every morning, early, the young "bosses"—heifers and steers—came trotting up to the back of the Lodge to get some extra feed from the hands of Eleanor or herself. The heifers would be saved for dairy purposes, the steers be sent down to San Juan to be sold in the spring. Then the little crop of fine red tomatoes had to be sliced and laid in jars, each layer covered with brown sugar for winter use. The wild yellow plums and purple grapes, that grew lower down on the plain beside the river, must be gathered in, and made into jam in the great boiler. The boys had no time for lessons. They had to ride round the ranche after the cattle, to see where the fences needed repairing, and do other little jobs; Sam Morris being extra busy, with a couple of strangers hired to help in the harvest. The vegetable garden was half a mile away, and it had to be visited every day, for they seldom tasted fresh animal food at Elk Lodge. It was not worth while killing, they thought, for their own use. The men and boys brought down a few red squirrels, poor little things, and sometimes some fine trout; but this summer the "hoppers," the pest of Western farmers, had been very plentiful, and the fish were so over-

fed with those which dropped into the stream, that no bait would tempt them to bite. When Stephen was at home, and not too busy, he would bring down larger game and plenty of the delicious prairie chickens. The Rocky Mountain air is very "feeding," however, and salt pork and beans could always be had; and a very good dish it is, too, when properly cooked.

About three weeks after Mr. Warner's departure, Joyce Heath came up to see Carita, in order to arrange for a picnic to gather in the wild grapes.

"Father came past Seven-by-Nine Creek last night, Mrs. Warner," she said, "and he says there are great quantities there, just ready for picking. He will let me have the mule waggon, and I can bring it up for you and Carita. The boys will prefer to ride, no doubt."

"I would rather not go, Joyce. I must write to Mr. Warner, and I shall be glad of a quiet day at home. Jack Wilson, from San Juan, has come up for a few days. I wish he had stayed at home, for he does Tom no good."

"We must take him with us, then, and keep him out of mischief for one day, at any rate," said Joyce, cheerily, as she went out to the corral, where Carita was chopping wood for the kitchen stove.

It was nine miles down the foothills and across the scattered settlement of Rattlesnake Bar to Seven-by-Nine Creek, where the vines hung in luxuriant festoons from the tall cotton-wood trees.

The breakfast things were just out of the way next morning when Joyce appeared with the waggon. She looked very sweet and bonny; her face was soft and pure in its outlines, and her eyes were of a deep blue, true and steadfast looking. Her figure, tall and slender—she was just nineteen years old, but physically less developed than our Mexican maiden—looked well in the short home-made dress of dark blue serge; and her Saxon complexion, of which the mother was rather proud, was protected by a huge shaker bonnet of some cotton material, which would have been very trying to harder features and duller eyes. Carita, with her brunette skin, lit up by those lustrous dark eyes, so liquid and speaking—her small, compact figure shown to advantage by the well-fitting dress of striped cotton, a wide-brimmed hat on her head—formed a pleasant contrast to Joyce, as the two sat side by side on the front seat. Behind them in the bottom of the wagon were Ronald and Dorothy Heath, amongst the baskets and pails—which were to come back filled with the pretty clusters of purple fruit—the camp kettle, great coffee-pot, and frying-pan for the hot cakes; as our Western folks all despise stale bread.

"Picking grapes with the girls was awful slow," Jack and Tom agreed; but some other fun might turn up, and both lads had their six-shooters with them in case any small game came in their way.

"Don't shoot the dear little black squirrels," pleaded tender-hearted Dorothy.

"Not if we can hit a few bully red ones," was all the concession Jack would make.

"You ate a good lot of that pie up at our place yesterday," said Tom.

"But I didn't know it was made of squirrels, Tom, or I would never have touched it. I thought it was chicken pie."

"Catch them giving us chickens at our place," cried Alick. "They're getting awful stingy, keeping them all to sell up at Rosita."

"To get more money for you boys," said Carita.

It took nearly three hours to get to Seven-by-Nine Creek, there were so many holes in the road, and the mules went down the steep hill sidings very slowly and carefully. The four boys rode on ahead. When the girls arrived at the cotton-wood copse which fringed the creek, they found Alick and Ben Heath making the camp fire in anticipation of lunch-time at the appointed place of meeting.

"Where are Tom and Jack?" asked Carita.

"They're ridden over towards Pancake Ravine. They said they'd be back here by the time you came."

"How vexing! I wanted Tom to help us, and I fear Jack will lead him into some mischief or other. I hate to have him with our boys," she added to Joyce; "he never does come when father's at home. They say he's one of the fastest boys in San Juan."

"They may be back soon, Carrie; they will be getting hungry, and I daresay they found it slow waiting for us."

The two children were longing for lunch. It was already noon, and not worth while beginning to pick the grapes until their repast was over. Ronald and Dorothy laid out the things, whilst the elder ones made the coffee and cooked pancakes.

Their lunching-place was close to the road. Just as they were beginning to eat, a stranger rode by, then turned as the sound of their merry voices reached his ear, hitched his horse's bridle up to a tree, and came towards them.

He was a man apparently of about five-and-twenty, tall, well-made, and, as Joyce saw at once, though I could scarcely tell you why, an Englishman; notwithstanding the fact that he was dressed exactly like any ranchman, in rough flannel shirt, high boots pulled over his trousers, leathern belt, with knife and revolver, and wide-brimmed felt hat, which he took off his head courteously to the girls, as he asked—

"Will you have the goodness to tell me which of the three tracks close by leads to Pepper-box Flat?"

"The centre one," said Joyce. "You will come to Rattlesnake Bar first, however, and must ask the way again there."

"What does he want at our place?" she wondered within herself.

"That's where we live," put in frank Ben. "Are you going to see father?"

"I am going to Mr. Gervase Heath's. Is he your father?"

The idea of a home with two such pleasant-looking girls in it was evidently agreeable to him.

"Of course he is, and this is Joyce, our eldest sister; Joy, we call her. She'll give you some coffee, if you like."

"I shall be delighted to join this nice little party, if I may," said the man. "Do you know, my father and yours were schoolfellows at Rugby, so we ought not to be altogether strangers in these wild parts. See, here is a letter of introduction I am taking to him from Mr. Milward, of Liverpool."

"Oh, he is a very dear old friend of ours," said Joyce, becoming a little less embarrassed.

"And my name is Philip Emerson. I hail last from Wet Mountain Valley."

"Do sit down and take some luncheon with us," said Carita, smiling a welcome as she made room for him between Joyce and herself.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WILLING.—At the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, London, lady pupils are boarded, trained, and lodged, at one guinea a week, at ages varying from twenty-one to thirty-five years; and ordinary nurses from seventeen to thirty-five, at 7s. 6d. a week, for a period of not less than six months. At Winchester they may be received as young as twenty-three. Your headaches and delicacy of throat may be regarded as an objection; but you might try the life for six months.

WHITE VIOLET.—There is no opening for "law copying," and, were there any, you would have to learn the art and attend at an office, and should write a perfectly different style of hand. If you learned to spell better, and to write a fine round copper-plate hand, you might take in a few little scholars for a couple of hours a day, especially if able to teach them to sew well. If "old" at twenty, your family must be unusually short-lived.

SEMPER EADEM.—To be "well read" includes an acquaintance with the histories of different nations, both ancient and modern, especially your own; with the classical literature of your own country, and at least that of France; likewise, both in prose and poetry, and also with Church history; with the best and latest works on archæological research, physical geography, and natural history and science. A girl should make a careful study of all these. You may, perhaps, obtain a few hints from our article, "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii.

COOKERY.

TINY is thanked for her recipe for making potato cheese-cakes, which we insert, as follows:—Take one pound of potatoes, mash them (very dry), and half a pound of butter; mix them very well together, and add half a pound of sugar, six ounces of currants (well washed and freed from stones), a quarter of a pound of citron and lemon peel (cut very finely), a little powdered cinnamon, two eggs, and brandy if desired. Place in suitably cut pastry—the flaky is the best—and bake lightly. Your hand is not yet formed, but you write very well for eleven years old. We are glad you are learning to cook.

A TAYLOR writes to correct a statement she has frequently heard, "that jam can be bought more cheaply than it can be made." She says she has made black currant jam this season in London as follows:—Twelve pounds of fruit, at 2½d., 2s. 6d.; nine pounds of sugar, at 3½d., 2s. 7½d.; total, 5s. 1½d. The usual cause of expense in the making of jam at home is wastefulness; so much is spoiled from the fact of its being undertaken by inexperienced persons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. T. B.—The minutes of the committee of management need not be read over at a general meeting, as, of course, they would give a report with their accounts.

MARION.—Nurses from seventeen to thirty-five are trained at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, at 7s. 6d. per week, for not less than six months.

UNDINE, KITTEN.—You had better follow the directions given in the article. Pronounce Daphne "Daf-nee." The 15th of April, 1858, was a Thursday; the 26th September, 1870, a Monday.

PANSY.—We regret that we cannot help you further than we have already done. We see very good shoulder-braces in the ladies ready-made clothing shops.

GWENLLIAN.—We prefer Cannes of the two; but it depends on your reason for going. You had better ask your doctor.

ADELINA HIGHFIELD.—The 29th October, 1868, was a Thursday. We do not think the piece ought to be too difficult for you if you practise it thoroughly.

VINITIA.—Use the "sponge powder" for cleaning sponges; to be bought in boxes at any chemist's.

MAUD VALERIE, MAY QUEEN, and AN ELDEST DAUGHTER.—See the recipes in the "Fairy of the Family," by Dora de Blaquière. To clean marble, use a paste made of washing soda, pumice-stone, and chalk, all finely powdered and put on wet. Let it remain on for a day or so. See an article on summer drinks, page 547, vol. ii.

BROOMI.—The ideas and sentiments are excellent; but the lines are not poetry—only rhymed prose.

BILLBERRIE.—Your letter is indeed illegible. We should tear the sheets in half, and fasten them at the top left-hand corner with a clasp or a stitch.

LAWLOR.—We should think a pair of embroidered braces a good present, unless you preferred half-a-dozen embroidered handkerchiefs.

MAGPIE.—*Cupar, maun to Cupar*, means, "He that will have his own way, must have it even to his injury." The reference is to the Cistercian Monastery, founded at Cupar by Malcolm IV.

EDARNOC and RUBY F. G.—Use some chalk-powder, to be obtained at any chemist's.

A. K. L.—We are much obliged by your kind letter, but we do not know from whence it is written. It has neither date nor address.

CHERRY RIPE wants to know a recipe to cure greediness. We think that such a horrible fault, once known, would not be difficult of cure, as shame alone would prevent most girls from indulging in it. Exercise your will to resist it, and pray to God to strengthen you.

A LONELY GIRL.—Keep on asking God to grant your wish; but you must remember that He educates and trains the souls that trust in Him in a thousand ways; and sometimes "talk on religious subjects" fritters away the energies which are needed in His service in a more active way.

STEPHANOTIS.—The origin of the respect shown towards the East, is the belief that there Christ, the "Dayspring" and the Resurrection, shall appear. People are buried with their feet to the East because they wait for His appearing, and hope to rise with "their feet Zionwards" in the dawn of the Resurrection morning.

DOROTHEA.—Rinsing with alum and water might fix the dye. You may stiffen lace with sugar-water or gum arabic. Rub the blue transfer-paper before using it, and try whether it comes off on white paper.

SILLY SIXTEEN.—The name "Puseyite" means a High Churchman, and was derived from that of the late Dr. Pusey, of Oxford. It has given place now to the term "Ritualist," as a popular nickname. We think you must have patience and common sense.

YORKSHIRE BACKFISCH.—Our staff is not open to personal friends only, but to all persons known in the literary world, and of the experience requisite for such a position. We thank you for your very gracious and well-expressed letter. Slope your writing a little from right to left.

CUBIT.—The measure of length so called in Scripture varies from about sixteen to twenty-two inches—the length of the arm up to the elbow from the point of the middle finger. Latin for elbow, *cubitus*. The ordnance surveyors of Palestine count it at twenty-one inches. You can procure tracing-paper at any fancy-work shop or artists' colourman's.

ROWENA.—We think that the British Women's Temperance Association would suit you best. You would probably do more good in your district by attacking the evil of intemperance in women. Address, Miss Haslam, 5, Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, E.C.

YOSZA.—We do not see that you can take any steps, save through a mutual friend, who might say how you had grieved over your fault, and thus find out how far he was likely to overlook it.

A SALVATIONIST.—Wear stuff boots or shoes, and use felt plasters, being careful to keep them cut, and to employ constant bathing.

M. MC A.—Read the articles on "Girls' Own Pets," by Dr. Gordon Stables.

AN IRISH LADY.—Prepare a fresh bottle. Open that containing the preserved specimens, and pour off all the spirits carefully; then turn the mouths of the two bottles together, and let the contents of the old run into the new bottle. Do not touch them. Lastly, fill up the new bottle with spirit, and cork up closely.

DANDIE DINMONT.—As you live in Glasgow, go and make a personal application at one of the steamboat offices, and find out for yourself all the particulars you require.

AN UGLY DISCONTENTED ELF.—Cut the hair so that it be short enough to be well washed and rubbed daily. Use a mild wash, with cantharides in it, once a day. You require a tonic, as the change of colour in the hair shows a lack of nervous power. Keep the mind quiet, and do not worry yourself over trifles.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The name Kenneth means a leader or commander in Gaelic. The 22nd June, 1869, was a Tuesday. We are glad to hear that you have, and feel grateful for, "a loving mother." Make the very most of her, for no one else could ever supply her place. Try to conquer your sensitiveness, or it will cause you much unnecessary and really imaginary trouble.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.—You had better inquire for the ready-woven "ladder-tape" at a Venetian blind manufactory.

CRAZY.—Why do you so describe yourself? Is it that you are demented, or do you use the term as we employ it in reference to an old superannuated chair? Read "The Eyes and Eyesight," page 805, vol. ii.

SILKWORM.—The black mulberry (*Morus nigra*) is a native of Persia, brought to the South of Europe more than 1,000 years ago by the Romans. It is a low, thickly-branched tree, with a rough bark; needs no pruning, and little care. The white mulberry (*Morus alba*) is a native of China, where it has been cultivated—for the purpose of silk manufacture by worms that feed on the leaves—from times of remote antiquity. It has been cultivated in the South of Europe for the same purpose since the year 1540. The red mulberry (*Morus rubra*) is harder than the above-named species. There are also other varieties, but the white is the best for silkworms. The latter species, imported from America, cannot bear the frost.

DEAR LITTLE MILLIE.—The quotation is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

CHLOE.—"For love is heaven," &c., is from Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

PINK POPPY.—The best substitute for stays is a jean bodice. You can have this made at home, using the lining of a bodice as a pattern, and putting bones in where required. These bodices must be very well starched, and will be found most comfortable. We do not think an ordinary pair of stays injurious, provided they be not tight.

SEAGULL.—We suppose that the uniform would be the same, as both these ships train for the Navy.

ADA, A WELSH GIRL.—Many thanks for the recipes you have been good enough to send us. The quotation is from *Othello*, act i. scene 1. "But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at."

SWEET PEA.—The measurements for a lawn-tennis court will be found at page 15, vol. iii.

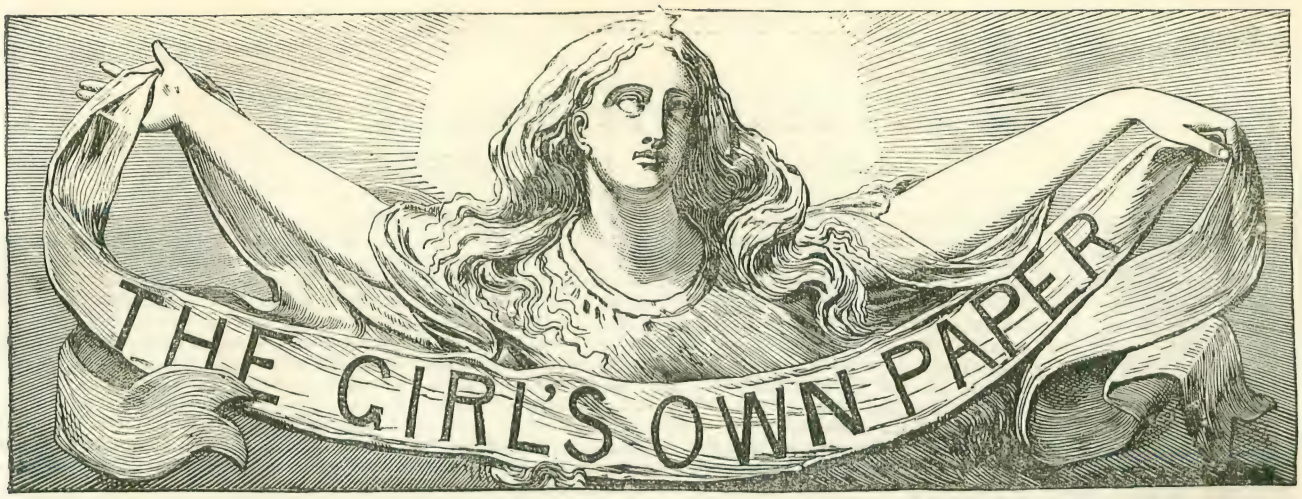
MEDUSA.—We should consult a doctor, as your digestion is evidently at fault. We thank you for your kind letter.

A GOOD FOR NOTHING.—We should try sea-bathing, but only a dip in the sea, and a good rubbing afterwards; then take a quarter of an hour's walk, and rest on your back for half an hour at least. Do not over-tire yourself.

ALICE.—If an abstainer already, there is no necessity, we should think. Are you not "Christ's soldier and servant," bearing His yoke of obedience, and endeavouring to cultivate all Christian virtues?

HEARTEASE and XIMENA.—Write to the Secretary of the Kyrle Society. You can be a member of it if you wish.

MUSK.—The area of England and Wales, in 1876, was 58,310 square miles. Consult a doctor for your complaint.



VOL. V.—NO. 203. NOVEMBER 17, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUNBEAMS.

So joyous is my heart to-day,
My feet refuse to tread the earth;
My voice breaks forth in ringing lay,
To which my sunny mood gives birth.

I do not even stay to think
If happiness like this will last,
But of the cup I deeply drink,
For blissful moments fly too fast.

Earth smiles her brightest smile on me;
Nature her sweetest music makes;
Bird's song, the breeze, each flow'r, each tree,
In me a new delight awakes.

Ah! would there were no storm nor gloom;
No fading leaves; no wintry cold;
That summer bow'rs would ever bloom;
That lovely things would ne'er grow old.

Yet all this beauty lives again
In pure and cloudless skies above.
Beauty in richer form will reign—
No sorrow there, but only love.

ANNIE BENTLEY.

[*All rights reserved.*]

"AH! WOULD THERE WERE NO STORM NOR GLOOM."

GOOD BREEDING:

SHOWN WHEN TRAVELLING.

As one well versed in the Science of Harmony would know how to apply its rules in the composition of every description of piece, without reference to any Musical Primer, in like manner all thoroughly well-bred people have a correct and intuitive sense of propriety; of what is courteous and due to others, and no less due to themselves.

Doubtless, many amongst my girl readers give promise of development into all that is gracious and lovely, and may have an instinctive perception of much that I may be able to tell them, without having had their attention drawn to a single rule of so-called "etiquette." By such, a few hints may be gladly welcomed, for the opportunities for observation of the "ways of the world" can only be limited within the walls of the nursery and the school-room.

In the upper classes of society well-bred people, whatever their disposition, and however individually disagreeable, are all bound by certain rules of that circle to which they belong. They must keep their tempers when "in society," whatever they may do at home; they must conceal their "likes and dislikes," and restrain all strong exhibition of emotion that might disturb the calm and shock the sensibilities of others. I do not mean to say that the honest and sincere in that condition of life must all—like too many—

"Smile, and smile, and be a villain!"

as Shakespeare so graphically renders the idea; but, still to employ the strong language of that same keen student of mankind, they are not like unsophisticated children to

"Wear their heart upon their sleeve,
For daws to peck at."

This second article of the present series, on the subject of good manners, deals with it in its connection with travelling. Some fifty years ago travelling was a rare luxury, in the last century rarer still; and those young people of the present day whose parents can afford to perfect their education, by means so healthful and agreeable, should make the utmost of such advantages. It should not be viewed in the light of a mere amusement, but of a course of training, and they should be on the *qui vive* to acquire knowledge in a variety of ways; and in the second place, when they leave the restraints imposed upon them by the observant eyes and criticisms of acquaintances at home, as well-bred young women they must refrain from allowing themselves any more licence, either in dress or in conduct, merely because amongst strangers.

Habits of society may change, and do change in certain respects, as the years roll on; and girls of the upper classes may walk about, even in this great city of ours as well as in the parks, by two's and three's, unaccompanied by an ever-following footman, to which escort the writer was condemned herself by the rules of society in days gone by. But, while certain customs may change or be modified, good-breeding in the main must ever remain the same, just because (as I have told you before) it has its foundation in kindliness of heart and delicacy of feeling.

In reference to the customs that prevailed in the last century, I have heard my grandmother describe the journeys taken by her in her early life. So short a distance as that between Bath and London occupied nearly a week, and the preparations it demanded were of an extensive character. In those bygone days only the comparatively wealthy could afford to make excursions. The stages were short, the roads bad; to be out after dusk was not desirable, and sleeping at various hostelries on the way added much to the expenses entailed. The country was infested more or less with highwaymen, and no one could venture to travel unarmed, nor without preparing a large canvas bag, filled with coppers at the bottom, and crowns and half-crowns at the top, to make as valuable an appearance as possible, and satisfy the dangerous assailants.

As to the matter of dress, a cloth pelisse was made expressly for the journey, and this was worn during the whole time occupied *en route*, and no change of external attire was provided. This being the custom of the time, was no breach of good manners—no mark of disrespect to those that were met at table.

Mais, nous avons changé tout cela; for in these more modern days long distances are quickly traversed and luggage easily transported, so there is no longer a reasonable excuse for a lazy disregard of the usages of civilised life; a lack of politeness to their fellow-guests at table, and of a becoming self-respect is exhibited by those who omit to make some little alteration or addition to their dress, if unable to make a complete change in their daily *costume de voyage*.

Only some thirty or forty years ago, as many will remember, the majority of the good folks who travelled appeared to have selected their *costume de voyage* from an *omnium gatherum* of some shady "slop-shop;" and though by no means remarkable on other occasions for shabby attire, they entered a posting carriage, stage-coach, or steam-packet like so many cheap "rag dolls." As to the other sex, they certainly did not enhance the manly dignity of their appearance by wearing little limp check caps with flaps over the ears, tied under the chin, and glazed shades for the eyes, lined with green. Instead of an ulster, their bodies and necks were swathed with shawls and comforters until they appeared like huge unwholesome-looking sausages. On board a steam-packet such apparitions were only too common, and sometimes the ghastly hue of their faces added not a little to the grotesqueness of the *tout ensemble*.

The unsightly costumes of women also, like the dingy old "waterproofs" and greasy black silks and alpacas of the present day (with which so many, who ought to know better, insult their fellow-travellers), did not constitute an authorised costume for the occasion, like the pretty old "pelisses" of the preceding century. I do not find fault with a nice new "dust-cloak," nor a respectable-looking "ulster"—far from it; nor do I think that a very handsome dress should be exposed to the extra wear and tear of a dusty journey; but I do regard it as a mark of ill-breeding to sit in company with other women and gentlemen in a style of costume in which you would neither visit nor take a walk with them, nor present yourself at church.

Equally unseemly would be any degree of "over-dressing" when out of doors, too *voyante* in colour, and too remarkable in general style. A far brighter costume may be worn indoors than out; when driving in a private carriage, than when either walking or travelling by any public conveyance. A new, well-made (or nearly new) gown of a darkish colour, if not black, with no festoons of braid hanging about the ankles, nor buttons missing here and there, will show the best taste in a railway carriage; and your fellow-travellers who may chance to afford a more costly dress will not look at all more lady-like (if I may use a popular epithet) by comparison with you. You owe something to society, and as much to yourself. To be shabby, because you are travelling, is a rudeness to the former, and a lowering of your own position; and to appear in a flashy, gaudy style of costume represents the very height of vulgarity.

Let me now suppose you to be suitably dressed for your expedition, and about to leave the platform at the station. Your principal trunk is registered, and a few small articles go with you in the carriage. When entering, as well as leaving the latter, do not force your way past anyone without asking to be excused, or saying "I beg your pardon;" and when any person of your own sex has to do so, be ready to assist them. Relieve them of any bag or parcel until they be safely landed, inside or out, leaving one hand free, at least, to ensure them against a fall. Were you at home, you would not hand things backwards and forwards, across anyone else, without an expression of apology, and certainly you would not stretch your whole body across them to lean on the window-sill, and block the entire opening. If you wished to see what had become of your trunk, or had a last word to say, or parting look to give a friend on the platform, you should say, "Would you kindly allow me to look out for a few moments?" and on sitting down again, "I thank you for allowing me to look out,"—making a slight bow at the same time.

When all are arranged in their places, collect your thoughts, and bear in mind that present company have some claim on your consideration. If supplied with an illustrated paper, lend it to the lady next you when an opportunity presents itself, and were you a person of middle age, and a gentleman had shown you any act of courtesy, you might make a return by offering it to him also.

But here I must earnestly warn our younger girls of entering into conversation with men. Of course, they may thank them for any kindly attention in handing their parcels in or out, or in reference to the opening or shutting of the window, but their words must be few and their manner reserved, so as to check any further conversation. There is a certain license conceded in such matters to persons of middle life which could not possibly be extended to younger women, and still less to girls in their "teens."

Always remember the presence of strangers around you, and that you cannot act as if you were "Monarch of all you survey." Possibly you may feel incommoded by heat; but quite as possibly someone else may feel otherwise; or have a cold, and might be exposed to a draught by your opening a window, and thus, while if next it and seated so as to face the engine, you have the right (conceded to you by general consent) to control the opening or shutting of the window; but common politeness, apart from good feeling, should make you observe and consult their wishes. Heat is distressing, but a draught is a far more serious matter; for it may cost the sufferer an illness, and even life itself. Content your-

self in this case with opening only the top of the window, or the whole on arrival at each station, so as to change the air. As a rule, those persons who make most fuss about heat are the red-faced, portly females of uncertain age, who on opening their hand-bags disclose a flask of something more warming than *vin ordinaire*, which may partly account for their extra heat.

Supposing that you propose making your luncheon in the carriage, and that it consisted of cold chicken and ham, do not set aside the habits of civilised life, because you have to lay a napkin on your lap instead of a large cloth on a table. It is quite disgusting to any spectator to see how some travellers gnaw and tear their food, and grease their fingers, looking like so many ghouls! Divide the fowl before leaving, and prepare the meat in sandwiches. If unprovided with a folding knife and fork, hold the end of a joint with a piece of white paper, and use the pocket-knife in such a way as to keep the hands clean, laying small pieces of fowl upon neat little scraps of bread—as you eat cheese. Leave no greasy paper nor eggshells about the carriage nor crumbs on the seat. Why should you behave like a savage because you are on a journey?

It may be that you have to travel at night, and cannot afford the luxury of a sleeping-carriage, and moreover that your *compagnons de voyage* are not of your own sex only. In some former article I told you that etiquette absolutely forbids gentlemen and women to lie down in each other's society, with the sole exception of the exigencies of steamboat travelling or of a railroad journey by night. Of course, in cases of sickness, "Necessity has no law" in any place or at any time. Supposing that a gentleman occupies a seat in your carriage, you must observe a certain amount of formality and reserve in both word and action. You could not sit upright all night, but you and your friend should take your rest in turns. Lie with your face outwards and cover yourself with a rug, tucking it in well under your feet; then let your friend sit close against them and wake while you sleep; her turn can follow, and you can do the same for her in return. But by day nothing could be more unseemly, in persons of either sex, than to put up their feet along the seat in presence of each other, and on the part of a man it is a mark of great disrespect. It is quite as impertinent to perform any office of the toilet, such as cutting or cleaning the nails in presence of each other—a disgusting practice of which we are sometimes spectators.

You have now arrived at some foreign hotel and propose to dine at the table d'hôte. As your trunk has gone on, it is to be hoped that you have brought a bodice suitable for dinner *demi-toilette*, in a hand-bag or the pocket of a rug-wrapper, and also some frills, lace, or other little accessories to your dress; it will prove a refreshment to yourself to make some change and a mark of respect to others. Never imagine that "anything will do" because in a foreign country.

Speak gently when in a public room, and remember that your own language is generally understood. I could never forget the distress and confusion experienced by my brother and myself, many years ago, when, after joking and making ridiculous comments of a personal character on two elderly maiden ladies, our *vis-à-vis* at table, we discovered that they were our own countrywomen, though speaking beautiful French! Imagine the punishment we each underwent when we met them at dinner next day! and it taught us a lesson for life. Many people often bring discredit on themselves, and raise a prejudice against their fellow-countrymen, by invidious comparisons drawn between home and foreign habits, comforts, etc. Remember that while you pay for all you have, in food, lodging, attendance, and otherwise, you are, in a certain sense, only a guest, for you reside there on sufferance and under the protection of their laws, for which you have paid no taxes nor any dues to entitle you to the privileges of citizenship.

My few notes on the subject of "Good Breeding shown when Travelling" have now come to an end. I can tell my young friends in plain language what should or should not be done by a refined and courteous lady; but the whole style of their dress and deportment, and even the tone of the voice, must be regulated by an intuitive and innate sense of the gracious and beautiful, or acquired from frequent association with others more experienced and cultivated than themselves in all matters pertaining to good taste at all times and in all seasons.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

USEFUL HINTS.

A VAPOUR BATH IN YOUR BEDROOM.—Place a pail, three parts filled with boiling water, under a chair with a cane seat, have ready two hot bricks which have been heated in the fire; place them gently in the pail of water, and sit down upon the chair, covering yourself entirely with a large blanket, letting the latter fall round the chair so as to keep the steam in, which makes a vapour bath. Have a warm blanket ready at the end of half an hour to wrap round you, and get into bed with it on.

STEWED ARTICHOKES.—Peel your artichokes, and have ready sufficient boiling water (slightly salted) to cover them; boil until done, then strain, and have ready a pint of boiled milk, into which some flour and a little piece of butter have been previously stirred; boil ten minutes, and dish. Cold boiled potatoes can be served in the same way.

POTATO SOUP.—Boil one pound of potatoes, and when done beat them up very fine with a fork, gradually adding one quart of boiling milk, in which has previously been stewed a small onion, chopped fine, and a piece of mace; season to taste, and boil for a quarter of an hour, taking care to keep it stirred.

SCOTCH CAKE.—Two pounds of flour, one of butter, and one pound of finely-sifted sugar. Dry the flour in the oven, and then mix in one dessertspoonful of baking powder, then the sugar, and rub in the butter until you have a smooth dough. Press the dough with your hand until it is about a quarter of an inch thick, then place it in your tins on buttered paper, pinch round the edges with your finger and thumb, and ornament the top with comfits or lemon-peel cut in small pieces. Bake in a moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

POTATOES.—If you wish to have potatoes mealy, do not let them stop boiling for an instant; and when they are done, pour the water off, and let them steam for ten or twelve minutes over the fire. In the spring of the year it is better to boil potatoes in two waters, pouring off the first as soon as it comes to the boil, and then covering the potatoes a second time with cold water, adding a little salt.

TOFFY.—Melt three ounces of butter in a small saucepan over a clear fire; stir into it one pound of brown sugar; keep stirring until it is done, which can be ascertained by dropping a little into a cup of cold water, when, if it hardens and breaks between the teeth without sticking, it is done, and may be poured out into a buttered dish. It may be flavoured with almond, lemon, or ginger, and will take twenty minutes to boil.

MAXIMS FOR HEALTH.—Rise early. Eat simple food. Take plenty of exercise. Do not dress children in tight clothes; it is necessary for their limbs and muscles to have full play, if you wish for health and beauty. Wear shoes that are large enough, or you will be troubled with corns, and your feet become misshapen. Wash very often, and rub the skin thoroughly with a hard brush or rough linen towel. Wash the eyes in cold water every morning, and do not read or sew at twilight or by too dazzling a light.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

OVER THE WAY

I CANNOT say that I was prepossessed with the Thorne family, neither was Carrie.

Mrs. Thorne was what I call a loud woman; her voice was loud, and she was full of words, and rather inquisitive on the subject of her neighbours.

She was somewhat good-looking, but decidedly overdressed. Early as it was, she was in a heavily flounced silk dress, a little the worse for wear. I guessed that first day, with a sort of feminine intuition, that Mrs. Thorne wore out all her second-best clothes in the morning. Perhaps it was my country bringing up, but I thought how pure and fresh Carrie's modest dress looked beside it; and as for the quiet face under the neatly-trimmed bonnet, I could see Mrs. Thorne fell in love with it at once. She scarcely looked at or spoke to me, except when civility demanded it; and perhaps she was right, for who would care to look at me when Carrie was by? Then Carrie played, and I knew her exquisite touch would demand instant admiration. I was a mere bungler, a beginner beside her; she even sang a charming little *chanson*. No wonder Mrs. Thorne was delighted to secure such an accomplished person for her children's governess. The three little girls came in by-and-by—shy, awkward children, with their mother's black eyes, but without her fine complexion; plain,

"THERE, TRUE ENOUGH, WAS CARRIE."

uninteresting little girls, with a sort of solemn non-intelligence in their blank countenances, and a perceptible shrinking from their mother's sharp voice.

"Shake hands with Miss Cameron, Lucy: she is going to teach you all manner of nice things. Hold yourself straight, Annie. What will these young ladies think of you, Belle, if they look at your dirty pinafore. Mine are such troublesome children," she continued, in a complaining voice; "they are never nice and tidy and obedient, like other children. Mr. Thorne spoils them, and then finds fault with me."

"What is your name, dear?" I whispered to the youngest, when Mrs. Thorne had withdrawn with Carrie for a few minutes. They were certainly very unattractive children; nevertheless, my heart warmed to them as it did to all children. I was child-lover all my life.

"Annie," returned the little one, shyly rolling her fat arms in her pinafore. She was less plain than the others, and had not outgrown her plumpness.

"Do you know I have a little brother at home, who is a sad invalid," and then I told them about Dot, about his patience and his sweet ways, and how he amused himself when he could not get off his couch for weeks; and as I warmed and grew eloquent with my subject, their eyes became round and fixed, and a sort of dawning interest woke up on their solemn faces; they forgot I was a stranger, and came closer, and Belle laid a podgy and a very dirty hand on my lap.

"How old is your little boy?" asked Lucy in a shrill whisper. And as I answered her Mrs. Thorne and Carrie re-entered the room They both looked surprised when they saw the children grouped round me; Carrie's eyebrows elevated themselves a little quizzically, and Mrs. Thorne called them away rather sharply.

"Don't take liberties with strangers, children. What will Miss Cameron think of such manners?" And then she dismissed them rather summarily. I saw Annie steal a little wistful look at me as she followed her sisters.

We took our leave after that. Mrs. Thorne shook hands with us very graciously, but her parting words were addressed to Carrie. "On Monday, then. Please give my kind regards to Dr. Cameron, and tell him how thoroughly satisfied I am with the proposed arrangement." And Carrie answered very prettily; but as the door closed she sighed heavily.

"Oh, what children! and what a mother!" she gasped, as she took my arm and turned my footsteps away from the house. "Never mind Jack, I am going to the service at St. Barnabas; I want some refreshment after what I have been through." And she sighed again.

"But, Carrie," I remonstrated, "I have no time to spare. You know how Jack has been neglected, and how I have promised Allan to do my best for her until we can afford to send her to school."

"You can walk with me to the church door," she returned decidedly. I was beginning to find out that Carrie could be self-willed sometimes. "I must talk to you, Esther; I must tell you how I hate it. Fancy trying to hammer French and music into those children's heads, when I might—I might——!" But here she stopped, actually on the verge of crying.

"Oh, my darling Carrie!" I burst out, for I never could bear to see her sweet face clouded for a moment, and she so seldom cried or gave way to any emotion. "Why would you not let me speak? I might have saved you this. I might have offered myself in your stead, and set you free for pleasanter work." But she shook her head, and struggled for composure.

"You would not have done for Mrs. Thorne, Esther. Don't think me vain if I say that I play and sing far better than you."

"A thousand times better," I interposed. "And then you can draw."

"Well, Mrs. Thorne is a woman who values accomplishments. You are clever at some things; you speak French fairly, and then you are a good Latin scholar" (for Allan and I studied that together); "you can lay a solid foundation, as Uncle Geoffrey says, but Mrs. Thorne does not care about that," continued Carrie, a little bitterly; "she wants a flimsy superstructure of accomplishments—music, and French, and drawing, as much as I can teach—a useful life-work, Esther."

"Well, why not?" I returned, with a little spirit, for here was one of Carrie's old arguments. "If it be the work given us to do, it must be a useful life-work. It might be our duty to make artificial flowers for our livelihood—hundreds of poor creatures do that—and you would not scold them for waste of time, I suppose?"

"Anyhow, it is not work enough for me," replied Carrie, firmly, and passing over my clever argument with a dignified silence; "it is the drudgery of mere ornamentation that I hate. I will do my best for those dreadful children, Esther. Are they not pitiful, little, overdressed creatures? And I will try and please their mother, though I have not a thought in common with her. And when I have finished my ornamental brick-making—told my tales of the bricks ——" here she paused, and looked at me with a heightened colour.

"And what then?" I asked, rather crossly, for there was a flaw in her speech somewhere, and I could not find it out.

"We shall see, my wise little sister," she said, letting go my arm with a kind pressure. "See, here is St. Barnabas; is it not a dear old building? Must you go back to Jack?"

"Yes, I must," I answered, shortly. "*Laborare est orare*—to labour is to pray, in my case, Carrie," and with that I left her.

But Carrie's arguments had seriously discomposed me. I longed to talk it all out with Allan, and I do not think I ever missed him so much as I did that day. I am afraid I was rather impatient with Jack that morning; to be sure she was terribly awkward and inattentive; she would put her elbows on the table, and ink her fingers, and then she had a way of jerking her hair out of her eyes which drove me nearly frantic. I began to think we really must send her to school. We had done away with the folding-doors, they always creaked so, and had hung up some curtains in their stead; through the folds I could catch glimpses of dear mother leaning back in her chair, with Dot beside her. He was spelling over his lesson to her, in a queer little sing-song voice, and they looked so cool and quiet, that the contrast was quite provoking; and there was Carrie kneeling in some dim corner, and soothing her perturbed spirits with softly uttered psalms and prayers.

"Jack," I returned for the sixth time, "I cannot have you kick the table in that schoolboy fashion."

Jack looked at me with roguish malice in her eyes. "You are not quite well, Esther; you have got a pain in your temper, haven't you, now?"

I don't know what I might have answered, for Jack was right, and I was as cross as possible, only just at that moment Uncle Geoffrey put his head in at the door, and stood beaming on us like an angel of deliverance.

"Fee-fo-fum," for he sometimes called Jack by that charming *sobriquet*, indeed he was always inventing names for her; "it is too hot for work, isn't it? I think I must give you a holiday, for I want Esther to go out with me." Uncle Geoffrey's wishes were law, and I rose at once, but not all my secret feelings of relief could prevent me from indulging in a parting thrust.

"I don't think Jack deserves the holiday," I remarked, with a severe look at the culprit; and Jack jerked her hair over her eyes this time in some confusion.

"Hullo, Fee-fo-fum, what have you been up to? Giving Esther trouble? Oh fie! fie!"

"I only kicked the table," returned Jack, suddenly, "because I hate lessons—that I do, Uncle Geoffrey—and I inked my fingers because I liked it; and I put my elbows on the copy-book because Esther said I wasn't to do it; and my hair got in my eyes; and William the Conqueror had six wives, I know he had; and I told Esther she had a pain in her temper, because she was as cross as two sticks; and I don't remember any more, and I don't care," finished Jack, who could be like a mule on occasions.

Uncle Geoffrey laughed—he could not help it—and then he patted Jack kindly on her rough locks. "Clever little Fee-fo-fum; so William the Conqueror had six wives, had he? Come, this is capital; we must send you to school, Jack, that is what we must do. Esther cannot be in two places at once." What did he mean by that, I wonder! And then he bid me run off and put on my hat, and not keep him waiting.

Jack's brief sullenness soon vanished, and she followed me out of the room to give me a penitent hug—that was so like Jack; the inky caress was a doubtful consolation, but I liked it, somehow.

"Where are you going, Uncle Geoff?" I asked, as we walked up the High-street, followed by Jumbles, while Jack and Smudge watched us from the door.

"Miss Lucas wants to see you," he returned, briefly. "Bless me, there is Carrie, deep in conversation with Mr. Smedley. Where on earth has the girl picked him up?" And there, true enough, was Carrie standing in the porch, talking eagerly to a fresh-coloured benevolent-looking man, whom I knew by sight as the Vicar of St. Barnabas.

She must have waylaid him after service, for the other worshippers had dropped off; we had met two or three of them in the High-street. I do not know why the sight displeased me, for of course she had a right to speak to her clergyman. Uncle Geoffrey whistled under his breath, and then laughed and wondered "what the little saint had to say to her pastor;" but I did not let him go on, for I was too excited with our errand.

"Why does Miss Lucas want to see me?" I asked, with a little beating of the heart. The Lucas family were the richest people in Milnthorpe.

Mr. Lucas was the banker, and kept his carriage, and had a pretty cottage somewhere by the seaside; they were Uncle Geoffrey's patients, I knew, but what had that to do with poor little me?

"Miss Lucas wants to find someone to teach her little niece," returned Uncle Geoffrey, and then I remembered all at once that Mr. Lucas was a widower with one little girl. He had lost his wife about a year ago, and his sister had come to live with him and take care of his motherless child. What a chance this would have been for Carrie! but now it was too late. I was half afraid as we came up to the great red-brick house, it was so grand and imposing, and so was the solemn-looking butler who opened the door and ushered us into the drawing-room.

As we crossed the hall someone came suddenly out on us from a dark lobby, and paused when he saw us. "Dr. Cameron! This is your niece, I suppose, whom my sister Ruth is expecting?" and as he shook hands with us, he looked at me a little keenly, I thought.

He was younger than I expected; it flashed across me suddenly that I had once seen his poor wife. I was standing looking out of the window one cold winter's day, when a carriage drove up to the door with a lady wrapped in furs. I remember Uncle Geoffrey went out to speak to her, and what a smile came over her face when she saw him! She was very pale, but very beautiful; everyone said so in Milnthorpe, for she had been much beloved.

"My sister is in the drawing-room; you must excuse me if I say I am in a great hurry," and then he passed on with a bow. I thought him very formidable, the sort of man who would be feared as well as respected by his dependents. He had the character of being a very reserved man, with a great many acquaintances and few intimate friends. I had no idea at that time that no one understood him so well as Uncle Geoffrey.

I was decidedly nervous when I followed Uncle Geoffrey meekly into the drawing-room. Its size and splendour did not diminish my fears, and I little imagined then how I should get to love that room.

It was a little low, in spite of its spaciousness, and its three long windows opened in French fashion on to the garden. I had a glimpse of the lawn, with a grand old cedar in the middle, before my eyes were attracted to a lady in deep mourning, writing in a little alcove, half curtained off from the rest of the room, and looking decidedly cosy.

The moment she turned her face towards us at the mention of our names, my unpleasant feelings of nervousness vanished. She was such a little woman —slightly deformed, too—with a pale, sickly-looking face, and large clear eyes, that seemed to attract sympathy at once, for they seemed to say to one, "I am only a timid, simple little creature. You need not be afraid of me."

I was not very tall, but I almost looked down on her as she gave me her hand.

"I was expecting you, Miss Cameron," she said, in such a sweet tone that it quite won my heart. "Your uncle kindly promised to introduce us to each other."

And then she looked at me, not keenly and scrutinisingly, as her brother had done, but with a kindly inquisitiveness, as though she wanted to know all about me, and to put me at my ease as soon as possible. I flushed a little at that, and my unfortunate sensitiveness took alarm. If it were only Carrie, I thought, with her pretty face and soft voice; but I was so sadly unattractive, no one would be taken with me at first sight. Fred had once said so in my hearing, and how I had cried over that speech!

"Esther looks older than she is; but she is only seventeen," interposed Uncle Geoffrey, as he saw that unlucky blush. "She is a good girl, and very industrious, and her mother's right hand," went on the simple man. If I only could have plucked up spirit and contradicted him, but I felt tongue-tied.

"She looks very reliable," returned Miss Lucas, in the kindest way. To this day I believe she could not find any compliment compatible with truth. I once told her so months afterwards, when we were very good friends, and she laughed and could not deny it.

"You were frowning so, Esther," she replied, "from excess of nervousness, I believe, that your forehead was quite lost in your hair, and your great eyes were looking at me in such a funny, frightened way, and the corners of your mouth all coming down, I thought you were five-and-twenty at least, and wondered what I was to do with such a proud, repellant looking young woman; but when you smiled I began to see, then."

I had not reached the smiling stage just then, and was revolving her speech in rather a dispirited way. Reliable! I knew I was that, when all at once she left off looking at me, and began talking to Uncle Geoffrey.

"And so you have finished all your good Samaritan arrangements, Dr. Cameron; and your poor sister-in-law and her family are really settled in your house? You must let me know when I may call, or if I can be of any use. Giles told me all about it, and I was so interested."

"Is it not good of Uncle Geoffrey?" I broke in. And then it must have been that I smiled; but I never could have passed that over in silence, to hear strangers praise him and not join in.

"I think it is noble of Dr. Cameron—we both think so," she answered, warmly; and then she turned to me again. "I can understand how anxious you must all feel to help and lighten his burdens. When Dr. Cameron proposed your services for my little niece, for he knows what an invalid I am, and that systematic teaching would be impossible to me, I was quite charmed with the notion. But now, before we talk any more about it, supposing you and I go up to see Flurry."

(To be continued.)

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

JOYCE felt shy of this tall, handsome Englishman. She was, like many Old-country girls, accustomed to think it the proper thing to be distant and reserved with the opposite sex. Besides, her more practised eye told her that this was a man who, in England, would be ranked in a somewhat higher class than their own; or, at any rate, that he was more a man of the world than was her father or her eldest brother, Harold.

Carita, essentially a child of the West, knew nothing of these fine distinctions of class. In her eyes, Stephen Warner was the highest type of a gentleman, to whom no other man could be even equal. She had never been taught that any different attitude ought to be observed towards a man than towards a woman; in fact, home experience had led her to expect more kindness and consideration from the former than from the latter. She always felt at liberty to be more her own natural self with the male sex, no ill specimens of which had been allowed to come closely in contact with the Warner family. So she was very frank and gracious towards Philip Emerson, and made him feel not only welcome but happy.

"The long ride from Lazy Man's Cañon has made me feel very hungry," he said, gaily. "I slept there last night."

"And old Pete Brown wouldn't give you much breakfast, I know," rejoined Carita. "We know his ways; it is the usual resting-place between this and San Juan."

"I say, Carrie, you'll have to make some more pancakes," said Alick, in a loud whisper, alarmed at their guest's appetite.

"Let me help you," he cried, jumping up; "I know how to make first-rate slapjacks. I was head cook and bottle-washer at our cabin in Wet Mountain Valley."

Joyce protested, but the young man insisted, and went off with Carita to the fire, which he stirred up, and then he held the pan ready for the mixed batter.

"Were you long in Wet Mountain Valley?" she asked.

"Nearly two years, during which time I have managed to lose all my money, and now, like the younger son in the Gospel, I am on my way to your father, to ask him to let me be his hired servant."

"Mr. Heath is not my father," said Carita.

"I thought you were two sisters!" Philip felt disappointed, finding this frank girl with the warm brunette tint and large dark eyes the more attractive of the two girls.

"No; we are friends and near neighbours. I live at Elk Ranche, further up the mountains."

"And may I ask what your name is?"

"Carita," she said, simply. Then, actually for the first time in her life, she felt embarrassed by the fact that she knew only of one name that she could lay claim to as her own, and the thought troubled her, so that her face grew pale for a moment, and her brown little hands trembled.

But Phil did not notice it; he thought it was a part of the girl's natural simplicity and her probably unconventional training that made her only tell him her Christian name, and he liked her the better for it.

"Carita!" he repeated. "What a pretty name."

His words brought back the warm colour to her cheeks.

"Joyce is a nice name, too, is it not?" she said.

"Very. Joy and Carita," he repeated. A good omen, he thought, for a fellow to be welcomed and fed by maidens with such names when he is just making a fresh start in the world. "This one is evidently of southern blood, hence the name. What can her parents be?"

He had seen no girls with whom he had cared to be on a friendly and social equality since he left England. Joyce Heath reminded him of his only sister, who had been the comforter of his boyhood. And Carita? She reminded him of nothing he had ever seen or known before. His pulses quickened and his heart was stirred by her innocent, loving eyes and sympathetic voice. What would the clasp of those warm little fingers be like? he wondered. He was inclined to think the lines were falling to him in pleasant places, and felt more anxious than before to be a hired man on Pepper-box Flat.

Another traveller had joined the party whilst Carita and Philip were busy with the cakes.

"Professor Moggs, Mr. Emerson," said Joyce, her eyes full of quiet fun as she watched the effect produced on the latter by the new-comer's appearance, and noted the comprehensive glance with which Phillp took in the tattered old military cloak of faded blue, the trousers hanging in rags about the Professor's ankles, the old Panama hat tied on with pieces of dirty white tape, and the general unkemptness of the man, who, however, looked not in the least conscious of his own odd appearance.

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, with a grand bow. "Wal, Miss Carita, and how's all the family up to Elk Lodge? 'Most lost without your pap-pa, ain't you? And how long is he to be on the rove this time?"

"What is your learned friend professor of, Miss Heath?" asked Philip, whilst Mr. Moggs interviewed Carita.

"Of bumpology. His talents are much appreciated in this region, I can assure you. How have you been getting on, Professor, since we saw you last?" she asked, wishing to draw him out for Philip's benefit.

"Mortal slow, Miss Joyce. What with the hoppers amongst our small crops, and the new mining camp up to Tin Cup Gulch, which is drawing all our boys yonder, it's been pretty nigh Starvation Camp up to Chucklehead Diggings this summer. I'm on the track now for Cañon City to see if there's mebbe an opening there for a lecture or two."

After eating up nearly the whole of the fresh batch of pancakes, the Professor turned his mug upside down to show that he had completed his repast, saying—

"Wal, young ladies, I guess I've made a good square meal, and I'll make tracks again now. Give my respects to your mammy, Alick, and tell her I'll be giving her a call soon. She'll be wanting me to look over her young gents' heads again to see how their organs is developing. Combativeness larger than ever in Tom, I reckon. I don't see him here to-day. He's a fine lad, but I met him over to Chicken Thief Flat a day or two ago with a boy I've often seen foolin' round the saloons to San Juan. He's a bad lot that Wilson boy, Miss Carita; don't have him up to Elk Ranche more than you can help. Acquisitiveness, especially in the matter of puddin' and candy, large in Alick there; we must encourage the growth of conscientiousness, to counterbalance it. Ideality and veneration strong in that little miss," pointing to Dorothy, who was gazing at him with large wondering eyes.

Joyce Heath did not like Professor Moggs; she thought him a great humbug—a windbag, in fact—and his dialect irritated her.

"I am glad he has gone," she said, when the sound of his horse's hoofs was no longer audible; "he has taken up so much of our time."

"Not to speak of all those pancakes," added Alick, ruefully.

"If we are not quick we shall gather very little fruit before it is dark," said Carita. "Hurry up, children; you have eaten quite enough."

The moon was at its full, though, as Philip reminded the two girls; so that they need not fear being overtaken by darkness.

All set to in earnest in filling the baskets and pails. The young man made himself most useful in reaching down the highest bunches. He found, being perched up in a cotton wood tree, and looking down on two such pretty faces upturned towards his own, with arms and hands extended to catch the purple grapes from his, a most charming position. Carita had twined a wreath of columbine round her wide brimmed hat, and Joyce had thrown aside the ugly sun-bonnet as superfluous under the shades of the vines. Emerson's horse, tied to a tree by his lariat, was feeding near by. It was the happiest day the man had had for a long time, he thought, and he behaved like a schoolboy, winning them all by his merry ways.

"I hope you will settle down somewhere near us," said Ben, looking admiringly at his bearded face and strong, helpful hands; "but I say, father's just awfully poor: he can't afford any hired man."

"Who said Mr. Emerson wanted to be a hired man, silly boy?" asked Joyce.

"He said so himself," said Alick; "I heard him tell our Carita he wanted to."

"Then I'll come and work for nothing, Ben, if father will have me."

"And you can sleep out in the tent with us boys, you know. We've got an odd bearskin."

"Oh, I'll soon fetch over my traps if your father will have me, Ben."

Joyce could not imagine the new friend as a hired man, and took it only as a joke.

"Oh dear, how can I have forgotten Tom and Jack Wilson all the afternoon!" said Carita, when they were making some tea, preparatory to starting on the slow ride up the mountains. "Why do they not come back? I feel very uneasy, Joy. What will Mrs. Warner say if we go back without them?"

"I think you are generally more anxious than she is about them, Carrie."

"Perhaps I am, but you see to-day they were in my charge, which makes all the difference."

Philip heard the girls as they discussed the probable destination of the boys.

"I met a party of cowboys about six miles from this," he said, "and there were two lads with them. I remember thinking they looked too young for the company they were in."

"Oh, dear!" cried Carita, "surely they have not ridden over to Git-up-and-git! I heard Jack tell Tom last night that the round-up was to be there to-night."

"You bet they have," said Alick. "Tom has been wild to go on the round-up all summer, but father would not let him, and this is the last, you know."

"Don't worry about them," said Philip; "if Mr. Heath will give me a shake-down to-night, I will hunt them up for you to-morrow. We may find them at home, after all."

It seemed to the man as though he would like to begin a new life in this purer moral atmosphere. It had been rather a wild and reckless one amongst his countrymen at Wet Mountain Valley. Many of them were there because they had failed to do well in England, and their friends foolishly thought they might do better away from home influences. He could not begin this new life more pleasantly or better, he thought, than by an act of service for the girl who attracted him so much by her bright, loving ways. He had already contrived to draw from little Dorothy some information about Carita, and knew that she was only an adopted daughter in her home. A hard time of it she had no doubt, with these boys, still she did not seem very miserable, and she looked as though someone had cared for her, was the conclusion Philip arrived at.

The still evening air resounded with merry laughter, as the mule wagon jolted in and out of the holes up the mountain track, under the bright harvest moon; Phil Emerson riding closely beside them, under pretence of protecting the girls from any stray rough that might be coming down from Rosita.

(To be continued.)

A WEDDING AMONGST THE FRENCH FISHER-FOLK.

FRENCH GIRLS.

By ANNE BEALE.

TIME revolutionises manners and customs as politics do governments. Steam is as revolutionary as time, and by annihilating space tends to bring people of different nationalities together, and to prove how much they all have in common. Christianity is the greatest revolutionist of all, and would unite peoples of various races and tongues in the bonds of a common brotherhood. It is as Christians, then, that we should approach foreigners, and whether we be young or old, male or female, strive to reconcile differences, and promote union in the spirit of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Time was when English and French hated one another, and contemptuously interchanged the epithets of John Bull and Jack Frog, and when the girls of one nation looked superciliously on those of the other. A game called French and English was then much in vogue, and young people of both sexes took sides and played it, *con amore*, half dislocating their shoulders in their efforts to drag one another from the ranks of the one army to that of its adversary. Now, thanks to nearly seventy years of peace, we are good friends with our neighbours across the Channel, and long may we continue to be so. But for that strip of water we might almost be one people, for nowadays half the English speak French and the French English, and young girls of each country visit the other to acquire fluency in the tongue naturally foreign to them.

French girls flock to London much as the English to Paris. As gouvernantes, bonnes, modistes, they are everywhere, and they should be cautioned not to undertake situations without proper references, as they, and indeed all girls who leave their native country in search of employment, are often cajoled and ruined by false advertisements.

At home they are gay and light-hearted. The French know how to amuse themselves, and girls are not backward in this particular. The clear atmosphere and sunny skies are aids to diversions of many kinds. In fine weather they almost live out of doors, and boulevards, avenues, parks, cafés, and gardens are thronged with bright girls of all ages. Some use the skipping-rope, or play at battledore and shuttlecock, barre, and various games, with all their hearts, unconscious of spectators, while others pace the Champs Elysées or drive through the Bois attended by mother or gouvernante. But no young girl is allowed to be in public without bonne or chaperon. They have not what we call "liberty." This superintendence is as much carried to excess as is the freedom demanded of late years by the English girl. A French lady lately declined to allow her English governess to go out alone of an evening, because she thought it was not "convenable."

It is said that this strict supervision makes the girls sly and untruthful. It probably originated in the parental desire to see them what is called well married. *Mariages de convenance*, or suitable marriages, were, and indeed still are, arranged by the parents, particularly in the upper rank of life.

Although less universal than they were, the girl has still no voice in the matter. Fortune, rank, position, a good establishment, politics even, decide a girl's fate for life. It matters not if her fiancé be old and ugly, dissipated, irreligious, of furious temper—she must marry him. If she hated him and loved another, she still must marry him. In most instances, what she thinks chiefly of is emancipation from the strict surveillance she has hitherto been subjected to. She has been brought up with this matrimonial finale in view, and has accustomed herself to the idea, with no consideration for the responsibilities of life. To be free, to have an establishment, to do as she likes—this is the elysium she sets before her mind. The consequences of the parents' ambition are frequently awful.

What is life without love? A void to fill which the young life rushes into dissipation. She has no longer anyone to control her, she is free at last. Accordingly, balls, operas, comedies, spectacles of all descriptions, dress, admiration, are the aim of days for which she must give account. Too often the *mariage de convenance* ends in separation and complications which can only result in sin. Hence, the impurity and immorality of so many French novels and plays which portray life as their authors witness it, and inculcate lessons that demoralise instead of elevating the reader's soul.

Sometimes the young girl thus affianced by her parents and guardians prefers the convent to the sacrifice of her affections. She is sincerely attached to one who would gladly marry her, and is intended for another, whom she does not love, and, to escape, embraces a religious life, for which she may possibly be ill-fitted. A lady who was the friend of a young girl so sacrificed gives us the following example.

Pauline was beautiful and accomplished. When she left her pensionnat, where she had been much beloved and had gained many medals and crowns for good conduct and ability, she was destined by her parents to marry a man whom she despised. He was rich and of noble birth, but poor and ignoble of character and conduct. Moreover, she loved another. In spite of persuasion and resistance, she took refuge in a convent, declaring a vocation for a religious life. She performed her noviciate, after which, says our informant, "I saw her take the veil, a ceremony I never wish again to witness. In the cathedral, amid crowds of spectators, she appeared first as a bride, clad in white, veiled and adorned with jewels. She looked lovely, and I wept copiously. The veil was removed, her beautiful hair cut off by the priests, and placed with her jewels on a sort of salver. This was presented to the oldest of her many assembled relatives—a tottering lady, much advanced in years, who passed it on to the youngest, a bright child just entering life. Subsequently, this fair bride was clothed in black, laid on her back, and covered with a pall. I shuddered and my tears rained down. Then I saw my dear friend arise, a nun for life. Certain questions were put to her by the priest as to her vocation for the life she was entering, her reasons for relinquishing the

RETURNING FROM CONFIRMATION.

world, or something to that effect, and I could but feel that her answers were hollow, if not absolutely false, for I knew she had taken that black veil in which I saw her last to avoid an uncongenial marriage."

It is unnecessary to comment on this ceremonial; it was doubtless typical of a renunciation of the world for Christ, but it impresses on the mind the text, "Perform unto the Lord your vows," and proves to the unprejudiced that young girls are best in the sphere in which God places them, doing therein "their duty to Him, their neighbour, and themselves."

While we are on subjects matrimonial, we are bound to admit that all these *mariages de convenance* of the upper classes are not necessarily unhappy. They are sometimes quite the contrary, and then no one brighter or more charming than the high-bred *mère de famille*. As in England, the marriages of the bourgeoisie, or citizens, are the happiest. There is more freedom of choice for the girl, and to judge from her bright appearance after her fate is sealed, she is all mirth and smiles. There is no prettier sight in Paris or elsewhere than that of a wedding party parading the streets, or seated round tables at cafés in the boulevards in their bridal attire. The *nouvelle mariée* has always her veil and wreath, white train and white shoes, and is not afraid of soiling her dress, apparently, by exposure to the weather. All the wedding party spend the day together, and hilarity and light-heartedness are its prevailing features. The weddings of the French "fisher-folk" are also singularly picturesque, as, with flying caps, long shawls, and large bouquets, the party leave the church, surrounded by admiring friends, to pace the streets or make holiday at the cafés or elsewhere. Under all circumstances, *toujours gai* is the motto of the French girl. Even trouble does not weigh her down for long, and solemnity seems foreign to her nature. If the bridal train is a pretty sight, so is that of the veiled and white-clad figures that constantly appear in the streets preparatory to Confirmation, or "first Communion." The girls are confirmed young, and the priests take much pains to prepare them for the solemn ceremony, which, though differing somewhat from ours, is fundamentally the same.

Mention has been made of medals and wreaths in connection with Pauline, which naturally involves the subject of education. This may be private or public. Some girls are educated at home, others at the large lycées or externats answering to our boarding and day schools. Some of these receive a considerable number of pupils, and every incentive is given to industry and consequent proficiency. We will take one as an example, at which about a hundred girls are educated, some of whom are boarders, others day scholars. Here many English girls mingle with the French, although the subjects taught in our country differ little from those of the other. The acquisition of French is, however, considered so necessary, that other matters, even to religious diversities, are sacrificed for it.

Naturally, in so large a school there are many divisions or classes, and each has a separate class-room. The various divisions are marked by the dress and belt of the pupils. For instance, one wears a grey dress and carmelite belt, another a brown dress and blue belt, a third a black dress and orange belt, and so on. Over this attire is put during the hours of study a black *sarrau*, or large, loose over-frock, to absorb ink and keep the dress clean. Silence is rigorously observed. The principal foreign languages taught are English and German. Emulation is promoted by means of cards called *cachets*, which are given to the girls as rewards for their labour. Twelve pink *cachets* ensure a large green one, and in turn the greens secure a silver medal. Then comes the public examination, at which parents and friends are present. The excitement of the girls may be imagined.

The successful candidates for honours receive their prizes in public from the priests. These place a wreath of flowers on the head of each as they present the book or medal, after which the juvenile recipients courtesy as only French girls can, and, as they retire, slip the wreath on the right arm. Let it be understood that in the education there is no religious interference between Catholic and Protestant, but on public occasions the priests distribute the prizes.

Many girls are educated in convents, where the nuns and sisters teach them, and schools for the poor are attached to most religious establishments. We will not, however, enter here upon differences of faith, but confine ourselves to mere education.

The Conservatoire, in Paris, where French girls go to perfect themselves in music, is a fine institution, but study there is no sinecure. If the student intends to make music a profession, she finds it very laborious, and must devote time, energy, perseverance, brain, and fingers to her task. But this is the same everywhere, and French girls must work to live, if they have no income, like those of other nationalities. They may be seen studying painting in the galleries of the Luxembourg, and are proud that one of the greatest of animal painters, if not the greatest the world has produced, should be a Frenchwoman. Rosa Bonheur is an artist of whose fame it is excusable to boast, but, oh! how she laboured!

So do others of her sex and country. The French peasant girl, in her picturesque costume, white cap, and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes, works in her cottage, field, or orchard, and learns to be thrifty and content with little, as were her ancestors. Her cheerfulness and chatter are unceasing, and if only one could understand her patois, one might learn many a lesson from her. Fêtes and fairs are her delight, and she, like her richer sisters, knows how to amuse herself. She existed through the war, and was still gay and ready for the jest or repartee. The fisher-girl is also cheerful and industrious, and in her pretty costume "lives to laugh," if she cannot always "laugh to live."

So are her fellows of the town. Whether in shops or in service their volatile, sprightly nature stands them in good stead. Then they are so polite! It is delightful to hear them end every question or answer with the monsieur, madame, or mademoiselle, which we English are either too proud or too rude to employ. It is no wonder they think us cold and surly. As the driver of a fiacre said to us in Paris not long since, "Ah! but we are so different! The French are *tapageurs* (noisy) la! la la la! but you English, it is *oui, non, non, oui*. I once drove an Englishman for five hours round and round the Bois. It was winter; freezing hard; his nose was blue, his face violet, but he still held his cane and looked about him. 'Will monsieur be pleased to be covered?' I asked. 'No, I like to see clear,' he replied. I kept warm by stamping my feet, but he, he never moved. *Ma foi!* I never saw a man like that, and never shall again."

That was descriptive and suggestive. One may certainly be too *tapageurs*, but one need not be impolite.

Still, life is not all amusement, and we could wish to see many changes in the manners and morals of French girls. We should like to see them reverence the Sunday, instead of keeping it as a *jour de fête*. They think us *triste:* we think them irreverent, because we would "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," while they dance, attend spectacles, and otherwise divert themselves, after their early mass. Sunday in Paris, with its races, operas, cafés, work and worldliness, is, to the thoughtful mind, a melancholy sight. Besides, there are so many fête days, and so much amusement, that it seems sad they cannot devote one day of seven to better and more serious pursuits. Besides, the worker has no rest, since labour as well as pleasure is interrupted. Long may God preserve to us our English Sabbath!

Of all fête days, New Year's Day is the most generally observed. Girls are all alive with expectation, and interchange presents and visits from morning to night. The fabulously beautiful shops are filled with tempting articles, all labelled "Etrennes," or New Year's gifts; and young and old, rich and poor, keep zealously the birthday of the year. Parents take their daughters to various amusements, and whole families may be seen at the cafés, regaling themselves with coffee and sweetmeats of every description. We only wish our coffee-tavern keepers and assistants would make as good coffee, and wait as briskly as the French. Then the trade would not be on the wane, but at the full.

French girls are reputed frivolous and vain, but beneath the attention to dress and appearance runs a vein of natural kindness, which finds vent occasionally in what people call compliments. They are unaffectedly polite, and what often seems on the surface a mere *façon de parler* is the outcome of a desire to give pleasure. The kiss on both cheeks at meeting, the gesticulations, shrugging of shoulders, and rapid speech, and the despair at parting are the expression of genuine feelings, which less emotional people repress.

If much of their charm of manner is superficial, it is agreeable, and has not happily as yet been superseded by the fastness, independence, and freedom from polish which they so often complain of in girls of other countries. It has been said that they are greedy, and do not in their *pensions* share their gifts of sweetmeats and cakes with their companions; but this is not altogether peculiar to them! They are generally dutiful to their parents and respectful to their elders, for which admirable virtues we will excuse them this small vice.

Indeed, the more we make excuses for one another (not for ourselves), and the less we pass judgment on our neighbours, whether native or foreign, the better. "To avoid the evil and choose the good" is an excellent maxim, and we recommend it to the consideration of our young readers, both as regards their immediate surroundings and the more remote circle of foreign nations.

TWO CHANGEFUL YEARS.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"The strain unfolds
In sad perplexèd minors."
E. B. Browning.

THINGS resumed the even tenor of their way, at any rate to outward seeming, at the vicarage for the next few months; but then a great change took place. The vicar had the offer of a living in Kent, within easy reach of the metropolis, which, after much prayerful deliberation, he accepted. The leave-taking was a very sorrowful one for both pastor and people, but then came a yet greater sorrow to the latter, when, three months later, the sympathising friend, the wise counsellor, he who had for many years unwaveringly proclaimed the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, was carried back to be laid beside the wife

he had so faithfully loved. A chill caught, and resulting ininflammation, had in a few days caused the death of the Rev. Cecil Brown, and left his children orphans indeed.

Shortly before the end he turned to Margaret, and, with a look of tender love, said, "I know not what may be best for you, my darling, but there is 'One above who knows.' If you ever see Reginald again give him my love." The effort to say more became too great, and Maggie laid her cheek beside his caressingly, but her trembling lips refused to frame a word. Once more the dying man looked round upon his children with yearning in his eyes, and gasped out the words, "Keep together if possible," and these were his last.

How mysterious God's ways seemed to those two orphaned girls as they sat in the lonely rectory, after their return from joining in the last sad rites.

Their stay at Farncombe had been but short, although they were received with every kindness by their father's successor, who, strange to say, bore the same name. It so happened that in the following week the village would be making festive holiday, with which the poor girls' mournful feelings would have ill recorded, for the eldest daughter of the present vicar was to be married to a neighbouring baronet, Sir Wilfred Craven.

The future of the sisters had now to be determined on, and, according to the terms of the will, the decision was left to Margaret—too great a responsibility to put upon her, many thought; but the confidence in her was not misplaced. The only trustee named was at the time living abroad on account of his wife's delicate health, and as she could not be left, all business matters had to be put into the hands of his solicitor. But there was little trouble involved in the arrangement of affairs, and many even of their new acquaintances were ready to help the poor girls in their trouble. One, a Mrs. Wright, took an especial interest in them, and finding that, both from their own inclination, and in fulfilment of their father's wish, they were determined to keep together, she suggested that they should go into some ladies' school, where, by paying a small sum and Margaret giving help in instruction, Isa's education might be carried on. This proposal seeming by far the best plan thought of, Mrs. Wright wrote at once to her own former governess, who kept a very superior school for girls in a north-western suburb, knowing that the heart of the excellent woman would rejoice in such an opportunity of helping these fatherless girls.

The answer received after a few days delay ran thus:—

"My dear Mrs. Wright,—I deferred answering your letter for a day or two, hoping I might be able to send you something more pleasant than a mere regretful negative to your request concerning your young protegées. Most sincerely do I regret my inability to receive them in my house, my numbers being quite filled in for some time to come. However, I have another proposition, which if it should rather astonish you at first, you will perhaps by the time you get to the end of my letter look upon more favourably. Do you remember your old schoolfellow Janet Cobder? She married, you know, a Mr. Lauriston, a very rich city merchant, and lives not far from me. She came to me the other day begging me to look out for a daily governess for her three little children; she would give a very liberal salary. Now, could not Miss Brown undertake this engagement? From what you say of her attainments and character I should think she would be quite competent. Then, if suitable apartments could be found for her and her sister, the younger one could come to me as a daily pupil and for a merely nominal sum—this to prevent them feeling any delicacy about accepting my offer. I should be happy to give her every advantage in my power. I own unless they are very exceptionally sensible girls this would be a risky arrangement, but you appear to think them such. Now, to find suitable apartments would be the next thing, but this also I think I could manage. A maiden aunt of my upper housemaid, having been for many years a very respectable domestic servant, has lately taken a house in a new road near this. She has let her first floor to a widowed daughter of an old mistress of hers, and she wishes to find a tenant for her two ground floor rooms, which are very good ones, but unfurnished, therefore the rent would be quite moderate. She is a very worthy and kind-hearted woman, but has one eccentricity, which, however, would be no detriment to our scheme: she is quite determined to have no being of the sterner sex as a lodger. Now, my dear, cogitate over this, and consult your husband before you speak to the young ladies, and as soon as you have come to any decision let me hear.—With kindest regards, yours sincerely, CAROLINE BURNARD."

This plan was hailed with delight by the girls. Not only would it ensure them nice, cosy evenings together, but they would not be obliged to part with all the furniture, the idea of which had been rather a grief to them.

In a few weeks, therefore, our heroines had started housekeeping on their own account under the supervision of their good landlady, Miss Carter.

(*To be concluded.*)

J. C. SHARP.

Snowflakes. Song. Written by Longfellow. Composed by Norman Abbott.—A carefully-written song, suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice.

Twilight Waltz. By Louis F. Goddard.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

The Tam o' Shanter Waltzes. By Geo. H. Wright.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Viola Waltz. By Belle Percival.

To none of the above waltzes can we award the palm of originality, though of the three the "Viola" is decidedly the best.

Never to Part. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Composed by Odoardo Barri.—A very pretty song, the words and music being alike charming.

Never Grow Old. Song. Written by Charles Mackay. Composed by Theodore W. Barth.—A really beautiful song, the words and music both full of exquisite feeling.

WILLEY AND CO.

Peace in Heaven. Sacred song. Written by W. B. Tappeau. Composed by C. E. Kettle.—In this song, suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice, we much prefer the music, which is pretty and flowing, to the words, which are rendered somewhat unvocal by the great prominence accorded to the letter "s."

Saturday Night at Sea. Song. Written by Captain R. Peter. Composed by C. E. Kettle.—A baritone song of a cheerful and rollicking character, set to bright and most appropriate music; just the kind of song a sailor would love to sing.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Hunter's Ride. Duet. Written by Emily Bond. Composed by Elizabeth Philp.—A musicianly composition, with cheerful words, containing the usual "tally-ho" ending.

GODDARD AND CO.

Grazioso. By Aug. Buhl.—Well-written and admirably adapted for pianoforte practice.

Good Friends. Easy duet for pianoforte. By Aug. Buhl.—A proof of the ability of a good musician to write down to the level of children. We strongly recommend this very clever little duet.

En Avant. Galop brillant. Duet. By Henri Stiehl.—Moderately difficult, and a capital study for phrasing.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Marche Militaire. For organ. By Lovell Phillips.—A march of an ordinary character, with a great want of repose in the trio, occasioned by excessive modulation.

Marche des Chantres. By C. E. Kettle.—A bright and tuneful march.

Postlude. For organ. By Charles Vincent, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A smooth and melodious composition, which at once stamps the sound musician and the competent organist.

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Devoted Apple. Words by F. E. Weatherly. *No, thank you, Tom.* By the same writer.—These two songs are set to music by Joseph L. Roeckel. They are both agreeable compositions; the first-named is cheerful, and by no means difficult; the second is rather sentimental.

When the boats come in. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Frederic N. Löhr.—A pleasing and characteristic song, in keeping with the words.

Loved Once, loved Ever. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Milton Wellings.

The Mower and the Lass. Words by Frederick E. Weatherly. Music by Milton Wellings.

We can recommend both these songs. They are of a pleasing character, and may be easily acquired.

Once, only Once. Song. Words and music by Cotsford Dick.—A rather interesting song, but will scarcely compare with many of this popular writer's compositions.

Five o'clock Tea. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Henry Pontet.—A very bright and cheerful song, full of humour and comic element, without any tinge of vulgarity.

Loved and Saved. Song. Written and composed by Michael Watson.—A pretty and sensible song. There is a truth and reality about the words which are sure to please. The refrain in three-four time is pleasing and appropriate.

"Steadfast and true, my love, O may'st thou ever be;
Heav'n then will send thee back, safe back to me."

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

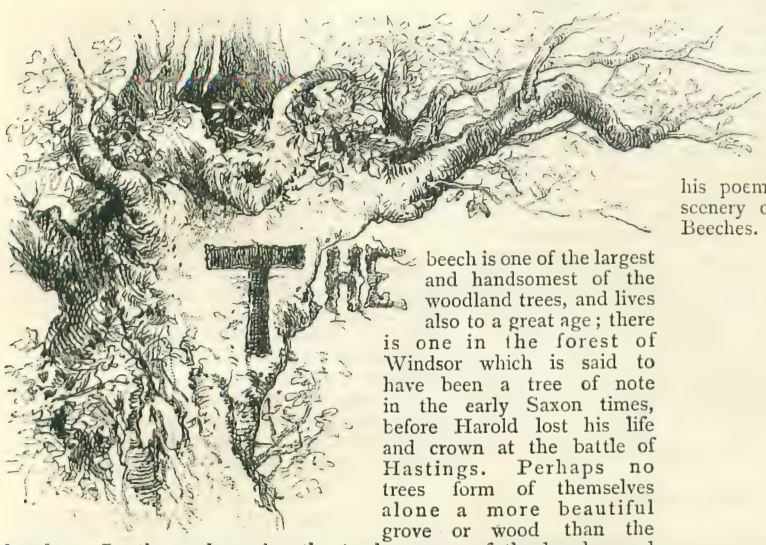
Gloamin'. Song. Words by Mrs. Jane P. Henderson. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—The song before us will assuredly command the attention of many of our young friends. It is bright and cheerful, and both music and words are highly impressive.

Bright was the summer day. Words by Nina Banetry. Music by Oscar Wagner.—A carefully-written song, distinctly worthy of praise.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

By ANNA J. BUCKLAND.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."
—*Gray.*



THE beech is one of the largest and handsomest of the woodland trees, and lives also to a great age; there is one in the forest of Windsor which is said to have been a tree of note in the early Saxon times, before Harold lost his life and crown at the battle of Hastings. Perhaps no trees form of themselves alone a more beautiful grove or wood than the beeches. In the early spring the tender green of the beech wood is the most exquisite colour in nature, and few trees present in autumn a greater number of rich tints, varying from pale gold to brilliant scarlets, crimsons, and deep full browns. The finest group of beeches in England are those at Burnham, of which the following description is given in Knight's "Old England":—

"Within five-and-twenty miles of St. Paul's, the Great Western Railway will place us in an hour (having an additional walk of two miles) in the heart of one of the most secluded districts in England. We know nothing of forest scenery to equal Burnham Beeches. There are no spots approaching to it in wild grandeur to be found in Windsor Forest; Sherwood, we have been told, has trees as ancient, but few so entirely untouched in modern times. When at the village of Burnham, which is about a mile and a half from the railway-station at Maidenhead, the beeches may be reached by several roads, each very beautiful in its seclusion. We ascend a hill, and find a sort of table-land forming a rude common, with a few scattered houses. Gradually the common grows less open; we see large masses of wood in clumps, and now and then a gigantic tree close by the road. The trunks of these scattered trees are of amazing size; they are for the most part pollards, but, not having been lopped for very many years, they have thrown out mighty arms, which give us a notion of some deformed son of Anak, noble as well as fearful in his grotesque proportions. As we advance, the wood thickens; and as the road leads us into a deep dell, we are at length completely embosomed in a leafy wilderness. This dell is a most romantic spot; it extends for some quarter of a mile between overhanging banks covered with the graceful forms of the ash and the birch, while the contorted beeches show their fantastic roots and unwieldly trunks upon the edge of the glen in singular contrast. If we walk up this valley we may emerge into the plain of beeches from which the place derives its name. It is not easy to make scenes such as these interesting in description. The great charm of this spot may be readily conceived when it is known that its characteristic is an entire absence of human care. The property has been carefully preserved in its ancient state, and the axe of the woodman for many a day has not been heard within its precincts; the sheep wander through the tender grass as if they were the rightful lords of the domain. We asked a solitary old man who was sitting on a stump whether there was any account as to who planted this ancient wood. 'Planted!' he replied, 'it was never planted: those trees are as old as the world!' However sceptical we might be as to the poor man's chronology, we were sure that history or tradition could tell little about their planting."

The beeches of Burnham, long as they have lived, have seen but little of the stir and change which have for centuries been going on around them. Shut out from the busy world of progress and civilisation, they remain untouched in their secluded, calm existence. Generations of men have come and gone, rejoiced and suffered, great deeds have been performed, revolutions have taken place in thought, religion, and government, but the Burnham Beeches have taken no part in any of those things which have been done under the sun, since that spring-time, ages ago, when they first shot up above the dark earth. There is only one name of note with which they stand associated, and that is the poet Gray. After the death of his father, Gray resided with his mother and two aunts at Stoke Pogis, and here he first turned his attention to English poetry, and wrote his best poems. Burnham Beeches was one of his favourite resorts, and he describes the forest in a lively letter to his friend Horace Walpole. "Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches. At the foot of one of these squats me I (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning." In the solitude and silence of this retreat, Gray no doubt composed, if he did not actually write, many of his poems; the "Ode to Spring" refers more especially to the scenery of the forest, and owes its suggestion to the Burnham Beeches.

'Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

"Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch,
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

"Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet, hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur flows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

"To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest."

The clear sight which could perceive the shortness and nothingness of a life of frivolous pleasure, and the absence, at the same time, of that faith which, in uniting the soul to Christ, makes human life a solemn victory of love and duty, give to Gray's poetry an element of melancholy hopelessness. Even the "distant prospect of Eton College," with its crowd of boys in all the "lively cheer of vigour born," soon to do their work in the world and fight life's battles, awakens in this poet only the dreariest reflections over the sinful passions and miserable sufferings which he foresees as their future lot.

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

A French Fisher Girl.

"These shall the fiery Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

"Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a Sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try

"To each his sufferings: all are men—
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise,
No more;—where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

Whatever may have been said by the enemies of religion against its sadder views of life, few even of a fanatical asceticism could have drawn a darker and more hideous picture of the pathway lying before these vigorous, light-hearted boys. There is no glimpse in it of a Father's love, no sound of the Saviour's voice, calling the young to

And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow,
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

"Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen.
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming Age.

Him, and announcing that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." No hint of the joyfulness of trust, the victory of love's endurance, the honest work to be manfully and cheerfully done in the world for the good of others, the upholding of justice and right, and the alleviation of suffering. It is the view of life taken by a man, who has lived with those that look to it only for pleasure, fame, or ease, and missing these, or the perpetual enjoyment of them, can see nothing but the disappointments and misery which are the results of a selfish grasping of the world for their own ends. To all who would use the world for themselves alone, it must ever present a dark picture of frustrated purposes and unattainable desires; but through the Redemption of Christ, it becomes to all who live in Him the training field for immortal glory, the ground for the victorious conflict with temptation, the sphere for love and duty to find reality in exercise. In Gray's best known poem, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," we see much of the same mournful realisation of the nothingness of

earthly desires, even when obtained, and the absence of any other than a negative bliss in the simplicity of a village life. The elegy was written in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, and, in the concluding lines, where he imagines himself to have died, and that his own epitaph has become the subject of inquiry to a "kindred spirit," he refers to his favourite haunt among the Burnham Beeches, and to the melancholy tone of his reflections at the foot of these magnificent trees.

"For thee who, mindful of th' unhonoured Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;
'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges dire in sad array,
Slow thro' the churchyard path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'"

Gray did not die at Stoke Pogis; the latter years of his life were spent at Cambridge, where he had been made Professor of Modern Languages and History. Here he gave himself up to preparing for the duties of his position, but ill-health prevented him from commencing his lectures, and in 1771 he died from an attack of the gout, from which he had long been a sufferer. His friend Mr. Temple said of him—"The world and mankind were shown to him without a mask, and he was taught to consider everything as trifling and unworthy the attention of a wise man except the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue in that state wherein God has placed us." His writings reflect the spirit of his age, which was keen to detect the folly of frivolity, and to lay bare its vanity and emptiness, but which was wanting in that faith and love that alone can waken men to earnestness and noble deeds.

Answers to Correspondents.

EDUCATIONAL.

JANETTE.—There are new and cheap editions of Mr. Francis George Heath's books entitled "Where to Find Ferns," and "Burnham Beeches." You will be sure to like them, for they have been found so useful already to many, and have become standard works on the subjects of which they treat.

B. M.—Hildesheimer and Faulkner's Christmas cards are in every way excellent this year, and are certainly the best we have seen. Should you need a little Christmas gift for your younger sisters and brothers, perhaps you would care to buy a little book entitled "The Children's Christmas," with charming music unusually suited to infants, and written by Mr. Myles Foster.

ALWAYS DISSATISFIED, and KATTIE S.—Your verses are certainly above the average standard of amateur writing, but not quite up to the mark for publication in general magazines.

DWARF.—We recommend you to study the Eton Latin Grammar; and to acquire a good method of learning any language you should procure a few lessons from a master.

DOMESTIC SERVANT.—There is a College for Working Women at 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., open every evening except Saturdays. Prospectus given free. Membership fee, one shilling the term. Also the Brompton Evening College for Women, 1, Queen-street, Brompton. Fee, one shilling a term; classes from 2s. to 4s. per term.

LEONIE.—You could procure a second-hand book of elementary arithmetic for a trifle. We do not mean to spoil their sale by teaching the ordinary rules. You write fairly well.

YORKSHIRE GIRL.—Write your real age on the paper when you have finished your essay, and your class will be decided for you. It is quite impossible for us to tell you what magazine would receive, still less pay you for, your verses. Those you send as a specimen could not be styled "poetry," and would have no marketable value. They are merely "prose" in rhyme, and contain no new and original ideas.

A DISTRESSED GIRL.—Why do you not study medicine, or become a medical practitioner for India? We see no difficulty, however, in your going into the Post or Telegraph Office.

LUCY, MIDSHIPMITE, and Others.—We should advise you to write to the Secretary of the Marine Society, 54½, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C. No recommendations are required. The training ship of the society is the *Warspite*, off Charlton Pier, Woolwich, where boys are trained both for the Royal and the Mercantile Navy.

ADA.—"Pitman's System" is the best for learning to write shorthand. We have answered this question so often, that we waste our space in doing so again. You would improve your handwriting by crossing the "t's."

STELLA.—The reason why the great majority of stars are termed "fixed stars"—although, as you say, they seem ever moving, while the planets are apparently still—is this: Their enormous distance from the earth is such that they produce no perceptible change of relative positions to an observer on the surface of the earth; and thus, for any practical purpose, they are said to be "fixed." Their apparent position is unaltered by the parallactic change of view caused by the motion of our earth in her orbit, although she changes her place by about 180 millions of miles in the course of the year. The nearest of all the "fixed stars" to us, Centauri, is at a distance of about 93 millions of miles, which is calculated to be some 200,000 times further off from us than our sun. The moon is said to be "gibbous" when it is between half and full. Mars, Mercury, and Venus present the same appearance.

A COUNTRY LASSIE.—Write for the printed circulars respecting the examinations to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, London, E.C.

MISERABLE MISSY.—If your education be so limited, and you cannot undertake a situation in a shop, nor work as a dressmaker or milliner, and can neither teach nor earn money by accomplishments, we do not know how you are to increase your means. Perhaps you might obtain instruction in some "Kindergarten" establishment, and to that end might make inquiries at the Notting Hill High

School. Otherwise, we think you should make yourself acquainted with some department in domestic service. See "Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646, vol. ii., and apply for information at Mrs. Crawshay's office, in Oxford-street, W., as to your qualifying yourself for a "ladies' help."

VINGT ET UN.—We are too much burdened with genuine correspondence, to avail ourselves of your suggestion, that we should ask educational questions in one number, and answer them in the next. Pronounce "orchid" as "orkid," and "conspicuous" as spelt, "con-spik-u-ous."

UNA BONA.—For cleaning the keys of a piano, see page 494, vol. ii. Your handwriting is not pretty. Copy some more graceful specimen.

VERONICA GORDON.—You will find the rules of every successive competition in our paper. Of course, you must obtain all the information to be had on each subject, and read as much as you can before you commence your own essay

COOKERY.

CHELSEA.—The less "sweetstuffs" you give to your little children the better. They are always much "liked," no doubt, but they create acidity in the system, disorder the digestion, produce spots on the face, and ruin the teeth. A certain amount of sugar, in any form, is desirable, and a few sweetmeats occasionally given will do no harm; but we warn you of giving them often. Chocolate is about the best of all. We have given recipes for home-made toffee. Beware of so-called "lemon (or acidulated) drops;" they are not made of lemon-juice, but an acid that destroys the enamel of the teeth.

PINK ICES.—When making cream ice, place the mixture of cream and fruit to be frozen into the ice-pot, cover with the lid, and insert the pot in the ice pail; fill up with coarsely-broken ice and salt in the proportion of about one part of the latter to three of the ice. Leave the whole to stand for a few minutes, covering with a blanket; then take the pot by the handle and whirl it briskly for a few minutes, remove the lid, and with the spatula scrape the iced cream from the sides of the pot, mixing the whole smoothly. Replace the lid and whirl again, and repeat the whole process every few minutes until the whole of the cream be thoroughly frozen. Take great care in stirring, so that there may be no lumps frozen and liquid unfrozen; besides, it should all be uniform in its consistency. If necessary to keep the ice-cream for any particular time, the melted ice and salt should be poured off, by removal of the cork, and fresh ice substituted. We do not give private replies. Write to Mr. Tarn for any particular copies you may require.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. BASS.—We regret to say that your verses are quite unsuited to our magazine. They are written with a complete disregard of all rules of metrical composition; but we thank you for such commendation of our paper, for which we are reluctantly compelled to return so seemingly ungracious an answer.

LAURETTA.—1. Such verses as those you send for criticism are likely to give pleasure to friends for whom good wishes are so lovingly expressed, but are unsuitable for publication. They are not written in accordance with the rules of metrical composition; and an attempt at rhyming words such as "peace" with "ease" indicates a defective ear for sound. Excuse the honest expression of opinion which you have invited. 2. We recommend you to inquire for a book containing a selection of poetry and prose at one of our foreign libraries in town.

R. WENDEBANK.—The cheapest and easiest method of changing a surname, so as to obtain any money on those conditions, is to advertise in the *Times*, according to a certain form, with which you will be supplied on application, and for a certain number of times. In such an advertisement you state that from henceforth you desire to be known by such a name. Your spelling is very bad; thirteen mistakes in one letter. If you be a foreigner, every allowance should be made for it.

THIRZA MCFARLANE.—1. Should you go out by the overland route, your trunk should not be more than about 2 feet 6 inches in length, 1 foot 6 inches wide, and 1 foot 4 inches deep. This, with a hand-bag, should be sufficient. If connected with the army, you should apply for information at the Quarter-master-General's Office, Portsmouth; or from Curtiss and Sons, Portsmouth, agents. With reference to the rest of your luggage not required for use on the voyage, you will probably need a couple of air-tight tin cases, of similar size, enclosed in wooden cases, with sunk handles, which, with lock, key, and hinges, will cost you from £3 upwards, for the "regulation size," 30 inches by 24 inches by 12 inches. For larger sizes the price rises, and those clamped with iron cost 2s. 6d. additional. Be careful to inquire how soon all luggage is to be sent on board; that for use on the voyage, and that to be placed elsewhere than in your cabin. 2. This magazine is sent to India.

PUZZLED "CHANGEABLE."—1. We think that you may refer to an order of plants termed "sensitive," of which there are several varieties. The *Mimosa pudica*, or *M. Sensitiva*, a leguminous plant, the leaves of which close at the slightest touch. There is also the *Schrankèa*, a sensitive briar of the Southern States of America; and some species of the "sorrel" order. 2. For a knitted woollen petticoat, see page 41, vol. ii. Also see answer to "Mater," page 80, vol. iii., in which a recipe for making a child's is given.

CARRIE ELWIN.—The leaves of the white mulberry are those best suited for silkworms. Part of the interior of this species is composed of a tissue of beautiful white silk, resembling China silk, and thus we may trace the peculiar suitability of this food for a creature that is designed to produce a web of similar consistency.

IPHYGENIA.—1. The cathedral of Milan was begun by Giangaleazzo Visconti, in 1386, and was finished by Napoleon I. It is one of the largest cathedrals in Europe. 2. The fancy braid crochet work, of which you enclose a pattern, is described in an article which you will find on page 627, in the August number of our paper, part 43. It is sold in London, and is already well known.

L. SAINSBURY.—The extract you enclose is incorrect in its statements. The word "boom" is not of Far Western origin, nor is it a term of peculiar application to the Mississippi. It is used in more than one sense; in that of a noise, it is of Celtic origin, and is also written *bump*. In this sense Washington Irving and Tennyson employ it. "Boom" is also derived from the Dutch *boom*—a tree, pole, beam; hence, the nautical term, a "jib-boom." It is German also, in the sense of "rushing with violence;" and *bäumen, sich bäumen, auf bäumen*, signify to erect, or be erected, like a tree. All rivers are subject to irregular floodings from unusual rains; tidal streams have their levels diurnally changed by the influx of the ocean, and within the tropics annual or semi-annual inundations occur. The semi-annual distinguish such as have their rise in mountain ranges, such as the Mississippi, Euphrates, and Tigris, due to the sudden melting of the snows, and heavy rains at particular seasons. Of course, they have to be anticipated by due precautions, as they are very dangerous.

PETITE.—Some names are not pronounced with reference to the mode of spelling, but according to the arbitrary will of those who bear them, or that of fashion obtaining amongst the highest circles of society. The name "Derby" is one of this class, and is pronounced "Darby."

DAISY ROSS.—As soon as the newspapers have been read send as many as you can spare to hospitals, as they are greatly valued by the sick. We are glad that our articles, in reference to housekeeping, more especially, have proved of service to you.

GENTLE ANNIE.—Your quotation is from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii., scene 1. Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, said to have been gifted with the power of prophecy, but having offended Apollo, he influenced those who heard her, so as to render them incredulous of any of her declarations.

BLUNDA BUSH.—1. The Latin motto, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*," means "Let him who has merited the palm wear it." 2. You have made mistakes, or, at least, have written the initials with corrections, so that we cannot read them. L.A.C. stands for Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company; Q.C. may mean Queen's College; and S.M.Lond.Soc., member of the London Medical Society.

PATIENCE.—If only a slight though dark down, or little more, do not trouble yourself at all about it, but leave it alone. Sometimes it gives an individuality and expression to the face that is by no means unpleasing. So be comforted. If the growth be coarse and strong, which is improbable, we can only advise the moderate use of pumice-stone daily, to wear it away gradually.

ROSINA.—If we could give a prescription that would "prevent baldness," we should make our fortunes within the year. No one has yet discovered any nostrum that would be applicable to all cases, or prove infallible even in one description of case. If arising from delicacy of health, the treatment should not be confined to local external applications. Rosemary tea is sometimes very successful when the hair begins to fall; but you should consult your doctor, and he may prescribe a lotion, as the skin may be in an unhealthy condition. Leave the hair as loosely put up as possible, and keep your head cool. Your writing is good.

BREVITY.—We think that your young friend gives some promise of writing in the future, but the lines you send are very rough and incorrect in measure, and there are no original ideas nor similes; and such rhymes as "girls" with "wails" are quite inadmissible; as, likewise, "shun" with "begone," and "gain" with "end."

J. L.—The "Vehmgericht" was the secret tribunal that existed in Westphalia in the Middle Ages, of which the members were called "free judges." They professed to take cognisance of all crimes, and made away with the condemned by some secret means, only exhibiting the dead bodies of their victims hung on a tree, to strike terror into others. This terrible secret tribunal existed in the time of Charlemagne, but reached its zenith in the twelfth century. Sir Walter Scott introduced it into his "Anne of Geierstein," dated in the reign of our Edward IV.

RUBY STUART.—We can understand the amount of attraction offered by the profession you desire to adopt, but we quite agree with your parents in restraining you from entering one with likewise exceptional temptations and dangers. It is quite true that there are pure-minded, moral, and even religious persons to be found within its circles; but, remember, multitudes have been brought up to follow this profession by parents and guardians, or, at least, with their help and approval. The case is quite different when a girl, entirely of her own free will and to gratify her fancy, exposes herself to danger and temptation, and that also against the advice and warning of her natural protectors. Apart from any other consideration, we regard you as "playing with edged tools" in even harbouring such a thought as the future adoption of such a career.

GIPSY.—Without wetting your hair very much you could, with a small sponge, cleanse the skin of the head with any of those innocent nursery hair-washes, composed, more or less, of borax and egg.

EILSA.—At Babbacombe, South Devon, there is a "house of rest" for women in business, at 12s. a week. Address, the Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe. There is also a home for English and foreign governesses at Sillwood-place, and a "house of rest" for female workers at 3, Alexandra-villas, Church-hill, Brighton, at 10s. weekly.

BRENDA.—In 1875 Good Friday fell on the 26th of March. For *all such waters as elderflower-water* you would require a still. If you have not got that, you must either purchase one or be content to buy the distilled waters at a chemist's. But you can make a "tea" of the flowers, which is good for bathing the eyes. You write well.

HUBERT'S DARLING.—Inquire at a herbalist's, or else at a florist's, for a bunch of lavender. Your chest might be benefited by taking small doses of the best cod-liver oil, a teaspoonful at a time, provided you do not suffer from the liver and are of a bilious constitution. Your tone in addressing us is unseemly. You forget that our advice is given freely, and at much cost of time and labour.

ENTRE NOUS.—See answer to "Sponsor," page 176, vol. ii., in reference to "Bridal Etiquette"; also, "My Sister's Wedding," page 189, vol. iii. The bride-cake is placed opposite the bride and bridegroom.

FLEETWOOD LASSIE.—1. The wonders of the world, according to ancient tradition, were restricted to seven, which, *par excellence*, surpassed all others. They consisted of the Pyramids of Egypt, Mausoleum of Artemisia, Temple of Diana of Ephesus, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Colossus of Rhodes, Statue of Jupiter-Olympus by Phidias, and the Pharos (or watch-tower) by Phidias. But, of course, these are all out of date and thrown into the shade by the discoveries in science and achievements in art of modern times, in view of not only architectural and engineering wonders, but of telegraphing and telephoning, and the discoveries in, and several applications of, electricity; and our tunnels, railways, and bridges claim to swell the number of modern wonders with ample reason. 2. Inquire of Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

KID.—We do not choose to reply to you under a name selected in such bad taste; discreditable to those who advised its adoption. The line you quote is by Dr. Watts. The 29th of November, 1868, was a Sunday. Your writing is fairly good.

J. R. S. KEMP.—We are greatly obliged for your letter, containing so much to encourage us, and we think married women are as fully entitled to correspond with us as their "unattached" sisters. We thank you for naming the fact that "Betsy and I are Out," about which many inquiries were made, is by Will Carleton. Inculcate the duty, and begin to enforce it at the earliest age when the child can understand you, and before you can reason with it, and explain the why and wherefore. Place the child in the corner with his face to the wall—not till he say he is sorry, for that would prove a mere trial of strength with you; but as a punishment, and call him out when you please. If he refuse to remain there, it is an act of rebellion, and you must slap his hand. But never let him triumph on any occasion, or he will prove your master by-and-by, and his feeling of duty and moral training will be destroyed.

F. A. H.—If the shine be produced by the rubbing of wear, we have no recipe to recommend you, as you cannot restore an old piece of material to its original condition. If greasy only, see "Useful Hints," page 463, vol. i.

GLADYS.—The white specks of which you complain arise from defective action of the pores in that part. We do not advise you to use anything unless with a doctor's advice.

M. R.—If you think that your canary is consumptive, give him watercress, and hang him in a warm place free from draught. Grate a plain biscuit, and pound some hempseed; mix them, and moisten with a little raw yolk of egg and water, and give it to him. Canaries lose their voices while and after moulting.

TOLLOLORA.—Excepting for medicinal purposes, such as in cases of asthma, it is at least un-English to smoke cigarettes, a habit introduced among us by certain continental countries. The highest classes smoke amongst the latter, but not so, as a rule, in this country. The quotation, "Who is't can read a woman?" is from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, act v. scene 10.

BAD WRITER.—"Home, Sweet Home," was written by J. Howard Payne, who flourished 1792–1852.

SAILOR'S LASS.—Perhaps the reading of this magazine may prove beneficial to her, as to so many others.

EDITH GORDON.—To see and acknowledge one's errors is the first step towards reformation; to grieve over them, the second; to try, in any one point, to do

better, is a third. So take courage, you are in the right path. Only take the fourth step—pray daily for direction and grace and strength to persevere, in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and may you realise the truth of the promise to be found in Isaiah's prophecies, chapter xxxii., verse 17.

A FIDDLESTICK.—We see no reason why you should not learn the violin, if you wish to do so. You should make good progress if you practised two hours a day. Get a thoroughly good second-hand violin.

HAROLD.—If to an intimate friend, begin, "My dear Mr. Smith." It would make no difference whether he were a clergyman or not.

DAPHNE.—We have read the story, like yourself, in the newspapers, but do not know how true it may be.

JESSICA.—We should think the price would be about two shillings. Take some handwriting that you admire, and copy it.

MARIA FREEBOND.—Many thanks for your long letter and the enclosed recipe.

TOMBOY.—Read "Coughs and Colds," by "Medicus," page 702, vol. iii.

ACADIA'S PRIDE.—You could use which you liked; but the hooks would fall out of the ears unless they were fastened in some way, and the "wires" or "sleepers" can be worn comfortably at night.

CLARICE PENHALLURICK, and LONELY SIBYL.—We think you are both brave and wise in your resolution to emigrate. The address of the Women's Emigration Society is Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, S.W.; address the Hon. Secretary. In Montreal, Canada, a society has also been established to find situations. The address is, Mrs. Mussen, 8, Prince Arthur-street, Montreal, Canada.

A LOVER OF NATURE.—A set of nice pocket-handkerchiefs, marked by yourself, would be an excellent and useful present.

LILLY MAY.—As a rule, the elder lady would speak first. The words of the text are so plain that they do not seem to require an explanation.

SUNFLOWER.—You should change to some thinner flannels, or to merino, in summer. You would find the Isle of Wight, at Ventnor or its neighbourhood, warmer than in England, and it is not very difficult nor expensive to go there.

SAIREY GAMP.—The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" is Mrs. Craik, formerly Miss Dinah Mulock.

EN AVANT SI JE PUIS.—From ten minutes to a quarter of an hour is long enough to remain in the water; and unless you swim and can take exercise in that way, a shorter period would be desirable.

CONSTANCE.—Apply to any attorney or solicitor who is also, if possible, a personal friend.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The Married Women's Property Act, just passed, makes every married woman mistress of her own money and property, a husband having no power over it. In the matter of a will, it is always best to consult a lawyer.

LLANFAIRPIOLLGWNGYLL.—If you had given the subject a moment's thought you would not have asked why water from the Jordan is supposed to be better than any other water. Do you not know Who was baptised there once? and to the heart of every Christian, each place once blessed by Christ's presence is for ever dear.

REGULAR GUMMIDGE.—We think your general health is in fault. Take a tepid bath every morning, and walk after breakfast with your husband to his office; then rest, and arrange your day with intervals of rest, work, and reading. Do not be idle, either in mind or body. Take some simple tonic, such as those recommended by "Medicus." Probably one of your troubles is that you do not realise the constant sweetness and beauty of service. "Ye do serve the Lord Christ." If needful, do your needlework on the sofa, and do not cry more than you can help; crying is a peculiarly useless occupation.

A. O. W. D. M.—Continue your studies, and write your children's stories. Do not be discouraged; remember Hans Andersen's story of the "Ugly Duckling." Some day you may earn some money, when you are older.

A GIRL'S OWN PAPERIST.—We could not say; but there is a shop where they are sold in Regent-street, on the right-hand side going down.

HYACINTH, CARINE, MISCHIEF, MARIAN, BRUCE, IDA ROSS, and Others.—Recipes for washing and cleaning *Gant de Swede* and other gloves will be found in "The Fairy of the Family," now being published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A SOLDIER'S LASSIE.—You should advertise in the *Times* for the situation you require, saying to what part of India you wish to go.

LIZA.—The lines, "Love took up the harp of life," are from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which will be found in every copy of his works.

SEAWEED.—The quotation is from Pope's "Essay on Criticism." We have no doubt your writing will improve with your age.

A SUBSCRIBER (Belfast).—We should make the lawn into frilling for the neck and sleeves by hemming it at the edge, and having it kilted in a machine and sewn on a band. It would cut into either two or three, and would be very useful for children or grown people. You might also trim under-linen with frilling made from it.

LITTLE SIS.—We are very sorry to hear of your trouble, but advise you not to cherish an unhappy spirit about anything whatever, and be thankful that you have a mother kind and good enough to look after you. Put the "independent spirit" in your pocket until you are older, and be grateful for God's great mercy to you. You must not forget the example of His great humility, which you have to follow, and His subjection and obedience to His earthly parents.

LEESTER.—The quotation, "Full many a shaft at random sent," is from Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles."

CHERRIE.—The sentence is nonsense only, and has been made up by someone who wished to make fun of you.

FANNY.—There was a battle called Najara, which was fought by the Black Prince against Henry of Trastamare, April 3rd, 1367. Najara, or Navarette, is in the North of Spain, near Logrono. By this victory the Black Prince re-established Peter "the Cruel" on the throne of Castile.

R. E.—August 24th, 1861, was a Saturday; February 15th, 1867, was a Friday. Wine is no longer offered to any callers; afternoon tea is the only form of refreshment fashionable at present.

PHILADELPHIA, ALICE, and Others.—Scurvy is a disease of the blood, which latter must be restored to its ordinary healthy condition by a vegetable and fruit diet, and the use of lemon-juice (in the proportion of one or two tablespoonful doses) two or three times a day. There are certain diseases which affect the skin called by this name, for which you should consult a doctor.

LIZZIE.—If the gold-fish be kept in a globe with water plants the water need not be changed oftener than once a week. They may be fed on bread-crumbs, worms, flies, and the yolks of eggs dried and powdered.

HELIOTROPE.—The covers of soiled books may be cleaned with bread-crumbs and india-rubber, but much rubbing and wetting them are both injurious. You would spoil the binding.

ORANGE BLOSSOM, LUCILLE, and FIDDLESTICKS.—We could not recommend anything unless we knew the cause. You had better consult a doctor.

EN AVANT.—1. We do not know why buttering a cat's feet should keep her from returning to her old home, but we are glad you found it answer the purpose. 2. We never heard of any sequel.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRL, FLORENCE WHITE, MOTHER'S PET, and Others.—Everyone, grown-up or not, wears short walking-dresses, and trains are seen only on married ladies in full evening dress. The usual way of wearing the hair is in a plait at the back, which may be either coiled up or allowed to hang down. The hair may be curled in front if desired. We should think five feet five inches was very tall for sixteen. The question of tennis parties would depend on your mother, first; and next, whether it were a *young* tennis party or not, and also whether there were other girls of your age there.

THERESA C., and Others.—We have frequently stated that old postage stamps are of no value, save to make stamp-snakes. See page 332, vol. iii.

HESBA.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to be founded on facts collected by Mrs. Stowe, and she published a "key," which contained many of them. Your letter is a shocking specimen for sixteen years of age: pray lose no time in learning to spell and write. There are ten *dreadful* mistakes in simple words! Look all words out before using them.

THORNLESS ROSE.—Our "Union Jack" consists of a union of three crosses, that of St. George for England, of St. Andrew for Scotland, and of St. Patrick for Ireland. The first-named is like that of Switzerland, and is red on a white ground; St. Andrew's is white on a blue ground; and St. Patrick's is red on white, standing obliquely from corner to corner, only thicker than that of St. Andrew. In reference to the word "Jack," it has been said to have been meant for Jacque, or James, after James I., who united them; but this is a matter of question.

MADOLINE.—Your letter is most gratifying to us, and we thank you for giving us the satisfaction of hearing that our paper has been so much blest to you. Such a complete transformation of character and habits is indeed a remarkable result of our teaching. We wish you all happiness and strength to rise still higher in your effort to live a useful and consistent life. Present our thanks to your parents for their good wishes, which we beg to return on their behalf and yours.

M. B.—If you have "taken this paper for two years past," you should have referred to the index of vol. ii., and there under the word "Moths" you would have found the advice required. As to how to destroy the eggs, viz., use a solution of acetate of potash in spirits of rosemary—fifteen grains to the pint. Brush the clothes and furs well, and sprinkle them with allspice. Place little muslin bags of camphor in the trunk or drawer. Try to improve your spelling and writing.

FERN FROND.—See "My Work Basket," for bazaar articles.

BERTHA L. E.—Wettin is a town in Saxony thirty-eight miles from Magdebourg. It is inconsiderable in size. We are thankful to hear that our paper has "done you good, both spiritually and morally," a great cause of encouragement to us. You write with a bad pen and thick ink. Your handwriting would be improved were you to employ better appliances.

STEPHANIE.—Your handwriting promises well. Copy some pretty handwriting daily. You have forgotten to make your lines rhyme, which they must, as they are not "blank verse." We thank you for your kind letter.

ELSIE should procure Harland Coultas' book, called "The Home Naturalist," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price four shillings. He gives practical instructions for collecting, arranging, and preserving all kinds of natural objects. It is full of illustrations, and you will find your answer there. 2. No preparation is needed for painting on looking-glasses. It was an old Venetian art. Designs are traced with a lithographer's pencil, and then painted in oils.

BOOKWORM.—The question you ask is a natural one, for the difficulty presented has been recently explained. The Prophet Daniel, as grand vizier to the king, should have been the second, and not "third ruler" in the kingdom; and who was the great man that held a position superior to his own? Sir Henry Rawlinson has been able to throw some light on this question in his researches amongst the tablet literature of Assyria, and has obtained all information at the fountain-head. Belshazzar was the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, his daughter's son, and it appears that when Nebuchadnezzar became insane, one Nabodinus seized the kingdom, and to strengthen his position, married the king's daughter, and associated her son with him in the government. Thus, the highest dignity that the associate king could confer on Daniel was to make him the third ruler in the kingdom.

INSCIA.—"Atlantis" was an allegorical fiction, written by Lord Bacon. It was an island in the Atlantic, where the author feigned that he was wrecked, and found every model arrangement possible for the promotion of science and the perfection of man. You will find a long account of the Atlantis of fable mentioned by Plato, in Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary." Plato's account was derived from the Egyptian priests of Saïs, who told his ancestor Solon that Atlantis had perished 9,000 years before their time. A dispute as to the reality of Atlantis arose amongst the ancient philosophers and naturalists, and several of them believed in its former existence.

FUZZY, OLL, AND ENQUIRER.—We do not give addresses, which are really advertisements.

A THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP.—The hard "Bowler hat" is the most suitable for girls of sixteen to wear when riding. We do not think a turban would be at all suitable.

BOADICEA.—The question of dates is a vexed one. We cannot settle any questions of ancient times with much feeling of certainty. Professor Sattler, of Munich, is said to have demonstrated the fact that, dating from the real period of our Lord's birth, this current year is, properly speaking, 1888. His theory is based on the inscriptions upon three coins, the genuineness of which has been attested by Madden and other authorities, and their evidence corresponds with the narratives of the Gospels, and with astronomical calculations. Professor Sattler states that our Lord was born 749 years after the founding of Rome, and commenced His ministry 780 years after that event, and that He was thirty years, ten months, and twenty-two days old. He began His career in the fifteenth year of the Emperor Tiberias, and the forty-sixth year after the building. We have not space to give you the whole calculations, but will only say that our Lord died on the 7th of April, 783 of the Roman era, the Friday before the Passover, which, it has been ascertained by exact calculation, fell that year on April 7. It was a Jewish leap-year, consisting of thirteen months, so His career lasted two years and seven months only. The year of His birth corresponds with the year 749 of the Roman era, and taking that year as the starting-point of the Christian reckoning, the years of His ministry must have been the 31st, 32nd, 33rd, and 34th of the new era. Thus, according to the professor, our reckoning is at fault by five years.

EDITH AMY WILSON.—"Braiding St. Catherine's tresses," is synonymous with being left an old maid, St. Catherine being one by choice. Your poetry shows much good feeling.

MINERVA.—Aromatic or toilet vinegar is also called "Marseilles," and "vinegar of the four thieves," from its origin at the time of the plague in Marseilles, when it was invented and used by four thieves, who robbed the persons of the dead, and used it successfully to protect themselves from infection. It is composed of strong acetic acid, which is highly perfumed with camphor, and other strong scents. By "spiced vinegar," we suppose you mean ordinary vinegar in which Chilli peppers, tarragon, &c., have been infused, for culinary or medicinal purposes. "Pickling vinegar" is ordinary vinegar, in which whole pepper, mace, and all kinds of spices are boiled, for pickling gherkins, French beans, cauliflower, &c.

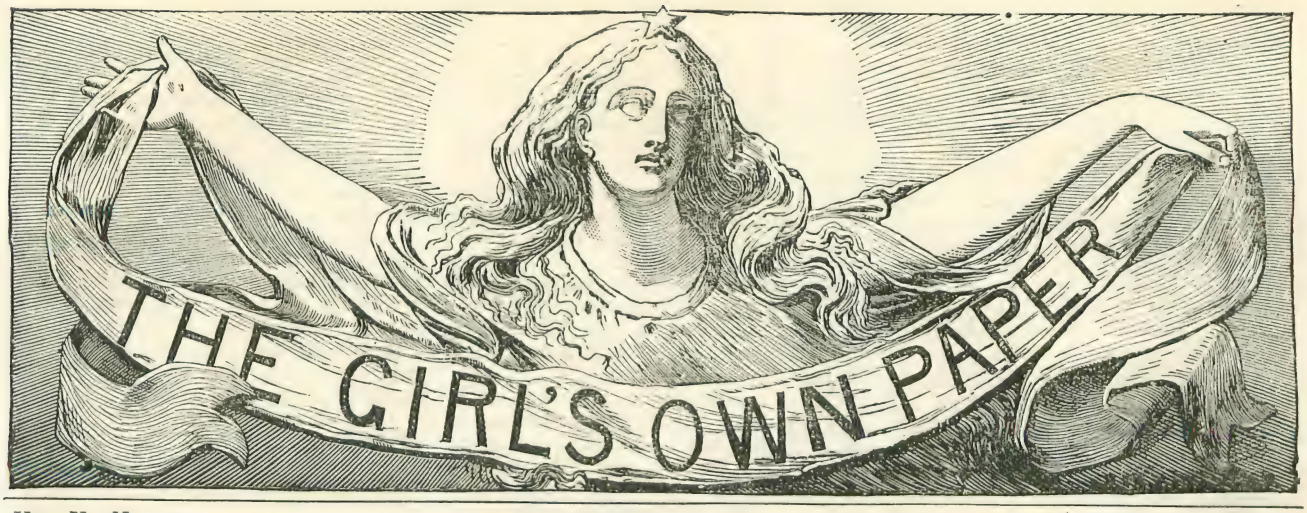
BLOTCH.—We should advise you to consult the surgeon at St. John's Hospital, Leicester-square, London, W.C.

AGED ONE.—Have it valued by one or two good second-hand booksellers, who will know its present value.

SISTER JANE and FRANCES LAURA.—Number one is thanked for her kind letter; and number two likewise, whose writing is good, though too large. The answer to which she refers was said in jest. Common sense must tell her that neither external lotions, nor any description of powder or pill, could make surface veins dive lower down under the skin.

MONA DE BOHUN.—Ask for foolscap paper at any stationer's.

ROUGH HEAD.—We never heard of rosemary making the hair grey before, but if your hair be rough, why not use a little pomade, or some vaseline, which is much recommended.



VOL. V.—NO. 204. NOVEMBER 24, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

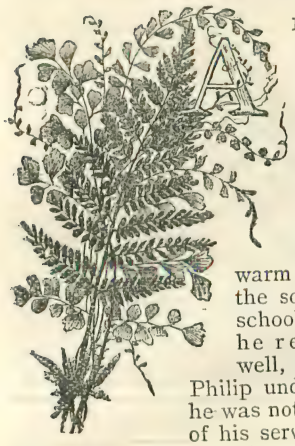
BY J. A. OWEN.

All rights reserved.]

"A LETTEE FROM MRS. WILSON TO ELEANOR."

CHAPTER V.

THE ROUND UP.



ALAS! for Philip's castles in the air. They were quickly dispelled by Gervase Heath, who, although he gave the stranger a warm welcome, as the son of an old schoolfellow whom he remembered well, soon made Philip understand that he was not in any need of his services, Harold and Will doing all he needed. He advised Philip strongly to hire himself out to a smart American of capital who had lately bought a large ranche for stock-raising in El Paso county, about fifty miles away.

"It is a far more profitable business than farming," he added, "and more suited to an unmarried man."

"That handsome face might disturb my little Joy's peace of mind, wife," he said, when the family had separated for the night. "I don't know what I should do if he robbed me of my little maid."

Carita lay sleepless on her bed that night for hours. She was uneasy about Tom. Eleanor had grown very tired sitting up for them later than usual, and having felt lonely through the day, was irritable, and blamed her much for allowing the boys to ride out of her sight—most unreasonably, considering the little authority she herself exercised over them. Carita had still the old dread of Jack, although he was three years younger than herself. He was the only one ever likely to bring up against her that sad little episode connected with her childhood. Several times, when she had tried to prevent his doing what was wrong, he had made a sign with his generally dirty fingers round his throat, and a significant grimace; or had asked unfeelingly, "Do you remember the locket, Candy?"—not Carrie, but the old name he would then use, which was associated with so much shame and unhappiness. She was still afraid of the boy, and could not bear to see Tom in his society.

When at last she fell asleep it was to dream a strange jumble of dreams. The father came and asked her why she had let Tom go on the round up. Then she and the new friend of yesterday were talking pleasantly together, and suddenly Jack's evil face was thrust in between them. Again, she thought the stranger was surprised because she had only one name, and that he said he would give her another. And just as he was telling her what it should be, Jack appeared again, and said, "Why, she's Candalaria, a little Greaser from Santa Anna." And then Mr. Emerson left her and went to Joy, and they both turned their backs on her, and left her sitting alone by the creek, and the waters rose higher and higher as she sat there unable to move. It was a wretched night, and she was glad when day came and Eleanor's voice sounded in her ears, bidding her get up quickly, as it was late.

And how had it fared with Phil Emerson? He slept, as boys say, "like a top," out in the tent under the bearskin, and dreamed of nobody.

Next morning, having gladly accepted Mrs. Heath's invitation to spend a week at Pepper-box Flat, he and Ben went up to the Warners to see if Tom had come home.

Carita received him somewhat shyly. It was quite a new thing for her to feel as she did; but dreams are apt, as we all know, to leave an odd impression on the mind until one has slept them off again. Mrs. Warner had not heard of this new acquaintance. Alick and Ronnie had been too busy with their breakfast to talk much, and the previous night their mother had been too sleepy to do more than ask where Tom was. So she looked very much surprised when this fine-looking stranger greeted Carita as though he had known her some time; and on his being introduced to her as an Englishman who was staying at Mr. Heath's, she was coldly civil. "High-toned, no doubt, like the rest of them," was her inward comment at first, but by degrees his frank, courteous manners and evident desire to please, propitiated her, and she gladly accepted his offer to hunt up Tom.

On the evening of the same day Philip came upon the runaways, many miles away, at Turkey Creek. The sun was setting gloriously, as one sees it only on the wide plains or at sea; the wild chase of the day was over, and Master Tom was eating a capital dinner with "Captain Charlie."

No wonder all the youngsters were wild to go on the "round up." Nothing more exciting can be imagined than the scene which the plains present at sunset when the men are riding in from every direction, all making for one point, driving the cattle before them to the place appointed by their captain. There is always a captain chosen for each "outfit," for "bunching" them—that is, gathering them together, so that each rancheman can select his own according to their brand. They are then given in charge of the respective herders—"cow-punchers" they are called; the horses are hobbled and turned away to feed during the night, and the stockmen, after washing and dining, amuse themselves as they best can: smoking, spinning yarns, playing with cards, chiefly poker, and even dancing with each other.

Jack Wilson was already deep in a game of poker, but Captain Charlie, who knew Mr. Warner, had prevented Tom from joining in, and kept him at his side, not wishing to see the lad corrupted if he could prevent it.

Tom's face fell as he read the note which his mother had sent by Philip.

"What's up, boy?" asked the Captain. Tom hated to tell him that his mother had sent to say that he must come home at once. It made him seem so very small.

Phil's kindly nature divined the lad's sensations; besides, he wanted to make friends with him, associated as he was in his mind with Carita. He used tact, therefore, and earned Tom's lasting goodwill by putting in quickly—

"I am staying near to the Warners' place for a week, and I want Tom to run round with me a little; the men are all busy in the harvest."

"Wal, sir, you can eat a bit of dinner with us, I guess; it's hungry work riding all day, and I reckon you'd best camp with us here to-night; it's a matter of thirty miles or more from this to Elk Ranche."

"I wish I could have seen a bit more of the fun," said Tom, ruefully, as the two rode away next morning, just when the stockmen were starting out for the day.

"Never mind, my boy; I'll ask your mother to let you go on the round up with me next April; there will be a better muster then."

Jack Wilson did not return with them; the fascinations of the round up were too strong for him, and as his parents believed him safe up at Elk Ranche, he felt that he could enjoy forbidden pleasures without fear.

Not long, however, for the same afternoon the mail boy, who passed close to the ranche daily, on his fast little bronco, brought a letter from Mrs. Wilson to Eleanor. She had heard of Mr. Warner's long journey, and wrote urging his wife to come back with Jack on Saturday, to spend a week with her at San Juan.

This was on Thursday. Tom seized on the opportunity to get two more days on the plains, and begged to be allowed to hunt Jack up.

"No, indeed," said his mother; "it is well that his parents should know how little he can be trusted. I shall be surprised if that boy does not die miserably in his boots, some day. I shall go to San Juan on Saturday; you will drive me down in the ambulance. I wanted some flannels and new pants for you boys, and shall be glad to do all I can in the city before winter sets in."

(*To be continued.*)

GRADUATES IN HOUSE-KEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

NARCISSA was waked next morning at seven o'clock by the clanging of a bell, which persistently rang on for so long that she thought the whole neighbourhood would be roused. She dressed quickly, and, as she stood mentally debating whether to venture boldly into the unknown territory downstairs, her difficulty was solved by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Ruth Stanley, who had so well provided for Narcissa's wants the night before.

"Miss Gwen wished me to come and see if you were ready," she explained, after the

morning greetings; "and to show you that we are expected to leave our rooms tidy, and our windows open top and bottom, and our bed spread over so as to be airing whilst we are at breakfast. May I do it for you? Now, that is done, and there is the bell for prayers; as it is my turn to read this morning, I must hurry on, if you will excuse me."

"But surely the girls do not conduct family worship themselves?"

"Miss Gwen always reads a prayer herself; but the six eldest girls take it by turns to read the chapter. We go over it with her privately the night before, and she explains anything that is not clear. Miss Gwen says every girl ought to be able to read a chapter so as to make the meaning plain, and she thinks that this plan will cure us of the nervousness most girls have; though why one should be more shy at reading the Bible than any other book is a puzzle to me."

After prayers, a breakfast of rolls and butter, with cocoa and coffee, was served at two long tables decked with flowers, and laid as carefully as though for distinguished guests. The girls took it in turns, a week at a time, to prepare the meal and lay the table—a first-class girl, with one of the younger ones under her; and they were at liberty to gather flowers from the garden, though they received higher marks if they avoided robbing the garden by providing wild flowers during their walk the previous day; and special marks for decorations were given during the winter, when the difficulties were greater.

Miss Gwen objected to watery coffee with a little milk in it; and always had good *café au lait*. The girls who prepared the breakfast measured four small tablespoonfuls of coffee berries for each pint of water. They then put the berries in the oven for a few minutes till quite hot, and ground them in the little coffee mill which was affixed to the kitchen dresser. While one of them did this, the other put the kettle on the fire to boil, and poured the milk (a pint for each pint of coffee) into two large jugs which were placed in saucepans of water over the fire to scald. The ground coffee was then put into the large tin coffee pot, the requisite quantity of boiling water poured over it, and just boiled up once on the fire. Then a cupful was poured backwards and forwards two or three times, and the pot left to stand by the side of the fire, where it would not boil, during prayers. In the meantime, two large silver coffee pots had been filled with boiling water to heat them, and directly prayers were over, the servants emptied these coffee pots, and poured the coffee into them through muslin strainers. The milk was put into jugs heated in a similar way; and Miss Gwen rather prided herself on the skill with which she poured the coffee and milk into the cup at the same time, looking gratified when Narcissa told her that it reminded her of continental waiters and the delicious coffee they provide.

The only addition to the breakfast Miss Gwen cared for was dry toast, about which she was very particular, and the girls always made it with the greatest care, knowing that it would be more severely criticised than anything else. The slices of bread were cut very thin, the crust taken off, toasted as quickly as possible before a clear fire, and placed in a toast rack in front of the fire. On this particular morning the toast was not approved of, it was neither hot nor crisp, and after many inquiries, Miss Gwen discovered that the maker had laid the slices on the table as she had finished them, instead of standing them upright in a toast rack—a mistake which inevitably spoils the crispness—and had left them on the table during prayers, so that they were of course quite cold. If the meal was perfectly served, each of the two girls obtained twelve marks, but lost one for each thing which was not entirely satisfactory. And not only were they responsible for the actual food, but they were expected to look over the silver and china as they laid the table, and lost a mark for every article which was discovered to be not perfectly clean and bright. They did not wash the breakfast things themselves, but had to be observant and see that everything was done as it should be.

During breakfast conversation went on cheerily all round the table, in English, except in immediate proximity to the French and German governesses, who were conversing in their own language with their near neighbours.

"I shall be glad, Narcissa," said Miss Gwen to her, "if you will always speak French or German to the girls, as I understand you are proficient in those languages. I do not encourage them to talk anything but English amongst themselves, as ordinary school-girl French is so much worse than none; but they always speak it with the teachers."

Breakfast over, the girls went to dress for their usual walk, with the exception of three, whose duties took them towards the kitchen, with a governess who combined the functions of lady housekeeper and teacher of cookery and domestic economy. Miss Gwen took Narcissa with her to her private sitting-room, and began to explain to her the working of her school.

"I opened this school," she said, "many years ago, and taught the subjects usually considered necessary for a young lady's education, but half of which are of no use to them in later life. The girls were satisfied, and so were their parents, but the results did not please *me*. They left school accomplished and well-educated in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but very far from my ideal of women as they ought to be. I like girls as a class, I love them with their kind young hearts and generous impulses; but as a rule they are born without *gumption*, my dear—if you know what that expressive provincialism means. I take it to be the power of adapting oneself to circumstances, and that is what young girls generally lack and what I want to instil into them.

"So I changed my plans and began to try to teach them *common sense* in a practical way. Of course they study the subjects necessary for a well-educated woman to know, such as ancient and modern history, by which I mean really modern, not finishing up with the accession of Queen Victoria, but embracing any events of importance in this morning's newspaper. The newspaper also furnishes geography lessons. I read, for instance, in the foreign telegrams that an ambassador from China has gone to Paris; or in the shipping news that a vessel has been wrecked going from Hamburg to New Zealand; and for the geography lesson that day the girls will write down, as well as they can, the route taken, the chief places passed on the way and probable stopping places, and the elder ones will add a description of the country and some of the chief towns passed, and a general idea of the length of time the journey would occupy. The first class go still farther; they are sometimes given time-tables and told to plan out a journey between two given places, and the highest marks are given to those who plan respectively the quickest, and cheapest, and most interesting routes.

"But, in addition to this ordinary education (my plans for which you will soon see for yourself), all the girls learn how to dust a room and make a bed; to cut out, make, and mend their clothes; and those above fourteen years old learn how to arrange, cook, and serve a dinner; to keep accounts, to black a grate and light a fire. Yes, you may stare; but how can a mistress direct an inefficient servant if she does not know how to do the work herself?"

"But cannot these things be learnt better at home, aunt?" suggested Narcissa, when Miss Gwen at length paused, breathless.

"Of course, they can," replied her aunt, emphatically; "and of course they ought to be taught at home; but are they? Can you show me one girl in fifty who really understands the management of a house? And when they leave school they enjoy their new liberty for a little time, but get engaged directly, and are married at twenty, and then have to acquire their knowledge of housekeeping by experiments on their unfortunate husbands. Besides," she went on, rather less vehemently, "the majority of my girls are children either of officers in the Indian army, or of parents who are otherwise occupied in the colonies, so that they remain with me all the year round, and have no other opportunity of learning any domestic matters. But now let us go to the kitchen and see what Miss Down and her scholars are doing."

In the large, cool larder, Miss Down and the three girls whose dinner week it was, were found inspecting the remains of yesterday's meals and consulting as to to-day's dinner. One had a pocket-book, in which she was making notes of the articles to be bought.

"What do you suggest doing with the remains of this cold mutton, Lucy?" Miss Down was asking, as Narcissa came up.

"Rissoles, Miss Down," said Lucy promptly.

"That seems to be your only idea, Lucy. You would have us live upon rissoles, I believe. They can be made of such small scraps of meat, and of different kinds together, that it is a pity to make them when there is a considerable quantity of meat, as we have here, especially as this will cut into good sized slices. Alice, have you any other suggestion?"

"I should cut as many slices as possible, and dip them into batter and fry for dinner; and the remainder, which will not cut into slices, I should either mince with a little stock made from the bone, or else put it through the mincing machine with the remains of that cold bacon, and any other scraps there are, and make it into potted meat for supper."

"Very good. Janet, can you think of any other uses for cold mutton?"

"I should make the best part into curry, because I see it is very fat, and so would not be nice in batter; and the scraps, which would most likely be lean, I should mince fine with that cold boiled bacon and an egg and herbs, and make it into meat cakes, fried in dripping; or else I should use beef suet instead of the bacon, about a quarter as much suet as meat, and mince them both very fine with rather less than half their weight of boiled rice, and the usual amount of pepper and salt, and roll them up into sausages, and dip them in egg and breadcrumbs and fry them."

"Oh Janet, what a lot of ideas you always have! You are as good as a cookery book," interrupted Lucy. "But I have an idea now, Miss Down; fry it in dripping with slices of onion and carrot and turnip, till it looks nice, and then stew it in some stock, if there is any, and all sorts of vegetables and potatoes, and that sort of thing, you know."

Miss Down, who had put down marks against each girl's name in her book as they answered, laughed at this lucid description; but as Lucy was only a beginner, and this would make a savoury dish, she praised her suggestion, adding, "I think curry is the best way of using the greater part of the meat, as rather fat meat is the most suitable for this dish, and nothing answers so well as a loin of mutton. Of course, it is best made of fresh meat, but as we have this it will do

very well. Alice, will you tell me exactly how to make the curry?"

"Put a little dripping in the frying-pan, and fry in it two onions and three sour apples cut in small slices, till they are a good brown. Then mix three teaspoonfuls of curry powder with one of flour and a pinch of salt, to a smooth paste in a little stock. Put this into the frying-pan, with the meat cut into small pieces, and when it is well browned turn it all into a stew-pan with a little more stock, just enough to cover the meat, and leave it to simmer for a few hours, as long as possible."

"What else is required for the curry, Lucy?"

"*Rice, Carolina rice is the best.*"

"How do you cook the rice, Janet?"

"Wash it, drain it dry, then throw it into a saucepan of boiling water, with some salt, and keep it boiling fast for about twenty minutes; then drain it and put it in a sieve in front of the fire to dry, and shake it occasionally so as to dry it equally."

"Quite right; but if it is not convenient to put it before the fire it will do just as well on the hob, as the only object is to keep it hot. It should be closely covered, too, till it is wanted, and then served either separately on a hot dish, or heaped up round the curry. You must always remember, in preparing the rice, that you cannot be sure that it will take exactly twenty minutes to cook, as some kinds take longer than others; so you must watch it carefully, and take it off as soon as it is soft and before it gets soppy. It will be none the worse for drying a little longer in the sieve before the fire. With the small pieces of mutton we will make a potato pie for the servants' supper, as there are sufficient cold potatoes left from yesterday's dinner; but you all know so well how to do it that I need not question you about it, but only remind you that there must be no lumps left in the potatoes—they must be mashed quite smooth, with stock, not water, and do not fall into your usual mistake of putting in too much onion—a little is an improvement, but more than a little spoils the dish. The same remark applies to the salt and pepper. You will find sufficient gravy to pour over the meat at the bottom of the dish under that dripping from yesterday's joint."

The best use of the cold mutton having been arranged, the girls made suggestions for joints of meat, and everything else required for the day's meals, and then started off with Miss Down in a pony carriage which was waiting at the door. They were driven by an old man who acted as groom, gardener, and general factotum at Spike House. Underneath the seats were stowed away two large baskets, in which to bring home their purchases; and the tradesmen in the little town, two miles away, seemed quite accustomed to seeing the fat pony draw up at their doors, and the occupants of the carriage come in with a long list of their requirements. Whilst one of the party actually transacted the business, choosing and observing the quality and price, the others looked on, and tried to profit by her experience, knowing that their own turn to do the active purchasing would come round in time.

"It is a great point to know a good thing from a bad one by the look of it," said Miss Gwen, as the girls were starting, to Narcissa, who thought this the most extraordinary school she had ever heard of. "And there is nothing like going to the shops and seeing for themselves; it is the only way to teach them how to buy well and economically. But now, as you have to learn all the rest of our school arrangements, we must not linger too long in the kitchen. The other girls will have returned from their walk by this time; let us go and see what they are doing."

(*To be continued.*)

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLURRY AND FLOSSY.

"WHAT a funny little name! I could not help saying so to Miss Lucas as I followed her up the old oak staircase with its beautifully carved balustrades.

"It is her own baby abbreviation of Florence," she returned, pausing on the landing to take breath, for even that slight ascent seem to weary her. She was quite pale and panting by the time we arrived at our destination. "It is *nice to be young and strong*," she observed, wistfully. "I am not very old, it is true"—she could not have been more than eight and twenty—"but I have never enjoyed good health, and Dr. Cameron says I never can hope to do so; but what can you expect of a crooked little creature like me?" with a smile that was quite natural and humorous, and seemed to *ask no pity*.

Miss Ruth was perfectly content with her life. I found out afterwards she evoked rare beauty out of its quiet everyday monotony, storing up precious treasures in homely vessels.

Life was to her full of infinite possibilities, a gradual dawning and brightening of hopes that would meet their full fruition hereafter. "Some people have strength to work," she said once to me, "and then plenty of work is given to them; and some must just keep quiet and watch others work, and give them a bright word of encouragement now and then. I am one of those wayside loiterers," she finished with a laugh; but all the same everyone knew how much Miss Ruth did to help others, in spite of her failing strength.

The schoolroom, or nursery, as I believe it was called, was a large pleasant room just over the drawing-room, and commanding the same view of the garden and cedar-tree. It had three windows, only they were rather high up, and had cushioned window seats. In one of them there was a little girl curled up in company with a large brown and white spaniel.

"Well, Flurry, what mischief are you and Flossy concocting?" asked Miss Lucas, in a playful voice, for the child was too busily engaged to notice our entrance.

"Why, it is my little auntie," exclaimed Flurry, joyously, and she scrambled down, while Flossy wagged his tail and barked. Evidently Miss Ruth was not a frequent visitor to the nursery.

Flurry was about six, not a pretty child by any means, though there might be a promise of future beauty in her face. She was a thin, serious-looking little creature, more like the father than the mother, and no one could call Mr. Lucas handsome. Her dark eyes—nearly black they were—matched oddly, in my opinion, with her long fair hair; such pretty fluffy hair it was, falling over her black frock. When her aunt bade her come and speak to the lady who was kind enough to promise to teach her, she stood for a moment regarding me gravely with childish inquisitiveness before she gave me her hand.

"What, are you going to teach me?" she asked. "I don't think I want to be taught, auntie; I can read, I have been reading to Flossy, and I can write, and hem father's handkerchiefs. Ask nursey."

"But you would like to play to dear father, and to learn all sorts of pretty hymns to say to him, would you not, my darling? There are many things you will have to know before you are a woman."

"Humph," observed Flurry, a little doubtfully; "I don't mean to be a woman ever, I think; I like being a child better. Nursey is a woman, and nurs won't play; she says she is old and stupid."

A happy inspiration came to me. "If you are good and learn your lessons, I will play with you," I said, rather timidly, "that is, if you care for a grown-up playfellow."

I was only seventeen, in spite of my *prononcé* features, and I could still enter into the delights of a good drawn battle of battledore and shuttlecock. Perhaps it was the repressed enthusiasm of my tone, for I really meant what I said; but Flurry's brief coldness vanished, and she caught at my hand at once.

"Come and see them," she said; "I did not know you liked dolls, but you shall have one of your own if you like," and she led me to a corner of the nursery where a quantity of dolls in odd costumes and wonderfully constrained attitudes were arranged round an inverted basket.

"Joseph and his brethren," whispered Flurry. "I am going to put him in the pit directly, only I wondered what I should do for the camels—this is Issachar, and this Gad. Look at Gad's turban."

It was almost impossible to retain my gravity. I could see Miss Lucas smiling

in the window seat. Joseph and his brethren—what a droll idea for a child! But I did not know then that Flurry's dolls had to sustain a variety of bewildering parts. When I next saw them the smart turbans were all taken off the flaxen heads, a few dejected sawdust bodies hung limply round a miller's cart. "Ancient Britons," whispered Flurry. "Nurse would not let me paint them blue, but they did not wear clothes then, you know." In fact, our history lesson was generally followed by a series of touching *tableaux vivants*, the dolls sustaining their parts in several moving scenes of "Alfred and the Cakes," "Hubert and Arthur," and once the Battle of Cressy.

Flurry and I parted the best of friends, and when we joined Uncle Geoffrey in the drawing-room I was quite ready to enter on my duties at once.

Miss Lucas stipulated for my services from ten till five; a few simple lessons in the morning were to be followed by a walk, I was to lunch with them, and in the afternoon I was to amuse Flurry or teach her a little—just as I liked.

"The fact is," observed Miss Lucas, as I looked a little surprised at this programme, "Nurse is a worthy woman, and we are all very much attached to her; but she is very ignorant, and my brother will not have Flurry thrown too much on her companionship. He wishes me to find someone who will take the sole charge of the child through the day; in the evening she always comes down to her father and sits with him until her bedtime." And then she named what seemed to me a surprisingly large sum for my services. What! all that for playing with Flurry, and giving her a few baby lessons; poor Carrie could not have more for teaching the little Thornes. But when I hinted this to Uncle Geoffrey, he said quietly that they were rich people and could well afford it.

"Don't rate yourself so low, little woman," he added, good-humouredly; "you are giving plenty of time and interest, and surely that is worth something." And then he went on to say that Jack must go to school, he knew a very good one just by; some ladies who were patients of his would take her at easy terms, he knew. He would call that very afternoon and speak to Miss Martin.

Poor mother shed a few tears when I

"FLURRY AND I PARTED THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

told her our plans. It was sad for her to see her girls reduced to work for themselves; but she cheered up after a little while, and begged me not to think her ungrateful and foolish. "For we have so many blessings, Esther," she went on, in her patient way. "We are all together, except poor Fred, and but for your uncle's goodness we might have been separated."

"And we shall have such nice cosy evenings," I returned, "when the day's work is over. I shall feel like a day labourer, mother, bringing home my wages in my pocket. I shall be thinking of you and Dot all day, and longing to get back to you."

But though I spoke and felt so cheerfully, I knew the evenings would not be idle. There would be mending to do and linen to make, for we could not afford to buy our things ready-made; but with mother's clever fingers and Carrie's help, I thought we should do very well. I must utilise every spare minute, I thought. I must get up early and help Deborah, so that things might go on smoothly for the rest of the day. There was Dot to dress, and mother was ailing, and had her breakfast in bed—there would be a hundred little things to set right before I started off for the Cedars, as Mr. Lucas's house was called.

"Never mind, it is better to wear out than to rust out," I said to myself. And then I picked up Jack's gloves from the floor, hung up her hat in its place, and tried to efface the marks of her muddy boots from the carpet (I cannot deny Jack was a thorn in my side just now), and then there came a tap at my door, and Carrie came in.

She looked so pretty and bright, that I could not help admiring her afresh. I am sure people must have called her beautiful.

"How happy you look, Carrie, in spite of your three little Thornes," I said, rather mischievously. "Has mother told you about Miss Lucas?"

"Yes, I heard all about that," she returned, absently. "You are very fortunate, Esther, to find work in which you can take an interest. I am glad—very glad about that."

"I wish, for your sake, that we could exchange," I returned, feeling myself very generous in intention, but all the same delighted that my unselfishness should not be put to the proof."

"Oh, no, I have no wish of that sort," she replied, hastily; "I could not quite bring myself to play with children in the nursery." I suppose mother had told her about the dolls. "Well, we both start on our separate treadmill on Monday—Black Monday, eh, Esther?"

"Not at all," I retorted, for I was far too pleased and excited with my prospects to be damped by Carrie's want of enthusiasm. I thought I would sit down and write to Jessie, and tell her all about it, but here was Carrie preparing herself for one of her chats.

"Did you see me talking to Mr. Smedley, Esther?" she began; and as I nodded she went on. "I had never spoken to him before since Uncle Geoffrey introduced us to him. He is such a nice practical sort of man. He took me into the Vicarage and introduced me to his wife. She is very plain and homely, but so sensible."

I held my peace. I had rather a terror of Mrs. Smedley. She was one of those bustling workers whom one dreads by instinct. She had a habit of pouncing upon people, especially young ones, and driving them to work. Before many days were over she had made poor mother promise to do some cutting out for the clothing club, as though mother had not work enough for us all at home. I thought it very inconsiderate of Mrs. Smedley.

"I took to them at once," went on Carrie, "and indeed they were exceedingly kind. Mr. Smedley seemed to understand everything in a moment, how I wanted work, and——."

"But, Carrie," I demanded, aghast at this, "you have work: you have the little Thornes."

"Oh don't drag them in at every word," she answered, pettishly, at least pettishly for her; "of course, I have my brick-making, and so have you. I am thinking of other things now, Esther; I have promised Mr. Smedley to be one of his district visitors."

I almost jumped off my chair at that, I was so startled and so indignant.

"Oh, Carrie! and when you know mother does not approve of girls of our age undertaking such work—she has said so over and over again—how can you go against her wishes?"

Carrie looked at me mildly, but she was not in the least discomposed at my words.

"Listen to me, you silly child," she said, good-humouredly; "this is one of mother's fancies; you cannot expect me with my settled views to agree with her in this."

I don't know what Carrie meant by her views, unless they consisted in a determination to make herself and everyone else uncomfortable by an overstrained sense of duty.

"Middle-aged people are timid sometimes. Mother has never visited the poor herself, so she does not see the necessity for my doing it; but I am of a different opinion," continued Carrie, with a mild obstinacy that astonished me too much for any reply.

"When mother cried about it just now, and begged me to let her speak to Mr. Smedley, I told her that I was old enough to judge for myself, and that I thought one's conscience ought not to be slavishly bound even to one's parent. I was trying to do my duty to her and to everyone, but I must not neglect the higher part of my vocation."

"Oh, Carrie, how could you? You will make her so unhappy."

"No, she only cried a good deal, and begged me to be prudent and not overtax my strength; and then she talked about you, and hoped I should help you as much as possible, as though I meant to skirk any part of my duty. I do not think she really disapproved, only she seemed nervous and timid about it; but I ask you, Esther, how I could help offering my services, when Mrs. Smedley told me about the neglected state of the parish, and how few ladies came forward to help."

"But how will you find time?" I remonstrated, though what was the good of remonstrating when Carrie had once made up her mind?

"I have the whole of Saturday afternoon, and an hour on Wednesday, and now the evenings are light I might utilise them a little. I am to have Nightingale Lane and the whole of Rowley-street, so one afternoon in the week will scarcely be sufficient."

"Oh, Carrie," I groaned, but actually, though the mending lay on my mind like a waking nightmare, I could not expostulate with her. I only looked at her in a dim, hopeless way and shook my head; if these were her views I must differ from them entirely. Not that I did not wish good—heavenly good—to the poor, but that I felt home duties would have to be left undone; and after all that uncle had done for us!

"And then I promised Mrs. Smedley that I would help in the Sunday-school," she continued, cheerfully. "She was so pleased and kissed me quite gratefully. She says she and Mr. Smedley have had such up-hill work since they came to Milnthorpe—that there is so much lukewarmness and worldliness in the place. Even Miss Lucas, in spite of her goodness, and she owned she was very good, Esther, will not take their advice about things.

"I told her," she went on, hesitating, "that I would speak to you, and ask you to take a Sunday class in the infant school. You are so fond of children, I thought you would be sure to consent."

"So I would, and gladly too, if you would take my place at home," I returned, quickly; "but if you do so much yourself, you will prevent me from doing anything. Why not let me take the Sunday-school class, while you stop with mother and Dot?"

"What nonsense!" she replied, flushing a little, for my proposition did not please her; "that is so like you, Esther, to raise obstacles for nothing. Why cannot we both teach; surely you can give one afternoon a week to God's work?"

"I hope I am giving not one afternoon, but every afternoon to it," I returned, and the tears rushed to my eyes, for her speech wounded me. "Oh, Carrie, why will you not understand that I think differently about this; that in my eyes all work that is given us to do is God's work. It is just as right for me to play with Flurry as it is to teach in the Sunday-school."

"You can do both if you choose," she answered, coolly.

"Not unless you take my place," I returned, decidedly, for I had the Cameron spirit, and would not yield my point; "for in that case Dot would lose his Sunday lessons, and Jack would be listless and fret mother."

"Very well," was Carrie's response: but I could see she was displeased with my plain speaking, and I went downstairs very tired and dispirited, to find mother had cried herself into a bad headache.

"If I could only talk to your dear father about it," she whispered, when

she had opened her heart to me on the subject of Carrie. "I am old-fashioned, as Carrie says, and it is still my creed that parents know best for their children; but she thinks differently, and she is so good, that, perhaps, one ought to leave her to judge for herself. If I could only know what your father would say," she went on, plaintively.

I could give her no comfort, for I was only a girl myself, and my opinions were still immature and unfledged, and then I never had been as good as Carrie. But what I said seemed to console mother a little, for she drew down my face and kissed it.

"Always my good, sensible Esther," she said; and then Uncle Geoffrey came in and prescribed for the headache, and the subject dropped.

(*To be continued.*)

WORK FOR ALL.

III.—Medicine.—Nursing and Dispensing.

First among the accomplishments which endeared the lovely daughter of Isaac of York to her people and to her age was the knowledge which she had acquired from the wise Miriam of the virtue of drugs and the art of healing wounds, and Eleanor of Castille would only have been exercising the function of women of her time if she had really sucked the poison from her husband's wound and so saved his life.

Even down to the times of our great grandmothers, the lady of the manor esteemed it her duty and her privilege to inquire into and minister to the ailments of her tenants, and in her still-room manufactured comforting and wholesome "waters" from the plants which grew on her estate for their benefit and her own.

It is only quite in modern times that ladies have been content to be ignorant of the principles of health; and when some twenty years since the idea was started that women should not only as wives and mothers be acquainted with the laws of health, but that the art of healing would be a suitable calling for women, the difficulties that lay in the way of their following a course of study similar to that pursued by men seemed insuperable. In these islands no qualifying degree but that of apothecary could be obtained, so that the few ladies whose resolution was fired rather than daunted by the difficulties which lay before them, took advantage of the liberality of Switzerland, and took their degree at Zurich.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who came forward as the leader of the movement in England, supplemented her apothecary's degree with an M.D. obtained in Paris, and she has been followed by a small number of ladies who have taken advantage of the increasing facilities for study, and are doing good work now.

At the present time the University of London and the King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians in Ireland award the M.D. to women duly qualified.

Before they can be registered as medical students, candidates must pass one of the examinations in arts recognised by the general medical council, *i.e.*, the Oxford or Cambridge local examinations, junior and senior; the senior local examinations for honorary certificates of the University of Edinburgh; the local examination for honours certificates of the University of St. Andrew's; the examination in arts of the Society of Apothecaries in London; the examination for a first-class certificate of the College of Preceptors; the local examination of the Queen's University in Ireland; or the matriculation examination of the University of London.

These certificates must include English, Latin, arithmetic, elements of algebra and geometry, with one optional subject, viz., Greek, French, German, or natural philosophy.

The London School of Medicine for Women, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, guarantees the instruction necessary for obtaining a licence in medicine.

Four years is considered the necessary time of study to obtain a licence to practise from the King's or Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland; the expense, including fees, hospital practice, books and instruments, is nearly £200.

Five years' study is generally required to obtain the M.D. from the University of London, but the examinations being very difficult this ranks higher. No student is admitted to the school under the age of eighteen. There is an entrance scholarship, value £30, to be annually competed for in September. All information respecting the medical education of women will be furnished by Mrs. Thorne, hon. secretary, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, London.

The medical men in England, into whose hands the health of the community has so long been committed, have so endeared themselves to their patients by their sympathetic and kindly ways, no less than by their knowledge and skill, that there is a strong and natural indisposition in the British public to deprive them of any part of their work and emoluments, so that, except in a few cases, the female M.D. has had considerable difficulties at the outset of her professional career. But India, which during the last century has exercised such a marvellous influence on the fortunes of the upper middle classes of Great Britain and Ireland, has lately come forward as a powerful assistant in opening a way for the employment of women as doctors. The women of India cannot and will not appeal to men for help in their sickness and infirmity, and they have sent a touching appeal to the Queen to send them out qualified women who may enter their zenanas and help and advise them.

The opening thus presented seems likely to be used by many enterprising young women, who cannot look for ready employment in England, and it is hardly too much to hope that women so trained and qualified may not only prove a great blessing to the native ladies, but may improve the tone of the female portion of the British community in India; and that a careful study of the climate, with reference to the laws of health, etc., may enable them to teach their countrywomen how to enjoy the glories of the "Golden Indies" with less cost of health and physical and moral energy.

The objections which are urged to medicine as a profession for women never seem to be felt when they desire to become sick nurses, although the one calling is quite as laborious as the other, and there are few of the objections which in fairness would not apply to the sick nurse—the truth being that nursing has been almost exclusively in the hands of women, whereas the practice of medicine has become the occupation of a large number of educated men, who, under the designation of "general practitioners," lead sufficiently laborious and often very devoted lives. Hospital nursing affords certain employment for women of sound constitution, methodical habits, and cheerful temper. The salary generally commences at £20 and rises to £30; matrons and lady superintendents receive from £50 to £100. Board and lodging are supplied, and are on a liberal scale.

Almost all the London hospitals train nurses. At St. Thomas's, the committee of the Nightingale Fund have made arrangements for the admission to their school of a limited number of gentlewomen who desire to qualify themselves in the practice of medicine. These probationers must pay £30 towards their maintenance during their year of training. Occasional vacancies occur for the admission of gentlewomen, free of expense, should they be in a position to require such aid.

Probationers should be from twenty-seven to thirty-seven, single or widows. Mrs. Wardroper, the matron at the hospital, receives all applications from candidates who are admitted as probationers, subject to her selection.

Payment will be required by two equal instalments in advance, half on admittance and half at the end of six months. The probationer will receive instruction from the medical instructor and the hospital sisters, and she will serve as assistant nurse in the hospital. During the year of training she will receive payment in money and clothing to the value of £16, on the following footing:—Clothing costing about £4, payment at the end of the first quarter £2, at the end of the second quarter £2 10s., at the end of the third quarter £2 10s., at the end of the fourth £8, and a further gratuity of £2 if recommended for employment.

The usual times of admission are the quarter days. Candidates must be seen by Mrs. Wardroper, at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, London, between 10 and 12 a.m. only, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The regulations to which probationers are expected to conform may be obtained by writing to Bonham Carter, Esq., secretary to the Nightingale Fund, 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park.

The School of Nurses in connection with Westminster Hospital trains nurses in a similar manner. Their standard of age is between twenty-five and thirty-five, and they require testimonials of health and character, according to forms supplied by the lady superintendent, 8, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

At both institutions probationers are expected to conform to the standing rules of the institution; they are under the direction and authority of the lady superintendent, and must wear the uniform of the institution.

At Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., pupils are taken by the matron for training. The terms are £1 1s. per week, paid a quarter in advance; laundry expenses and uniform are extra. Lady pupils are expected to be implicitly obedient to either the sister or the nurse under whom they may be working. The hours on duty are every alternate day from 8 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., with two hours off duty (from 2.30 to 4.30); and from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. every alternate day. No certificate is given under a year's consecutive training. If a lady pupil comes for a year, three weeks' holiday can be taken at the end of six months, and leave of absence once a month (from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning).

There is also a Training Institution for Protestant Nurses at the British Nursing Association, 3A, Cambridge-place, Norfolk-square, Paddington, W., where lady probationers are received for periods of not less than three months, on payment of £1 1s. per week, paid in advance. The age is from twenty-five to forty.

Gentlewomen and other candidates desirous of becoming probationers should apply to Mrs. Elizabeth Carberry, the lady superintendent, at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

NEW BONNET, WITH OPEN FRONT.

Girls who have not the physique for nursing, or to whom the education necessary for the practice of medicine would be too costly, or the duties too onerous, may earn an honourable living and follow an interesting calling, if they study chemistry with a view to maintaining themselves by it as a business.

By the *Pharmacy Act* of 1868, women were admitted to the examination, which legally qualifies them to practise pharmacy; and the Pharmaceutical Society admits women as students to the lectures at their offices, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C., for which the fee is four guineas; but they do not admit women to their laboratory, and as practical knowledge of chemistry, dispensing and pharmacy is absolutely necessary, it would be better for a student to take the course at the South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington-road—secretary, Mr. William Baxter—which is at present the only place where a woman can qualify herself to pass the examinations, which the law requires, before she can open a shop or style herself a dispensing or pharmaceutical chemist. The course at this school extends over a year, and the fees amount to about £15.

A class for technical chemistry has also been opened by the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, at low fees, particulars of which may be obtained on application from Philip Magnus, B.Sc., B.A., director and secretary of the Institute, Gresham College, London, E.C. Before admission to examination, candidates must pass a preliminary examination in Latin, arithmetic, and English, unless they possess a certificate of having passed the local examination of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, or Edinburgh, or the examination of the College of Preceptors, or any other legally-qualified body approved by the council, provided Latin and arithmetic be included in the subjects. Candidates should be thoroughly conversant with fractions and decimals at the outset.

At the Hospital for Women, Marylebone-road, girls are taught dispensing at a premium of £5 for six months; they should possess a slight knowledge of Latin, and be familiar with the medical weights and measures.

Desirable as pharmacy is as an occupation for women, a certain difficulty lies in their way, owing to the fact that since 1877 it has been insisted on as an indispensable condition that the year's technical training shall be supplemented by a three years' apprenticeship to a chemist and druggist, and it is very difficult at present to find druggists who are willing to take girls as apprentices; but the following passage from the *Lancet* suggests the hope that this difficulty will soon pass away:—"There is nothing in the process of education or in the business of a pharmaceutical chemist that would be unbecoming to a woman. For purposes of neat compound she is a serious rival. The success of a pharmaceutical chemist turns largely on the way in which dispensing is conducted, and the natural handiness and neatness of a woman would find ample field in it. Doctors are only waiting till dispensing can be done at reasonable prices by chemists, to hand over the whole of their prescriptions to them. Perhaps the introduction of women into the trade may hasten this desirable arrangement."

A NEW BONNET.

STRIPED EVENING BODICE AND OVERSKIRT.

The implied suggestion that the introduction of women would probably assist in lowering the prices of chemists—in other words, diminishing their profits—may perhaps neutralise the effect of this recommendation. Work should always have its fair price, by whomsoever it is done, and women will never take their proper place as workers until it ceases to be considered that their work can be had at a lower price, for this almost necessarily implies that their work is inferior. We must hope that, before long, chemists may be found who are willing to take girls as apprentices. If some great firm would take the initiative and admit, say, half-a-dozen girls at once—as was done with marked success by two great Bond-street hairdressers—they would be conferring a signal boon on girls, and would, we venture to think, be securing for themselves able and trustworthy assistants. Meanwhile it is to be mentioned that Miss Isabella Clarke, who is practising as a certificated pharmaceutical chemist in Spring-street, Paddington, is willing to take outdoor apprentices, at a premium of £100, for three years.

It is satisfactory to know that dispensing is one of the trades approved by the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, and in paying the apprentice fees for which they are willing to assist. Particulars can be ascertained from Miss Gertrude King, secretary to the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, to whom all arrangements are entrusted.

DRESS, IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

"That monster custom . . . is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on."
Hamlet. Act iii. Scene 4.

THAT dress is certainly a great index of personality there is no doubt, but it is pleasant to believe, on Shakespeare's authority, that we may even go a little further than this, and believe that "actions fair and good" have a livery of their own. How blessed are we if we may "aptly put it on."

November, dark in London, and generally very dreary, shows itself of late years particularly in the gradual filling up of the streets until it becomes nearly as difficult to cross Regent-street as it was when May and June brought us the whirl of gaiety and fashionable life. Everything has changed within the last few years in this way, and November has become one of the brightest of months so far as more serious things are concerned. Galleries opened, lectures given, and there is enough music and quiet gaiety to make life cheery, though the skies weep and the blue heaven shows us the "grey side of the blue."

Perhaps there is nothing I am so glad to welcome again as the bands of fur for trimmings of dresses and cloaks, for nothing looks more elegant or ladylike, without being too costly for a moderate depth of purse. Indeed, furs altogether promise to be a great feature in our apparel this winter, and the fur cape is again a most fashionable garment. Many of them are made high on the shoulders and pointed; but the others are just as much used, and no one need feel unfashionable in them.

The large illustration gives an excellent *résumé* of the fashions in the skirts, redingotes, bodices, and cloaks of out and indoor dress. The figure on the extreme left shows the prettiest style for making cloth and serge dresses, which may be trimmed with fur or feather bordering, and turned into a complete winter dress. The next dress is a tight-fitting redingote of ottoman broché, faced with velvet and wadded for warmth. The dress worn by the lady of the house is of silk and velvet; or, if in cheaper materials, of cashmere and velveteen. The underskirt is of silk or cashmere—the first overskirt of velvet, and the second of silk or cashmere. The bodice is of silk or cashmere, with a Fedora plastron of velvet. The back breadth is in stripes of velvet and silk, with an upper back-drapery of silk.

The visitor at the back, sitting down, wears

[AFTERNOON CALLERS.

a dress of serge and striped material, which may be copied in silk, satin, or cashmere, or may be used as a model for retrimming an old dress of a past fashion. The young girl standing up shows the fashionable "visite"-shaped mantle for walking, and also for opera and carriage mantles. The model is made in a checked melton cloth, with bright threads of colour. They may be trimmed with bands of fur and feather trimming, but the most ladylike way of finishing them is to put on a wide band of plain velvet, to match the cloth in colour. The model shown is made with the new "sling," or "Bernhardt sleeves," which fall from the neck like a pair of bags. It will be noticed that in this illustration I have carefully avoided giving the too-much worn "Henri III.," or "French hat," but have selected instead felt, or smooth silk plush, like a riding-habit, turned up at the side and placed upon the head—not at the back of it—as the French hats are now worn. To tell the truth, now that young girls have donned their fur capes, if they wear the hat at the back of the head, and do not hold themselves well, the effect of the figure is shocking on all sides except the front. Very few girls hold themselves as well as the young lady on the extreme left; but there is generally nothing but laziness to prevent a girl holding herself as erect as a Greek goddess.

Winter jackets are both pretty and moderate in price. The prettiest are perhaps those made in ottoman cloths, in indigo bronze, and dark crimson, with collars, cuffs, and flaps for the pockets in velvet. The edges of the smooth cloths are often scalloped and bound. Dark crimson jackets, mantles, visites, and jerseys are quite new, and look warm and comfortable. The jerseys have a thick rib, and may be worn as out-of-door jackets, and they have cords looped across, from shoulder to shoulder in front, and interlaced cords behind. Cords are used in the same way on redingotes of thick serge, matelassé and ottoman; but I must not forget to say that they are not used this winter in velvet or brocaded silk, but they are nearly always of a woollen material, which may be fur or feather-trimmed, or have bands of velvet. They are not opened at the back, but have lots of fulness added by pleats, and the sleeves are large and open. There is usually a cape to them, but this is quite optional.

Stripes are the most fashionable design in woollen materials, and they are of rather uncertain outlines, but in silks and in skirtings for petticoats they are very well defined and marked in colour; blue and dark-red, and yellow and black being favourite mixtures. Large spots, or "wafers," are also new; and then there is a pretty uncertain-looking cashmere, with palm leaves and pines, called (I believe) Lackmé. Cashmere and satin-cloth are both popular, without any trimming except feather bands to match. Cross-stitch embroidery cloth, the patterns of which are carried out in that stitch, woven in the material, are very pretty, and should be trimmed with a plain material of the same kind.

By this time I must say a little about colours. For this winter they are more popular than they ever have been, and they are certainly prettier than we have had them for a long, long time. Green is the most fashionable hue; but this month I notice a great evidence of feeling in favour of the new smoky greys, which are called by most of the first-class drapers "London smoke;" a very elegant colour, becoming to most people, and likely to wear satisfactorily, and look well for a long time.

Many yellows are also worn, both in dress and millinery. A deep yellow called "Mandarin" is very handsome; and so is another called "*flamme de feu*," which is really an orange, with the deep-red firelight-hue on it. The list of greys which I have seen shows how fashionable this colour is likewise in all varieties, as well as "London smoke." "Wrought iron," "flint," "poppy-seed," are all names that explain themselves, as they are very descriptive. "Devonshire earth" and "tomato red" are both warm-looking, and pretty; and there are several new browns, such as "chamois," "Norwich pippin," and "dun-colour," which will be useful in winter wear.

I must give a few words to ladies' umbrellas, which may be seen in endless varieties as to handles, but the coverings are usually of black or dark brown silks. Large balls are much used for handles, in onyx, carnelian, or painted porcelain. "Barbotine" painting is, I fancy, the latest introduction. Then there are silver balls, and crooks of considerable size; and a large ring-handle in silver, which is very popular, and worn on the wrist.

The newest dress-buttons are very tiny, and are made of bone, pearl, or metal. If black buttons be used, they should be dull in colour, and of the size of a pea.

Gauntlet gloves are still very popular, but the gloves most generally worn appear to be the long stout chevrette gloves, in tea-colour and yellow. Slate-coloured *gants de Suède* are worn very extensively with black costumes. In general, the gloves are drawn over the dress sleeve, and the most fashionable ladies have their gloves of silk and suède to match the dress in hue, grey only being worn with black dresses.

In stockings there are mixtures of various colours to match the dress, and these are in wide ribs, or else quite plain. The checked stockings to match the dresses in the new plaids I do not fancy at all, nor do I think they will be popular. For the evening, silk stockings to match the shoes are worn, or if the dress be white, then both must be white. Bronze silk stockings are worn with bronze kid shoes, and long bronze silk or Suède gloves may go with them. However, white kid gloves seem now to be universally preferred at night.

In my two small illustrations I have endeavoured to give an idea of bonnets which should be a little novel, and out of the usual "princesse" style. The figure with her back turned to us, and wearing a fur cape, wears also a straw bonnet, which I have had drawn more especially that our girl-milliners may make bonnets easily from it. The newest straw bonnets for the autumn and winter are shot, and these are trimmed, like my illustration, with dark velvet of the same colour as the darkest shade of the straw. The brim is lined with plain velvet, and the outside edge may be plain, or fulled-on in box-pleats. Two or three small coloured tips are placed at the top, or else some of the new velvet leaves may be used. The other bonnet, with the open front, is lined with black or coloured velvet; the bonnet itself being of felt. The crown is of velvet laid in folds, and the strings are of velvet also. The only extra trimming consists of the three feather tips. The seated figure shows a striped evening bodice and overskirt; with a full plastron, and *ruche* of black lace.

We find both velvet and velveteen are very largely employed this year for mixing with woollen costumes, as bias trimmings laid on flatly, or as entire costumes in all colours of the rainbow; but in the best shops I notice that only "London smoke" and browns are being made up; with the exception of a few greens, not even black being liked for making up into a whole dress.

And now my last lines must be devoted to the home dressmaking, which is sure to be going on very largely this month; and I must try to help it on its way successfully by various suggestions which may be of use. The new dress-skirts are much easier to make than those that preceded them, as the stuff is used much plainer and is not puckered nor *plissé*. The skirts in general are simpler than they were, and hang in longer and more graceful lines—many of them being made up quite straight, without any foundation; others have box-pleats at intervals; others are plain all round, save at one place at the side, where they are opened to show several box-pleats beneath. Some skirts are made with three box-pleated flounces, others with four; but a great deal of skirt is shown however they may be made, as the overskirts are very short and the polonaises are draped high at the back as well as at the front. Neither the folds nor drapery of any skirts are full or bunchy, and the back drapery hangs down, in some instances, quite straight, in others in loops of simple form. Kilted skirts are still worn in stripes and plaids; and for some light and thin woollens I have seen three bias flounces made, which were edged with velvet. Ribbon-velvet is still run on in rows along the edge of deep kilts; from three to five rows being used, and placed very closely together. The same style is adopted for the edges of polonaises, which are made of woollen materials. The last-named article of dress is increasing greatly in favour, and there is an immense variety of shapes. Those with plastrons, and those without; those with waistcoats, "Fedora bibs," and cross-cut fronts; and there are some raised very high on the hips, like a Watteau tunic. All bodices are cut very short in front, and very short also over the hips; and there is very little back-drapery—merely a habit-back. In the first figure in the large illustration the basque is put on at the waist, and extends from the back nearly to the front points, and is finished by two narrow ribbon sashes, which are tied in front in a loose bow and ends. Braided serge is in high favour for walking and travelling dresses, and when braided the bodices are quite plain, otherwise not full in front, nor made with a waistcoat. Sleeves are still worn rather short, not less than two or three inches above the wrist. They are cut in a plain coat-shape, and are small at the wrist.

Most people are glad to find that time brings no increase in the size of the crinolette; and that they need not fear the introduction of the full-blown crinoline. From the first the use of an outrageous, or "loud" crinolette has marked the person as vulgar and extreme in taste; and lately, two steels only have been put into the top of the dress-skirt by the best houses; and at the top, under the basque, a small pad, or mattress of horsehair, is added to lift up the weight of the dress-gathers. Few people who care for their looks wear the ordinary "dress improver," but have the steels put into their dresses, or in their petticoats.

To my mind, dress was never more elegant, or less obtrusive and extreme, than at present. Whenever we see extremes, we may set their ugliness down to the lack of taste of the wearer; not to the fault of Dame Fashion, if rightly and modestly followed, and at that distance which ensures self-respect, and a due regard for our circumstances and positions in life.

COMMON ERRORS IN DAILY LIFE.

By James Mason.

II.—Errors in Spelling.

Many of us, girls, otherwise well educated, are decidedly weak in our spelling, and experience much the same difficulty as the old lady who declared that she knew her letters well enough, but it was the putting them to-

gether that bothered her. Very few can even pass successfully through that time-honoured ordeal of a winter's fireside when, after conundrums are played out and all are tired of round games, someone says: "Can anybody spell 'It is remarkable to perceive the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of an ecstatic pony eating peeled potatoes?'"

At the same time, it is generally allowed that not to spell well is disgraceful, and when Jane said to me yesterday of Josephine, "She can't even spell!" she meant, and I quite understood, that on Josephine's character there was a blot impossible to overlook and difficult to excuse. Errors in spelling are amongst those mistakes which good breeding often forbids our pointing out, but don't take up the notion that what we are not told of we need take no pains to mend. You have no idea how the ill-natured chuckle among themselves when some dear friend writes "vegetables" with a *d* or drops a *b* out of "cabbages."

But, whilst it is held to be a shame to spell ill, truth compels one to own that spelling is about the weakest point in modern education. When this is considered, society should see a good reason for changing its tune, and for only holding it a shame to spell *very* ill. It is not so long ago that out of one thousand nine hundred and seventy-two failures in the Civil Service Examinations, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six candidates were plucked for spelling; that is to say, out of every nineteen who failed, eighteen came to grief in the subject of which we are speaking.

There is no doubt about it: to spell rightly is exceedingly difficult. You ask, why? Well, girls, to begin with, we have an insufficient alphabet. In English there are thirty-eight different sounds, but to represent these we have, as you know, only twenty-six letters. Then three of these letters, *c*, *q*, and *x*, are useless: *c* can be replaced by *s* or *k*; *q* by *kw*; and *x* by *ks*. This reduces the number of useful letters to twenty-three, and we can only get these to represent all the sounds of the language either by combining them or by making a single letter do duty for two or more sounds.

In managing this, caprice has been much more active than common sense. There is no end to the eccentricities of English spelling, and the most ludicrous discrepancies exist between words as they are written and as they are pronounced. After hearing a word no one can tell with certainty how it is spelt, or on seeing it spelt tell how it is to be sounded. It has been said by an authority on the subject, that out of the fifty thousand words in most common use it is questionable whether fifty of them are spelt as they are spoken, or whether more than two thousand or three thousand altogether observe any moderate degree of uniformity between their construction and pronunciation.

Long ago there was no fixed mode of spelling; every writer and every printer trusted to his own ear and followed his own fancy. In some old books we even find the same word spelt two or three different ways in the same page. John Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, spelt "it" in no fewer than eight ways:—*hyt*, *hytt*, *hit*, *hitt*, *it*, *itt*, *yt*, *ytt*. Another author gave his readers the choice of five ways of spelling "tongue": *tung*, *tong*, *tunge*, *tonge*, *tounge*. Gradually, however, one form came to be the standard for each word, and it is a great pity that that form seems in many cases to have been the choice either of chance or ignorance.

In studying spelling, then, do not be surprised to find that eccentricity runs riot, and that rules are often rendered almost useless by the number of exceptions. It might be worse; however, and what can't be cured, you know, must be endured.

Some people, however, are not so patient, and regard the lawlessness of our spelling with disgust and indignation. "Why," says one writer, "but one *p* in *copy* and two in *sloppy*? One in *proper* and two in *copper*? One *t* in *pity* and two in *ditty*? One *l* in *control* and two in *enroll*? One *z* in *lizard* and two in *izzard*? One *f* in *clef* and two in *cliff*? Why one *l* in *propel* and two in *foretell*, and two with an *e* in *gazelle*? Why an *o* in *prison* and none in *prism*? Why a *b* at the end of one's *thumb* and none in *drum*? Why *ea* in *speak* and *ee* in *speech*? Why is there a *t* in *witch* and none in *which*? Why an *o* in *touch* and none in *much*? Why an *ou* in *scourge*, *u* in *urge*, *i* in *dirge*, and *e* in *merge*? Why *z* in *breeze* and *s* in *cheese*? And why the letter *e* three times to one sound of *e* in either word? Of what use the *y* in *play*, the *o* in *people*, the *ea* in *beauty*, the *o* in *you*, the *w* in *flow*, the *e* in *foe*, the *i* in *friend*, the *u* in *guide*, the *o* in *double*, the *ch* in *schism*, the *e* in *true*, the *ue* in *plague*, the *b* in *doubt*?"

There are nowadays not a few reformers (Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, the inventor of phonography, for example, to name one of the most thorough going) who advocate a complete revolution in spelling. Convinced that the present system is, as Max Müller says, "unhistorical, unsystematic, unintelligible, and unteachable," they would have people adopt a new method, based on fixed principles, in which every sound would be represented in a way impossible to mistake. I am not going to discuss that system here, but it may prove interesting to give an example of it. The following sentences, however, are only printed in the reformed spelling, to a certain extent: to represent many of the sounds phonetically would require new letters.

"Wùn ov the weizest sayingz ei hav met with iz thát ov a filosofer, himself famùs for invenshonz, who sed he shud leik sùmthing niu everi day. This degree ov hapines it iz not given tu mortalz tu enjoi. We may, perhaps, hope for it in the fiutiur leif. Ei nó ov nùthing hwich more heitenz the joi ov leif than diskùveriz and invenshonz—sùmthing niu and true and useful, and espeshali hwen we hav a hand in it ourselvz."

The difficulties of English spelling are brought home to the foreigner learning our language in a way which we, who have been familiar with them from our earliest years, seldom think of. The simplicity of the grammatical structure of English would make it one of the easiest languages to learn, if it were not for the absurdities and contradictions of its spelling. A dialogue between a Frenchman at his studies and his tutor used often to be quoted by way of excuse for a foreigner's bad English, and it illustrates the subject so well that I insert it here:

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend; I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call h-o-u-g-h?

Tutor. Huff.

Fr. Très bien, huff; and snuff you spell, s-n-o-u-g-h, ha!

Tutor. Oh, no; *snuff* is s-n-u-double f. The fact is, words ending in *ough* are a little irregular.

Fr. Ah, ver' good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is *huff*, I will remember; and c-o-u-g-h, *cuff*. I have one bad cuff, ha!

Tutor. No, that is wrong. We say *kauf*, not *cuff*.

Fr. Kauf, eh bien. Huff and *kauf*; and, *pardonnez moi*, how you call d-o-u-g-h—*duff*, ha!

Tutor. No, not *duff*.

Fr. Not *duff*? Ah! *oui;* I understand: is *dauf*, hey!

Tutor. No, d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

Fr. Doe! It is ver' fine; wonderful language; it is *doe*; and t-o-u-g-h is *toe*, *certainement*. My beefsteak was ver' *toe*.

Tutor. Oh, no, no; you should say *tuff*.

Fr. Tuff? and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h, *pluff?* Ha! you smile; I see I am wrong; it is *plauf?* No? Ah, then it is *ploe*, like *doe*; it is beautiful language, ver' fine—*ploe*.

Tutor. You are still wrong, my friend; it is *plow*.

Fr. Plow! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow*, *doe*, *kauf;* and one more—r-o-u-g-h, what you call Bismarck; *rauf* and ready! No? *certainement* it is *row* and ready!

Tutor. No; r-o-u-g-h spells *ruff*.

Fr. Ruff, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff*, ha!

Tutor. No, *bow*.

Fr. 'Tis ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h! Ha! what you call him?

No wonder the Frenchman was puzzled by the sound of *ough*. It illustrates indeed a striking inconsistency of the English language. Instead of having always the same sound, it has a different one in nearly every word in which it occurs. Take, by way of a spelling exercise, the following cheerful couplet:—

"*Though* the *rough cough* and *hiccough*
plough me *through*,
O'er life's dark *lough* my way I will pursue."

One of the first difficulties of spelling is in connection with useless letters: letters which, for all the influence they have on sound, might as well be away. To write them seems only a waste of power. They do not assert themselves, and, like girls whose bashfulness keeps them in the background, they are apt to be overlooked and forgotten. In head, health, wealth, we have examples of silent *a's;* then we have silent *b's* in climb, crumb, dumb, numb, debt, doubt, subtle, and a host of other words.

C's, to give a few more illustrations, are superfluous in such words as scene, scent, sceptre, scissors, and victuals; *ch's* in drachm, schism, yacht; *e's*, when following a short vowel, in such words as have, give, fertile, infinite; *g's* in gnat, gnash, gnome, feign, sovereign, consign, design, resign, impugn, phlegm; *gh's* in neighbour, blight, delight, fight, night, fraught, bought, thought; *h's* in rhapsody, rhetorical, rheumatism, rhinoceros, rhubarb, rhyme, shepherd, Thomas, Thames; *k* in knave, knee, knife, knit; *l* in could, calf, half; *n* in autumn, condemn, hymn, solemn; *o* in arduous, double, trouble; *p* in psalm, pseudo, corps, raspberry; *s* in aisle, island, viscount; and *w* in wrap, wrought, wren, wrinkle, and wriggle.

The next difficulty to be alluded to is when the same sound is represented by different letters or different combinations of letters. We have examples of this difficulty in such words as complete and repeat, peach and speech, concrete and discreet, conceit and receipt, proceed and recede. *O* again is represented several different ways, as in *note*, *boat*, *crow*, and *toe;* and as for *e*, the most frequent sound in the language, it may be given in at least twenty distinct forms: *He*, *meal*, *heave*, *league*, intr*igue*, m*eet*, repl*ete*, sl*eeve*, r*eceive*, conc*eit*, p*eople*, k*ey*, f*oetus*, mach*ine*, inval*id*, gr*ief*, gr*ieve*, q*uay*, mosq*uito*, together with the singular caprices of *Beau*champ and *Cai*us College.

The greatest pains should be taken to master this difficulty. Sound, you see, is very misleading so far as spelling is concerned. The provincial magistrate found that out who one day at a public dinner gave as a toast "the two K's," meaning the *K*ing and the *C*onstitution.

A great many whole words are pronounced alike, but differ in orthography as well as in signi-

ficance, and these must be mastered if one wants to be a good speller. It is confusing, however, when one has to spell the same sound say three different ways, as when writing that "It is easy to *pare* an apple or a *pear* with a *pair* of scissors." Vale, vail, veil, are words of this sort; so are waste and waist; you, yew, and ewe; so, sow, and sew; rite, right, and write; mite and might; lade and laid; high and hie; gate and gait. Unless we are very careful there is always a danger in such words of representing the right sound by the wrong spelling.

Next, it must be pointed out, there are some troublesome words which, although they differ in meaning, pronunciation, and spelling, often give rise to mistakes. A few of these are the following:—

accept	for	except
accede	,,	exceed
currant	,,	current
dissent	,,	descent
eruption	,,	irruption
lineament	,,	liniment
missal	,,	missile
monetary	,,	monitory
ordinance	,,	ordnance
spacious	,,	specious
tract	,,	track

Of some words the orthography is still unsettled, and we enjoy a choice of spellings. Usually, however, we can point to one way or another as that sanctioned by the majority, and to that it is always safest to adhere. To cast in one's lot with the minority is, in matters indifferent, usually a mistake. Sail with the stream is a sure rule for an easy life. In everything? No, I do not say that.

"In words, as fashion, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

In words ending in *our* the *u* is often dropped, as in honor, favor, neighbor. Is this practice right, or is it wrong? The innovation has taken such fast hold that everyone may drop the *u* or retain it, just as it pleases herself. It is useless to the orthography; but in that it is no worse than a great many other letters are at odd times, as we have seen.

The *u*, of course, is dropped by everybody when such words are written as honorary, humorous, humorsome, laborious, rigorous, valorous, and vigorous.

We now come to speak of the terminations *ise* and *ize*, and on this subject I shall quote the author of "The Queen's English." "How are we to decide," says Dean Alford, "between *s* and *z* in such words as anathemati(*s* or *z*)e, cauteri(*s* or *z*)e, critici(*s* or *z*)e, deodori(*s* or *z*)e, dogmati(*s* or *z*)e, fraterni(*s* or *z*)e, and the rest? Many of those are derived from Greek verbs ending in *izo*, but more from French verbs ending in *iser*. It does not seem easy to come to a decision. Usage varies, but has not pronounced positively in any case. It seems more natural to write *anathematize* and *cauterize* with the *z*, but *criticize* is commonly written with the *s*. I remember hearing the late Dr. Donaldson give his opinion that they ought all to be written with *s*. But in the present state of our English usage the question seems an open one."

The same writer has a word to say on the doubt which exists in the public mind as to how to spell the two words ecstasy and apostasy. "The former of these, especially," he remarks, "is a puzzle to our compositors and journalists. Is it to be *extasy*, *extacy*, *ecstacy*, or *ecstasy*? The question is at once decided for us by the Greek root of the word. This is *ecstasis*, a standing, or position, out of, or beside, one's self. The same is the case with apostacy. The root of this is *apostasis*, a standing off or away from a man's former position. Consequently *ecstasy* (or if we prefer it, extasy) and *apostasy* are right, not those forms which end in *cy*.

Here are some other words of unsettled orthography; the form put first is the more common of the two:

Abetter, abettor; abridgment, abridgement; almanac, almanack; ancient, antient; apothegm, apophthegm; brazier, brasier; carbine, carabine; centipede, centiped; checker, chequer; chemist, chymist; clarionet, clarinet; corpse, corse; despatch, dispatch; endorse, indorse; ensure, insure; expense, expence; foundry, foundery; jail, gaol; gipsy, gypsy; gray, grey; harebrained, hairbrained; hiccough, hiccup; immovable, immoveable; endure, indure; inquire, enquire; judgement, judgment; licence, license; movable, moveable; potato, potatoe; rosin, resin; sergeant, serjeant.

There are scarcely any words, to speak of another class of errors, in which a mistake is more frequently made than in *peas* and *pease*, yet the distinction between them is simple and well defined. *Peas* is the plural of *pea*, and consequently only follows numeral adjectives; as "*ten* peas," "a *hundred* peas," a "*few* peas," "*many* peas;" but *pease* is used when speaking of the legumen in the aggregate or generally. Thus, we correctly say, "*Pease* are dear this year;" "*pease* were plentifully supplied to the horses." *Pease* is also used adjectively; as, *pease*-pudding, *pease*-soup, or *pea*-soup."

The next common error to be noticed is connected with the use of *ei* and *ie*, which are very often wrongly substituted the one for the other. The rule is this: If the diphthong have the sound of *ee*, after *c* comes *e*, and after any other letter *i* comes first, except *either*, *neither*, *seize*, *leisure*, *weird*, and most proper names. Of course if you pronounce either and neither *ither* and *nither*, and leisure *lezure*, these words are withdrawn from the list of exceptions.

Beware of falling into this error, for the rule is so simple and the exceptions are so few, that one is left without excuse. I remember a young man who took a violent fancy to a girl much beneath him in position. Chance separated him from her for a time. During his absence she wrote to him, at his own earnest request; and every one of her letters ended, "Dear Tom, beleive me, etc." Now that "ei" did more than all the entreaties of his friends and all the warnings of his parents. It opened his eyes to the fact that she would never do for him, and fortunately he had not gone so far but that he could retire without disgrace.

Those of you who are given to using interjections are sometimes puzzled as to the use of "O" and "Oh." *Oh* should be used to express surprise, pain, sorrow, or anxiety. When the interjection, however, is followed by a proper name or an exclamation of wishing, then the "O" should be employed simply, thus: O, my dear Molly! O, that I could make up my mind what to do!

Words ending in *o* are sometimes troublesome, and it is as well to remember that the rule is that when the *o* is preceded by a vowel they take *s* in the plural, as cameo, *cameos;* studio, *studios;* folio, *folios*. But when the *o* is preceded by a consonant they generally take *es* in the plural; for example—echo, *echoes;* fresco, *frescoes;* motto, *mottoes;* volcano, *volcanoes*. Unfortunately, this rule has about thirty exceptions, which take *s* only.

Speaking of plurals reminds one of the difficulty connected with the plural of nouns ending in *y*. Here there is a rule, about which there is no trouble: if the *y* is preceded by a vowel the plural is formed by simply adding *s*, as money, *moneys;* attorney, *attorneys;* donkey, *donkeys;* valley, *valleys*. But if the *y* is preceded by a consonant, the plural is formed by changing the *y* into *ies*, as city, *cities;* daisy, *daisies*.

Double letters, in forming the past participle of a verb, are a stumbling-block to most people, and to write *benefitted* for *benefited* is a common error. "The fact is," says one writer, "that this doubling only takes place in a syllable on which the accent is laid, and the purpose of it is to ensure the right pronunciation. If the participle of quit were spelt *quited*, it would be pronounced as in *requited*, and would lose the sound of its verb; whereas by spelling it *quitted*, that sound is retained. And so of fit, rebel, abhor, and other words of the same kind. But when the syllable has no accent on it, the reduplication is not needed, for there can be but one way of pronouncing it; we might as well make the participle of remember, *rememberred*, as that of benefit, *benefitted*."

In writing words beginning with the prefix *dis* or *mis*, mistakes are sometimes made either by the omission or the insertion of an *s*. Such errors may be easily avoided by considering whether the word to which *dis* or *mis* is prefixed begins with *s*. If it does, of course the *s* of the prefix must be retained, and there will be two *s*'s, as in dis*solve*, dis*sipate*, mis*spell*, mis*shapen*. Should the word not begin with *s*, there will just be one *s* when the prefix is added, as dis*arm*, dis*ease*, mi*stake*, mis*construe*, mis*demeanour*.

Errors are often made in the spelling of proper names. At one time, indeed, in the history of our country the strangest discrepancies existed in the names of persons, not only as written by their friends, but by themselves. Disraeli, in his "Amenities of Literature," mentions that Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Leicester, spelt his name no fewer than eight different ways. The name Villiers is spelt fourteen different ways in the deeds of that family. "The simple dissyllabic but illustrious name of Percy, the Bishop of Dromore found in family documents they had contrived to spell in fifteen different ways."

But these variations are nothing compared with those which have been discovered in authorised documents of the name of the family of Mainwaring, of Power. There are one hundred and thirty-one of them, while Shakespeare's name has been spelt in thirty-four different ways.

Here we must pause, girls, though the study of spelling is far from exhausted. Enough, however, has perhaps been said to show that the subject is one both interesting and useful, and to send you to books in which it is treated at length. Remember, however, that spelling is not to be learned by committing many rules to memory. They but confuse your head, and you get into a worse fog by means of the exceptions.

The surest road to spelling well is to read and to write much, and to find out for yourselves the derivations of the words. Whoever lives in the society of books is not likely to go very far wrong with her orthography. Even should she put down a word wrongly, she is pretty sure to recognise the error. She may not be able to tell exactly how the word is wrong, but that it is wrong she has no doubt, and in that case the only way is to refer to the dictionary.

But, even though you grow the best speller in the world, never grow conceited about it. Pride comes before a fall, and I remember once calling at a house where the father of the family was delivering a lecture to his daughters on spelling, and pointing to himself as an example worthy of imitation. Alas! the very next day I had a note from him asking me to meet him at the Crystal Palace, and he spelt Crystal with a "Ch"!

TWO CHANGEFUL YEARS.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"The issue of completed cadences."—
E. B. Browning.

A HALF-FINISHED street in a London suburb; one side a row of grim semi-detached houses, the road ending in a chaotic field spanned by a succession of railway arches, over which busy locomotives puff and snort by day and by night. No very cheery outlook for a pair of young eyes that watch from a window of one of the tenanted houses, and no wonder if their owner looks slightly *ennuyé!*

More than a twelvemonth has passed since Margaret and Isa set up housekeeping here, and although, owing to the builder's difficulties, the street is not much more advanced than when they first took up their abode in it, they have got to feel quite at home, and the evening chats over their own tea-table help them bravely through the day's work which parts them. Peeping into the room, we scarcely know whether to call it dining, drawing-room, or library; indeed, we rather incline to think it all the more cosy and attractive, since it is apparently a combination of the three. The girls, in selecting the furniture to be retained, had been more anxious to keep those articles to which the dearest associations were attached than to study their suitability to bear one another company. Thus, the study table had to do duty for dining-table in the centre of the room, the father's large easy-chair standing on one side of the fireplace, the mother's own special chair and work-table on the other. The long dwarf bookcase along the wall had been in the old dining-room, but on the top are now ranged choice ornaments, amongst them that china bowl which figured conspicuously upon a certain tea-table many months ago, and which still seems fragrant with sweet memories. The piano has, of course, been brought, and one or two low chairs, which with a few of more formal make complete the furniture of this comfortable sitting-room.

There is but little change in the appearance of the sisters. A line or two of care may perhaps be traced on Margaret's face that was not there when we first saw her, but it still wears the same expression of cheerfulness and strength. Isa is taller, and though still *petite* and fairy-like, she has a more grown-up air—due, perhaps, to the fact that the wavy tresses are now twirled up into as tight a knot as they will consent to be screwed into, as though ashamed of their abundance, for even Isa, with all her independence, cannot defy the dictates of fashion. Her old impetuosity still breaks forth not

unfrequently, but it certainly must have been somewhat curbed, or she would scarcely have made such rapid advance in her studies. It was Wednesday, a half holiday for Isa but not for Maggie, which discomforted the former not a little, seeing she happened to be in no mood for reading, and she was watching all the more impatiently from the window, since her sister was considerably behind her usual time. At length she appeared, and was received at the door with the customary embrace, and "What has made you so late, you old darling?"

But the "old darling" stepped in very wearily, and, seating herself in the large easy-chair, suffered her hat to be taken off, and various comments to be made upon her laziness without seemingly having the slightest desire to defend herself.

"But really, Maggie, what made you so late?"

"Mrs. Lauriston kept me waiting."

"How inconsiderate!"

"Not in the least, Isa," said Maggie, now roused to vindicate her kind friend, "Mrs. Lauriston is never that; but she sent to tell me she wished to speak to me before I left, and then her visitors arriving before she expected, she quite forgot me."

"Oh! they have arrived, have they," cried Isa, opening the bedroom door and flinging the hat in with a most unceremonious toss, and then planting herself on her sister's lap. "Did you catch a glimpse of this lovely cousin?"

"Yes."

"And is she really very pretty?"

"Yes."

"And was the bridegroom elect with her?"

"Yes."

"Why, Madge," said Isa, laughing and giving her a shake, "you dear old sobersides, can't you say anything but yes?"

"Let me go, Isa, and see after the welfare of my poor hat; you know I can't afford a new one yet."

This was uttered with an evident attempt at merriment, which the speaker's listless manner made rather unsuccessful.

"No," answered the younger girl, placing a hand on each of Maggie's shoulders. "No, you will not stir until you have gone through your catechism. First of all, what is he like?"

"Like—like?" said Madge, dreamily.

"Yes, like, Madge. It is fun to be able to turn the tables and call you a dreamer. My dreams don't make me quiet, though. I repeat," continued Isa, in a tone of mock command, "what is he like?"

"Like Reginald Carrington."

"Maggie, Maggie!" ejaculated Isa, starting to her feet. "You do not really mean——."

A nod of the head was the only reply, and poor Maggie shut herself in her bedroom, for Isa's sympathy evincing itself in rapid strides up and down the room, and in the letting off a volley of invectives against Reginald, was not calculated to bring much comfort. Then she raised her eyes to a text which she had as a child illuminated because it was a favourite one, for, happily, she had not been taught to feel it terrible. "Thou God seest me." Yes, He looked upon her even now, in all her weakness, with that same glance of infinite love.

Did she awake to realise that part of the strength that had been hers through all her last great trouble had been begotten of a hope perhaps too fondly cherished? Still, the Eye that rested on her was that of One who pitieth His children like a father. And we may leave her, knowing there will be solace for her, in this fresh sorrow, which must be borne silently—knowing that though it may be long before the sun-rays peep forth from behind this cloud, she may find rest beneath its very shadow, since that is one God Himself has permitted to be cast over her.

For the last fortnight Maggie's patience had been sorely tried by her young pupils' excitement over the coming wedding. Their cousin, of whom they were very fond, had been travelling on the Continent with her widowed mother, and whilst there had met with a gentleman, to whom she had got engaged, and had now returned preparatory to her marriage, which was to take place shortly. The little girls had been very much elated on hearing that they were to act as bridesmaids, and so much the most important part of the whole affair did this seem, that they had never happened to mention the future bridegroom's name—in fact, scarcely knew it themselves.

Hence, when their governess, about to leave, was just stepping into the hall from the passage which led from the schoolroom into it, she was little prepared to see the face she so instantaneously recognised. She shrank back so as not to be observed as Mrs. Lauriston and her guests crossed from one room to another, but she could not fail to know the Reginald who was smiling down upon the fair girl and her aunt, her mother following with Mr. Lauriston and a fine-looking man about his age, who appeared extremely satisfied with the state of affairs, and no doubt he was so, seeing he was Mr. Gilbert Carrington, and this young lady with his nephew an heiress!

The following morning Maggie tried in vain to raise her head from the pillow—it was burning with feverish pain—and as she became increasingly ill, Miss Carter called in her medical man. He looked grave, feared it would be a tedious affair. Isa stood trembling; such a possibility as Maggie's serious illness had never entered her thoughts.

"You are a sister," said Dr. Horton, as he walked back again into the front room, and looking kindly at the poor child. "Can you be a good nurse, I wonder?"

Isa burst into tears.

"Come, come, that will never do; a nurse must try and forget herself—think only of her patient, you know. Now look as cheerful as you can, for I shall want plenty of your help." So saying, and with a cordial shake of the hand, he left the room, followed by Miss Carter, who wished to know his opinion.

"I can say nothing very definite to-day, but there is evidently a great amount of nervous excitement," was the reply.

"Poor dear young lady," cried the sympathetic woman; "she has had so much to try her," and she told the doctor a little of the history she knew of the sisters. "That young one is not of much use, she is so thoughtless, though you can't help liking her pretty ways; but I'm sure I'll do anything I can for them."

"Yes, yes, Miss Carter, I am quite sure of that, but you'll see that young one will be of more use than you imagine; it will do her good—it will do her good." And waving his hand to her by way of good-bye, the busy man was whirled away in his brougham.

That evening the doctor and his wife were talking over his new young patient. Mrs. Horton, herself childless, yet not devoid of the motherly heart possessed by every true woman, had no sooner heard her husband's account than she longed to go to see the girls; and, finding after a few days that they had no friends near, for both Mrs. Lauriston and Miss Burnard had gone off on their summer trips, she no longer hesitated.

Thus it was that when the doctor made his visit one morning, not quite a week after he was called in, he was accompanied by a plump little lady with a face beaming with kindliness, who speedily won Isa's admiration, and henceforth this new friend seldom passed a day without coming in to share the nursing.

A few weeks of anxious watching, and then the invalid was pronounced sufficiently convalescent to leave her room, and slowly strength began to return.

It was a novel *rôle* for Maggie to play—that of lying still to be waited upon, but as she looked on Isa flitting about with an unselfish thoughtfulness that hitherto she had lacked, she could not but feel thankful for this fresh discipline, and for herself she hoped it had also been of good, teaching her more thoroughly to sympathise with the sad and suffering.

The well-known knock was heard one morning early in August, and Isa flew to welcome the friend for whom she and her sister felt a strong affection.

"Well, how is *our* patient?" inquired Mrs. Horton; "the doctor has given her over entirely into *our* hands, Isa, and I have popped in to give her my advice. I prescribe three or four weeks of bracing sea breezes. So now pack up your boxes, and be ready for me. I shall call for you at eleven o'clock the day after to-morrow."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Horton?" said Maggie, her pale face lighting up.

"I mean that my husband cannot accompany me to Folkestone, where you know I am going for my annual visit. So I am selfish enough to want to monopolise the company of two young friends of mine."

"Oh, Mrs. Horton, how kind!" exclaimed both girls.

Isa's eyes filled with tears of delight as she said—

"Only this morning Maggie was saying she believed a few whiffs of sea-air would make her quite strong again."

And Maggie was right. The fresh air of that pleasant watering-place brought the colour back to her cheeks in less than a fortnight, and she was able to take a good walk without fatigue.

It was a hot morning, and Mrs. Horton having letters to write, the girls had taken their books to a favourite seat they had part of the way down the cliff. Before beginning to read these, however, Maggie drew an unopened letter from her pocket, which she had just received. It bore the post-mark "Cheltenham," and knowing the wedding was to take place there, she rightly expected that her little pupil had now sent her a description of that event. After giving graphic details of the dresses, even down to her own "cream satin shoes with blue bows," the little girl finished up by saying that the newly-wedded pair would be at Folkestone the very day Maggie would get this letter, "and wouldn't it be funny if you were to see them, only you would not know them, dear Miss Brown? And they are going to have such a lovely trip in a yacht along the Mediterranean."

The two girls were reading this childish effusion, when a gentleman who had been walking up the zig-zag path from the beach was about to pass them.

It was Reginald Carrington.

"Maggie—Miss Brown—I beg your pardon—Lady Craven," he exclaimed.

"Why, Reginald," said Isa, with flashing eyes; "you didn't think that was Maggie who married Sir Wilfred?"

"My uncle wrote me word he had seen the wedding of the eldest daughter of the Vicar of Farncombe, the name of Brown," exclaimed Reginald, with excitement.

"Yes, now I see," said Isa, laughing; and forgetful for the moment of the bride who might be waiting above on the cliff for all she knew, she explained how the mistake had been made.

"Have you then left Farncombe? Why did you not tell me? And your father——?" Then

he was silent, for he feared to hear the answer Maggie gave him.

"We have lost him; he died nearly eighteen months ago."

"And you did not write to me, Maggie," he said, reproachfully, with the old look of love in his eyes.

Why was he so cruel, so unmanly, now he knew all? thought Maggie, and rising with something of *hauteur* in her manner, she said, "Come, Isa, we will go home. Good-morning, Mr. Carrington," and she ascended rapidly to the top of the cliff.

But Reginald was evidently determined not to leave her without again speaking; he was quickly by her side, when—

"Why, Reginald, what on earth brought you here?" said a manly voice, and before them stood Mr. Gilbert Carrington and a young lady.

"I came down about a telegram just arrived from Ceylon; I knew you could not telegraph back full instructions," but seeing his uncle looking at his companions rather inquiringly, "Let me introduce you," added Reginald. Maggie had been just moving away, but self-respect obliged her to go through this introduction.

"You remember hearing me speak of friends at Farncombe Vicarage," said Reginald; "Miss Brown and her sister."

"Lady—?" said Mr. Carrington, forgetting the name, but not the title.

Reginald hurriedly explained the mistake.

In the meantime, Maggie, who felt the embarrassment of this meeting becoming almost unbearable, was leaving them with a bow, when the lady who accompanied Mr. Carrington, playfully tapping Reginald with her parasol, said, "You forget to introduce me," for she divined there was some little romance going on, and was not willing to be ignored.

"*Ma tante!* ten thousand pardons!" replied Reginald, who, however perplexed, seemed not altogether displeased. "Miss Brown—Mrs. Gilbert Carrington."

Maggie flushed. Another mistake?

"Why, Reginald, we thought you had married Miss Forester," cried Isa.

"No, no!" laughingly exclaimed the real bridegroom, looking proudly down at the young wife. "I see I have made one awful mistake, but I made no mistake two days ago. And now, Miss Brown," he continued, offering his hand, "I can hardly hope you can forgive me directly, but pray take my advice and change that mischief-making name of yours as quickly as possible."

And he parted from them with a kindly smile, for the last few months had wrought a marvellous change in Mr. Gilbert Carrington, making him wondrously sympathetic with lovers in general.

A few months later a small wedding party left the old parish church at Hampstead. The young artist, who had already begun to be called a "rising one," had made a home in one of the old-fashioned houses by the Heath, and Maggie had been persuaded, not altogether against her will, to follow the advice she received on the Folkestone Cliff that August morning. Dr. Horton and his wife acted father and mother on the occasion, the latter not omitting the orthodox maternal tears; but, as she explained, she only cried for joy, for she was not losing a child, but rather gaining one, for henceforth it was an understood thing that Isa was to have two homes.

[THE END.]

THE OBSERVER.

OUR English winters are so uncertain that we can never know what kind of weather to expect. As a general rule, we look for a little ice, a little snow, and a good deal of hoar frost. Any of these present objects of great interest to anyone with observant eyes, particularly if aided by a magnifying glass.

If you go out on a calm, quiet day, as soon as possible after a fall of snow, and with the temperature at some degrees below freezing, you will probably see that the surface of the snow is covered with glistening specks. Lift some of the snow on a sheet of paper, or a leaf (not in your hot hand), and look at it through your magnifying-glass, being careful not to breathe on it. You will see that the bright specks with which the snow is spangled are tiny crystals, of perfect form, and many of them of most elaborate and beautiful shape. At first, when the temperature is not much below freezing, they may be only like slender needles of ice; at other times, with a rather lower temperature, they will be found in one of their two primary forms—either a star of six arms (fig. 1), or a thin six-sided flake (fig. 2).

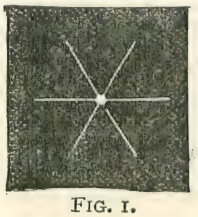


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

Sometimes two or more of these simple ones have fallen one upon another, and most elaborate combinations are formed. Drawings have been made of two or three hundred different ones, but they are all varieties and elaborations of the two primary forms. If the complex ones are breathed upon, you will see the beautiful incrustations gradually melt away till only one of the two original shapes is left, and that, too, disappears.

Hoar frost, which we have many more opportunities of observing, presents forms in the main the same as snow crystals, the same individual spikes of ice which go to make up the crystals of snow are here too; but whereas snow congeals in the upper air and falls already crystallised, the hoar frost falls in the form of dew, and the uneven surface of the material upon which it falls affects the arrangement and grouping of the needles of ice, which are really the component parts of the star-like crystals.

It is interesting in the same way to watch the gradual freezing of a shallow pond, where the even surface of the water is broken by grass or rushes. The principle is the same as with snow and hoar frost. The water first freezes into slender spikes of ice; frequently six of these will unite, and produce one of the primary forms, as in snow crystals; or the grass or pieces of wood will interfere and cause them to group themselves into fantastic forms, interspersed with the thin six-sided scales of ice, which is the other primary form of snow crystallisation, till they all unite, and the whole pond is covered with a thin sheet of ice.

Snow and ice are both of considerably less density than water. That is to say, they occupy more space. You can prove this by collecting a basinful of snow, melt it, and the water will only occupy about a tenth or a twelfth part of the basin which the snow quite filled. Take this same water and freeze it, and it will again take up more space than the water, though not so much as the snow. You can prove that water expands when it freezes still more conclusively by a simple experiment. Fill a bottle up to the very top with water, cork it, and tie the cork down securely. Fill another similar bottle also quite full to the brim, but do not cork it. Put out both bottles when it is freezing hard at night. In the morning the corked bottle will be found broken by the force of the water, which had no room to expand while freezing; the other bottle will not have broken, because the frozen water has been able to run over the top of the bottle.

This property of expansion of water when frozen is of great value to the ground. The moisture in the soil freezes, expands, and in so doing breaks up the clods of earth, making cracks and holes to receive the seeds blown along by the wind.

Children who are fond of birds may entice even the most shy ones near to the house during frosty weather when food is scarce, by getting a small piece of raw meat (a piece of skinny fat is best), and tying it up to a branch, or the edge of a balcony, or any place that can be seen from the window. The tom-tits will come and hold on by their claws, and hang wrong side up while they peck at it.

As the winter draws on, some of the beautiful constellations become visible early in the evening. Of the three spoken of in the Book of Job as especially calling for admiration (Job xxxviii. 31), Pleiades has already been mentioned, as well as "Arcturus and his Sons," which we know as Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. The remaining one, Orion, or the Archer, one of the most splendid constellations, is visible now also, in the south-eastern sky. Draw a line from the Pole star to Capella, and then straight on about as far again, and it will bring you to Orion. Three bright stars form his belt, with three smaller ones hanging from it representing his sword. Higher up are two bright stars for his shoulders, with a cluster of three small ones between them for his head, and two more bright ones for his feet. The expression in Job, the "bands of Orion," allude to the old idea that Orion was a giant chained up in the sky.

The most beautiful fixed star in the heavens (Sirius, commonly called the Dog Star) is visible now, also. The children will easily remember both its name and position from being just at the heel of the Archer, or Huntsman, Orion; and it so far exceeds the surrounding stars in brilliance, that it is almost impossible to mistake it. This star is by many supposed to be the one alluded to by Job as Mazzawtt.

The planet Jupiter, the most brilliant of any except Venus, is to be seen early in the evenings during December. The stars all appear to rise in the east and follow the course of the sun, setting in the west; but the planets are like wandering spirits moving about amongst the fixed stars. Jupiter rises on the 6th of December, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, getting gradually earlier, till at the end of the month it rises at a quarter to six.

DORA HOPE.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

A Friend, 10s.; Miss Helen Summerfield, 10s.; Collected by Miss Anne Beale, £1; Collected by Miss Barbara A. Legg, 5s.; Collected by Miss Bertha Bradshaw (Barbadoes), £16 10s.; Collected by Miss Barclay, 5s. 1d.; Collected by Miss Beatrice Stanford, £1 1s.; Collected by Miss Eleanor Myatt, 10s. 7d.; Collected by Miss Gertrude Cooke, 8s.; Collected by Miss C. J. Turner, £1 1s. 3d.; Collected by Miss J. Penrose, £1 12s.; Seventeen Years Old, 7d.; A Brother, 5s.; Miss Margaret A. Manley, 1s.; A. B. D., 5s.; Two Sisters, 2s.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 1s. 6d.; Worthing, 2s. 3d.; Miss A. J. W. Strathaven, 5s.; Whitley, £1; C. and A. H., 3s.; Miss

Christine Phillipps, 4s.; Violet, 1s.; Twelve Stamps, 1s.; E. A. D., 1s. 6d.; Collected by Stumpy, 5s.; J. O., 2s.; Miss Christina Henderson, 1s.; Old Quilp, 1s.; Miss R. Lockwood, 1s.; Miss S. E. Thompson, £1; Miss E. M. J. Dodds, 5s.; Miss J. L. Dew, 10s. 6d.; Bessie, 2s.; Miss Archer, £1; Bob and Tottie, 1s. 6d.; Collected by Miss E. Donald, £1 5s.; Collected by Miss E. Ashton, £1 6s.; Collected by Miss S. Pigott, 5s.; Collected by Miss F. Springett, £1 7s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Emilie Ball, £1; Collected by Miss M. J. Finnimore, 4s. 2d; Collected by Miss F. E. Johnson, 6s.; Collected by Miss Margaret Springet, £1 2s.; Collected by Miss F. E. Pocklington, 8s.; Collected by Miss B. Jenkins, £1 2s. 3d.; Collected by the Misses Payne, £2; Collected by Miss Hamilton Beatson, 8s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Frowde, 2s. 8d.; Collected by Miss Mary P. Selwyn, 12s.; Collected by Miss Annie E. Little, 15s.; Collected by Miss Mary G. Bottomley, 10s.; Collected by Miss Lillie Smith, 2s.; Collected by Miss J. Edden, 8s.; Collected by Miss Lynch, 13s.; Collected by Miss Parry, 2s. 6d. £43 14s. 4d.—Total amount received to September 30th, 1883, £588 16s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGAGED.—We do not think twenty-one is too early for a young woman to be engaged or married; but we should prefer, for her future husband's sake, that her spelling and writing should be better than yours. There are five faults in spelling in your short note.

M. F. H. DEVONSHIRE.—Wet the grease stain on the paper with ether, and then press it with a hot iron, laying the page between two sheets of blotting-paper. If there be still a stain, brush a little spirits of wine over the place.

MADELEINE V. L. S.—*Res non verba* means "Deeds, not words." Never mind about such difficult questions. "Ye do serve the Lord Christ," and may do all the actions of your life for His praise and glory, and in faith and hope you may leave all to Him, for "He is faithful that hath promised." If you do not try to serve God, you have no reasonable ground for hoping that you are amongst the blessed company of His "elect."

ANCIENT MARINER.—The current "rupee" in India is nominally worth 2s., or ten to £1.

KATHLEEN BARTON.—Many thanks for the information, which we shall use in future. You have our warm sympathy in your troubles. "Those also serve who only stand and wait."

M.—We are not acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. Your brother should not have taken "French leave," but first have called at the miller's, or else have written him a polite note and asked permission. If not accorded, he might then consult a magistrate or a lawyer as to a legal right of way. Your handwriting is scarcely formed yet.

LA VILLETTE.—We are much obliged by your kind letter, and are glad you are pleased with your certificate.

DABULAMANGI.—You might write a private letter to the secretary of the mission.

A. M. S.—Mark your trousseau after you are married, not before.

MIN.—We fear we cannot accept your offer of a white rat, nor can we tell you what to do with the others.

J. M. (Oxton).—We have received both your letters, and regret we cannot help you. But we think you would find what you want in Dr. Wordsworth's Commentary on the Psalms.

A LOVER OF POETRY.—1. "Casa Wappy" is the title of an elegiac poem by David Macbeth Moir (1798-1851) on the death of an infant son of the writer, who died after a very brief illness. "Casa Wappy" was the pet name of the child. 2. The other poem about which you inquire is by Bret Harte, and will be found in the last edition of his works.

LOOKING FORWARD.—1. How can we tell you what "special talent" you possess, being perfect strangers to you? Besides, most people have none. What you may nevertheless possess is common sense, and if not, try to cultivate it. Certainly God has given all of us "talents" in one sense, such as time, health, education, and money; hands to employ for others and ourselves, eyes to do the same, opportunities for doing kindly and useful acts as each day comes and goes. "Can I do anything for you?" is a little question you can put to those of the home circle, should you ever be at a loss for work. Much may be done quite apart from mere accomplishments of an artistic character. 2. Why not "keep a diary?" Only, beware of writing anything of which it would be a breach of confidence to risk the betrayal, or injudicious to record.

ANNIE S. B.—There is no such mention of Christ in the Old Testament, and in reference to any prayer of Gideon. Perhaps you have misunderstood a remark in some sermon. Your quotation is more like Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

MARY STEWART, WHITE DAISY, PLASKETTS, HEX, AND SEVERAL OTHERS, are informed that the quotations sent by them cannot be traced by us.

EDITH BEATRICE.—Yorkshire contains 6,066 square miles, and 1,629 parishes. You had better count the letters yourself.

FOUR GEMS.—The canonical hours are certain stated hours of the day fixed by the ecclesiastical laws. In England these hours are from 8 a.m. to 12 forenoon, before and after which marriages cannot be legally performed in any parish church. The first part of the service, which is considered as the betrothal, is sometimes performed in the body of the church. The second part is considered the real marriage, and is performed in the chancel. The marriage service originally formed two services — betrothal and marriage.

VANCOUVER.—Press the flowers when quite freshly picked and dry, and change the blotting-paper frequently.

Answers to Acrostics in the extra Christmas Part of "The Girl's Own Paper."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—I.

SOSTHENES.—Acts xviii. 17.

S hunamite.—2nd Kings iv. 8.
O badiah.—1st Kings xviii. 4.
S ihor.—Jer. ii. 18.
T ubalcain.—Gen. iv. 22.
H iram.—1st Kings v. 8-10.
E paphroditus.—Phil. ii. 25.
N ahor.—Gen. xi. 26.
E bedmalech.—Jer. xxxix. 16.
S healtiel.—Ezra iii. 2.

A. F. C.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—II.

PHARAOH-HOPHRA.—Jer. xliv. 30.

P alestina.—Ex. xv. 14.
H aran.—Gen. xi. 31.
A ppii Forum.—Acts xxviii. 15.
R ahab.—Ps. lxxxix. 10.
A rimathea.—Luke xxiii. 51.
O phir.—1st Kings x. 11.
H avilah.—1st. Sam. xv. 7.
H ebron.—2nd Sam. iii. 32.
O livet.—2nd Sam. xv. 30.
P adan-aram.—Gen. xxv. 20.
H am.—Gen. xiv. 20.
R ephidim.—Ex. xvii. 1.
A lexandria.—Acts xviii. 24.

A. F. C.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—III.

BREAD.—John vi. 48. WATER.—John iv. 10.

B artholome W
R a m A
E a r n e s T
A d v o c a t E
D a u g h t e R

A. F. C.

ANSWERS TO BURIED FEMALE NAMES. 1. Edith. 2. Eva. 3. Fanny. 4. Alice. 5. Mabel. 6. Myra. 7. Ethel. 8. Helen. 9. Esther.

"WINTER LEAVES,"

The extra Christmas Part, is now ready, and contains the following:—

Frontispiece—"CHRISTMAS ANGELS" (Drawn by Gustave Doré.)

THE OWL'S HOOT. A Winter Tale of Old Times. By Fairleigh Owen. Author of "Her Sweet Revenge."
THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS. A New Song. Composed by Elizabeth Philp.
PRETTY DISHES FOR A PARTY. By Phillis Browne.
FUN FOR THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE. Games New and Old, and How to Play Them.
A PLUM PUDDING IN FRANCE. By E. B. Leach.
FINISHED AT CHRISTMAS. A Story. By Ruth Lamb.
WINTER. A Poem. By Clara Thwaites.
CHRISTMAS ON THE CONTINENT. By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A.
THE NEW HAND FROM THE COUNTRY. A Short Story. By Emma Brewer.
ABUNDANCE OF PEACE. By the Rev. Lewis Borrett White, D.D., Rector of St. Mary Aldermary and Secretary of the Religious Tract Society.
CHRISTMAS ANGELS. A Poem.
THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY. A Story. By Louisa Menzies.
OURSELVES AND WINTER. By James Mason.
A LOVING HEART. A Short Story. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo.
ALL HAIL THE KING. A Poem. By G. Collingwood Banks.
OUR CHRISTMAS TEA PARTY FOR THE POOR.
AFTER TWELFTH DAY. A Short Story.
CHRISTMAS CARDS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM. By Dora de Blaquiere.
AN INDIAN LEGEND.
THE OLD AND THE NEW. A Poem. By Helen Marion Burnside.
MISS WIMPOLE'S RECOLLECTIONS. A Story. By Sarah Doudney.
VARIETIES.
NEW YEAR'S DAY. A Poem.

VOL. V.—NO. 205. DECEMBER 1, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CEDARS.

I WAS almost ashamed of myself for being so happy, and yet it was a sober kind of happiness too. I did not forget my father, and I missed Allan with an intensity that surprised myself; but in spite of hard work and the few daily vexations that hamper everyone's lot, I continued to extract a great deal of enjoyment out of my life. To sum it up with a word, it was life—not mere existence—a life brimming over with duties and responsibilities and untried work, too busy for vacuum. Every corner

[*All rights reserved.*]

"SINGING HER THE HYMNS SHE LOVED."

and interstice of time filled up—heart, and head, and hands always fully employed; and youth and health, those two grand gifts of God, making all such work a delight.

Now I am older, and the sap of life does not run so freely in my veins, I almost marvel at the remembrance of those days, at my youthful exuberance and energy, and those words, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," come to me with a strange force and illumination, for truly I needed it all then, and it was given to me. Time was a treasure trove, and I husbanded every minute with a miser's zeal. I had always been an early riser, and now I reaped the benefit of this habit. Jack used to murmur discontentedly in her sleep when I set the window open soon after six, and the fresh summer air fanned her hot face. But how cool and dewy the garden looked at that hour!

It was so bright and still, with the thrushes and blackbirds hopping over the wet lawn, and the leaves looking so fresh and green in the morning sun; such twitterings and chirpings came from the lilac trees, where the little brown sparrows twittered and plumed themselves. The bird music used to chime in in a sort of refrain to my morning prayers—a diminutive chorus of praise—the chorale before the day's service commenced.

I always gave Jack a word of warning as I left the room (the reprimand used to find her in the middle of a dream), and then I went to Dot. I used to help him to dress and hear him his prayers, and talk cheerfully to him when he was languid and fretful, and the small duties of life were too heavy for his feeble energies. Dot always took a large portion of my time; his movements were slow and full of tiny perversities; he liked to stand and philosophise in an infantile way when I wanted to be downstairs helping Deborah. Dot's fidgets, as I called them, were part of the day's work.

When he was ready to hobble downstairs with his crutch, I used to fly back to Jack and put a few finishing touches to her toilet, for I knew by experience that she would make her appearance downstairs with a crooked parting and a collar awry, and be grievously plaintive when Carrie found fault with her. Talking never mended matters; Jack was at the hoyden age, and had to grow into tidiness and womanhood by-and-by.

After that I helped Deborah, and took up mother's breakfast. I always found her lying with her face to the window, and her open Bible beside her. Carrie had always been in before me and arranged the room. Mother slept badly, and at that early hour her face had a white, pining look, as though she had lost her way in the night, or waked to miss something. She used to turn with a sweet troubled smile to me as I entered.

"Here comes my busy little woman," she would say, with a pretence at cheerfulness, and then she would ask after Dot. She never spoke much of her sadness to us; with an unselfishness that was most rare she refused to dim our young cheerfulness by holding an unhealed grief too plainly before our eyes. Dear mother, I realise now what that silence must have cost her!

When breakfast was over, and Uncle Geoffrey busily engrossed with his paper, I used to steal into the kitchen and have a long confab with Deborah, and then Jack and I made our bed and dusted our room to save Martha, and by that time I was ready to start to the Cedars; but not until I had conveyed Jack to Miss Martin's, and left her and her books safely at the door.

Dot used to kiss me rather wistfully when I left him with his lesson books and paint-box, waiting for mother to come down and keep him company. Poor little fellow, he had rather a dull life of it, for even Jumbles refused to stay with him, and Smudge was out in the garden, lazily watching the sparrows. Poor little lonely boy, deprived of the usual pleasures of boyhood, and looking out on our busy lives from a sort of sad twilight of pain and weakness, but keeping such a brave heart and silent tongue over it all.

How I enjoyed my little walk up High-street and across the wide, sunshiny square! When I reached The Cedars, and the butler admitted me, I used to run up the old oak staircase and tap at the nursery door.

Nurse used to curtsey and withdraw; Flurry and I had it all to ourselves. I never saw Miss Lucas until luncheon-time; she was more of an invalid than I knew at that time, and rarely left her room before noon. Flurry and I soon grew intimate; after a few days were over we were the best of friends. She was a clever child and fond of her lessons, but she was full of droll fancies. She always insisted on her dolls joining our studies. It used to be a little embarrassing to me at first to see myself surrounded by the vacant waxen faces staring at us, with every variety of smirk and bland fatuous expression; the flaxen heads nid-nodded over open lesson books, propped up in limp, leathery arms. When Flossy grew impatient for a game of play, he would drag two or three of them down with a vicious snap and a stroke of his feathery paws. Flurry would shake her head at him disapprovingly, as she picked them up and shook out their smart frocks. The best behaved of the dolls always accompanied us in our walk before luncheon. I used to think of Carrie's words, sometimes, as I played with Flurry in the afternoon; she would not hear of lessons then. Sometimes I would coax her to sew a little, or draw; and she always had her half-hour at the piano, but during the rest of the afternoon I am afraid there was nothing but play.

How I wish Dot could have joined us sometimes as we built our famous brick castles, or worked in Flurry's little garden, where she grew all sorts of wonderful things. When I was tired or lazy I used to bring out my needlework to the seat under the cedar, and tell Flurry stories, or talk to her as she dressed her dolls; she was very good and tractable, and never teased me to play when I was disinclined.

I told her about Dot very soon, and she gave me no peace after that until I took her to see him; there was quite a childish friendship between them soon. Flurry used to send him little gifts, which she purchased with her pocket-money—pictures, and knives, and pencils. I often begged Miss Lucas to put a stop to it, but she only laughed and praised Flurry, and put by choice little portions of fruit and other dainties for Flurry's boy friend.

Flurry prattled a great deal about her father, but I never saw him. He had his luncheon at the bank. Once when we were playing battledore and shuttlecock in the hall—for Miss Lucas liked to hear us all over the house; she said it made her feel cheerful—I heard a door open overhead, and caught a glimpse of a dark face watching us; but I thought it was Morgan the butler, until Flurry called out joyfully, "Father! Father!" and then it disappeared. Now and then I met him in the square, and he always knew me, and took off his hat; but I did not exchange a word with him for months.

Flurry loved him and seemed deep in his confidence. She always put on her best frock and little pearl necklace to go down and sit with her father, while he ate his dinner. She generally followed him into his study, and chatted to him, until Nurse fetched her at bed-time When she had asked me some puzzling question that it was impossible to answer, she would refer it to her father with implicit faith. She would make me rather uncomfortable at times respecting little speeches of his.

"Father can't understand why you are so fond of play," she said once to me; "he says so few grown-up girls deign to amuse themselves with a game, but you do like it, don't you, Miss Cameron?" making up a very coaxing face. Of course I confessed to a great fondness for games, but all the same I wished Mr. Lucas had not said that. Perhaps he thought me too hoydenish for his child's governess, and for a whole week after that I refused to play with Flurry, until she began to mope, and my heart misgave me. We played at hide and seek that day all over the house—Flurry and Flossy and I.

Then another time, covering me with dire confusion, "Father thinks that such a pretty story, Miss Cameron, the one about Gretchen. He said I ought to try and remember it, and write it down; and then he asked if you had really made it up in your head."

"Oh, Flurry! that silly little story?"

"Not silly at all," retorted Flurry, with a little heat; "father had a headache, and he could not talk to me, so I told him stories to send him to sleep, and I thought he would like dear little Gretchen. He never went to sleep after all, but his eyes were wide open, staring at the fire; and then he told me he had been thinking of dear mamma, and he thought I should be very like her some day. And then he thanked me for my pretty stories, and then tiresome old Nursey fetched me to bed."

That stupid little tale! To think of Mr.

Lucas listening to that. I was not a very inventive story-teller, though I could warm into eloquence on occasions, bu Flurry's demand was so excessive that hit on a capital plan at last.

I created a wonderful child heroine, and called her Juliet, and told a little fresh piece of her history every day. Never was there such a child for impossible adventures and hair-breadth escapes; what that unfortunate little creature went through was known only to Flurry and me.

She grew to love Juliet like a make-believe sister of her own, and talked of her at last as a living child. What long moral conversations took place between Juliet and her mother, what admirable remarks did that excellent mother make, referring to sundry small sins of omission and commission on Juliet's part! When I saw Flurry wince and turn red I knew the remarks had struck home.

It was astonishing how Juliet's behaviour varied with Flurry's. If Flurry were inattentive, Juliet was listless; if her history lessons were ill-learnt, Juliet's mamma had always a great deal to say about the battle of Agincourt or any other event that it was necessary to impress on her memory. I am afraid Flurry at last took a great dislike to that well-meaning lady, and begged to hear more about Juliet's little brother and sister. When I came to a very uninteresting part she would propose a game of ball or a scamper with Flossy, but all the same next day we would be back at it again.

The luncheon hour was very pleasant to me. I grew to like Miss Lucas excessively; she talked so pleasantly and seemed so interested in all I had to tell her about myself and Flurry; a quiet atmosphere of refinement surrounded her—a certain fitness and harmony of thought. Sometimes she would invite us into the drawing-room after luncheon, saying she felt lonely and would be glad of our society for a little. I used to enjoy those half-hours, though I am afraid Flurry found them a little wearisome. Our talk went over her head, and she would listen to it with a droll, half-bored expression, and take refuge at last with Flossy.

Sometimes, but not often, Miss Lucas would take us to drive with her. I think until she knew me well, that she liked better to be alone with her own thoughts. As our knowledge of each other grew, I was struck with the flower-like unfolding of her ideas; they would bud and break forth into all manner of quaint fancies—their freshness and originality used to charm me.

I think there is no interest in life compared to knowing people—finding them out, their tastes, character, and so forth. I had an inquisitive delight, I called it thirst, for human knowledge, in drawing out a stranger; no traveller exploring unknown tracts of country ever pursued his researches with greater zeal and interest. Reserve only attracts me. Impulsive people, who let out their feelings the first moment, do not interest me half so much as silent folk. I like to sit down before an enclosed citadel and besiege it; with such ramparts of defence there must be precious store in the heart of the city, some hidden jewels, perhaps; at least so I argue with myself.

But happy as I was with Miss Lucas and Flurry, five o'clock no sooner struck than I was flying down the oak staircase, with Flurry peeping at me between the balustrades, and waving a mite of a hand in token of adieu; for was I not going home to mother and Dot? Oh, the dear, bright home scene that always awaited me! I wonder if Carrie loved it as I did! The homely, sunny little parlours; the cosy tea-table, over which old Martha would be hovering with careful face and hands; mother in her low chair by the garden window; Uncle Geoffrey with his books and papers at the little round table; Dot and Jack hidden in some corner, out of which Dot would come stumping on his poor little crutches to kiss me, and ask after his little friend Flurry.

"Here comes our Dame Bustle," Uncle Geoffrey would say. It was his favourite name for me, and mother would look up and greet me with the same loving smile that was never wanting on her dear face.

On the stairs I generally came upon Carrie, coming down from her little room.

"How are the little Thornes?" I would ask her, cheerfully; but by-and-by I left off asking her about them. At first she used to shrug her shoulders and shake her head in a sort of disconsolate fashion, or answered indifferently, "Oh, much as usual, thank you." But once she returned, quite pettishly—

"Why do you ask after those odious children, Esther? Why cannot you let me forget them for a few hours? If we are brickmakers, we need not always be telling the tales of our bricks." She finished with a sort of weary tone in her tired voice, and after that I let the little Thornes alone. What happy evenings those were! Not that we were idle, though—"the saints forbid," as old Biddy used to say. When tea was over, mother and I betook ourselves to the huge mending basket; sometimes Carrie joined us, when she was not engaged in district work, and then her clever fingers made the work light for us.

Then there were Jack's lessons to superintend, and sometimes I had to help Dot with his drawing, or copy out papers for Uncle Geoffrey; then by-and-by Dot had to be taken upstairs, and there were little things to do for mother when Carrie was too tired or busy to do them. Mother was Carrie's charge. As Dot and Jack were mine, it was a fair division of labour, only somehow Carrie had always so much to do.

Mother used to fret sometimes about it, and complain that Carrie sat up too late burning the midnight oil in her little room; but I never could find out what kept her up. I was much happier about Carrie now—she seemed brighter and in better spirits. If she loathed her daily drudgery, she said little about it, and complained less. All her interests were reserved for Nightingale-lane and Rowley-street. The hours spent in those unsavoury neighbourhoods were literally her times of refreshment. Her poor people were very close to her heart, and often she told us about them as we sat working together in the evening, until mother grew quite interested, and used to ask after them by name, which pleased Carrie, and made a bond of sympathy between them. At such times I somehow felt a little sad, though I would not have owned it for worlds, for it seemed to me as though my work were so trivial compared to Carrie's—as though I were a poor little Martha, "careful and troubled about many things," about Deborah's crossness and Jack's feckless ways, occupied with small minor duties—dressing Dot, and tidying Jack's and Uncle Geoffrey's drawers; while Carrie was doing angel's work: reclaiming drunken women, and teaching miserable degraded children, and then coming home and playing sweet sacred fragments of Handel to soothe mother's worn spirits, or singing her the hymns she loved. Alas! I could not sing except in church, and my playing was a poor affair compared to Carrie's.

I felt it most on Sundays, when Carrie used to go off to the Sunday-school morning and afternoon, and left me to the somewhat monotonous task of hearing Jack her Catechism and giving Dot his Scripture lesson. Sunday was always a trial to Dot. He was not strong enough to go to church—the service would have wearied him too much—his few lessons were soon done, and then time used to hang heavily on his hands.

At last the grand idea came to me to set him to copy Scripture maps, and draw small illustrations of any Biblical scene that occurred in the lesson of the day. I have a book full of his childish fancies now, all elaborately coloured on week-days—"Joseph and his Brethren" in gaudy turbans, and wonderfully inexpressive countenances, reminding me of Flurry's dolls; the Queen of Sheba, coming before Solomon, in a marvellous green tiara and yellow garments; a headless Goliath, expressed with a painful degree of detail, more fit for the Wirtz Gallery than a child's scrap-book.

Dot used frequently to write letters to Allan, to which I often added copious postscripts. I never could coax Dot to write to Fred, though Fred sent him plenty of kind messages, and many a choice little parcel of scraps and odds and ends, such as Dot liked.

Fred was getting on tolerably, he always told us. He had rooms in St. John's Wood, which he shared with two other artists; he was working hard, and had some copying orders. Allan saw little of him; they had no friends in common, and no community of taste. Never were brothers less alike or with less sympathy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

I.—Eleanor de Montfort, Lady of Snowdon.

About the time of Michaelmas in the year 1252, a little maid of noble lineage was born within the stout and stately walls of the Castle of Kenilworth, in the county of Warwick, a mansion that has since become famous in the history and romance of Merry England.

We can well imagine the happiness that filled the mother's breast, for the five dear children with which God had blessed her and her much-loved and loving husband, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, were all boys. Their names were Henry, Simon, Guy, Amaury, and Richard, the eldest of whom had been the playmate at Court of Prince Edward, the son and heir of her own brother, King Henry the Third. One after the other they left their home in order to be brought up by the pious, learned, and patriotic Robert Grossestête, Bishop of Lincoln, a man of humble origin, whose heart bled for the oppression of the ranks from which he sprang. But she could now indulge in the prospect of having one child by her side as the present object of her affection and the constant companion of her solitude. The infant, the sixth and last child of her illustrious parents, received the name of Eleanor, at once that of her high-spirited mother and of the Queen of England.

The family was reigned over by genuine affection and deep piety; in fact, the whole of England might have been searched in vain for a household with so high an ideal of life. Corruption, waste, and tyranny prevailed among the richer classes, but the home of Simon de Montfort aimed at purity, simplicity, and benevolence. It was animated by an active sympathy for the poor, ignorant, and stolid slaves who then tilled the soil of England. The wisest and most earnest religious teachers of the country gave constant, outspoken advice to the Earl and Countess, and were often seen at the hospitable table of the great hall.

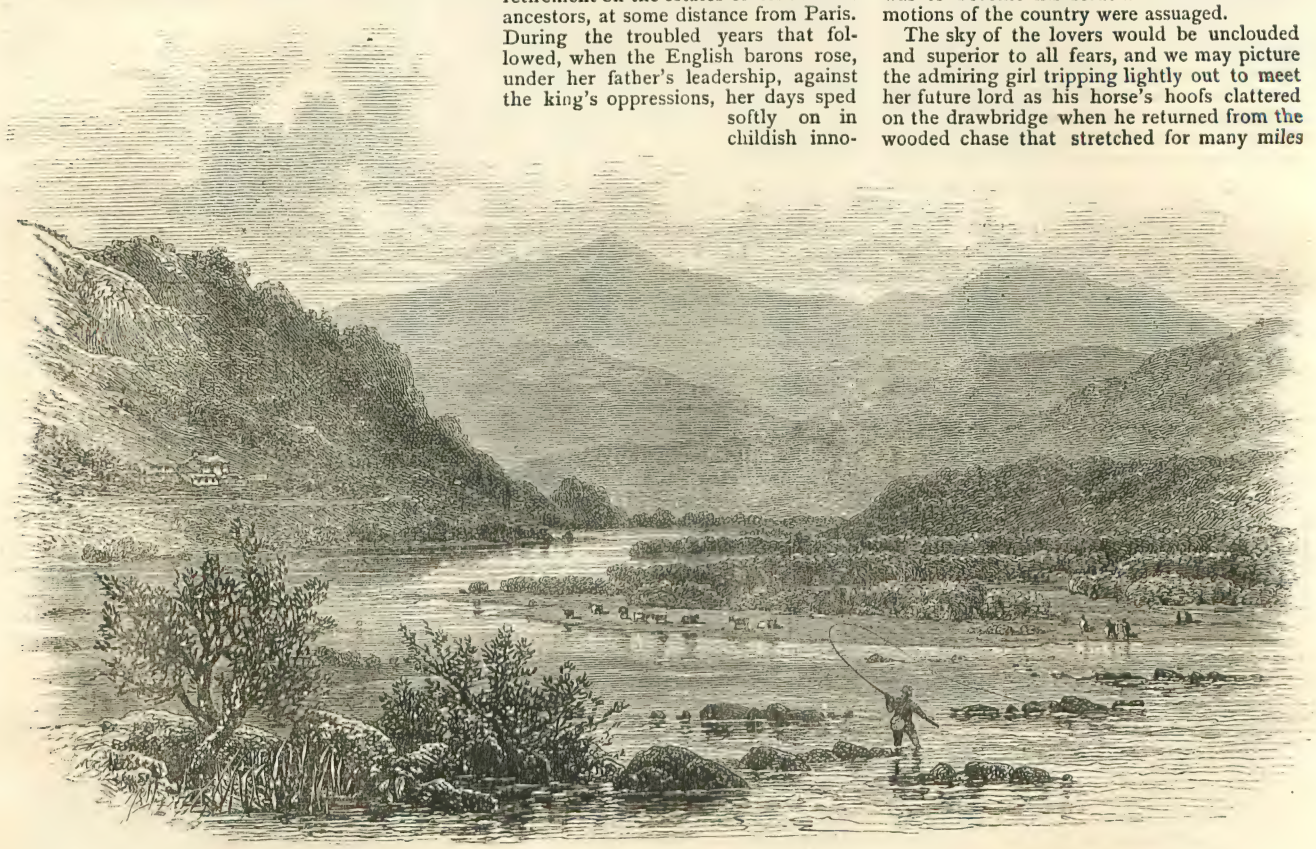
Notwithstanding her noble birth and home, little Eleanor was a child of sorrow, and the anxiety which brooded over her cradle followed her almost ceaselessly, until, scarcely thirty years later, she was laid in a lonely grave on the Island of Anglesea. It was a time of trouble, with yet bigger troubles looming close at hand. Her chivalrous and handsome father, then governor of Gascony, in France, was absent in that English possession, battling bravely with the rebels; and, in spite of his self-sacrificing services, he lay under the jealousy and displeasure of his foolish sovereign and brother-in-law. He was by birth a Frenchman. His handsome face, noble figure, courteous demeanour, and beaming intellect had captivated the heart of Henry's widowed sister, Eleanor.

But of these and other sources of grief and turmoil the gentle infant wot nothing, as she was rocked to sleep that winter at Kenilworth in her oaken cradle, or in the springtide at Odiham, in Hampshire, another of her mother's castles. When she had just learned to prattle, she, her brothers, and her affectionate father, whom she had seen so little, crossed the tumbling waters of the Channel to the shore of France, and spent a whole year in retirement on the estates of her father's ancestors, at some distance from Paris. During the troubled years that followed, when the English barons rose, under her father's leadership, against the king's oppressions, her days sped softly on in childish innocence by her mother's side, in safe and quiet retreat at Kenilworth.

When she was about eleven years of age she paid a visit with her parents to the Court. Scarcely was that little gleam of brightness over, and scarcely had she and her mother found themselves again secure within the solid walls of Kenilworth, when the whole of England rang with the noise of arms. Her father, then the most powerful noble in the country—the national hero—raised the standard of the people's liberties against the king, and captured him and Prince Edward. Stirring times, and sickening, too! Then the delicate girl was surrounded by the terrible symbols and the din of war. She saw costly machines erected at the castle; men busy strengthening the walls and towers, soldiers posted day and night for defence, the great moat filled with water; knights armed *cap-à-pie*, and retainers passing across the bridge with news of the conflict or hurrying off to the field.

For less than a year her father had the whole of England at his feet. The king was a puppet in his hands. The proudest nobles were frequent visitors at his brilliant court. Among these was the brave and handsome Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, who had been her father's ally, and had rendered valuable assistance with his wild warriors. In those days, when the Earl of Leicester stood on the highest pinnacle of power, and the people worshipped "Sir Simon the Righteous" as a hero, the hand of Eleanor was worthy of the highest in the land. The lucky knight to whom the maiden was then solemnly pledged was Llewelyn, Prince of Snowdon, and she was to become his bride as soon as the commotions of the country were assuaged.

The sky of the lovers would be unclouded and superior to all fears, and we may picture the admiring girl tripping lightly out to meet her future lord as his horse's hoofs clattered on the drawbridge when he returned from the wooded chase that stretched for many miles



SNOWDON.

WINDSOR IN OLDEN TIMES.

around, or walking with him and her attendants through the broad park, or listening eagerly to the soft music of some Welsh minstrel as they were rowed in a beautiful boat over the extensive pool beside the castle. But, alas! the course of love did not run smooth. How changed her lot before she found a home with her betrothed among the picturesque mountains of Wales!

In the early spring (1265) the court of Lady Montfort was transferred to the smaller castle of Odiham, where hospitality and benevolence were exercised on a gigantic scale. There was a great deal of bustle about the court; Eleanor's good father was there for a fortnight, and on the second day of April said what proved to be his last farewell. Her brothers arrived with a multitude of hungry dogs; nobles of the most chivalrous type thronged there, among the number being Robert de Bruce, ancestor of the famous Scottish king. The nuns of Witney were also visitors, and busied themselves with making a cape for the Countess's chaplain against Easter. In Lent, hundreds of salt herrings were consumed daily, along with immense quantities of home-brewed ale, salmon, eels, soles, crabs, shrimps, and even whale and porpoise. The poor were not forgotten, and on one single day eight hundred paupers partook of the bounty of Odiham.

Eleanor, the only one of the family in constant attendance on her mother, had several young ladies as companions, and for a time her cousin, Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.), was in the castle as an honourable captive. They two must have spent many an hour pleasantly together, and, when he had been removed elsewhere, his fair young cousin wrote a letter to him which, we doubt not, was tender and affectionate. Although Lady de Montfort herself dressed in rigid simplicity, she indulged the "demoiselle," as Eleanor was called, with a furred robe of miniver for Easter, at a cost of eighteen shillings (equal to £13 10s.), with twenty-five gilded stars for her cap, and with a pocket breviary of vellum, which cost in our money the sum of £17 10s.

The future princess seems to have been a fragile flower, scarcely suited for the rude ways and winds of the Welsh mountains. She was often sickly, and the "barber," the doctor of those days, had to be sent for to Reading to prescribe for her.

Only a few weeks have passed by. An alarm runs through the castle that Prince Edward has escaped and is raising an army to do battle with the Earl of Leicester.

Odiham was not a safe refuge, and therefore, one summer night at the beginning of June, the Countess and Eleanor, under the guidance of a trusted shepherd, escaped across the lonely tracks to Porchester, near Portsmouth. They hastened on to the high-perched castle of Dover. Seven weeks later the appalling news reached them that the brave husband and father, and his eldest son, had fallen as martyrs for the people's cause; Guy also, poor Eleanor's brother, was a wounded captive.

It was a crushing blow. The countess laid aside her purple robes, clothed herself again in widow's weeds, and spent the remainder of her days in fasting and dispensing alms. She sent her two sons, Richard and Amaury, across to France with a portion of her wealth; she also despatched her furniture, wardrobe, and other treasures, but unfortunately these fell into the hands of pirates. Under forfeiture, and a poor exile, she fled with Eleanor across the Channel, spending the last ten sad years of her life along with her beloved daughter in the stillness of the nunnery of Montargis.

But what of love's young dream? Did Llewelyn, the brave and handsome, now that Eleanor—once the flower of Kenilworth and the noble daughter of England's greatest baron—was a poor and lonely orphan in a foreign land, still remember her to whom he was affianced in the grander days? Would he now stoop down to her in her low estate?

Oh, yes! The ten blighting years that had swept across their path had not effaced his love. Her aged mother was waiting for the approach of death, when messengers arrived from Wales. And there and then the marriage of the loving couple was ratified and received the blessing of the dying countess. Only two of her six children, Eleanor and Amaury, who was a priest, stood by her deathbed. An evil destiny had pursued her family and embittered her declining years. Henry fell at Eveshame with his noble father; Simon had stained his hand with revenge upon his cousin, and died in misery at Siena; Guy, guilty of the same crime, was languishing in remorse in a Sicilian dungeon; Richard was dead, or was an unknown wanderer upon the earth.

Early in the next spring (1276) two vessels set sail from the coast of Normandy, and bore down towards the coast of Wales with their precious burden. On board of them were Llewelyn's orphan bride, her brother Amaury, and an escort of French and Welsh knights and chaplains. They had only reached the Scilly Isles, and the land of their destination was still distant, when they were—

> "Ta'en in a pinnace in the narrow seas
> By four tall ships of Bristow;"

or, to quote a poet of the time—

> "A burgher of Bristol, who came laden with wines,
> Took them by force, and carried them to land."

The value of the capture was duly acknowledged by King Edward with a gift of two hundred marks. The seizure of his maiden cousin was an ungracious act; but it so happened that Llewelyn had defiantly declined to obey the frequent orders sent to him to pay homage to the new sovereign. The "liefest lovely" Eleanor was safely laid up in Windsor as a bait to the Welsh prince.

Edward was too chivalrous to subject his fair captive to anything like cruel treatment; but no fierce demands by Llewelyn for his "wife," no offer of a vast ransom, no vehement complaints to the Pope sufficed to

relieve the gentle prisoner of Windsor from her golden cage. The Welsh prince rushed into a luckless war. He purchased his bride and peace at a tremendous sacrifice, for he consented to hold the mountain land of his brave forefathers as a fief of England, and the little remnant of which he was to remain sovereign was to devolve at his death to the English crown.

At last the lovers of so many years were brought together, and one October morning in 1278 they were solemnly married in the Cathedral of Worcester, in presence of the king and queen, and of a noble company of lovely dames and *gallant* knights. A great poet, a contemporary of Shakespeare, depicts the prince as addressing her on their first meeting after the long separation in the following fervent language:—

"What, Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?
This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune, thou that shineth bright,
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight,
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame!"

After the imposing ceremony at Worcester, the Prince and Princess set out for their dominion. She tried in vain to prevent the bursting of the storm among the mountaineers of her adopted country; she travelled to the English Court and wrote gentle letters to the king. In the spring of 1282, the Welsh made a bold effort to achieve their ancient independence. Llewelyn fell in an obscure skirmish, in December, and his head was carried in scornful display through the streets of London.

But, happily for her, Eleanor did not survive to witness the tragic end of her husband, having died in Midsummer, and been laid to rest at Llanvaes, in the Isle of Anglesea, beside the spot where slumbered her kinswoman, Joanna, the wife of another Prince Llewelyn.

The little infant, Gwendolen, whose birth had cost her mother's life, was brought in her cradle from Snowdon and sent by King Edward to a nunnery in Lincolnshire. Her days were spent amid the hushed repose of the convent of Sempringham, where she wore, like other Gilbertines, a hood lined with lambskin, a black cassock, and a white cloak; and in that still retreat the daughter of the last native Prince and Princess of Wales, the granddaughter of that great Simon de Montfort, whom the people long revered as a saint and martyr, breathed her last in the summer of 1337.

The next paper will give the life of the first of the seven English Princesses of Wales.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

So numerous are the customs that have clustered round the marriage ceremony in our own and other countries, that a bulky volume might easily be devoted to describing them. It is only natural that this should be so, considering the important place that is attached to the married state from being regarded as the *summum bonum* of human happiness. Thus, it may be remembered how the poet Burns tells us—

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

It would seem, then, that many of the marriage customs were specially designed as marks of honour to this momentous occasion, whereas others have been instituted from certain superstitious notions, which in a variety of cases may be traced back to a remote period.

Amongst the former may be noticed the popular practice of celebrating a marriage with sports, at which all the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood were invited. Many an amusing account of this practice is to be found in our old writers, a specimen of which we may quote from the "Christian State of Matrimony" (1543). "After the banquet and feast there beginneth a vain, mad, and unmannerly fashion; for the bride must be brought into an open dancing place. Then there is such running, leaping, and flinging among them." From Bishop Kennett's "Parochial Antiquities," it appears that the quintain was once a popular sport at weddings; and another old authority tells us that in Wales it was played in the following manner:—"A pole is fixed in the ground with sticks set about it, which the bridegroom and his company take up, and try their strength and activity in breaking them upon the pole."

In the North of England it was once customary for a party of villagers to watch for the bridegroom's coming out of church after the marriage ceremony, in order to demand money for a football, a request which admitted of no refusal. In case of non-compliance, however, with their application, they lost no time in showing dissatisfaction by resorting to rough music of a not very complimentary kind, a mode of punishment which very soon caused the bridegroom to relent. With this custom may be compared another known as "running the broose," a race at country weddings, as to who should be the first to reach the bridegroom's house and declare the good news. In some parts it was called "a riding wedding," and in Westmoreland, "riding for the ribbon." It varied, too, in different localities, but was carried to a most extravagant height in Scotland; the person, of course, who won "the broose," or arrived home first, expecting a reward. In days gone, the honour most courted on this occasion was to kiss the bride, an allusion to which occurs in the "Collier's Wedding" (1764)—

"Four rustics fellows wait the while
To kiss the bride at the church style;
Then vig'rous make their fetter'd steeds,
With heavy heels and clumsy heads;
So scourge them going, head and tail,
To win what country call the kail."

In Northumberland, where the custom has been retained, the men of the party, we are told, all start off from the church door on horseback, galloping "like madmen through moss and over moor, till they reach the place where the wedding breakfast is to be held, and he who arrives first may claim a kiss of the bride." To enliven, too, the joyous occasion, the bridegroom frequently scattered a handful of money for the assembled villagers to scramble for, whereupon, as may be imagined, a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Instead of money, sometimes a plate of wedding-cake was thrown amongst the crowd; this being equally popular, as the smallest portion was supposed to bring good luck.

Turning again to the marriage ceremony, a curious custom still prevails in the North of England of making the bridal pair leap over a stone placed across their path outside the churchyard. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us how, coming out one day of a country church, he found a sort of barrier erected at the churchyard gate, consisting of a large paving-stone placed on its edge, and supported by two smaller ones, and on either side of it a rustic stationed, who made the happy couple, and everyone else, jump over it. On inquiry, he was informed that it was the "petting-stone," over which the bride had to jump, in case she should repent and refuse to follow her husband. In Northumberland this is called the "louping-stone," and it is said that the bride must leave all her "pets and humours" behind her when she crosses it. At the village of Embleton, in this county, it is customary for two stout young lads to place a wooden bench across the door of the church porch, and to assist the bride and bridegroom to surmount the obstacle, expecting in return a present from the bridegroom. Once more, Hutchinson, in his "History of Durham," speaking of the "petting-stone," says that at the completion of the marriage ceremony "the bride is to step upon it, and if she cannot stride to the end thereof it is said that the marriage will prove unfortunate."

A pretty custom of a very different kind exists at Knutsford, in Cheshire. On the wedding-day, as soon as the bride has left her father's house for the church, a relative spreads on the path before the door a quantity of silver sand, called "pret," in the form of wreaths of flowers, and writes also with it wishes for her happiness. This is soon copied by the neighbours, and if the bridal couple happen to be favourites in the locality, all manner of artistic devices may be quickly seen in front of most houses. In some places it is customary to make devices of real flowers, those being generally selected which have a symbolised meaning. In days gone by, it may be remembered how flowers were strewn before the bride and bridegroom on their way to and from church, constant allusion to which practice we find in many of our old dramatists and poets. Browne, for instance, in his "British Pastorals," says—

"Full many maids, clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowers; others, in wicker baskets,
Bring from the marsh rushes to overspread
The ground whereon to church the lovers tread."

Another variation of this custom formerly consisted in strewing, in the place of flowers, symbols of the bridegroom's calling in life—such as shreds of cloth before a tailor, shavings indicative of a carpenter, and so on.

Again, in olden times it was customary for the bridesmaids to lead the bridegroom to church, and for the bridegroom's men to

escort the bride thither, a practice thus referred to in the "Collier's Wedding"—

"Two lusty lads, well drest and strong,
Stepp'd out to lead the bride along;
And two young maids of equal size
As soon the bridegroom's hands surprize."

Waldron, in his "Description of the Isle of Man," describing a Manx wedding, says, "They have bridemen and bridemaids, who lead the young couple as in England, only with this difference, that the former have ozier wands in their hands, as an emblem of superiority." It appears, too, that those who lead the bride to church are always bachelors; but it was necessary that she should be conducted home by two married men. In return for the services thus rendered, the bride made a present of gloves in the course of the marriage feast. Alluding to gloves, it may be noticed that they were once occasionally given to those who attended weddings. Thus Pepys, in his "Diary" (1663), tells us how he was at a wedding and had two pair of gloves like all the rest, and Herrick, in his "Hesperides," says—

"What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'll give and ribbanings."

Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities" (1849, ii. 127), further relates how at Wrexham, in Flintshire, on the occasion of the marriage of the surgeon and apothecary of the place, August, 1785, were placed "at the door of his own and neighbours' houses, throughout the street where he lived, large boughs of trees that had been cut down and fixed there, filled with white paper cut in the shape of women's gloves, and of white ribbons."

Many curious anecdotes are on record of marriages solemnized in the church porch, a custom to which Chaucer refers in his "Wife of Bath":—

"She was a worthy woman all her live,
Husbands at the church door had she five."

In Bridge's "History of Northamptonshire" (vol. i. page 135), we are told how "Robert FitzRoger, in the 6th of Edward I. entered into an engagement with Robert de Tybetot to marry, within a limited time, John, his son and heir, to Hawisia, the daughter of the said Robert de Tybetot; to endow her at the church door, on her wedding-day, with lands amounting to the value of one hundred pounds per annum." It appears that until the time of Edward VI. marriages were generally performed in the church porch, Edward I. having been married at the door of Canterbury Cathedral, September 9, 1299, to Margaret, sister of the King of France.

Among other old customs connected with the marriage ceremony may be mentioned the nuptial kiss in church, a practice of which Shakespeare has made excellent use in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Act iii. scene 2), where he relates how Petruchio "took the bride about the neck and kiss'd her with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church did echo." Survivals of this usage still exist in different parts of the country, as, for example, in Yorkshire, where the person who gives the bride away claims the first kiss in return for his temporary paternity. Some, however, assert that the parson who ties the knot ought to have the first kiss, and Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties" (189, page 39), relates how a clergyman, unacquainted with the customs of the neighbourhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something more. "What are you waiting for?" he asked, at last. "Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "ye've no kissed Molly." He further tells us how within the last ten years, a fair lady from the county of Durham, who was married in the South of England, so undoubtedly reckoned upon the clerical salute, that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative and bestowed a kiss on the much amazed south-country vicar.

According to another old custom, to which Shakespeare refers in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where Katharine, speaking of Bianca, says to her father,

"She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on the wedding-day,"

it was considered necessary that the elder sisters should dance bare-foot at the marriage of a younger one, as otherwise they would inevitably become old maids. At the present day no small importance is attached in many places to the publication of the banns. Thus in some of our northern counties, on the evening of the Sunday when the banns of marriage are published for the first time, it is customary to announce the important fact by a merry peal from the church bells, which is known as the "Spur Peal," the Sunday in question being known as "Spur Sunday." We may also quote another custom connected with the publishing of banns, thus described in the *Notts Guardian* of April 28, 1853:—"Wellow. It has been usual from time immemorial in this parish, when the banns of marriage are published, for a person, selected by the clerk, to rise and say, 'God speed them well,' the clerk and congregation responding, amen!' Owing to the recent death of the person who officiated in this ceremony, last Sunday, after the banns of marriage were read, a perfect silence prevailed, the person chosen, either from want of courage or loss of memory, not performing his part until receiving an intimation from the clerk, and then, in so faint a tone as scarcely to be audible. His whispered good wishes were, however, followed by a hearty 'Amen,' mingled with some laughter in different parts of the church."

Once more in the North of England, hot water is poured over the door-steps as the bridal couple take their departure, as there is a popular notion that before it dries up another marriage will be agreed upon; a custom which is generally known as "keeping the threshold warm for another bride." A correspondent of the *Athenæum* (Nov. 16, 1867) thus describes this practice:—"At a wedding in Holderness the other day, at which my granddaughter assisted, as soon as the bride and bridegroom had left the house, and had the usual number of old shoes thrown after them, the young folks rushed forward, each bearing a tea-kettle of boiling water, which they poured down the front steps, that other marriages might soon flow, or, as one said, 'flow on.'"

How varied and numerous, therefore, are the customs associated with marriage may be gathered from the illustrations given in the present paper, and although many have fallen into disuse, yet others are continually being instituted to do honour to this momentous event in human life.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

BITS ABOUT BIRDS.

By RUTH LAMB.

THE FOUNDLING THRUSH.

HE was as handsome a youngster of his kind as you need desire to see, and was first introduced to our notice by the dairymaid of the farm at which we were staying. She held him in her apron and told our youngsters that she had caught him amongst the wet grass, at the foot of the hill on which the house stood. He was pretty fully fledged, and I suppose had been trying his tender wings; but these had failed him, owing to a pouring rain, and he was squatting, wet and disconsolate, at the bottom of a low wall which bounded the field.

Poor fellow! All we wished was to nurse him into a condition of fitness to take care of himself, not to keep him in captivity, so we tried to feed him. I should say we offered him food of all kinds likely to tempt the appetite of a youthful thrush; but he had no idea of helping himself. We knew nothing about blowing food into gaping birds' mouths by means of a quill, and what little we got inside our foundling's beak he succeeded in ejecting again.

We let Dick, the canary, out of his cage, hoping the thrush would learn by example. Dick advanced with a friendly mien and cheerful chirrup, delighted to make a bird-acquaintance, but the thrush gave a harsh croak and scrambled over little Dick, to the disturbance alike of his feathers and temper. He was much too big, rough, and ignorant for our polished little canary friend to fraternise with.

Towards evening the rain ceased and the sky cleared. The birds began to sing cheerily and, sweet and loud amongst others, sounded the notes of a thrush. So, having failed in all our attempts to feed our foundling guest, we decided to carry him to the bottom of the field and place him on the little low wall near which he had been found.

His feathers were dry, and we thought perhaps he would find his way back to his home and relatives.

We did this, but waited to see the result.

The youngster cried out in baby-thrush fashion, and to our delight down came the musician from the great ash tree close by and alighted beside him on the wall.

I suppose he must have told the young bird to stay where he was whilst he called the mother, for soon the two old thrushes were busily engaged in feeding our foundling, which remained upon the wall. This went on for some time, until the fledgling's strength was sufficiently recruited. Then it was coaxed into essaying a short flight. Bit by bit, the little creature was cheered onwards, the parents' love and patience never failing, until at last we saw our foundling disappear in a tall thickset hedge, within whose friendly shelter the family abode was doubtless concealed. Then the male parent thrush flew back to the ash tree and celebrated the recovery of the youngster by a glorious song of triumph, and we returned to the farm rejoicing that our feathered guest was once more under the guardianship of those who were not only willing but able to minister to his wants.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

ALL visitors to Lucerne will remember the beautiful monument, sculptured after the design of Thorwalsden, which commemorates the fidelity of the Swiss Guards who died in defence of the French Royal Family on August 10th, 1793, during one of the horrible massacres of the first Revolution.

The monument is hewn out of the solid rock, and represents a colossal lion dying from a spear wound; but striving even in death to protect the shield bearing the fleur-de-lys of the Bourbon family.

This beautiful design was carried out by a Swiss sculptor from Thorwalsden's model, and the monument, with its surroundings, forms one of the sights of Lucerne and attracts many visitors.

The last time I stood with a companion admiring the monument we noticed a beautiful water wagtail flying in and out of the mouth of the lion.

It was a member of a very tiny family, but its plumage was beautifully varied in black, white, and rich yellow.

After a little patient waiting we saw its mate, and discovered that the tiny pair had built their nest in the lion's mouth and were rearing a young family in this strangely chosen home.

GLASS PAINTING AND STAINING.

FIRST LESSON.

VERY few amateurs have taken up glass painting, partly because the materials are not so easily obtained as those for china painting, and partly because glass painting is still confined to the professional glass painters, who in the worst spirit of conservatism seem jealous of their craft. The difficulties of glass painting are not greater than those met with in china painting, and as the glass can be fired in the same kilns as those used for china, and the leading can be done by any good glazier, we see no reason why glass painting should not be as successfully followed as many other of the decorative arts. True it is that glass must be used in its appropriate place, for windows or window-blinds, and cannot be hung on the walls of a room as a china plaque; but then the uses to which it must be put make it alone in its special field, and most of my readers can testify to the charming effect painted leaded glass gives to a house. In London houses—and country ones too, as far as that goes—the outlook is seldom particularly inviting, and in the rooms likely to be overlooked the place of the ordinary wire or wicker window-blinds is much more appropriately filled by coloured glass. Indeed, nothing can possibly vie with stained glass in all places where a rich effect of colour and semi-opacity is desired. A glass blind effectually shuts out the gaze of the outer world and yet does not darken a room in the same way as wire or wicker blinds do; for though glass can be made in such a way as to prevent it being seen through, it does not prevent the light from entering at the same time.

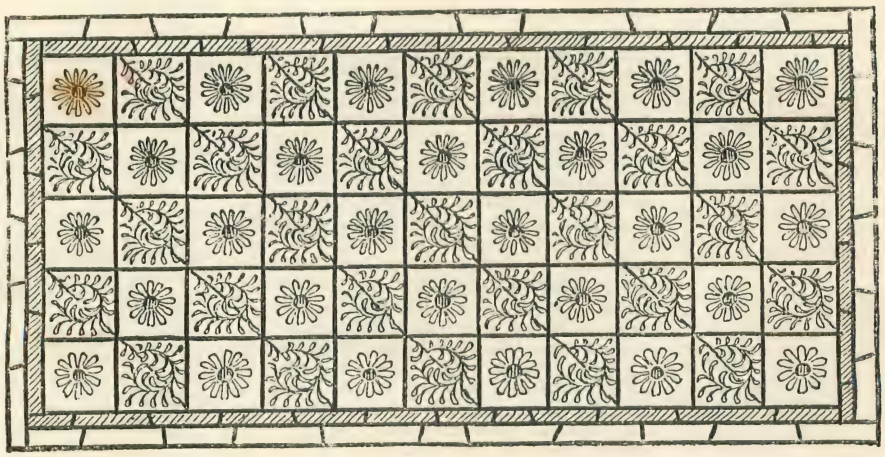


FIG. I.

The light glass used for church windows, and known as "cathedral," is rolled so as to produce an uneven surface, which destroys its transparence but does not materially affect its translucence. Another charm of stained glass is the variety of colour it introduces into a room. We don't refer now to the coloured glasses, such as ruby, blue, green, etc., but to what are known as "whites" in the trade, delicate tints of green, grey, yellow, and salmon, and by combining these indiscriminately a rich and varied effect is produced. A good many people are apt to imagine that all the colours they see in a stained glass window are painted on as in china; but this is not the case. The rich ruby, blue, green, and other colours are pot-metal glasses—*i.e.*, colours produced in the manufacture of the glass itself, which the artist arranges in such a way that the lead lines employed in holding the pieces together help rather than detract from the design. He also traces, as we say, the glass already coloured.

It may interest our readers and help them the better to understand the subject of glass painting if we briefly describe the method of painting and putting together a church window. The first thing to be done is to make the small drawing or design to show the arrangement of the figures and the general scheme of colouring. These drawings are made to a small scale, often three-quarters of an inch to a foot, having the lead lines just indicated, and the colours washed in. To make the drawings effectively requires considerable practice, for as it is impossible in so small a space to put everything, the knowledge of what to leave out is only to be acquired by long training. In large glass firms there is generally an artist, whose sole duty it is to make these small drawings, and in the trade there are men well-known for their skill in making small designs. As most of the orders for windows are obtained by submitting these scale drawings, either in competition with others firms, or at the instance of an architect or private patron, it will be readily understood that great importance is attached to these drawings. It is hardly necessary for us to point out that undue importance is given to small designs, for making them effective is almost a trick or habit, and the window itself, as so many have doubtless found to their cost, often comes far short of its indicated excellence.

The next thing is to make the cartoon or full size drawing of the figures, for in windows with architectural canopies and bases these portions of the design are not always drawn by the figure draughtsman, but by an ornamental designer. As the majority of stained glass windows in churches are painted in the studios of a few noted firms like Heaton, Butler and Bayne; Clayton and Bell, and Powell, cartoon draughtsmen are among the staff of artists, and by long practice they can draw life size representations of some of the most sublime conceptions, which might have worthily engaged the attention of the greatest artist.

It would surprise many of our readers to spend a month in a glass painter's studios and see the machine-like, not to say mechanical, way windows are drawn, painted, and leaded.

The cartoon is generally worked in charcoal, as a quicker and bolder effect can be produced by it than with chalk or pencil. The cartoon is then set with size, and a tracing is made, just marking the outline of the figures, drapery, foliage, etc. This outline indicates the lead lines, and is known as a "cutline," it being used by the glazier to cut the glass from and afterwards to put it together by. Making a cutline requires practice, as it is important to use the lead lines to outline the work instead of cutting up the design. If the lead lines are well managed they should at a short distance drop into their place and almost lose themselves. Of course some few lines cannot be hidden, owing to the exigencies of the craft, for it is never advisable to have any of the pieces in a window too large, for fear of breakage. The cutline is marked with the various colours to be used in the window, and the selecting of the proper glass is usually left to a skilful workman, generally the foreman. When the glass is cut it is painted, the only colours used being browns and black.

The flesh is the most difficult part of the work, and is only given to the best hands to paint. The drapery also requires careful work, as the effect of the folds is entirely produced by washes of brown shade painted upon the already coloured glass. Any diapering is also done in brown. The canopies and ornamental

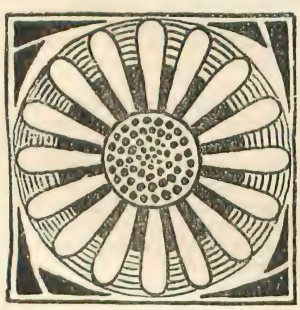


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

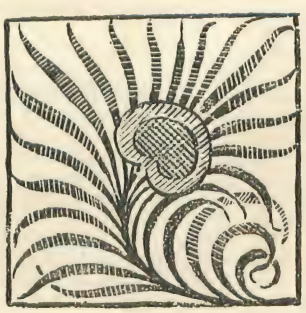


FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG 6.

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

accessories are painted by ornamental hands, whose scale of wages is much lower than that of the figure painters. We may here mention that to white glass (including the tints before given) a beautiful yellow is often given by means of nitrate of silver. This "yellow stain," as it is technically called, is the only stain used in glass painting. There are colours or enamels, such as ruby, blue, green, &c., similar in make to china colours; but though they may be used just here and there to introduce a bit of colour which it is not possible to lead in, the effect is dull and opaque, as no colour merely burnt on the surface of the glass can have the brilliancy of that coloured in the making. Enamelled windows were at one time popular before the reintroduction of mosaic windows (the name given to such glass as we have described, where the different colours are put together after the plan of mosaics, only with the addition of lead to keep them together instead of cement), but their effect is heavy and opaque, as may be seen in the west window of the Abbey, and in the windows designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Oxford. We shall have something more to say about enamelled glass in a subsequent article. The yellow stain is not an enamel, as it penetrates right into the glass, and is not merely fluxed on the surface like the other colours. Consequently the yellow stain does not destroy the brilliancy or transparency of the glass.

When the glass is painted it is fired in a muffle kiln at a rather lower temperature than china, and, unless it requires repainting, is taken into the glazier's shop to be leaded together.

This, then, briefly is the method of painting a church window. We have purposely left out all details, because in a practical article like this it is better to start at the beginning, mastering the various technicalities as they occur, and this we shall proceed to do.

A very few colours are required in glass painting, and the following will be found to meet all the requirements of a beginner:—

Tracing brown. — A colour resembling purple-brown. Is quite opaque, unless put on thinly, and has a reddish cast when seen in the light, but against the light, being opaque, is black. This colour is used throughout a window for tracing the ornament, diapering the drapery, and painting foliage. As this article will confine itself to tracing glass, it is most essential the student should have it.

Ancient brown.—A colder brown than the last; used principally for painting shadows on drapery and tracing flesh. Can also be used like the tracing brown, and for flesh is even to be preferred to the former colour.

Umber brown.—A more transparent colour than the two last; somewhat resembling raw umber in tone. Is used *entirely* for shading.

Vandyke brown.—A lighter coloured brown than umber, semi-opaque; useful for painting hair, warm shadows, and delicate tracing.

Black.—Is used where a cold shadow is required, and for strong bits of colour.

Red.—Very useful in painting flesh, and in shading ornamental glass, and for other purposes where brilliancy is desired.

You can make the yellow stain for yourself, and we had better give the recipe for so doing. Purchase half an ounce or an ounce of pure silver at some bullion dealer's, price 5s. 8d. an ounce; what is known as silver foil is the best, as it can be cut up into small pieces with a pair of scissors. Put it into a bottle and pour upon it two ounces of strong nitric acid, or even less if there be less silver, diluted with about twice as much water as acid. The acid will at once attack the silver, causing a kind of effervescence, which will continue until the whole of the silver is dissolved. Pour this liquid into a larger vessel, such as a basin, when all the silver is dissolved, and fill it nearly with hot water. Take a handful of common salt and sprinkle it into the basin, and the silver will immediately fall to the bottom in a white precipitate. Stir up the liquid so as to thoroughly amalgamate the salt, in order that all the silver held in solution may be precipitated; then pour off as much of the liquid as is possible without losing any of the silver; fill it up again with boiling water and drain off, and so continue this washing until the water can be poured away without having a milky appearance, for at first the liquid will almost resemble milk. This washing is most important, and cannot be done too thoroughly, for if any of the acid be left in the silver it does not burn a clear yellow. Let the silver dry, and to the original ounce of silver put about two ounces and a half of yellow lake, to be obtained of any artists' colourman, and it is now ready for use. The yellow lake is used to dilute the silver and to enable it to be painted on the glass thinly and evenly, for the pure silver is far too strong in itself, and would turn black when fired instead of staining the glass a brilliant yellow.

A glass painter is always very particular about his brushes, and is most careful to keep them in good condition and for his own use, and I should advise my readers to do the same. Amateurs are, as a rule, not nearly careful enough over their brushes, too often allowing them to remain in the colour, or putting them away dirty, so that they harden and, consequently, spoil. A brush when once the hairs have been bent or hardened with

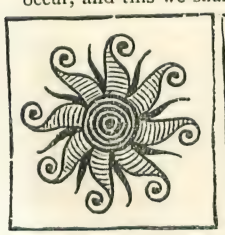


FIG. 11.

FIG. 12

FIG. 13.

FIG. 14.

FIG. 15.

colour is never brought back to its pristine condition, and I should advise that all brushes be carefully washed after using—those in oil or turpentine in warm water and soap. If this precaution were taken, brushes would last a much longer time than they do. No new brush works like an old one, therefore do your best to retain its services. A few ordinary camel-hair brushes of different sizes for painting and staining with; one or two flat camels in tin, from 1 inch to 1½ inches wide, for laying grounds; a couple of stipplers, medium-size badger; two or three black sable tracers or liners (these brushes have the hair rather long, and should come to a fine point when wetted); and a few flat and round hog-hair brushes will be all the tools required.

Some ordinary turpentine, such as you get at any oil-shop for about sixpence a pint; a bottle of oil of tar; and of fat oil same as used for china painting; a hand-rest and glass muller. A glass easel is necessary in painting anything very elaborate. You might get a carpenter to make you a deal frame like an ordinary picture-frame, with a glass fitted into it, and supports to keep it at the required angle.

In this, our first lesson, we shall confine ourselves to tracing some simple squares, somewhat like the illustrations accompanying this article. It would be quite ambitious enough to paint a window-blind, made of a number of squares leaded together, similar to the design (fig. 1), and our first duty is to get the squares cut. Three inch squares are a very good general size, and designs drawn to this dimension can be fitted into most windows.

In making a cutline, have a piece of paper a little larger than the size of the window, and mark on it the length and width. If it is for a window blind, you must allow for an oak or other frame to take the glass. Be careful to remember two things: (1) Rebate measure is the extreme size of the *thing* to be fitted into any frame; in a picture it is the size of the opening at the back of the frame. (2) Sight measure is the size seen at front. Having marked the rebate size of your window, see how it will divide up, for it is important to get an exact number of squares in length and height. Assuming the window to be three feet wide and eighteen inches high, this would give twelve squares one way and six the other. But it is always better to have a line or two round the outside of the window to frame in the squares as it were, so if we make the outer line one inch wide and the inner line of ruby glass half an inch wide, we shall only have to *knock* out a row of squares in length and width, and shall still get an exact number in. If the window is not quite three feet wide, the lines can be reduced or each of the squares made slightly smaller. It is sufficient to mark in the divisions or lead lines thinly with Indian ink.

Having had your glass cut and your designs drawn full size, place a square of glass over the design to be traced, and having ground up some tracing brown in water with a small portion of loaf sugar (about one part sugar to six of colour), trace the glass, following the pattern underneath as accurately as possible. At first you will find that you touch the glass with the brush before you are aware of it, which will rather confuse you, but a little practice will soon obviate this. Your hand too will probably seem unsteady, but this shakiness will soon be overcome. Use your colour tolerably thin, so that it runs from your brush in a flowing, solid line. Never allow your brush to become dry, but let it be always well filled with colour. Of course you must not overload the brush, or it will run down on to the glass in blots. In taking a fresh brushful work your brush thoroughly into the liquid colour and point it by turning it round a few times on the palette. Hold up the glass to the light, and if the tracing presents a solid firm line against the light you will know that your colour works as it should do. If, on the contrary, the lines appear washy and ragged, it shows you have been using your colour too dry. It is as well to mix up the tracing colour a day or two before you want to use it, as new colour does not work as well as old. The colour does not harm, but on the contrary rather improves, by standing. It is difficult to give the exact proportion of sugar to the colour. The best test is in its working. If it flows on the glass freely and when dry holds on and is not easily rubbed off, your proportion is about right. If, on the contrary, the colour shines when dry there is too much sugar, and you must therefore put more colour into it.

When you have traced several squares you may stain them with the silver. Mix up a small portion on a palette with turpentine and fat oil, grinding it thoroughly with the muller until it is perfectly smooth. Take a square and place it *traced side downwards* on a piece of white paper, and with one of the camel hair brushes paint on the stain evenly with broad, free strokes. Do not try to get on an uniform thickness of stain, as the thickness and thinness give the light and dark yellow which looks so well. In a design where the flower and leaf is introduced, as in many of our illustrations, put the stain on the leaves much thicker than on the flowers, so as to make a difference between the two. The thicker the stain is on the darker will the yellow be when fired.

It is important to note that the stain takes with varying intensity on the different coloured whites. The whiter the glass the thicker should the stain be painted, but on green or grey tints the stain must be used weaker, and it is as well to dilute the silver with more yellow lake rather than use a very thin wash of strong stain. To this end have a little stain with a larger proportion of yellow lake than that you use on white glass by you. A good plan before using a stain you are unacquainted with is to paint some small pieces of glass with the various tints you are using and place them in the clear red part of a fire until they are red hot, then take them out with a pair of tongs, and when cool enough rub off the film of yellow lake and see if the silver has stained the glass as you wish it. If too strong, either put more yellow lake with the silver or paint it on thinner. Recollect that it is better to dilute your stain with yellow lake, than use a strong stain thinly.

The lines running from right to left on the leaves in the designs accompanying this article are not intended to be traced on, but were done to show the effect of the dark stain. You only want to put in the principal lines with the brown; such as the outline of the forms, veins, stamens of flowers, and any other characteristic touches. The effect of colour is given by the stain, which is painted over the whole design in varying degrees of intensity. When your squares are traced and stained, send them to the kiln, and afterwards to the glazier. Should the stains on any of the squares come out too light, restain them and put them through the kiln a second time.

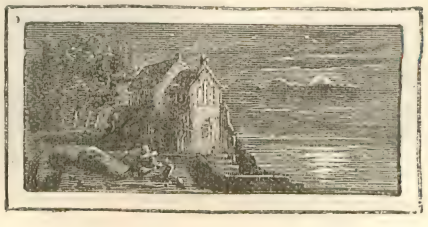
Recollect *always* to paint the stain on the side of the glass which is *not* painted. The stain must *never* come in contact with other colours. Don't put too much fat oil in the stain, but only so much as will make it work freely and bind on the glass.

The leaves or flowers can be painted with umber brown or red, used thinly if preferred. Mix up the colour in fat oil and turpentine, and paint it on very evenly, so that when held against the light it does not look smeary. A good effect can be given to a design by using the tracing colour more like ordinary oil colour, and painting on the veins thinly with it. The tracing colour when used thinly is not unlike burnt sienna, and a leaf so treated and stained at the back has a much richer effect than when the tracing is done like pen and ink. Tracing to be good ought to be free and not stiff-looking, as though it were printed. Some leaves can be filled in with tracing colour and the veins scratched out with a fine point when the colour is dry. If the colour binds on very hard, breathe on the glass first and you can then easily remove the colour. This picking out on glass is very effective, and always gives the work a delicate and "lacy" appearance. It is easily done and gives lightness to a solid background, as shown in fig. 14. An etching needle in a handle is a good instrument to use for picking out a diaper in a background.

Description of Illustrations.

Fig. 1 is a sketch of a simple window blind made of small squares leaded together with an outer line of light grey and an inner one of ruby. There are only two patterns used, one consisting of a simple flower after the character of a daisy, the other of leaves arranged in a set manner. Windows are very effective treated with alternate patterns, as in a mass the very repetition is agreeable. Figs. 2 and 3 are also intended for this alternate treatment as in fig. 1. Fig. 5, founded on the dandelion, and fig. 6 on the jasmine, are more naturally treated, and are intended to be used alternated with fig. 4, founded on the peacock's feather. Plant forms should be simply treated when used in this manner for glass painting, and no attempt should be made to indicate complicated foreshortening or the accidents of growth. The flat treatment is the best, wherein only the characteristics of the plant are given. Other variations are shown in fig. 7, founded on the wood sorrel; fig. 8 on the buttercup; fig. 9 on the hawthorn; and fig. 10 on the wild rose. These and other "sprigs" could be alternated with such designs as figs. 11 and 12. The greater variety of "sprigs" you introduce into your window the richer will be the effect, but I should always recommend my readers to alternate them with simple geometric patterns (such as figs. 2, 4, 11, and 12), rather than have each square a "sprig."

Fig. 13 is shown to occupy two 3 by 3 squares. It is a conventional representation of the buttercup. Fig. 14, founded on the pink, shows the method of diapering a solid background by picking out a pattern with a point or needle. If the colour cannot be removed easily, breathe on it for a few seconds. Fig. 15 shows a diaper traced on the glass instead of being picked out, though such a pattern could be worked in that manner just as well. "Sprigs" worked on circles of glass are effective; they can be introduced into the centre of a window, the rest of the space being filled out with squares. The Christmas rose is the plant treated in this illustration. Quaint renderings of birds, beasts, and fishes add great interest to a "sprig" window. In this case the sprigs should be used alternately with a bird, etc. The Japanese are very clever at drawing these quaint renderings of natural history, and many "motifs" can be gleaned from the cheap Japanese books now sold at so many shops in London and elsewhere.



PAPERS FOR OUR GIRL SUFFERERS.

THE DEAF.

It always seemed to me, as a child, that to be deaf was the greatest affliction which could befall anyone. We, most of us, have some *bête noire*, some condition which we especially dread, and I always felt that to be deaf was the misfortune that I could least patiently tolerate. Probably the reason why deafness had such horrors for my childish mind was that my parents numbered amongst their acquaintances a gentleman and a lady afflicted in this way, whose natures had not been softened by their sufferings. The gentleman, feeling most acutely, as was natural, the loss of hearing, thought to mend matters by refusing to acknowledge the fact that he was deaf, and by declining to use an ear trumpet, or any other aid to hearing, so that he cut himself off from the measure of intercourse with his fellows which he might have enjoyed; while every necessary communication had to be shouted into his poor deaf ears, causing little pleasure to himself, and great pain and fatigue to the speaker. This effort no one would have objected to make, but that they knew it to be a case in which an ear trumpet would have saved much of the trouble.

The other afflicted friend was less deaf, and was able to hear what was said by anyone who spoke directly to her, and slightly raised the voice; but she had so peevish an expression of face, and seemed so constantly suspicious lest the rest of the company were saying things they did not wish her to hear, that her face and manner rather checked the sympathy for the suffering of which even a child's heart is capable; and she was so hard upon us children, and altogether of so "three-cornered" a nature, that deafness became associated in my mind with all that was painful and disagreeable.

This impression has happily been removed long since by the society of more than one deaf person, whose gentle patience and sweet, uncomplaining lives have won the love of all around; and my most sincere sympathy has been aroused for those who suffer this affliction, by enduring it myself, as the result of an illness, for a year or two. It has completely passed away, but I can never forget the painful feeling of isolation I suffered all that time; and if I seem to speak too strongly of the special need for deaf people to struggle against selfishness and irritability, it is not because I do not feel for their suffering, but only that I remember so well from my own experience how great is the temptation to become morbid, and irritable, and suspicious. One gets low spirited sometimes, as everybody does now and then, or ill health makes one feel down and in want of a little extra cheering and sympathy, and just when one feels in that way, because of it I might say, it seems as though friends forget that we cannot join in the ordinary conversation, and that though we see them smiling and animated, we cannot hear any of the light merry talk that makes their faces look so brimful of fun. If we ask to have it repeated, they reply it was nothing at all worth repeating. Probably it was not; the light-hearted talk of a party of young people consists in a great measure of trifling sparkles of fun that would lose all point by repetition, but none the less we feel shut out from this enjoyment; and then we are apt to think the others ought to be more considerate and try to amuse us, and we go on pondering how lonely we are, and how unkind the others are, till we get thoroughly miserable and think nobody cares whether we are unhappy or not. And when once we have given the least foothold to these selfish feelings, how soon other evil thoughts follow upon their heels. We begin to watch the faces round the room, and fancy they are looking askance at us, they must be talking about us, or saying something they do not want us to know; and so we go on from bad to worse, till we get to feel alone in the world, and as though nobody cared for or wanted us.

This is how the temptation begins—I know it well from having felt it myself—and it is giving way to the first beginnings of irritability that is so dangerous, for it inevitably leads on to making a peevish, selfish woman. Try, dear friend, to put yourself in the place of those about you. Very likely they do not repeat little interesting scraps of talk to you as often as they might do, they do not realise the fact that you are shut off from all the pleasures of conversation. But try to believe that they do it from want of thought, and not from want of heart. With all your might and power check the first feelings of suspicion that they talk about you, or try to hide things from you. So many happy lives have been made miserable by giving way to these distrustful thoughts. Do not let them get a moment's lodgment in your mind. If you once give way to them, it will seem as though everything conspired together to strengthen your suspicions; you will mistrust every chance look and smile, and fancy evil where no thought of it exists. I believe there is no affliction which makes one feel so lonely, so cut off from our friends, as deafness; one seems to live in a world of ghosts. Although seeing everything that goes on, to an entirely deaf person they seem silent figures which glide noiselessly before her; their faces may be bright with laughter, or stirred with indignation, but they are like actors in a scene on which she can only look from a distance. She inhabits a world of her own, and is so conscious of the barrier which shuts her off from her friends, that she is tempted to think that they make no effort to cross it and enter into her lonely world. If she does not struggle against this feeling, she is only too apt to sink into a state of morbid melancholy, from which at last she has neither power nor desire to rouse herself. We have a mournful instance of the result of giving way to these feelings of suspicion and loneliness, in the sad end of Beethoven's life, who, his biographer tells us, when his deafness was pronounced incurable, fell into a "habit of gloomy, miserable distrust, and strong dislike of society: he spent his time in solitary walks, brooding over his misfortunes, and the state of mental irritation into which he fell soon produced the painful diseases from which he died."

The ear has been called the entrance to the soul, but if this is closed God will provide other channels by which our inner life may be reached. You are tempted to say, in the petulance of despair, "I am deprived of this one faculty, so I will not attempt to use those which I have." But remember that no one is tempted beyond that which they are able to bear, and with this affliction there comes to you the promise from God to give you special strength if you will only turn to Him for it, and He will show you how to cultivate your other faculties till they in a measure replace the lost one.

I know of no more wonderful instance of what may be done, in spite of absolute deafness, by faith in God, and perseverance in making the best of the remaining faculties, than is shown in the life of Dr. Kitto. His father was not only very poor, but a drunkard, so that the boy had to begin to work for his living at ten years old, carrying mortar and bricks up and down the ladders for bricklayers. When he was only thirteen he fell from the roof of a house, and was so seriously injured that, although he recovered in time, it left him stone deaf, and with impaired health, for he suffered severely from headache all his life. Failing in his next attempt to get a living by selling old iron, and any other odds and ends he could pick up, and his father refusing to keep him, he was sent to the workhouse. There he remained four years, with a short interval, when he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. This man treated him so cruelly that the poor boy twice attempted to commit suicide, and was rescued by the magistrates, who sent him back to the workhouse, where he remained till his persistent striving after information, and his habit of writing in all spare moments, attracted attention. A subscription being raised for him, he was apprenticed to a druggist. His autobiography, a great part of which is the history of his early struggles, is to be found in the first part of his book, "The Lost Senses," and is most interesting, especially for those who suffer from the same affliction as he did. His writings on Biblical subjects are too well known to need mentioning here, but he was enabled to marry and support his family of ten children by his pen, and so highly was his work thought of by literary men, that the University of Giessen conferred on him the degree of D.D., and it may, without exaggeration, be said that his wonderful success was almost entirely owing to his trust in God and his patient plodding, undaunted by difficulties.

Many deaf people do not take all the pains they might to train their eyes to wait upon their ears. One young lady friend, who, though not stone deaf, has very imperfect hearing, manages to understand to a marvellous extent what is said around her. She makes quite a study of her friends' faces and expressions, and so carefully notes every change of manner and expression, that we sometimes say she has some instinct which enables her to see into people's minds; but she assures us that anyone may acquire her skill if they will only take the trouble to notice faces and gesticulations. It is a pity that our phlegmatic race do not more aid conversation by those gesticulations which are so expressively used by Southern nations. Certainly, the deaf would benefit largely thereby. Unfortunately this is not the case, and the deaf in England must trust more to the face itself, than to any action, to express the feeling of the speaker; and were I again to be stricken with deafness, I should at once begin a thorough, careful study of physiognomy.

But though faces express much, they cannot, without further study, tell us the actual words of the speaker. This can only be obtained by patient hard work in lip reading. This is taught with marvellous success in some of the institutions for deaf mutes; and by far the quickest and best way of learning is to go to one of these schools for a time, or take private lessons from the teachers. But where this is not practicable, much can be learnt at home. Get a friend to spend an hour or two a day in helping you to master it. She should give you a list of the words she intends to teach, and then, taking each one in turn, pronounce it at first very slowly, but by degrees coming to the speed of ordinary conversation; you, meanwhile, attentively watching her lips, till their form and movement in each word is familiar to you, and you can recognise the words as she goes through the list "*dodging*." Simple words and those most frequently used should be taught first, beginning with the names of the members of your family. This method requires great patience and perseverance, but it is well worth the effort, since, supplemented by the study of faces, it will enable those who persevere in it to understand to a great extent the conversation of

those to whose manner they are accustomed, even though it may not enable them to keep up with the speech of strangers. It is superior to the finger language, because it puts you under no obligation to the speaker, though dactylology should by no means be neglected, as, if your brothers and sisters will take the trouble to learn it for your benefit, with the aid of the expressive language of signs, they can explain matters to you rapidly, which would take a long time to write. For deaf mutes, finger language is of course essential, as the art of *speaking* can only be acquired by them by a long study under a trained teacher, and many never become sufficiently proficient in it for any practical use.

The language of signs was brought to great perfection, and taught with great success, in the first place, by the Abbé de l'Epée; and his pupil, Sicard, afterwards reduced it to such a complete system that deaf-mutes may converse on any subject, moral, intellectual, and physical, by means of these codes of signs, which can be made to express every shade of thought.

To be partially deaf may be, in a certain way, even more trying than to have totally lost hearing. To catch a fragment here and there of an interesting conversation—just enough to awaken the interest, and yet leave it unsatisfied; to lose the pleasure of mixing fully in the general talk, and yet not be so deaf as to justify the adoption of the habits of the stone deaf—in fact, to be what is popularly known as "hard of hearing," is, in some ways, almost as great a trial as the more severe affliction. You get the idea that people think you dull and unintelligent, because you do not respond brightly to their remarks, when the truth is, you have only caught half of what they said, and yet do not like to be constantly asking them to repeat; and the result of this is that you avoid as much as possible mixing in society, that you may not have the pain of being misunderstood. I think a good deal of this discomfort might be avoided if you were always frankly to tell strangers to whom you are introduced that you have a difficulty in hearing. They would then exert themselves to speak distinctly, which very likely may be all that is necessary to enable you to hear. I do not know whether it is a kind of false pride, or the desire to save trouble, which prevents people who are slightly deaf from mentioning it, but whatever the reason, it would make conversation more agreeable to all parties if they did so; and as most people hear better on one side than the other, they should be careful on which side of the speaker they sit, and always change their seat if necessary, giving the reason for doing so.

Some deaf people hear better with the mouth a little open; others like to sit with the head slightly bent, so that the voice of the speaker strikes the upper part of the head. Again, others find great advantage from holding a small piece of stick against the teeth, which causes the sounds to penetrate by the vibrations of the bones of the head, on the principle of the auditory fan, or audiphone, a valuable substitute for the ear-trumpet.

There is a German proverb to the effect that he who strives to keep himself cheerful, not only ensures his own happiness, but also performs an act of virtue.

To keep cheerful is one of the most difficult feats for a very deaf person to accomplish; nevertheless, the influence for good that may be excited by that means alone is incalculable. Do, dear girls, try not to lose interest in what is going on, try bravely to keep pace with events, and remain an intelligent, pleasant companion. Try to believe that our Lord would not have allowed you this suffering without some definite object.

A Christian woman, stone deaf, and sorely afflicted in other ways, once said, when asked about her inner life: "Oh, yes, I cannot help feeling that I am apart from other people. For some things, I would rather be as they are, but then God has made me different from anyone I ever heard of. He must have thought about me a great deal, and He must have a special object for my being alive, or He would never made such a queer, imperfect temple to live in. And that is a great honour for me, isn't it, ma'am? And though I do feel, as you say, that I live in a world all to myself, still I like to fancy my little world is the circle of God's hand, and that it is His own hand that keeps me apart. So after all, ma'am, you see it's rather good to feel you have been made separately as it were; it's easier to realise that God does really think about you, than if you were made just the same as everybody else. And I am looking forward to heaven, where it is promised that 'the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped,' and then I shall be able to hear why it was I was made like this."

The occupations open to the deaf are too numerous to mention; all kinds of mental and manual labour are within their reach, including most branches of literature, science, and art. Dr. Kitto gained his livelihood at one time as tutor in a private family, but this can hardly be recommended as the most suitable occupation for the deaf; in fact, save under exceptional circumstances, teaching and music are amongst the few callings from which they are entirely debarred.

The one and only way to be useful and happy is to accept this deafness as the cross specially permitted by God. Then, believing that He who takes thought for all the trifles of our daily life, so that He knows even our "down-sitting and our uprising," would not have allowed you to bear this heavy trial without some great purpose for you, even though you cannot see it, try to find out, with the Holy Spirit's guidance, what it is that Our Father would have you to do. Some branches of work are shut off from you; it may be that the object is to direct you into a path which you would not have noticed, and where you are much needed. You may be sure there is a special work in the world for you somewhere, and if you do not see it now, you have only to ask, "Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?" sure that He who has bidden all who lack wisdom to ask of Him, will fulfil His promise to "instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go."

MARY SELWOOD.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER VI.

"ON SUNDAY, HEAVEN'S GATE STANDS OPE."

I NEED not tell you that the sun rose brightly on that Sunday morning when Mrs. Warner was away, down at San Juan. It very seldom does anything else in the beautiful climate of Colorado. Some will tell you, as they did me, that the name of the state is derived from the vivid colouring of its mountains, the red heights of the Sangre de Cristo range, the bright blue of its skies and its wonderful flora. That is only partially correct, however; it was first named Coronado by the band of Spanish explorers, who came up from Mexico, in 1540, under a captain of that name. They carried back a glowing report of "a sunny land," of high mountains and beautiful vegetation, where barbarians lived who had plenty of beans, cloth, gold, silver, and precious stones. The change from Coronado to Colorado was an easy and natural one.

Carita awoke early, with a sense of freedom and pleasure at the thought of this Sunday, which was very natural. It would be easy to keep Alick and Ronnie near her all day; there would be very little work to do, and they would take a pleasant book down into th cañon, through which the stream ran. Perhaps—and the thought sent a warm feeling through her—Mrs. Heath would know they were alone, and would ask them down to supper, the meal western farmers make about sunset or even earlier; and then it would be delightful to sing altogether, and to hear Mr. Heath and Joyce read from those nice books of theirs.

She put on a pretty dress of a soft creamy tint, brightened here and there with bits of crimson-coloured ribbon, which suited her clear brown skin and dark hair perfectly. In her hair, which was twisted round her shapely head in a thick coil, she fixed a cluster of bright crimson berries and leaves, such as she knew would keep fresh-looking all through the day. If Mrs. Warner had been at home she would have scolded her for dressing herself "prinking," as they say, so early in the day; but no one was at hand to put a damper on our Mexican maiden's natural sense of what was becoming and fitting on a lovely, fresh Sunday morning, with God's own bright world of beauty above and around.

Alick and Ronald were also dressed in their best, and they made a very

pleasant picture as they sat having breakfast at a little table in the large dining-room instead of the kitchen, as it was Sunday. A very attractive table it looked to Philip Emerson, who came in with Joyce Heath and one of her brothers, just as they were finishing.

"We met Mrs. Warner, Carita, as she was going down the mountain, yesterday," said Joyce; "she told us she was on her way to San Juan, so we knew you would be alone to-day, and mother says she will be very pleased if you will all three spend the day with us."

"Oh, how kind of her!" cried Carita; "I shall like it so very much."

Her cheek flushed, and her bright eyes sparkled with pleasure.

Philip looked pleased, also. The pretty dress and bright berries were not lost on him, nor were they on Joyce, who said—

"I see you are already dressed for the day; you look very charming, too: you American girls are cleverer with your dress than we English—at least you have much more taste in the matter. Come back with us now, you will be in time for our morning prayers, which are generally rather longer on Sundays than on other days. I know you will not mind that. And we will try over some new music, just out from home."

"Do you sing, Mr. Emerson?"

"Not much, but I like to hear other people."

"You sing very well," said Joyce; "I heard you with the boys in the tent last night."

"Those were carnal songs, Miss Heath. I fear I shall shock you when I say that I have not sung a hymn or been to church or assisted at family prayers since I came to this country, two years ago."

Observing that Carita looked sorry, as though his words, uttered lightly, hurt her, he added—

"I shall be very glad to be one of your little congregation this morning, and will promise to be an attentive scholar if you will teach me your hymns. Come on, Alick, you don't want those things to-day," he said, laughing.

Alick was stowing all manner of properties into the pockets of his best pants, a string of rattles—relics of the numerous rattlesnakes they had shot on the plains or chopped in two as they lay asleep amongst the firewood—a beaver's paw, a small disabled pocket pistol, a huge jack knife, string, and piles of molasses candy, all which he intended to finger during prayers, and to exhibit for the envy and admiration of Ben Heath.

The cabin on Pepper-box Flat was not nearly so commodious or well furnished as Elk Lodge. It consisted of a living room, not very large; a "lean-to" kitchen, only big enough to contain the large American stove and to do the plain cooking in; two small bedrooms, one for Mr. and Mrs. Heath, and the other for Joyce and little Dorothy. The three brothers slept, as I said before, in a tent outside. When it became too cold for them there they took to the "dug-out," on the hillside near at hand.

There were only three chairs in the old cabin, the other seats were benches made by the boys, and the family boxes covered with strong striped ticking. A rude but comfortable couch was covered with beaver's skin; and yet, although less furnished than Mrs. Warner's sitting-room, their little room looked

more homelike, for Mrs. Heath and Joyce both had that knack—so useful in women, and especially in those who are destined to be "dwellers in tents," figuratively speaking—of brightening every nook in which they tarried, putting their own sweet individual impress on a room by the arrangement of all within it, a faculty which is a natural gift, and seldom if ever learned. Pretty little creeping plants grew out of baskets made of pine cones hung in the windows, and trailed over the rude window frames, making curtains in the summer unnecessary. Brightly-coloured prints of good taste, in frames of rough wood, covered with lichens, grey, red, orange, and brown, were on the wall, with two really good old family pictures. The broad mantelshelf was covered with ticking, worked over effectively in gay worsteds. Over the great log fireplace was slung a large black gipsy kettle.

On Sunday morning Mr. Heath made it a rule to read some short lecture or sermon; he used Dr. Vaughan's book of family prayers; and there was as much singing as the young folks felt inclined for. I hope none of my readers will think this was a very goody-goody family, when I say that they all enjoyed these little services.

The secret of this, perhaps, lay in the fact that their father was a wise man, who believed, like the old Scotchman, that "where weariness begins edification ends;" and so everything he chose was short and interesting, and, like the great and often quoted John Wesley from his dinner, they got up wanting—or at any rate able for—more. Their religious sympathies were cultivated and wide, as their favourite Sunday morning books showed. Quaint old Thomas Fuller's "Holy and Profane State," Rev. Frederick W. Robertson's and Dr. Vaughan's sermons, Dr. Raleigh's "Quiet Resting Places," and Dean Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion," were those they used most. Dorothy and Ben were too young to understand them much, but if they chose they might take up any other book, quietly, whilst the reading went on. After eleven they strolled about as they pleased.

Philip Emerson felt lifted into a purer and better region as he sat in the cheery room, listening to Mr. Heath; though eyes and thoughts went often wandering to the sweet women's faces opposite to him. Remember, he had lived only amongst wild young men for two years, and these faces preached good things to him as much as the author they read. It seemed to him a very appropriate lecture too; it was on "Angel Help" from "Quiet Resting Places;" the text, "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." I cannot tell you all the thoughts that crowded into the man's mind during one short half hour; but they were wholesome, though sometimes painful; and some that were altogether new to him found a home in his heart for ever.

In character he was, perhaps, more like Esau than Jacob, but he was a mixture of the two; and just now, like the latter, he was seeking a resting place. There had been little sympathy between his father—who was a stern, hard man—and himself. His only brother was preferred before him in all things; and his proud, rebellious spirit had urged him on until he had incurred the father's anger more seriously than ever. There had been a bitter scene; then, like the son in the Gospel, he had demanded a sum of money, the last he would ever ask for, and had come away to waste it in extravagances and poor farming.

He had, like Jacob, an affectionate heart and a tender mother, towards whom he often looked back with longing thoughts. He knew that she grieved over him, and her prayers always followed him, so that he had not been able to be reckless and foolish without some misgivings. Just now he felt ready to go into any hard service, if only he might win the love of such a woman as either of the two before him. Down amongst the vines dark-eyed Carita had seemed the more attractive; here, in the house, the English girl's soft, musical voice and eyes, which seemed "homes of silent prayer," exerted a very strong influence over the wanderer.

"Joy always reads to us a little on Sunday afternoons, Mr. Emerson," said Dorothy. "Would you like to listen to her?"

"I would like nothing better," answered Philip. He let Harold and John Heath stroll down towards Rattlesnake Bar, to call on a young settler, and settled himself comfortably beside the girls and the two boys on a mossy bank, near enough to the stream for it to make a pleasant and gentle accompaniment to Joy's voice.

"What books have you got, Dorothy?" asked Carita.

"'The Sunday at Home,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" she replied. "We will have whichever Mr. Emerson thinks he would like best."

"It had better be the 'Pilgrim's Progress' to-day, for my edification," said Phil.

"We have read the first part, haven't we, Joy? Do you know all about that, Mr. Emerson?"

"Only too well, Dorothy: The City of Destruction and the Slough of Despond particularly well. I should like to hear about the House Beautiful and the Delectable Mountains this afternoon."

Joy and Carita read by turns, until the lengthening shadows told them it was time to go up to the cabin to their evening meal, which was tea and supper combined.

The evening was spent chiefly in singing, John leading on a very sweet and good English concertina, a capital instrument in a small room, when skilfully managed. The whole family were what the Americans call "enthused" for music, and Philip turned out an apt pupil, having a good ear and a strong, rich, baritone voice.

It was a bright, happy Sunday, and in Carita's, as well as Philip Emerson's, calendar, a red-letter day, towards which each looked back often on many drearier and lonelier days which were in store for both during the long winter before them.

On Tuesday morning, early, Philip started off for El Paso county, to see what arrangements he could make with the great stockman of whom Mr. Heath had spoken. He carried away with him the goodwill of all these new acquaintances, and an invitation from the mother to come over and see them once more before the snow-falls made the mountains less accessible.

Joyce and Carita both went about their work during the next few days with a sense of something added to their life. A fuller, sweeter meaning had come for them, into the morning skies, the shimmering moonlight, the sighing of the wind through the needles of the pines. By-and-by all this must turn to pain for one of the two, perhaps for both.

For the present both were happier, although neither could have given any particular reason for being so. Carita had four more days of comparative leisure, and she enjoyed them thoroughly, singing and dreaming in the flowery gulch behind the cabin, whilst Alick was with Sam Morris. Ronald, who was quite satisfied if Carita was near him, occupied himself in constructing miniature irrigating canals and ditches to his heart's content.

Carita's subjective mood suited the boy exactly. When she reminded him on Friday evening that mother and Tom would be back next day, he heaved a big sigh, and said—

"I wish they'd stop away a good bit longer; you and me get on better without them, and I haven't half finished the canal to Beaver brook."

And Carita had not read half as much as she wanted in the poets of whom Phil and Joy had talked, and which she had borrowed from her friend: so she echoed Ronnie's sigh, and gave him a warm kiss.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.
II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.
III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.
IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.
V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*
VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAGGIE AND LUCIE (North Adelaide).—We recommend you to procure two books, the "Bible Cyclopædia" (illustrated), by Dr. Eadie, D.D., and "Biblical Geography and Antiquities," with four maps, by Dr. Barrows, D.D. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), the former price 7s. 6d., the latter 6s. 6d. They are very valuable works, and full of questions which you would wish to moot at the reunion you name. No library should be without them.

ROSAMOND.—1. The greatest depths yet reached with the plummet in the North Atlantic measured 25,000 feet. This was to the southward of the banks of Newfoundland. 2. The colour of sea-water is influenced by the amount of salt in it. The greater the quantity held in solution in it, the deeper the shade of blue; the fresher it is the greener the hue. The Gulf Stream is salter than the ocean generally, though not quite so strong as that in the course of the "trade winds," which is accounted for by the greater degree of evaporation going on, which increases the proportion of salt left in the water not evaporated.

GERMANY.—There is a "Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign Languages," whose office is at 96, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; you might inquire there. Otherwise, apply for advice at one of our foreign libraries. Write copies daily, and use a better pen.

WELSH GIRL.—You should certainly obtain help from some educated French person, if not a regular tutor, or you will never pronounce the language correctly. Get a small manual for the verbs, etc., and a vocabulary of easy sentences in every-day use. Round your letters a little more, and do not make all the n's and m's like u's.

SOPHIA P.—You ought to study logic, as you complain of inability to think for consecutive minutes on one subject. A study of some of the first rules of Euclid would also be of service in training you into some power of concentrating your thoughts. You write tolerably well. Procure a pretty hand to copy.

CRUSHED STRAWBERRY requests us to advise her as to an examination on "one subject" for which she should study. We have no idea of what she has already learnt, nor of her natural tastes and capacity. The study of history might perhaps prove suitable; but, in any case, we advise her consulting some thoroughly well-informed friend, who can offer an opinion from personal observation.

WORK.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Fawn colour is now mixed with mauve or copper-red; this mixture is seen in silk, surah, and velvet. We think you might trim your silk with velvet of the last-named colour, or a darker shade of fawn. A lace plastron or Fedora puff would make it fit for evening wear. Dark greens, blues, and violets would be becoming, we think, to you.

EBENEZER.—To make a good even edge in knitting, you must always slip or take off the first stitch in each row without knitting it.

MACKIE.—Make some calico children's scrap-books, binding each leaf with coloured ribbon—a good thick one, with the inside edges turned over at the place where they are to be fastened together, so as to allow for the thickness of the pictures to be pasted into it. When you have finished stitching on the ribbon, you could get it bound in cloth, and, if you liked, could put in a few pictures as a commencement. We think the book would sell, and not cost you much.

SQUIRE.—See page 38 in *Silver Sails*, for "Crystoleum Painting."

SQUIRREL.—To make lawn-tennis nets, see page 15, vol. ii.

MURIEL MOORE.—Wash white flannels in a tepid lather, and blue them slightly. Use Alloa wool and No. 8 pins for making a lady's under-dress.

L. N. LORD kindly writes to say that the dressmaking classes at the Birkbeck Institution, Southampton-row, are also held on Wednesdays from 11 a.m. to 1 o'clock, and she speaks in grateful terms of the great patience and kindness, as well as efficiency, of Miss Hillyer, who conducts them.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, MUDDLE, and GRATITUDE.—Knitted designs are given at pages 54, vol. ii., and 596, vol. iii.

A MOSS ROSEBUD and IVY.—Do not have anything done to the dress unless it be soiled, when it must be sent to a cleaner's. We should think a cream nun's veiling with a blue satin plastron would be pretty. The "Night hymn at sea" will be found at page 628, vol. iii. Address Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ST. ANDREWS (Madras College).—You did not give either name or pseudonym. You must melt the red sealing-wax in spirits of wine to make the varnish. Unless you have excellent introductions, we advise you to remain at home.

MARGUERITE.—First of all, "make your market," that is, see whether you can obtain orders from the trade and private families before you buy a stocking-knitter. You would then have to make an arrangement about the hire system with the makers, and to do this you should give references of respectability before they will trust you. These you might obtain from some of your friends, your clergyman, minister, or doctor. We heartily wish you all success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HOME-BIRD.—1. We read your nice letter with interest, and heartily congratulate you on your double success, regretting that we have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. Accept our best wishes. Possibly the water may be too hard for your goldfish, or you do not feed them sufficiently. Boil the yolks of eggs hard, dry and powder them, and add a few small breadcrumbs and flies. The water will not require to be changed very often if there be aquatic plants in it. When you change it, remove the fish, and place them in another vessel. Clean the tank well, rinsing with Condy's fluid. Wipe your fish gently with a weak solution of the fluid and a soft sponge, and aerate the water well by squirting water into it from a glass syringe. This is very essential. Fungus is never found on fish when the water is kept well aerated. 2. The slight rustic frames made of laths of deal, stained, as a foundation, an arrangement of very small pine-cones, scraps of rough cork, and ivy leaves twined about them, all well varnished, would perhaps suit you. There is no particular order observed in the list made of certificates awarded.

IOLANTHE.—The bride is not expected to provide anything but her own *trousseau*. The bridegroom is bound to take her to a home ready furnished and with everything essential for household use. But of course there could be no objection to the bride's adding any articles which she may possess, or likes to provide. We are obliged to you for your good wishes. Attend a little more carefully to your spelling.

ETTIE.—You do not name your age. If a minor, your engagement is not a legal one; it can only be conditional. As a rule, clandestine engagements are most objectionable, and few combinations of circumstances can justify them, so long as one parent still survives. We do not see why you do not make a confidant and friend of your married sister. She stands nearest to you, if not under the care of an aunt, after your mother. Ask her advice and aid, and put the gentleman into communication with her. He should then go to your father, like an honourable man, and state his wishes and circumstances, and your sister will, if desirable, say a word in his favour. But remember, our wishes are not always in accordance with God's will.

EINE WEINERIN.—We think that eating a piece of crumb of bread would get rid of the remains of nauseous medicine in the mouth, better than anything else. It is not necessary to swallow the bread. Rinse the mouth with water afterwards. The nose should be held while taking the medicine.

WILD ROSE.—1. The two modes of expression which you quote are equally incorrect and inelegant; only common or partially educated persons would employ them, we should suppose. Why not say "it used not to be?" "It hadn't," or "it didn't used to be," are expressions quite inadmissible in society. 2. Strive daily after perfection, but of this be assured, that if ever you imagine you have attained to it in this world, you will be much further from it than the humble publican of whom our Saviour tells so significant a story.

D. MAUD.—1. A little schoolgirl of fifteen years of age might certainly be very warm-hearted, and of as affectionate a nature as a grown person, but the term you employ must be unsuitable in such a case. 2. It is not "the fashion" to cut the hair short, at least in reference to the upper classes.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—In reference to cleaning shells, see "Useful Hints," page 543, August 21, 1880, vol. i. For drying seaweed, see answer to "Neptune," page 176, December 11, 1880, vol. ii. Also see answer to "Ella," page 542, May 20, 1882, vol. iii., and to "A Hopeful Heart," page 15, October 1, 1881. There is an article entitled "Uses of Shells and Seaweed," page 99, vol. ii. You should copy some nice running hand—small and round—daily.

EMILY GREEN.—We have no recollection of having received any verses from you, and regret your disappointment; but we do not wish to encourage our correspondents to send in verses for criticism, as so very few show any degree of promise, not to say, of really existing poetical merit. We recommend our girls to turn their attention to writing good prose, and sensible letters expressed in grammatical English.

GRUNDY.—Your impertinent letter (from 2, Milk-street, Bristol) does not merit any reply. But although you have so far forgotten yourself, we think that by answering your question all the same, and forgiving your presumption this time, you may "come to yourself" and to a better state of mind. We must teach the ignorant, in manners, as well as in any other department of their education, and we do so gladly. Pronounce "Chopin" after the French method of sounding the terminal letters "in;" not as in English, but with a nasal sound thus, "Shopin"; the second syllable as in the French word for bread, *i.e.*, "pain."

CLAUDIA.—We do not remember having heard from you before, but judging from the style of your present letter, we feel sure you could not have given us cause for dissatisfaction.

VIOLET.—We have already given a list of words in which the letter "h" is either aspirated or mute. Of course in "horse," "house," "hospital," "host," and "hermit," the "h" is so aspirated, or ought to be, but mute in the word "hour." We cannot always supply rules in reference to a language so arbitrary as our own, and when fashion sometimes takes the place of those rules that actually exist.

WEE KATIE.—The best place for procuring "thrums" is a woollen goods manufactory, but you might perhaps obtain some short scraps of carpet or of curtains at a large upholstery warehouse, and could pull out the woollen strands and cut them yourself.

NELLY BLY.—Do not feel fretted on our behalf, on account of the doubts cast by some of your wiseacre little friends on the genuine character of our correspondence. We do not trouble ourselves about such insignificant trifles. We have far more correspondents than we can conveniently answer, time and space considered. To clean *gants de Suède*, use either pipe-clay or "Benzine Colas," but we do not think it a very successful experiment. It would be better to try sending them to a cleaner.

IVY and "A PERPLEXED ONE."—If you have any good reason for the doubt you express, you had better show your foot to a doctor. Were the dislocation an old one, there would be no redness, nor inflammation, which would certainly be present under the other circumstances you name. For this latter complaint you will find advice in our papers on consulting our indexes.

TINY TIDLEY.—Much depends on the degree of intimacy and affection hitherto demonstrated. Why not inquire "whether anything had happened to interrupt the previous relations between you?" Certainly you should not resort to the rudeness of what is commonly called a "cut." If the intimate relationship of former times be at an end, bow to him in a formal, but polite manner.

MIGNONNE.—Ask your friend to tell you candidly whether you have in any way hurt her feelings, as you fear from the very strong language she uses towards you that you must have done so inadvertently. If it be mere caprice, her friendship is worth nothing, and in any case her language is exceedingly coarse and unladylike, and ought to be sharply rebuked.

ROSE.—Inquire for a "London Directory" at any library, and look for advertising agents, from whom you could procure all the information you desire.

LITTLE PILGRIM.—Your sorrowful letter is full of the greatest contradictions. The mere fact of your writing for our advice, and begging for a "helping hand" to bring you near to God, proves that His Holy Spirit is even now "striving" in your heart; and what is that, if not a certain proof of His love and pity for you? We do not understand what you mean when you say you "cannot ask God to send the *call* again." God does not limit His "calls" to one, nor two: He calls you every time you hear a sermon, or read the Bible, and every time your conscience accuses you of sin, and warns you of its consequences. He is calling you at the very moment that you read this answer, and we remind you of your Saviour's blessed assurance, "He is able to save *to the uttermost* all that come unto God by Him."

MARY ANNE MOORE.—1. We thank you for your long description of the eagle. 2. Write copies.

A YOUNG ONE.—The mark of the mustard plaster will gradually wear away.

A SCOTCH MARION.—1. Leave both the ends open for book post. 2. Give your age as "nineteen last April."

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.—Inquire of a dyer and cleaner. Ink stains can be taken out of mahogany by brushing vitriol over the spots, but it is a dangerous thing to use.

A DAUGHTER NAMED HILDA.—1. Clacton-on-Sea would perhaps suit you, as it is near to your home. 2. We should think it not unlikely. Some hair dyes are very highly poisonous.

AGNES MARIA writes to inquire "what situation a young lady of nineteen could take," being "uneducated, bad speller, and not even a good reader, and *as* a bad memory." Unfortunate "young lady!" You are as much to be blamed as your parents for their neglect of you. Why do you not learn to read, write, and spell? And if you have so little mental control as to allow yourself to be forgetful, you are not even qualified for domestic service. Learn all these things, adding arithmetic, and then you may aspire to assist in some drapery or stationery shop.

A. L. R.—The falling off of the hair is usually an indication of some derangement of the general health; but it may also be attributed to a local and unsatisfactory condition of the skin. Consult a doctor, and let him see your head. We are very thankful to hear that you have derived spiritual benefit from reading our paper.

DAME.—We are aware of the existence of the "Bible Reading Union," respecting which letters should be addressed to the Rev. E. Bogs-Beverley, Sidcup, Kent. But there is also a similar society called "The Bible Learners' Union;" address, Miss Brine, The Ferns, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E.; and "The Scripture Learning Society," to which eight secretaries are attached in as many localities, Miss Rachel Hanning, Worcester Park, being the address of one of them. November 30, 1862, was Advent Sunday.

NORA GRADY.—We are glad to hear that you find our dress articles so useful, as you make all your own clothes. Camphor pills are considered good for a cold in the head.

ANXIOUS ONE.—If you know and acknowledge that you are "morbid," why trouble yourself about your gloomy and incorrect views of religion? The "foolishness" spoken of in the passage you quote does not mean the innocent mirth and laughter of children. The first proverb about which you inquire has nothing to do with little girls, so make your mind easy so far. There is much in Holy Scripture which could not be explained to young people. Be content with reading what you do understand, and what applies as much to you as anyone else. Some passages are meant especially for young people and children, such as "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," "Children, obey your parents," . . . . . "likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder."

MADGE.—If your parents have no objection, and your mistress give her permission, we see no reason why you should not go to the little entertainment you name, for the benefit of the cricket club.

ANNA LOHR.—Your letter interested us much, and we are pleased to hear that our paper is such an acquisition to you in your far-distant missionary settlement. "Claribe" was the pseudonym of Mrs. Barnard, the composer. She died some time ago. Your writing would be good were you to employ a good pen and satisfactory ink.

A LOVER OF POETRY and AN ITALIAN READER would

have our sincere sympathy and pity under such distressing circumstances, could we only believe that they are not fictitious characters, whose wrongs are described in mere jest. Very possibly the little girl who invented them may be living somewhere just round the corner, in a very unromantic place, and never was in Italy in her life.

ENGLISH GIRL.—We thank you for your kind letter. The figure which forms the device at the head of each number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is adapted from a photograph of a figure in marble in the possession of Mr. S. C. Hall. It is called "the Spirit of Love and Truth."

M. H. J. K. W.—If conscious of any particular sin, you should make a special acknowledgment of it to God, and ask for grace to avoid the same in future. But usually the confession has to be of a more general character—that of ingratitude, want of faith, wandering of thought in seasons of reading the Bible, and of prayer, lukewarmness, forgetfulness, unprofitableness, and *so forth*. Such general confessions, combined with a desire to amend your life, carried out sincerely and practically day by day (however weak the effort, even at best), is acceptable to God in the name of Christ, in which your prayers can alone be received.

OLD GOYMER.—One word is "justifies" (which is like English); "avec" means "with," but you have cut off the context, which would assist in showing the sense of badly-written words, and have pasted over the ends of some. Had you not done so, we could have translated the sentences.

LITTLE TWO-SHOES.—There are several antidotes for the sting of a wasp; the most known is the application of the blue-bag. Amongst others, there is that of salt, moistened with a little water, and if stung in the mouth or throat, relief is said to be given at once by repeated doses of salt and water, a very strong solution. To rub in most snuff, or tobacco; or to apply some drops of a solution of potash. If you can procure none of these articles, try honey, treacle, or fresh butter. Should the sting be left in the skin, remove it with tweezers, or by pressing it with the barrel of a key, which should encircle it, and thus force it out. Never eat fruit—currants, strawberries, and cherries excepted—without first cutting it open, to see that no wasp, nor grub, nor eggs of any insect be in it. Even dry dates should be thus opened.

CHRYSTABEL.—We were much interested in your letter, and feel sure that your hands are very full. Your education does not consist in learning either languages, accomplishments, or any of the "ologies," valuable as the knowledge of them may be, for you are studying the method of performing all those sacred home-duties of a domestic character, without which no girl's education is complete. It is only a case of reversing the usual order of going through your studies, and learning early, what girls often learn only too late, if at all. You might, however, always have some good historical or other work (geography, travels, &c.) to take up at odd moments when you have leisure to read, and so enlarge your circle of general information.

E. B. AUSTRALIA.—Get a "London Directory," look out the colonial newspaper agents, and apply to them for advice and assistance.

WABUN AUNUNG.—The keynote of our prayers is struck by our Blessed Lord Himself; "Thy will be done on earth." "Thy will, not mine, be done." You may be quite sure He will answer your prayers, but in His own way and time. "We see through a glass darkly." Perhaps, if we saw with His all-seeing vision, many of our prayers would never be put up. We must pray as "little children," in dependence on an all-wise Father.

DAVORYE.—Refer to our article, "Screens, and How to Make Them," pages 225 and 300, vol. iii. The stamps must be affixed with a strong solution of gum-arabic, and when dry well varnished with a white transparent varnish, such as that employed in bookbinding. Your knowledge of English does you credit.

PICKLE.—Practical jokes are always bad. When not cruel, they are at least impertinent liberties, and lead to bad feelings and bad tempers. With Christ's great "Law of kindness" in our hearts, we should not play practical jokes.

MIGNONETTE.—This favourite plant, from which you have taken your pseudonym, is a native of Barbary. It was first introduced in the South of France, where it was called "little darling." It was brought to England in 1742, and mentioned by Cowper in "The Task."

> "the fragrant weed,
> The Frenchman's darling."

MINNIE.—The "Bee Reading Club" might suit you, of which the hon. president is Mrs. Mellis, F. C. Manse, Carnbee-by-Pittenweem, and the hon. secretary is Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick. Write to the latter for the printed rules, and all can be arranged with her for your becoming a member.

DEXTER.—The translation of the motto would be "Iron go, or strike, firmly," the allusion being to the sword of the wearer. We do not know the origin of "Sing old rose, and burn the bellows." We are glad to receive your account of your successful training as a nurse at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, whence you appear to have entered on your profession very pleasantly.

HELIOTROPE.—Mary Ann Evans was the niece of a Mr. William Evans, a builder, in Ellastone, near Ashbourne, who died some fifteen years ago, and was the character described by George Eliot as "Adam Bede." Miss Evans married a Mr. Cross, on the death of Mr. Lewis. The parties walking together should turn facing each other, of course, when they reach the end of the terrace or pier.

MY FANWY.—We quite agree with your letter, and we think that domestic service is destined in the future to be performed by a much higher class than at present. But we must first prepare the way by training our girls up to fill those situations, and to consider work honourable—of any and every kind. From £18 to £40 per annum, and a comfortable sheltered home, should offer advantages eagerly caught up. But the mistresses, we think, form a great barrier in the way, as they are rarely considerate and sufficiently orderly and trained themselves to rule those under their control with wisdom and forethought. A certain and greater degree of liberty, also, must be granted, which people must be taught to regard as necessary.

HOPE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

As the sun's brightest glow upon ocean reclineth,
When the billows, unruffled, sink gently to rest;
So the radiance of Hope, in her soft beauty, shineth
On the innocent calm of youth's sorrowless breast.

But louder and fiercer is rolling the ocean,
As dances the foam in the sun's golden flame;
So changes the young heart at life's new emotion,
Though the clear star of Hope sparkles near all the same.

But storms are arising and clouds are obscuring
The face of the deep and the glow of the sky;
So Hope to the young heart so fondly alluring,
May be darkened by grief or repressed by a sigh.

And quickly has sunshine in winter departed,
As the voice of the winds wakes the rage of the main;
So Hope, to the sight of the desolate-hearted,
Awhile in the rough waves of trouble may wane.

But bright may the sun be that gildeth the morrow,
And gentle the billows that sing him to rest;
So the night winds of grief and the chill dews of sorrow
Will vanish when Hope shines again in the breast.

For whatever betideth, her sure star endureth—
A glance or a thought, and we feel she is nigh;
Her home's with the sun, and, like him, she allureth
From the gloom of the earth to the glow of the sky.

VOL. V.—NO. 206. DECEMBER 8, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, uthor of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER X.

"I WISH I HAD A DOT OF MY OWN."

MONTHS passed over and found us the same busy, tranquil little household. I used to wonder how my letters could interest Allan so much as he said they did, I could find so little to narrate. And talking of that, it strikes me that we are not sufficiently thankful for the monotony of life. I speak advisedly; I mean for the quiet uniformity and routine of our daily existence; in our youth we quarrel a little with its sameness and regularity; it is only when the storms of sudden crises and unlooked for troubles break over our thankless heads, that we look back with regret to those still days of old.

Nothing seemed to happen, nothing looked different. Mother grew a little stronger as the summer passed, and took a few more household duties on herself. Dot pined and pinched as the cold weather came on, as he always did, and looked a shivering shabby Dot sometimes. Jack's legs grew longer, and her frocks shorter, and we had to tie her hair to keep it out of her eyes, and she stooped more and grew round-shouldered, which added to her list of beauties; but no one expected grace from Jack.

At the Cedars things went on as usual, except that Flurry left off calling me Miss Cameron, and took to Esther instead, somewhat scandalising Miss Lucas, until she began taking to it herself. "For you are so young, and you are more Flurry's playfellow

All rights reserved.]

"'ALLAN! OH, ALLAN! ALLAN!'"

than her governess," she said, apologetically; "it is no good being stiff, when we are such old friends;" and after that I always called her Miss Ruth.

"Don't you want to see Roseberry, Esther?" asked Flurry, one day; that was the name of the little seaside place where Mr. Lucas had a cottage. "Aunt Ruth says you must come down with us next summer; she declares she has quite set her heart on it."

"Oh, Flurry, that would be delightful, but how could I leave mother and Dot?" I added, in a regretful parenthesis. That was always the burden of my song—Mother and Dot.

"Dot must come too," pronounced Flurry, decidedly, and she actually proposed to Miss Ruth at luncheon that "Esther's little brother should be invited to Roseberry." Miss Ruth looked at me with kindly amused eyes, as I grew crimson and tried to hush Flurry.

"We shall see," she returned, in her gentle voice; "if Esther will not go without Dot, Dot must come too;" but though the bare idea was too delightful, I begged Miss Ruth not to entertain such an idea for a moment.

I think Flurry's little speech put a kind thought into Miss Ruth's head, for when she next invited us to drive with her, the grey horses stopped for an instant at Uncle Geoffrey's door, and the footman lifted Dot in his little fur-lined coat, and placed him at Miss Ruth's side. And seeing the little lad's rapture, and Flurry's childish delight, she often called for him, sometimes when she was alone, for she said Dot never troubled her; he could be as quiet as a little mouse when her head ached and she was disinclined to talk.

I said nothing happened, but one day I had a pleasant surprise, just when I did not deserve it, for it was one of my fractious days—days of moods and tenses I used to call them—when nothing seemed quite right, when I was beset by that sort of grown-up fractiousness, that wants to be petted and put to bed, and bidden to lie still like a tired child.

Winter had set in in downright earnest, and in those cold dark mornings early rising seemed an affront to the understanding, and a snare to be avoided by all right-minded persons; yet notwithstanding all that, a perverse fidgety notion of duty drove me with a scourge of mental thorns from my warm bed. For I was young and healthy, and why should I lie there while Deborah and Martha broke the ice in their pitchers, and came downstairs with rasped red faces and acidulated tempers? I was thankful not to do likewise, to know I should hear in a few minutes a surly tap at the door, with the little hot-water can put down with protesting evidence. Even then it was hard work to flesh and blood, with no dewy lawn, no bird music now to swell my morning's devotion with tiny chorus of praise; only a hard frozen up world with a trickle of meagre sunshine running through it.

But my hardest work was with Dot; he used to argue drowsily with me while I stood shivering and awaiting his pleasure. "Why did I not go down to the fire if I were cold; he was not going to get up in the middle of the night to please anyone; never mind the robins—of which I reminded him gently—he wished he were a robin too, and could get up and go to bed with a neat little feather bed tacked to his skin, nice cosy little fellows; and then he would draw the bedclothes round his thin little shoulders and try to maintain his position.

He quite whimpered on the morning in question when I lifted him out bodily, such a miserable Dot, looking like a starved dove in his white plumage; but he cheered up at the sight of the fire and hot coffee in the snug parlour, and whispered a little entreaty for forgiveness as I stooped over him to make him comfortable.

"You are tired, Esther," said my mother, tenderly, when she saw my face that morning, "you must not get up so early this cold weather, my dear." But I held my peace, for who would dress Dot, and what would become of Jack? and then came a little lump in my throat, for I was tired and fractious.

When I got to the Cedars, a solemn stillness reigned in the nursery, and instead of an orderly room, a perfect chaos of doll revelry prevailed. All the chairs were turned into extempore beds, and the twelve dolls, with bandaged heads and arms, were tucked up with the greatest care.

Flurry met me with an air of great importance and her finger on her lip.

"Hush, Esther, you must not make a noise. I am Florence Nightingale, and these are all the poor sick and wounded soldiers; look at this one, this is Corporal Trim, and he has had his two legs shot off."

I recognised Corporal Trim under his bandages; he was the very doll Flossy had so grievously maltreated and had robbed of an eye; the waxen tip of his nose was gone, and a great deal of his flaxen wig besides—quite a caricature of a mutilated veteran.

I called Flurry to account a little sternly, and insisted on her restoring order to the room. Flurry pouted and sulked; her heart was at Scutari, and her wits went woolgathering and refused dates and the multiplication table. To make matters worse, it commenced snowing, and there was no prospect of a walk before luncheon. Miss Ruth did not come down to that meal, and afterwards I sat and knitted in grim silence. Discipline must be maintained, and as Flurry would not work neither would I play with her, but I do not know which of us was punished the most. "Oh, how cross you are, Esther, and it is Christmas Eve," cried Flurry, at last, on the verge of crying. It was growing dusk, and already shadows lurked in the corner of the room. Flurry looked at me so wistfully that I am afraid I should have relented and gone on a little with Juliet, only at that moment she sprang up joyfully at the sound of her aunt's voice calling her, and ran out to the top of the dark staircase.

"We are to go down, you and I; Aunt Ruth wants us!" she exclaimed, laying violent hands on my work. I felt rather surprised at the summons, for Miss Ruth never called us at this hour, and it would soon be time for me to go home.

The drawing-room looked the picture of warm comfort as we entered it; some glorious pine logs were crackling and spluttering in the grate, sending out showers of coloured sparks.

Miss Ruth was half buried in her easy chair, with her feet on the white fleecy rug, and the little square tea-table stood near her with its silver kettle and tiny blue teacups.

"You have sent for us, Miss Ruth," I said, as I crossed the room to her; but at that instant another figure I had not seen started up from a dark corner and caught hold of me in rough, boyish fashion.

"Allan! oh, Allan! Allan!" my voice rising into a perfect crescendo of ecstasy at the sight of his dear dark face. Could anything be more deliciously unexpected? And there was Miss Ruth laughing softly to herself at my pleasure.

"Oh, Allan, what does this mean," I demanded, "when you told us there was no chance of your spending Christmas with us? Have you been home? Have you seen mother and Dot? Have you come here to fetch me home?"

Allan held up his hands as he took a seat near me.

"One question at a time, Esther. I had unexpected leave of absence for a week, and that is why you see me, and as I wanted to surprise you all I said nothing about it. I arrived about three hours ago, and as mother thought I might come and fetch you, why I thought I would, and that you would be pleased to see me; that is all my story," finished Allan, exchanging an amused glance with Miss Ruth. They had never met before, and yet they seemed already on excellent terms. Allan made no sort of demur when Miss Ruth insisted that we should both have some tea to warm us before we went. I think he felt at home with her at once.

Flurry seemed astonished at our proceeding. She regarded Allan for a long time very solemnly, until he won her heart by admiring Flossy; then she condescended to converse with him.

"Are you Esther's brother, really?"

"Yes, Miss Florence—I believe that is your name?"

"Florence Emmeline Lucas," she repeated, glibly. "I'm Flurry for short; nobody calls me Florence except father sometimes. It was dear mamma's name, and he always sighs when he says it."

"Indeed!" returned Allan, in an embarrassed tone; and then he took Flossy on his knee and began to play with him.

"Esther is rich," went on Flurry, rather sadly. "She has three brothers; there's Fred, and you, and Dot. I think she likes Dot best, and so do I. What a pity I haven't a Dot of my own. No brothers; only father and Aunt Ruth."

"Poor little dear," observed Allan, compassionately—he was always fond of children. His hearty tone made Flurry look up in his face. "He is a nice man," she said to me afterwards; "he likes Flossy and me, and he was pleased when I kissed him."

I did not tell Flurry that Allan had been very much astonished by her friendship.

"That is a droll little creature," he said, as we left the house together, "but there is something very attractive about her. You have a nice berth there, Esther. Miss Lucas seems a delightful person," an opinion in which I heartily agreed. Then he asked me about Mr. Lucas, but I had only Flurry's opinion to offer him on that subject, and he questioned me in his old way about my daily duties. "Mother thinks you are overworked, and you are certainly looking a little thin, Esther. Does not Carrie help you enough? And what is this about the night-school?"

Our last grievance, which I had hitherto kept from Allan, but of course mother had told him. It was so nice to be walking there by his side with the crisp white snow beneath our feet and the dark sky over our heads; no more fractiousness now, when I could pour out all my worries to Allan.

Such a long story I told him; but the gist of it was this: Carrie had been very imprudent; she would not let well alone, or be content with a sufficient round of duties. She worked hard with her pupils all day, and besides that she had a district and Sunday school, and now Mrs. Smedley had persuaded her to devote two evenings of her scanty leisure to the night-school.

"I think it is very hard and unjust to us," I continued, rather excitedly. "We have so little of Carrie, only just the odds and ends of time she can spare us. Mrs. Smedley has no right to dictate to us all and to work Carrie in the way she does. She has got an influence over her, and she uses it for her own purposes, and Carrie is weak to yield so entirely to her judgment; she coaxes her and flatters her, and talks about her high standard and unselfish zeal for the work, but I can't understand it, and I don't think it right for Carrie to be Mrs. Smedley's parochial drudge."

"I will talk to Carrie," returned Allan, grimly, and he would not say another word on the subject. But I forgot all my grievances during the happy evening that followed.

Allan was in such spirits; as frolicsome as a boy, he would not let us be dull, and so his talk never flagged for a moment. Dot laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks when Allan kicked over the mending basket and finally ordered Martha to take it away. When Carrie returned from the night-school, she found us all gathered round the fire in peaceful idleness, listening to Allan's stories, with Dot on the rug, basking in the heat like a youthful salamander.

I think Allan must have followed her up to her room, for just as I was laying my head on the pillow there was a knock at the door and Carrie entered with her candle, fully dressed, and with a dark circle round her eyes.

She put down the light so as not to wake Jack, and sat down by my side with a weary sigh.

"Why did you all set Allan to talk to me?" she began, reproachfully. "Why should I listen to him more than to you or mother? I begin to see that a man's foes are indeed of his own household."

I bit my lips to keep in a torrent of angry words. I was out of patience with Carrie; even a saint ought to have common sense, I thought, and I was so tired and sleepy, and to-morrow was Christmas Day.

"I could not sleep until I came and told you what I thought about it," she went on in her serious monotone. I don't think she even noticed my exasperated silence. "It is no use for Allan to come and preach his worldly wisdom to me; we do not measure things by the same standard, he and I. You are better, Esther, but your hard, matter of fact reasoning shocks me sometimes."

"Oh, Carrie! why don't you create a world of your own," I demanded, scornfully, "if we none of us please you—not even Allan?"

"Now you are angry without cause," she returned, gently, for Carrie rarely lost her temper in an argument; she was so meekly obstinate that we could do nothing with her. "We cannot create our own world, Esther; we can only do the best we can with this. When I am working so hard to do a little good in Milnthorpe, why do you all try to hinder and drag me back?"

"Because you are *over*doing it, and wearing yourself out," I returned, determined to have my say; but she stopped me with quiet peremptoriness.

"No more of that, Esther; I have heard it all from Allan. I am not afraid of wearing out; I hope to die in harness. Why, child, how can you be so faint-hearted? We cannot die until our time comes."

"But when we court death it is suicide," I answered, stubbornly; but Carrie only gave one of her sweet little laughs.

"You foolish Esther, who means to die, I should like to know? Why, the child is actually crying. Listen to me, you dear goosie; I was never so happy or well in my life." I shook my head sorrowfully, but she persisted in her statement. "Mrs. Smedley has given me new life. How I do love that woman! She is a perfect example to us—of unselfishness and energy. She says I am her right hand, and I do believe she means it, Esther." But I only groaned in answer. "She is doing a magnificent work in Milnthorpe," she continued, "and I feel so proud that I am allowed to assist her. Do you know, I had twenty boys in my class this evening; they would come to me, though Miss Miles' class was nearly empty." And so she went on, until I felt all over prickles of suppressed nervousness. "Well, good-night," she said at last, when I could not be roused into any semblance of interest; "we shall see which of us be right by-and-by."

"Yes, we shall see," I answered, drowsily; but long after she left I muttered the words over and over to myself, "We shall see."

Yes, by-and-by the light of Divine truth would flash over our actions, and in that pure radiance every unworthy work would wither up to naught—every unblessed deed retreat into outer darkness. Which would be right, she or I?

I know only too well that, taking the world as a whole, we ought to *encourage* Christian parochial work, because too many girls who possess the golden opportunity of leisure *allow it to* be wasted, and so commit the "sin of omission;" but there would have been quite as much good done had Carrie dutifully helped in our invalid home and cheered us all to health by her bright presence. And besides, I myself could then perhaps have taken a class at the night school if the stocking-mending *and the other multitudinous* domestic matters could have allowed it.

The chimes of St. Barnabas were pealing through the midnight air before I slept. Above was the soft light of countless stars, sown broadcast over the dark skies. Christmas was come, and the angels' song sounding over the sleeping earth.

"Peace and goodwill to men"—peace from weary arguments and fruitless regret, peace on mourning hearts, on divided homes, on mariners tossing afar on wintry seas, and peace surely on one troubled girlish heart that waited for the breaking of a more perfect day.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

TALKING NONSENSE TO CHILDREN.

Never talk, never allow to be talked, to children, the contemptible nonsense which is so often the staple of nursery conversation. You may not perhaps have heard a story told of a well-known philanthropic baronet of the last generation. He was riding at his ease on a very hot day, when he saw a tired nursemaid toiling along the footpath, carrying a great heavy boy. His heart softened, he stopped his carriage and offered her a seat, adding, however, this: "Mind," said he, "the moment you begin to talk any nonsense to that boy you leave the carriage."

All went well for some minutes. The good woman was watchful, and bit her lips; but, alas! we are all caught tripping sometimes. After a few hundred yards, and a little jogging of the boy on her knee, she burst forth, "Georgy porgy, ride in coachy poachy!"

It was fatal. The check-string was pulled, the steps were let down, and the nurse and the boy were consigned to the dusty road as before.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.—Fools will ever lay their troubles to the door of fortune; and whilst you will hardly ever see an industrious person unfortunate, as surely will you find idleness and misery walking hand in hand.

A SWEET TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition; it is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

AN EVERLASTING LOADSTAR.—Religion is an everlasting loadstar, that *becomes the* brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night around us.

NOTWITHSTANDING our intimate relations with Germany, and the knowledge we possess of its laws, its statesmen and clever writers, we know but little of its girls, their habits, work, pleasures, and tone of thought; yet if we would learn the condition of a country, present and to come, this knowledge is absolutely necessary. The moral power of girls upon the nation to which they belong is paramount, and cannot be over-rated.

Pure-minded, religious, self-denying, cheerful girls influence all in the land, from the emperor to the poorest peasant.

It seems odd that our knowledge of girl-life in other lands should be so small when year after year we cross the Channel to spend our holidays; but a moment's thought will show us that hotel-life is not the best way of becoming acquainted with the homes and habits of the people of the place, for as a rule we meet only those of our own nation and Americans; and the occasional glances we obtain of the girls of the country do not serve to knit heart to heart, but rather the contrary. We are not pleased with them, and do not hesitate to say so—often in their presence, taking it for granted that they do not understand—while they, in their turn, certainly do not delight in us, and give it as their opinion that English girls are proud, disdainful, and ill-mannered.

But these are mistakes arising entirely from want of knowledge.

If we desire to learn something of the inner life of German girls we must live with them, share their joys and sorrows, and sympathise with them; above all, we must start free of the thought that whatever differs from our English manners and customs must necessarily be vulgar. On the other hand, it is not at all necessary for us to give up our own natural characteristics because we desire to learn the peculiar excellence of the girls of another nation; indeed, for the honour of our own country we must maintain them.

Girl-life in Germany has but little in common with girl-life in England; indeed, there is scarcely a prominent landmark from birth to death but differs, as you will perceive, if I am able to tell you what I have seen and experienced in the Fatherland.

To begin with, their homes are not the same. Every house, as a rule, contains one or two abodes on each *étage* or floor. The street door is always open, and the stone staircase, which is common to all, has an un-English, uncared-for appearance. This vanishes, however, as soon as the door on either side opens in answer to your summons, and you find yourself in a hall or passage, with rooms all round, and capable of being passed through from beginning to end without using the doors leading into the corridor. If it be winter, you will experience a peculiar warmth and almost closeness in the atmosphere occasioned by the use of stoves instead of open fireplaces. The Grosse-Saal, or drawing-room, to which visitors are conducted, is always pretty with its polished floor and small central carpet, its porcelain stove, and the many knickknacks on brackets which fill the corners of the room; added to which, a basket of palms and india-rubber plants is generally to be found, giving to the room an air of cheerfulness and elegance. The Wohnstube, or sitting-room, and the Ess-Saal, or dining-room, are as a rule very simple.

The bedrooms are scrupulously clean, but bare of the many little elegancies we think necessary at home. I have never seen a toilet muslin or pincushion in a German bedroom. The little iron bedsteads, with mattress and pillows (no bolster)—often very hard—are furnished generally with good home-spun linen; but the worst of it is, the sheets are never large enough to tuck in, and as the only covering beside the sheet is an eider pillow, or coverlet, an English girl's feet are always bare, and she may think herself fortunate if she keep the clothes on at all. Many a winter night have I shivered, from the impossibility of keeping the doll sheet and pillow over me. I had no sooner gone to sleep than I woke to find myself very cold and everything on the floor; and what with getting out of bed to pick them up, and losing them again, weeks passed before I could get a really good night's rest. The kitchen is perhaps the most un-English of all. It is a small compartment near the hall-door; every available

space is covered with bright saucepans, wooden spoons, and egg whisks; and the stove, a curious arrangement for doing the largest amount of work in the least space, completes the doll-like arrangement. You must not laugh at this, for wonderfully good things are concocted in it for you, if you are on a visit there. This is the kind of house in which people of middle class live; but it is much the same for the richer or poorer classes, except that in one the comforts and elegancies are increased, while in the other bare necessaries only are to be found; still, the character and arrangements are the same in all.

You will be warmly welcomed if you take with you a letter of introduction (Empfehlung's brief), for Germans are most hospitable; and if you cannot speak their language, you need not be dismayed, for there are but few households in which the girls do not speak English—not always well, perhaps, but their earnest desire to understand and help you induces them to put aside all false modesty and to speak without fear.

English people never fancy that German baby-girls can be happy, because of the peculiar manner in which they are handled and dressed. One of the prettiest sights in an English household is to see the baby stretching out its limbs, and using its tiny fists in its endeavour to put out nurse's eyes; or if you wish to kiss it, to see its fingers pulling at your hair or cap-strings, and crowing with delight at the amount of freedom it is allowed.

Of all this there is an utter absence in German babyland. The infant is wrapped in swaddling clothes, its arms and legs confined by a wide binding from the waist downwards, chest and shoulders covered by a knitted woollen vest, and a tight-fitting crocheted cap on its head. In this manner it is carried on a pillow, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbons,* in the nurse's arms; it looks neither pretty nor happy. *In infancy, at all events*, English girls have the advantage.

Education is very thorough, and much more valued in Germany than in England. nothing is allowed to interfere with it. The girls may be seen going through the streets at seven o'clock in the morning for their first lesson, in all weathers, their warm hoods (Caputze) on the head and bags of books in the hands; their breakfast, which was taken very early, consisting of a cup of coffee and a slice of black bread, which, by-the-bye, is very nourishing. German mothers object to their children showing any preference for white bread or Semmeln, telling them they will never prove good Germans if they indulge in luxuries. There is a black bread of very superior quality, called Pumpernickel, eaten in North Germany. It acquired its name from a curious circumstance. A French knight, riding through Westphalia, desired food for himself and horse, and drew up at a wayside inn. The host brought him some very hard black bread, at which the knight looked ruefully, saying, "I cannot eat it, but it may be *bon pour* Nickel" (meaning his horse).

I have spent much time in the public schools of Germany. Almost the first thing I do in going to a new place is to ask permission to be present at the giving of lessons in such schools as answer to our Board and National schools. I have never been refused, and in all cases it has struck me as a great advantage over those in England that the teachers as well as the lessons are changed at short intervals, and thus each one comes fresh to his or her work.

Subjects such as history, literature, and science, are taught by professors in the form of lectures, the girls taking notes. The attention of the scholars is excited and kept up by the habit the teachers have of putting questions promiscuously—a girl never knowing the exact point at which she may be called upon to answer or give an opinion. My belief is that this system of teaching helps to develop the girls' minds, and strengthen their power of thought.

Several times it has occurred while I have been present, that a new girl has been admitted into the school or promoted to a higher class. In every case the head master or mistress brought the child by the hand and introduced her to her companions, saying, "Liebe Kinder, here is one who will require all your kindness and consideration until she feels herself at home with you," and then looking round with a scrutinising glance among the upturned eager faces—for they knew what was coming — continued, "and now, who will volunteer to be a good little mother to the stranger?" many a hand was held up and many a voice raised: "*darf ich es thun.*"

At length one was selected, and very proud she seemed at the honour bestowed upon her. This always surprised me, as it entailed a good deal of work and no little anxiety; for henceforward the "little mother" was responsible for the child's lessons, manners, punctuality, and happiness, and no word of ridicule or act of rudeness must touch the child she is bound to protetc. If you want to know how patient and loving a German girl can be, see her fulfilling this arduous office of "mothering" a new scholar. Periodical examinations are held, and to these the pupils look forward as the most important days in the year. They are often made the season of great festivities.

Every spare moment preceding the examination-day is utilised by the girls in decorating the class-rooms with wreaths and flowers. In the largest of these a platform is erected, where the head master, his whole staff of teachers, and visitors assemble on the important day; and to this the fortunate girls draw near to receive the rewards of industry and intelligence. I remember on one occasion seeing the Queen of Saxony give the prizes at a large school in which she took great interest. I shall never forget her kind words and gentle, gracious manner as she gave them with her own hands into those of the fortunate recipients. I ought to say that certificates of merit and proficiency are gradually being substituted for the prizes, as being more useful and less likely to rouse envyings and jealousies among the unsuccessful. When this ceremony is over, the pupils, if it be winter, not unfrequently give a representation of Shakespeare, Schiller, or Lessing, the costumes—of the very cheapest materials—being invariably designed and made by the girls themselves. The day following a summer examination is often spent by teachers and girls in the woods, by the lakes, or on the hills. Armed with fancy work and a few interesting books, they start for some favourite spot where they are sure of getting coffee and Kuchen. On arriving there, the girls break up into groups, one of each reading aloud while the others work; and from the whole, half-a-dozen are told off under a couple of teachers, to serve the party with coffee, fresh milk, and Semmeln (little rolls), and Kuchen (cake). After all are refreshed, wild flowers and berries are sought, and the way home made short and pleasant by the singing of Volkslieder in two voices. It is only two years ago that I was present at such a gathering in the Taunus mountains, and previously I had been at the Starnberger Sea with the girls and teachers from Munich, and with the girls of Dresden up the Elbe to Pillnitz, and I can say with certainty that these simple enjoyments and rambles make a pleasant break in school-life, and seldom fail to send girls back to their studies with new strength and vigour.

Notwithstanding the great pains and time devoted to intellectual pursuits in the girls' schools, all branches of needlework and knitting are taught carefully and well from very early years. It is quite a common thing to see little girls five or six years old standing at the doors, or walking in the streets, with the inevitable "Strickzeng," or stocking-knitting, in the hands, and it is wonderful to see with what rapidity the little fingers move. A German girl takes as naturally to her knitting as an English girl to her doll.

School-life for girls terminates, as a rule, a year previous to her confirmation; but her education is not considered complete until she has undergone a year's training in cooking and household duties, and for this purpose the year between the two periods is usually spent in some family other than her own, or in some hotel, if very good cooking is an object of desire.

The close of school-days and the entrance into home life, its duties and pleasures, is marked by the rite of confirmation. It is looked forward to with very mixed feelings; the discipline is long and earnest, and the pastor is most conscientious in his task of instructing and preparing the candidates, among whom, I am bound to say, the religious view is deep and sincere. Unfortunately, with these solemn thoughts is mingled the delight of putting on the first long dress of black silk, which every girl wears at her confirmation, if money can possibly be spared for it, and the rapture with which she looks forward to her first dance or party, as a young woman, and the freedom from all things irksome which she expects to enjoy in the future. In fact, to the girl this side of confirmation seems to be a kingdom of disagreeable duties, unnecessary self-denials, and petty mortifications; while on the other the world and its pleasures look as beautiful and attractive as the apples on the shores of the Dead Sea, and will, of course, prove quite as deceptive.

At the conclusion of the solemn service in the church, the girls just confirmed, together with their families and friends, resort to hotels or public gardens, where dining and singing and dancing occupy the hours until evening. Of course, this mode of spending the day must of necessity drive out all serious thought, and is, I think, a mistaken notion as to how they should buckle on their armour for battle.

The daughters of a household superintend the cooking in turn, a week at a time; and I have been nearly starved when the girl just confirmed, a novice at the work, took her place in the kitchen and sent in her dishes swimming in dark grease, and her *soufflés* like cannon-balls. I have wondered how the members of the family could possibly eat such food; but eat it they did, remarking for my benefit that everything must have a beginning, and the young sister must be encouraged in her attempts in the kitchen.

A German girl is rarely idle: she has always work in hand for some member of the family or one of her friends, in order to offer them some loving remembrance on name-day, birthday, or Weihnachtsabend (Christmas Eve). They spend all their little pocket-money in the purchase of materials for these gifts, and often, poor girls! they come to a standstill for want of wool, silk, or canvas. They cannot ask for money, as the work is always a secret; so in this dilemma they look about them to see who among their outside friends will be likely to require a handkerchief embroidered or some socks knitted, and having found something of this kind to do, they will rise as soon as it is light and work at it every spare moment. When finished, and they have earned three or four marks, they are as happy as queens, and off they go to expend them in buying the necessary articles to finish their little offerings, never for one moment dreaming of spending

* Pink ribbons if for a girl, blue if for a boy.

them upon themselves. Who would not value a present which had occupied heart and hand for so long! This is a specimen of nearly every gift offered by one to another.

Let us look in upon a German household at breakfast time on the birthday of the Frau mother, who has been awakened early by one or two verses of a hymn or Volkslied sung outside her door by her sons and daughters.

Before her usual seat at the table is a Kuchen, or flat cake, as large as her plate, with cards of Glückwünschen, or congratulations, piled up on either side; then on the cake a Rosenkranz, or wreath of roses, which the girls had bought fresh at the market at five o'clock that morning, and round about the plate may be seen a number of mysterious packages, the gifts of her children, most of them produced at the expense of hours of labour and some self-denial. It is a sight to see the good Frau walking into the room to take her place, and then to note her surprise and lifting up of hands, and her exclamation of "Kinder! Kinder! was ist denn?" as if she had not known exactly what would meet her view, after perhaps twenty or thirty years of like experience. And then the beaming faces of the girls as they watch the mother open one after the other of the packages, saying, "Ach! du liebes Lieschen;" "Wie gut von dir Marie!" "Ach! wie niedlich," and so on. I have been present at many such a breakfast, and only wish some of our English girls could enjoy a like advantage. Germans do not invite their friends to afternoon tea, but to coffee, and these parties consist entirely of ladies, old and young, who bring their knitting, and work while they talk and sip the coffee handed to them by the daughters of the house, looking so pleasant in their prettily-made dresses and white-bibbed aprons edged with lace, and dainty little bows here and there.

These coffee parties have been much ridiculed and spoken against as opportunities of slandering and picking to pieces friends and neighbours. All I can say is, I have been a guest at very many in all parts of Germany, and I have been struck at the intellectual tone of conversation carried on at them. For instance, standard works of England, France, and Germany are discussed; new music, paintings, etc., talked over, with a knowledge and appreciation which have roused my admiration. I daresay talk about the neighbours may find its way there, but not more often than at four o'clock tea in England; and I will say for German women and girls they are among the kindest and most hospitable people I have known.

Our Princess Alice would never have sanctioned coffee parties if slander had been their chief characteristic. She constantly gave them, and many a charitable and benevolent scheme has been set floating at the coffee parties in the palace at Darmstadt.

The pleasures of German girls are simple and healthful, but their outdoor amusements are somewhat restricted as to number. Riding, croquet, and lawn-tennis have no place among them; but sleighing, skating, rowing, and excursions to the hills and woods do not leave much to be desired.

A favourite game with German girls is one resembling skittles, and a picture of it is given on the following page.

One thing which must be alluded to is the Sunday in Germany, because it forms one of the strongest temptations to a certain class of English girls to forget the principles in which they have been educated.

The churches are all full at the early services, but after the mid-day dinner the day is one of simple worldly amusement. The best balls, the most charming operas, military reviews, concerts in the public gardens and in the cafés are the order of the day. It is the custom of the country, and with it we have nothing to do. English girls, especially if they be favourites among the Germans, are invited to each and all of these, and pressed with all earnestness to accept them; but I have known the temptation withstood with a firmness and resoluteness, and an imperviousness to ridicule that would have rejoiced the friends in England could they have seen it. It seems strange that these are the girls whom the Germans desire to call friends, for they respect them. Others, alas! resist for a time, and then think it hard that they are to be shut out from all the best amusements because they happen to be on Sunday, and they gradually teach themselves that it is no harm to do what the people of the country indulge in, and thus yield to the temptation, laying down their armour and ceasing to do battle. This number of English girls is smaller, I am happy to say, than the former.

The Verlobung, or, as we call it, the engagement of young people in Germany, is almost as important as marriage. It is celebrated by a feast, to which the nearest relations and most intimate friends are bidden. The bride appears in white dress, toasts are drunk, and rings are exchanged, upon which is engraved the date of the month and year, and the evening is closed by a dance.

On the following day printed notices are sent to relations and friends. If of the aristocracy they would run thus:—

Herr Graf Bingen und Frau Gräfin Bingen,
Geborne Gräfin von Ehrenstadt,
haben die Ehre die Verlobung ihrer
Tochter Marie mitt Herrn Grafen Neublatt
Anzugeigen.

or quite simply:—

Marie Gräfin von Ehrenstadt,
Julius Graf von Neublatt,
Verlobte.

The following is one of middle rank of life which I received last week only:—

Bertha Göring,
Theodor Friedrich,
Verlobte.
Weimar, Giessen.
Im September, 1883.

From the day of Verlobung bride and bridegroom appear together at all amusements and receptions, and make love to each other so much in public, as to offend the modest reticence of English girls.

Betrothal is by no means followed up so quickly by marriage as with us, for the laws which restrict marriage and hedge it about with difficulties are many and severe, and cause considerable unhappiness to the couple. Marriage is often deferred for years until the income defined by law is forthcoming. Betrothal makes the couple Braut and Brautigam (bride and bridegroom), marriage makes them man and wife. "It is a very rare circumstance for either one or other to be false to their betrothal," said a German to me the other day: "and I know of no man among my acquaintances who would think of marrying a girl who had set aside the act of her betrothal."

The marriage ceremony varies in detail as you travel north or south of Germany, and as I have been present at a few of various ranks and in divers places, I will select a rich peasant's wedding in the north as one of the most curious I was ever at.

On a beautiful morning in August the marriage of Herr Stökel with Fräulein Schmidt was to be celebrated. The Brautigam was a well-to-do farmer, and the Braut, a bright pretty girl, was of the same class. Early in the morning at the door of the bride's home stood a large waggon decorated with branches of trees and flowers, the mats and cushions being new sacks filled with straw.

On the front seat the bride took her place, her head adorned with a myrtle wreath (not orange blossom) and dressed in a very pretty costume.

Suspended from above and over her head was a large cage filled with the finest specimen of the poultry yard crowing lustily; the remainder of the waggon was filled with live stock, household goods, and a quantity of home-spun linen, all of which the bride was taking to her new home. Behind this waggon came vehicles of every description, which were to convey the girl's friends to the wedding. In front of the bride's waggon a procession was formed, headed by a band. It is impossible for me to describe the noise and confusion caused by so many people all desirous of having their opinion taken about the arrangements. At length all was satisfactory, and the cavalcade began to move and the band to play, to the delight of old and young who were fortunate enough to live along the route. As we approached the bridegroom's house, he came forward to assist his bride to alight, and after an affectionate greeting on the threshold led her into the house, where the clergyman, in his robes, was waiting in the best room to perform the ceremony, which, as a rule among this class of people, is celebrated in the house, and not in the church.

It was a solemn service, and many a tear was shed as the pastor, who had known both bride and bridegroom from childhood, gave a short review of their lives, and exhorted them earnestly to remember the importance of the step they were undertaking, and to cultivate those little acts of kindness and consideration the one for the other, without which their home would be unlovely and unhomelike.

This exhortation ended, he commanded the two before him to exchange rings, which was done amid absolute silence among the guests, who consider this *the* important moment. No sooner was the exchange made than the tension relaxed, and congratulations poured in heartily and noisily. The whole party were now free to turn their thoughts to the grand repast prepared for them in the barn (Scheune Dehle), which made a capital dining hall. In this part of Germany they are well built and paved with large smooth stones, and at either end are the stables and stalls for horses and cattle. On this occasion, however, we saw nothing of these, as they had been carefully hidden by branches of trees.

The meal was of the very best that the farm could produce; the tables literally groaned with the amount of good things. Before we sat the pastor said grace, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit," and the guests sang a Volkslied as only Germans can sing, in perfect tune and harmony. Before rising from dinner the pastor, who sat on one side of the bride, gave the toast of the day in a tender, solemn manner, viz., "The health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom, Herr and Frau Stökel."

I am not going to say anything about the eating of the dinner, except that appetites and spirits kept pace with each other, and there was not a sign among the guests of their having taken too much wine or beer.

When the meal was concluded, coffee was served, which is the custom all over Germany, but at this particular coffee-drinking cakes of every kind were handed round one after the other till the plates before the guests looked like shaky pyramids, and that before the pastor's wife was larger than any of the others; she evidently was the Benjamin of the party. But what was to be done with it? I could not tell; it was impossible to touch it after so magnificent a dinner. I looked at one and then at another; and then, imagine my surprise when suddenly all disappeared under the table except mine. The women had been equal to the emergency. What they lacked in appetite they made up in pockets, and into

"A FAVOURITE GAME WITH GERMAN GIRLS."

a large one in her apron each Frau emptied her plate, the pastor's wife not excepted.

Immediately after this, the pastor, his Frau, and I retired, and then began noisy fun and dancing. So long as the pastor sat at table all undue mirth was restrained, but broke out into full play on his retirement, and was kept up until midnight; and it was not until the evening of the next day that each guest returned home and left the newly-married pair in quiet.

One word as to the girl and women servants in Germany. They are not so fresh and dainty-looking as ours in England, but they are good, hard-working, faithful people, as I can testify. We find fault with them because they offend our taste in their manner of eating and other little matters, but many an English girl and woman will, I know, gladly acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe to German Mädchen for their unceasing kindness and labour in times of sickness and trouble.

And now, having brought the girl to her marriage, I would say that even in the matter of death and its details there is a difference between Germany and England.

Possibly in consequence of the closely-packed dwellings in various parts of Germany the law obtains that the dead and the living shall be at once separated. This knowledge came to me in the following abrupt manner:

I was walking up the Sendlinger Strasse in Munich one Sunday afternoon with Fräulein Bentivegny, an inhabitant of the place, when I saw a couple of carriages and a group of people gathered about one of the best houses. I asked my friend if they were holding a reception, and, after a moment's pause, she said, "I think we had better turn back." "But why?" I questioned. "Whose house is it?" "That of Herr——, one of the members of the Government," was the answer. "See, they are taking him to the carriage, and will soon be on the way to the Leichenhouse; we will walk and meet him on his arrival." I knew but little of the German language and customs at that time, and I fancied her intention was to take me to some friend's house, where I could see and speak with this great man.

We changed the direction of our walk, and in about half an hour found ourselves, to my astonishment, in the Gottesacre (God's Acre), a beautiful name for a burial-place. Here I saw a low building of one story, having, as I understood, three compartments; there were several windows, and to one of these my friend led me. I, without a hint of what would meet my gaze, looked in, and you may imagine my terror as my eyes fell on a large room full of dead people, each lying exposed to view in a slanting position, and clad in their best and most showy dresses. Many in ball costume, others in court dress, and in some cases adorned with jewellery and orders. Anything more ghastly you cannot conceive, and coming upon me suddenly without a word of warning, I was nearer fainting than I had ever been in my life. At this moment a carriage drove up, and out of it was taken the body of Herr——, the Ministerial Rath, dressed with as much care as though he had been about to enter his king's presence. His face was calm—that I saw, and his coat was of blue cloth, with gold buttons, and adorned with several orders. All these things burnt themselves into my memory. He had only been dead about two or three hours and was now to rest here among the *rich* dead until the day of his burial. Until the body is put underground it retains its position as belonging to the rich, middle, or poor class, for each of which is a compartment. I have seen many a struggle among the latter to procure the means of making the bodies of their dear ones look respectable and cared for in this public exhibition.

The near relations of the rich are never present at the funeral, but pay a visit to the grave about four or five days later.

This last matter excepted, Germany is a very pleasant place to live in, and I doubt much if German girls would exchange their lot with that of English girls even if they could. They love their country, revere their Emperor, enjoy their simple recreations, and, as I have often heard them, "thank God they are Germans."

EMMA BREWER.

OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N., Author of "Girls' Own Pets," "Foreign and British Birds," etc., etc.

I.—Dogs: How to Rear and Treat Them.

"With eye upraised his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man,
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."

"GENTLEMEN," the commander of the saucy N—— used sometimes to say to us, as we sat around the ward-room table at tiffin—tiffin meaning luncheon in the phraseology of the Cape of Good Hope—"Gentlemen, I had a note from the admiral this morning; four of you have got to dine with him—epaulettes and medals, mind."

The words "epaulettes and medals" were a very necessary portion of this little speech, because there were evenings when no such ceremony was required. Epaulettes are awkward things, and heavy as well, and medals mere flaunt, only made and meant for ladies' eyes. And good old Admiral W—— would often ask a few of us to spend the evening with him, adding, as he noted our inquiring embarrasment—

"Come in your jackets, lads, come in your jackets."

You see there are occasions that demand ceremony. The present seems to me to be one of these, and I assure you that I never sit down to begin a new series addressed to my girl readers, without feeling duly impressed with the dignity of my position.

Here I am, then, outside the door of my creeper-clad wigwam—a sketch of which appeared in this magazine—on this beautiful bright morning, seated in my rocking chair with writing-board on knee and pen in hand. Free-and-easy this is, I grant you, but, for all that, I feel that I am doing something that is very wrong. I feel that I ought to be dressed in full uniform, cocked hat and sword, epaulettes, medals, and all; my pen ought to be dipped in rose-tinted ink, and Hurricane Bob, my noble Newfoundland dog, who lies at my feet pretending to be asleep, but watching a sparrow with one open eye, ought to have a blue ribbon round his neck, and a rosebud in the clasp of his crimson collar.

Imagine us thus, please, and it will be just the same.

And now of all my four-footed pets and friends, I think that none deserve first place and mention more than do dogs.

All the world, in my opinion, may be divided into two great classes: those who love dogs and those who don't, and of the latter one-half at least would love them, if they only knew and understood them.

When I was a boy at school, there used to be a useless and pernicious doctrine instilled into our minds, to wit, that all the animals that we see around us were made entirely and solely for the use of mankind. Nothing could be farther wrong, for every animal has an independent existence of its own, and ought to be treated with kindness, consideration, and mercy, if only for the simple reason that our Father made them all. At this very moment I could easily be carried away from my subject and preach you quite a long sermon anent cruelty to animals, but I will not; only let me make just one remark. Whenever I hear any person say, "I hate this animal," or "I hate that," I feel genuinely sorry for the speakers. The words are nearly always used thoughtlessly I am certain, for how *could* anyone love Him and despise the works He made, and made, too, so beautiful and so all-perfect? How well the poet Coleridge expresses this same thought in the oft-quoted lines:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loves them all."

Should we then try to love God's creatures? No, assuredly not. Love will never be forced. But we ought to endeavour by every means in our power to do our duty towards the animals we take under our protection, and part of that duty consists in studying their ways and needs, for if we do not do this, we can have no assurance that we are treating them rightly, or making them otherwise than miserable. Then, if we do treat them in the proper way, so healthy and so happy shall they be, that their very hearts will overflow with gratitude towards us, and gratitude shown in a hundred different ways; and, if this does not make us love them, why then nothing will.

Well, it is my object in this series of papers to tell my girl readers something about the treatment that science and experience have proved to be best fitted for the well-being of our domesticated animals.

Dogs come first to the front, horses will follow, but no friend or favourite will be forgotten, from the donkey down to the piebald rat or dormouse.

Well, now about dogs. I am sure you have no other wish but to be kind to them, and, if ever you are not, it is either from want of knowledge or from mistaken kindness. I do not think that a girl could have a much better companion than a faithful dog. Birds are delightful, but then for the most part they are indoor pets; it is when a dog gets you out of doors that he fairly feels alive, and so brimful of bounding fun and jollity that he is com-

pelled to commit so many eccentric extravagances, that scold him though you may, you are constrained to smile, if indeed you do not laugh outright. And how often, by the way, does a dog not take advantage of this smile or laugh of yours. He knows as well as you do that there is considerable impropriety in his capering around you the first thing when you and he go out of doors, and he does the best he can to behave, but then that smile—and off he is again careering around more like a canine lunatic than ever.

Now, our good friend Medicus tells us that exercise to be really beneficial ought to be heartfelt. I can easily believe this, and should think for example that the treadmill, which convicts *and squirrels* are condemned to, can neither be very good for mind or body. But a romp with an honest dog, or even a walk with one, if you take an interest in all his movements, is, to my way of thinking, most wholesome exercise. Anyhow, a dog will not lead you into any mischief, and, if need be, whether he be little or whether he be big, he will lay down his life to protect you.

It is astonishing in how many ways a dog may be serviceable to a person when travelling alone. Although I am loth enough to occupy my valuable space with anecdotes, still I cannot forbear relating how strangely my life was once preserved by the great sagacity of a large and faithful dog. The story illustrates not only the extraordinary love for a master that lies deep at a dog's heart, but another fact, his consciousness of the terrible danger of falling over a precipice. A dog is very sure-footed, and will walk on the very edge of a cliff; but attempt to take or drag him towards it, though only in play, and he will draw away in sudden instinctive dread.

The dog's name was Tyro. Tyro by name, but certainly not by nature, for a wiser animal I have never possessed, nor any dog more beautiful. He was the dog of my student days, and the early part of my career as a sailor-surgeon.*

It was Hogmané—the last night of the year—and we had been merry. We, a jolly party of medical students of Aberdeen University, had elected to sing in the New Year. We did so, and had been very happy, while, as Burns hath it, Tyro

"For vera joy had barkit wi' us."

Ringing out from every corner of the city, like cocks with troubled minds, came the musical voices of night-watchmen, bawling "half-past one," as we left the streets, and proceeded towards our home in the suburbs. It was a goodly night, moon and stars, and all that sort of thing, which tempted me to set out on a journey of ten miles into the country, in order to be "first foot" to some relations that lived there. The road was crisp with frost, and walking pleasant enough, so that we were in one hour nearly half way. About here was a bridge crossing a little rocky ravine, with a babbling stream some sixty feet below. On the low stone parapet of this bridge, like the reckless fool I was, I stretched myself at full length, and, unintentionally, fell fast asleep. How nearly that sleep had been my last! Two hours afterwards I awoke, and naturally my eyes sought the last thing they had dwelt upon, the moon; she had declined westward, and in turning round I was just toppling over when I was sharply pulled backwards toward the road. Here was Tyro with his two paws pressed firmly against the parapet, and part of my coat in his mouth, while with flashing teeth he growled as I never before had heard him. His anger, however, was changed into the most exuberant joy when I alighted safely on the road, shuddering at the narrow escape I had just made. At the suggestion of Tyro, we danced round each other, for five minutes at least, in mutual joy, by which time we were warm enough to finish our journey, and be "first foot" to our friends in the morning.

No wonder I loved Tyro. I'm not ashamed to own I did, for he and my late champion Theodore Nero, the father of the dog who lies at my feet, stand high and pre-eminent above all the other dogs I ever possessed.

Just one other extract from Tyro's story: it refers to his last illness.

The saddest thing about it was this: the dog had the idea (knowing little of the mystery of death) that I could make him well; and at last, when he could no longer walk, he used to crawl to meet me on my morning visit, and gaze in my face with his poor imploring eyes, and my answer (*well* he knew what I said) was always, "Tyro, doggie, you'll be better the morn (to-morrow), boy." And when one day I could stand it no longer, and fairly broke down, and rained tears on my old friend's head, he crept back to his bed, and that same forenoon he was dead.

* * * * *

It will, of course, be your object, if you possess a dog, to so feed and treat him as to keep him well in health and enable him to live to a good old age.

How long should a dog live? you ask. Well, eight years is the average life of a dog that has been hard worked or badly cared for; but a large dog may live till twelve or even fifteen, and smaller animals live even longer.

To some extent, the treatment of your pet will depend upon whether he be an outdoor or an indoor dog—in the former case, any mistake you make will lie in the direction of neglect; if the latter, the poor fellow will run the risk of being killed by kindness.

I will take the outdoor dog first, and reserve my hints about the lapdog till next month.

Of course, then, he will need a house to live in. It is just possible he might be comfortable enough among the cows, or the horses, or in a dry shed, or straw loft. But all these places are in many ways objectionable, so, if possible, let him have a good sizeable kennel all to himself—a detached cottage or cottage ornée if you like to call it so. This should not be a barrel with the end knocked out, it ought to be a well-built kennel with the door at the side, and not at the end. There are regular makers of these kennels now-a-days, and they are advertised in papers like the *Exchange and Mart*. They are scientifically built, and ornamental, and cheaper far than most carpenters would care to build them. However, every kennel should have a sloping roof, with strong wood, or felt or straw over it; it should be raised a little from the ground, but not high enough to permit the dog to creep in under; it should be well ventilated and damp-proof, and placed in a sheltered position, sheltered from storms, wind, and overmuch sun.

The kennel should be kept exceedingly clean. The bedding should be wheaten straw in summer and oat straw in winter. Pine shavings make a fairly good bed, but I do not much like them. Hay is objectionable, as it too often harbours insects of various kinds. Some people sprinkle the bedding in summer with a little turpentine; I myself recommend this, but I never use it to my own dogs' beds, as I prefer changing the bedding several times a week. Fern leaves make a good, wholesome bed. But whatever the bedding consists of, it should be changed every week, and the kennel well brushed out, and it should be shaken up once a day. Near the dog's kennel, but so positioned that he cannot knock it down with his chain, there ought always to stand a flat-bottomed iron dish, containing a large supply of pure, clean water. Dogs drink a good deal upon the "little and often" principle, but *most* of them would go thirsty all day rather than drink water that they themselves have rendered impure from frequent imbibitions. It is most cruel to allow a dog to go for a whole or even a part of a day without any water.

Every morning when you give a dog fresh water the dish ought to be well rinsed out, and remember that the water utensil should be kept for water only; for his food he requires another one, and this should be kept as scrupulously clean as the other.

I said the kennel should be kept in a sheltered place, and this is most essential. Cold and damp combined kill many a dog; indeed, there are some nights in winter so extremely severe that it is positive unkindness not to take the poor animal inside and let him sleep in the kitchen.

Exposure to the heat of the summer sun is also cruelty, it is so liable to bring on apoplexy, sunstroke, and death. Let his chain be long enough by all means to permit him to come out for a sun bath if so inclined, but the cottage ornée itself should be under shade.

So should the water, else it gets too hot and disagreeable. Soft water, by the way, is much better for a dog than hard, but of course it ought to be pure and by no means stagnant, for even if it only stands in a vat for some time, it is apt to get unwholesome.

The weather should be studied if you wish the dog to be really comfortable; I mean as far as extremes go, for in very hot weather the animal will prefer a bit of matting in his kennel to straw, or even the clean, bare boards, but when in winter nights the ground is hard, and the stars shine like little kohinoors, oh! then won't he thank you for that extra armful of straw your thoughtfulness has brought him.

Remember this also, that, as a dog gets older, his blood grows thinner, and he feels the cold all the more, and is the more and more grateful for every little kindness and attention shown him.

Unhappily, in most cases, outdoor dogs must be a good deal on chain; well, all you can do is to see that, though a strong chain, it is also a light one with several swivels on it, and long enough, and that the collar is an easy one and never too tight. I myself prefer the rounded or rope-like leather collar. Except for ornament out of doors a metal collar should not be worn, and the broad, leathern collar, apart from the fact that it spoils so much of the coat, is a most uncomfortable part of a dog's dress.

"Dog's dress" is a funny expression, I own, yet many dogs must, if they are to remain free from illnesses of the chest, wear clothing in cold weather out of doors. I refer to thin-coated pet dogs, such as English terriers, English and Italian greyhounds, and even bull terriers, and, strange though it may appear, no dog likes better to be well muffled up in a warm top-coat than the old, bold, English bull-dog. I will give a pattern for a dog's jacket in my next.

(To be continued.)

* I have written his story in Webb's book, "Dogs," published by Messrs. Dean and Son, and the dear fellow also figures in my book, "Aileen Aroon," lately published by Messrs. Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row.

HOME MADE GLAZE.

By Phillis Browne, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

A LITTLE while ago a young friend of mine, who had come up from the country and was very desirous to learn to be a skilful cook, said to me, "There are two things in cookery that I cannot get any idea of from cookery-books; one is how to make puff paste, and the other is how to give that shiny look to cold meat which we see in shop windows." It is said that once upon a time a certain royal personage could not understand how apples got inside apple-dumplings. In the same way, this girl could not understand how this shiny look, or glaze, was laid upon the outside of cold meats. In a paper which I wrote some time ago for this magazine, I explained, as clearly as I could, how puff pastry was made, so that I answered my friend's inquiries on that point. Now I am going to do my best to give what information I can about glaze. I hope the result of my remarks will be that the cold meats which are served at our tables will be made to look so very inviting that all the papas and brothers will say, "What a good thing it is that Mary Jane, or Jemima Ann, or whatever the name is, began to attend that cookery class—it is quite a pleasure to come home to a meal nowadays." And mind you, the papa or brother who says that kind of thing is a very sensible individual—if I were near him, I should be disposed to applaud him. When a girl has done her best to please her friends, she deserves to be praised, and it will encourage her to praise her. Some people are chary of praise and quick to blame. It is unfortunate when they are so. We all make so many mistakes, even when we try to do well, that the least we can do is to give one another credit for good intentions and to recognise success generously.

Glaze is a very thick gravy, or, in other words, a highly-condensed extract of meat. To glaze is to paint over meats of various kinds with this gravy, in order to coat them with a rich varnish which shall make them look much more inviting than they would do if this process were omitted.

Glaze may be either bought ready made (in skins, or by the pound), or it may be made at home. It may be prepared in large quantities and elaborately, so that it will keep for a long time and be at hand, not only when the cook wishes to improve the appearance of her dishes, but also when she wants to enrich a soup or a sauce. A spoonful of glaze, dissolved in the preparation, will then prove invaluable. Or it may be made simply, and in very small quantities, just sufficient for one dish. I will give instructions for both.

One word I must say about bought glaze. At the present time all sorts of wonderful preparations are offered for sale, and it is ignorant prejudice which leads people to refuse to make use of the goods which scientists have invented, and the energy and industry of others have procured for us, simply because they are new to us. But though this is an age of enterprise and of novelties, it is also an age of adulteration, and if there is one preparation which appears to invite adulteration it is glaze. Unprincipled manufacturers could make glaze of anything—I should think they could make it of old boots and horses' hoofs if they were so disposed, and no one need be any the wiser. Of course there are plenty of respectable, high-class manufacturers who would scorn to impose upon the public in this way. Still, sometimes goods get mixed at the grocer's, and there are certain horrible possibilities connected with the business; so that, taking all things into consideration, I will confess that, for my own part, I should prefer to draw the line at glaze. I would accept almost every other sort of preserved provision, but I would either have my glaze made at home or I would be very certain of the trustworthiness of the maker thereof.

As it is easier to begin in a small way, and go on to a larger one, than it is to reverse this course, I will first describe how to make a small quantity of glaze, and say what should be done with it when made. Let us suppose that we have a ham, a tongue, or a good piece of pressed beef, and that we want to glaze it in order to make it look very inviting, we should proceed as follows:—

Take half an ounce of gelatine—the gelatine which is sold in packets will answer excellently—and soak this in a quarter of a pint of water; boil a slice of onion in two tablespoonfuls of water, to extract the flavour, and put a good pinch of salt with it. Add the soaked gelatine, and when this is thoroughly dissolved stir in a spoonful of soy and enough of the rich brown gravy which is found under the dripping left from a joint, to make the preparation a deep, rich brown colour. Stir the glaze over the fire till it is smooth and very thick, then put it into a jar ready for use. If there is no rich brown gravy to be had, a little extract of meat may be used instead. Glaze thus made will keep for several weeks, so that it is a good plan to make a little when convenient, in order that it may be ready when wanted.

When this glaze is wanted, say for a tongue or a piece of pressed beef, the first thing to be done is to trim the meat neatly, and to see that it is perfectly dry. Then take the jar of glaze (and if bought glaze is used the same method must be adopted) set it in a small saucepan, put boiling water round it, and let it remain on the fire till melted; or, in other words, melt it as you would melt glue, and, of course, do not let the water flow into the glaze. Now take a pastry brush and cover the meat evenly and smoothly, laying the glaze on rather than brushing it over, so as not to leave the marks of the brush. Let this one coating of glaze dry and then put on another, and a third if necessary, to make the joint look as if it had been varnished. When this appearance is obtained the process is complete.

I suppose no one will imagine that a joint is properly garnished simply because the glazing thereof is accomplished. On the contrary, the ornamentation is only begun. After this, there is room for the exercise of taste and ingenuity, the way is cleared as it were, the roughnesses and baldnesses of the meat are covered up, and there is scope for action. All sorts of pretty little decorations may now be introduced, and the more original these are the more likely are they to be effective. A very usual method of garnishing a glazed tongue is to lay small pipings of butter across the narrower end, and to fasten a frill of white paper round the thick end. Perhaps I can best help girls in this matter, however, by describing in detail two joints which I saw lately—a tongue and a piece of beef. The description will, I daresay, suggest ideas which, when carried out, will be a great improvement on the original.

First the tongue:—A piece of board was set close to the wall by the dresser. When the tongue was taken out of the water in which it had been boiled, it was first skinned, then placed with the root end fastened up against this board, the tip end being at the same time skewered to the dresser. In this position the tongue was allowed to go quite cold and stiff, the result being that it acquired an elegant curved shape. The unsightly portions at the root were then trimmed away, the tongue was glazed, as I have described, and little rolls of butter (made with the two little wooden bats known as Scotch hands) were laid across the curved portion and down to the tip. These were an inch and a half apart. Very much thinner rolls of butter were then laid in transverse lines between the rolls, a large bunch of bright green parsley was fastened over the root, and this was held in its place and the stalks were at the same time hidden by the paper frill. As a further detail of ornamentation, one or two tiny drops of butter, intended to imitate dewdrops, were placed on the green of the parsley; and, last of all, sprigs of parsley, with red beetroot cut into fancy shapes, were placed round the base of the tongue. In this garniture there was nothing which could not easily be obtained in any household, and the effect was very pretty.

Now for the beef:—This was cut into a neat square shape, and it was pressed and glazed in the usual way. A large bunch of fresh parsley was then laid in the centre of the top, round this was sprinkled a ring of bright yellow aspic jelly, which had been chopped finely so that it looked like golden grain. Beyond this ring were placed four pieces of aspic, cut in inch squares, and in the centre of each of these squares was a little star of red beetroot. Round the base of the dish were sprigs of parsley and slices of cut lemon.

I have already in a paper on jellies described how aspic jelly should be made, so that my readers need not be in any difficulty about that. They will, I have no doubt, remember that aspic jelly is jelly flavoured with savouries and used to ornament various dishes. Aspic should be made much stiffer than ordinary jelly, however, because it has to be cut out in fancy shapes, and it would not answer the purpose for which it is required if it were limp and soft instead of being firm and strong. When making it, it is a very usual thing to colour one half red with cochineal, leaving the other half yellow, and the combination of the two colours has a very good effect.

The elaborately-prepared glaze of which I spoke a little while ago takes a good deal of making, but it is a very useful article to keep in any house, because it is one of those things which are always coming in handy. It will keep any length of time, and it is most valuable for enriching soups and gravies. The addition of a spoonful of this glaze will convert weak stock into good strong, tasty soup or savoury gravy, and thus it may be made the means of saving many a pound of gravy-beef and flavouring ingredients in the course of the year. When strong soup has to be made from fresh meat and vegetables, strain off the first stock and use it for soup as at first intended. Fill up the stock-pot a second time with half the original quantity of vegetables and flavourers, and boil this gently for five or six hours; strain off the liquor and let it go cold, free it entirely from grease, leave untouched any sediment which may have settled at the bottom, put it into another saucepan, boil it again briskly till it is reduced to about one-sixth the original measure, and skim it when necessary. Now turn it into a smaller saucepan and boil it again till it begins to thicken and acquire a little colour. When this point is reached, great care is required to keep the preparation from burning, and when it is like thin brown treacle, it is ready to be poured into jars for use. Second stock—that is, stock produced by boiling meat a second

time with fresh liquor, is always stiffer when cold than first stock, because this continued boiling draws out the gelatine from the materials, and it is the gelatine which makes stock jelly. Of course, if it were considered desirable to do so, glaze could be made from fresh meat which had been long boiled, and its flavour would be improved thereby. In this case it would be necessary to choose for the purpose meat which contained a good deal of gelatine, such as knuckle of veal, shin of beef, hocks of pork, together with the sinewy portions and odds and ends of poultry or meat. Sometimes, also, the liquor in which meat has been plainly boiled is reduced to glaze. I think, however, that when so much trouble has to be taken to produce a certain result it is worth while adding a few necessary ingredients to make the preparation really good and valuable. To use a very homely and well-known proverb, "It is not worth while spoiling the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar."

I hope that I have described with sufficient clearness the process of glazing meat and poultry. Decoration and ornamentation is work in which girls are supposed to excel, and I think that if the girls of our class will make an attempt at the business they will be very much interested therein.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE SWEETS OF LOVE ARE MIXED WITH TEARS."

A PLEASANT surprise was in store for Carita. On Saturday evening, as soon as they heard the far-off sounds of the approaching waggon, she and the boys ran down the steep bit of ground, just below the natural lawn on which the house stood, to meet the comers, as was their custom. The regular track made a long *détour* to get round the hill, in softening the ascent for the horses. Tom pulled up the span, and down from the waggon jumped Mr. Grahame. How glad she was to see him! Mrs. Grahame sat beside Eleanor. They had come back with her for ten days, as the minister needed rest; and a clergyman, who happened to be on a visit at San Juan, had promised to take duty for him the two following Sundays. This was delightful; life in the mountains seemed to be getting to mean a succession of surprises and pleasures, which would make the time she had looked forward to with so much dread, on account of the father's absence, pass very much more quickly.

To-morrow, she knew, there would be a nice little service in the living room, to which the Heaths and the Morrises would come, John Heath bringing his concertina to lead them in the hymns; and Mr. Grahame's sermon would strengthen her, as it always had done at San Juan.

He ran up the hill with the young folks to meet the waggon at the porch.

"How long it seems since I saw you last, Carita," he said. "I do not think you have been to San Juan since you came here two years ago."

"No, I often wanted to go when the waggon went, but I did not like to ask; father has been away so often. When he was away I did not like to leave mother alone with the boys, and when he was at home I did not want to leave him."

"And now you will not come until he returns. Mr. Warner tells me he will probably come back to take you all away from us to settle in San Francisco. We shall be sorry to have you leave us."

Carita felt her heart sink at the thought, and was conscious that it would have troubled her less had she been told this about ten days ago.

The waggon pulled up. "Here, Carita, come quickly! how long you are! And you look as though you had been asleep ever since we went away. Take some of these parcels inside."

The girl roused herself from the thoughts that Mr. Grahame's words had awakened within her breast; smiled brightly, and ran to Mrs. Warner's side to help her and Mrs. Grahame down with their things.

"I am so happy that you have come," she said, as the clergyman's wife kissed her warmly.

"Why, Carita, child! how you have grown, to be sure!" cried the warm-hearted woman; "and so bonny, too, I should hardly have known you."

Eleanor never cared to hear Carita praised. She said it spoiled young girls, and made them vain and conceited. Mrs. Grahame knew her feelings on the subject, but was determined to say what she pleased.

"The child gets plenty of cold chill and frost," she said, in private to her husband; "a little warm sun will do her good."

Three days of the Grahames' visit were taken up by a camp picnic. They went, some of them in the waggon and the others on horseback, to Choke Cherry Gulch, a wonderfully romantic cañon, or mountain pass, about twenty miles away. Of course they slept in the open. It was getting rather cold, but they had plenty of wraps and bearskins, and did not feel it.

A prolonged picnic like this is charming in the Rocky Mountains. You shoot game, fish delicious trout, gather wild fruits in plenty, and need to take very few provisions generally,

Mr. Grahame was as good a shot as he was a preacher. He had his revolver with him, which was well for one at least of the party.

They were gathering buffalo currants, a fruit like our black currants, which ripens late—the two ladies, with Alick and Ronald. Carita was mixing the bread. Mr. Grahame had just gone to his wife, who had called him to come and see a great grizzly bear that was feeding amongst the choke cherries on the other side of the stream from them, when suddenly Mrs. Warner gave a scream.

"A rattlesnake!" she cried.

Ronald had disturbed one in reaching a currant bush that was on a ledge above him. The horrible creature shook its rattle three times and then reared its ugly head, prepared to bite. In a moment Mr. Grahame had his revolver out and shot the venomous animal right in the mouth, so that the little ball came out some inches further down, else it would have gone ill with poor Ronnie, so far away from home, with no ammonia or strong spirit at hand to act as an antidote to the poison.*

No other adventure disturbed the three days at Choke Cherry Gulch.

The ten days of the Grahames' visit seemed to fly fast. The end of October brought Philip Emerson to Pepperbox Flat on his way, as he called it, to El Paso county. It was a very round way, but no one reminded him of the fact; they were all too glad to see him.

Then the long, hard winter set in; and the ranches were shut in from the world below. More stimulating food was needed, no fish or game were brought in; but each family killed a steer twice during the winter. It was hung in a small outbuilding, and in the cold, highly rarefied air the outer skin hardened and turned black; and the meat would have kept sweet, frozen as it was, for three or four months if necessary.

Joyce often came up to Elk Lodge; she knew what a comfort her friendship was to Carita, and tried on that account to make herself as agreeable as possible to Mrs. Warner, with whom, at last, she became quite a favourite.

Stephen had written from San Francisco, just before going on board the little schooner which was to take him to the Maitailoa Islands.

Unless they hailed a homeward-bound vessel on their way, there could be no further news of him until the end of December.

In spite of deep snow which lay everywhere, Philip Emerson managed to come over to Pepperbox Flat for Christmas Day. Mr. and Mrs. Heath insisted on having the Warners also, and would take no denial from Eleanor. Their

* Near where I stayed in Colorado, a boy was saved by being drugged with raw spirit, after a rattlesnake's bite; and one was shot in the ranche by a lad, just as Mr. Grahame shot the one at the picnic. I used to wonder that the children were not more afraid of them than they were. They learned, however, to be careful in their steps through any long or tangled grasses; as did the horses and the mules.

little cabin was as full as it could be; which only made things go more merrily.

Towards evening, however, Carita felt very sad and depressed. Lately she had not been well at all, but had gone about her work as usual, without complaint. The intense cold of the mountains did not suit her southern constitution, and she was not warmly enough clad. Eleanor liked to keep the cabin very warm with a great log fire; she was not in the habit of running outside as often as Carita had to do, so she never suffered from the cold herself. The girl's lungs were sound enough, but soon she began to suffer severely from rheumatism.

When she and Mrs. Warner had gone into Joyce's room to take off their things, Joyce had shown her a necklet.

"This is a Christmas present, Carrie," said Joy, "is it not pretty?"

"Very; who gave it to you?"

"Mr. Emerson had a packet from home, and he said his mother sent this for me. There was an evening shawl for mother, too, and a beautiful book for Dorothy."

"How kind of her!"

"Was it not? He says she is so glad that he can come to see us sometimes; and that a little reminder of home life is good for him."

In the evening when the depressed feeling crept over her, Carita felt her eyes often wandering towards Phil's present on Joy's dress. Could it be that she felt envious? She tried to be gay and to drive away the low spirits, but it was no use. Philip and Joyce seemed so happy together; he talked so much with her, and Carita felt left out in the cold, some way.

Now and then she found that he watched her, but it was in a criticising, cold way, she thought; he did not smile as he did when he looked and spoke to Joy. Presently he came over to her side of the room.

"Why do you look so grave, Carita? You are not happy to-night."

She could not hide her feelings; it was a habit she had never learned, so she said, simply—

"I was thinking just now, Mr. Emerson, that everyone here had others who belonged to them, and I, only, seem quite alone."

"I am alone, too, Carita."

"Not in the same sense as I. And besides, I miss father to-night; it is the first Christmas we have been without him."

"I am curious to see Mr. Warner. He must be of a more generous nature than his wife, surely, or you would not miss him so much."

"Why does he *not go back to Joyce*," thought Carita. "She is not grave and unhappy-looking to-night. She looks happier and sweeter than I ever saw her before."

She could find nothing pleasant to say to Philip. Soon he left her side and went to Mr. Heath, with whom he talked for the rest of the evening.

"JOYCE HAD SHOWN HER A NECKLET."

How bad the pain in Carita's limbs was that night! But there was a still sorer pain at her heart. She knew now that she loved this Englishman, to whom she could never be anything more than the Mexican girl, Carita, without family or name. And Joyce loved him, too; she saw it in her eyes, knew it from the tones of her voice when she spoke of him. A feeling of something like anger with Joyce, her dear, good friend, took possession of her, but only for a very short time. She fought it down bravely, and prayed for strength and help in this new trouble. "Him that overcometh," that was how her verse began, was it not?—that verse about the new name. Poor little Carita! things seemed all against her just now.

When the letter came from Mr. Warner she was lying ill with rheumatic fever. Mr. Heath was almost like a doctor, he had read so many medical works, and visited the sick so much. Eleanor was thankful to let him take Carita's case in hand, for there was no doctor nearer than at San Juan.

For seven weeks the poor girl lay helpless and racked with pain. When the fever left her she was utterly prostrate. In fact, she did not regain her strength until April.

Mr. Warner ought to have been on his way home by that time. He was detained, however, much longer than he had expected, and a letter came at last containing money and the news that he would not be with them until the end of November.

"It vexes me more than I can tell you," he wrote to his wife, "to be away from you so long, but I have just now an opportunity of making money, and establishing first-class business connections, which will enable me to make a comfortable home in San Francisco, and to give the boys the advantages for which we have both longed. It frets me to think of you all, up the mountains without me, but it will be best for us in the long run, so try and put up with it a little longer, dear Nell." . . .

Eleanor was terribly disappointed, and Carita felt it even more than she did, for she was so weak, and she had missed the sympathy Stephen would have shown her during her long illness so sorely.

"I shall write and invite a cousin of mine, who is staying at Colorado Springs, to come and spend a few months with me," said Mrs. Warner. "It will be intolerably dull pulling through another eight months alone here."

Her cousin, Mrs. Bombasin, a young and gay widow from Chicago, accepted the invitation. A summer in a log cabin would be agreeable as a novelty.

Somehow, Carita conceived an aversion to this visitor before she saw her. From the moment that she heard her name and estate she made up her mind she would be antipathetic.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

Boosey and Co.

Only once more. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A graceful melody, which we think our young friends will be pleased with.

My Early Love. Music by Frank L. Moir. Words by Jessie Moir.—An interesting composition, easy as regards compass and execution.

Among the Lilies. Reverie. Words by H. B. Farnie. Adapted to the melody of the Stephanie Gavotte by Czibulka.—There is always a fascination about vocal dance music, and this well-known gavotte has been most successfully adapted to very interesting words. We anticipate it will be a favourite with many of our girls.

I told you so. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by A. L. Mora.—An agreeable song, both as regards music and poetry, with a great deal of playful humour, which is sure to find many admirers.

Once when a Child. Words by E. C. Ryley. Music by A. L. Mora.—A somewhat mournful composition; will be appreciated by the sentimental. It points a good moral.

The Cuckoo in the Orchard. Words by J. Jemmett Browne. Music by Malcolm Lawson.—A gay and humorous song, which is sure to find favour with many. The music is well adapted to the words, and the introduction of the cuckoo is well arranged.

The Hillocks o' the Hay. Words by F. Conway Lomax. Music by William M. Hutchinson.—A tuneful and agreeable composition, both words and music harmonising. Set in two keys, presenting no difficulties to singer or accompanist.

Had you but loved me. Words by J. D. Music by C. W. Bucherer.—A rather pretty specimen of the drawing-room ballad, without much originality either in words or music, but at the same time agreeable in character.

Weekes and Co.

Bright the night is, my beloved. Serenade. By L'Estelle. Music by Wordsworth Davies.—A melodious and good song; within the compass of most treble voices.

Alfred Phillips.

Longing Hearts. Song. Words by Rosa Carlyle. Music by Leigh Kingsmill.

W. Morley and Co.

The Storm-beaten Tar. Words by L'Estelle. Music by Wordsworth Davies.

Conrad Herzog and Co.

Jasmine Flower and Jasmine Leaf. Words by Louis Moriarty. Music by Arther Moriarty.

These three songs are tuneful and of average merit.

J. B. Cramer & Co.

The Knight's Guerdon. A song of chivalry. Words and music by Godfrey Marks.—Suitable for a baritone voice, and, like all the songs by this popular composer, written in a most happy vein.

Severed the Tie. Song. Written by Herbert Harraden. Composed by Ethel Harraden, with *ad lib.* accompaniments for violin, concertina, and violoncello.—Written for a contralto voice, and with the additional accompaniments will be found very effective.

La Caravane. By George Asch.—A descriptive Oriental March, illustrating a caravan crossing the Desert. Part I. The gradual approach. Part II. The march through the town. Part III. The caravan slowly disappearing. The opening is rather original, being very pianissimo and imitating the beating of an Indian drum. This composition is tolerably easy, and not too long.

Love's Wish. Words by Moore. Music by S. Auteri Manzocchi.—An exceedingly graceful and elegant song. Sung by Miss Santley, which in itself is enough to guarantee the value of the song.

The Past. Music by Lady Freake.—A pleasing and effective song.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Autumn. A Duet. By Ciro Pinsuti.

Beneath the Wave. Duet. By Caldicott.

Two highly respectable compositions, which will please the ordinary musician.

Voices of Home. Words by Arthur Matthison. Music by Alfred S. Walter.—A beautiful song, with homely and sensible words. Easy too, and very effective.

Reid Brothers.

Dear River. Words by Thomas W. Davidson. Music by Ernest G. A. Fowles.—A song in praise of the river—

> "I've loved thy dear ripples,
> Been borne on their breast,
> Then drift, drift, my thoughts, on
> To oceans of rest."

A very nice song, requiring a flexible soprano voice, and an able accompanist.

Soul Music. Words by G. J. Whyte-Melville. Music by E. M. Machell.—Pathetic and beautiful. With a refined and sympathetic rendering, "Soul Music" would be much liked.

When the mists have cleared away. Words from The Girl's Own Paper. Music by Barry M. Gilholy.—These beautiful words have been suitably set by Mr. Gilholy, and those girls who liked the words so much, and wrote to the Editor to that effect, may be equally pleased with the music.

Enoch and Sons.

This is my dream.—A very tuneful song in Mr. Willing's easy and popular manner. Sure to become a well-used song.

Patey and Willis.

Home. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.—The subject tells of a poor wanderer attracted by the voices of children singing and praying, recalling his early childhood, and leading his thoughts to home—

> "Where the toil-worn hands are welcome,
> And the weary are weary no more,
> For never a prayer is uttered,
> That angels do not hear,
> Tho' earth be full of sorrow,
> Yet Heaven is very near."

The composer has fully interpreted the sentiment of the poet, and the music, with its various changes, is admirably written throughout. We have pleasure in recommending it to our young friends.

The Love Flower. Song. Words and Music by Cotsford Dick.—A bright little song, written in the composer's happy style. The melody is pleasing, and the accompaniment not difficult—a good passport with many of our girls.

The Quaker's Daughter. Song. Words and music by Michael Watson.—A charming song, which will lay claim to popularity among our young friends. The two opening bars remind us of an old popular favourite.

The Old Timepiece. Words by Longfellow. Music by Michael Watson. Another interesting composition of this popular song-writer.

Fishing. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—A sparkling song of a semi-humorous character, easy and effective, with a lively refrain. Would prove successful at small musical entertainments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CASSIE.—We may recommend two or three societies for your consideration. The Christian Women's Education Union, secretary, Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road. There is also the Bee Reading Club, hon. secretary, Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick; and the Reading Society, secretary, Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. You write well, but might shorten your tails with advantage, and should cross the t's and dot the i's more carefully.

JANE BOND.—It would be impossible to enter into the question of the use of the words "shall," "will," "should," and "would" in so small a space: But we give you an easily remembered and infallible rule. When disposed to say one word, be perfectly certain that you should reverse your own habit, and say the other. This holds as good for an Irish person in reference to these words, as the rule in regard to the mute or aspirated "h" for an uneducated or vulgar Englishman. Yes, it would be correct to say, "Shall I send it?"

JEANNE OF NAVARRE.—There are training colleges nearer to you than Ripon for "elementary schoolmistresses;" the nearest, we think, is at Derby. Address the Rev. T. H. Twist, St. Michael's Vicarage, Derby.

ONE WHO LACKS CONFIDENCE.—See page 794, vol. ii., for a list of good grammars. Many thanks for your pretty card.

M. DE LA H.—Why not make use of the excellent system in Glasgow for instruction by correspondence? Hon. secretary, Miss Jane MacArthur, 4, Buckingham-street. Write to the secretary, King's College, and inquire. Much obliged by your kind letter.

LOU.—Try the North Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney-road, or St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W.

ELLA CARSON.—Write to the secretary, King's College, London, W.C.

TIBBY.—We should advise you to remain at home, and study quietly for the examination, taking care of your health, eating nourishing food, and taking sufficient exercise.

A LITTLE TEACHER.—Either of the books would do. Try "Hall's First Latin Book."

E. J. H.—Miss Anne Pratt's would probably be the most complete work for you, but inquire for one on that especial branch of botany.

WORK.

CALCUTTA.—"Slip-stitch" is much employed in raised crochet, both in joining together detached sprays and in passing from one part of the pattern to another at the back of the work. To execute it, put the hook through the foundation at the back part, and draw the cotton back with it through the loop already in the hook.

LITTLE ONE.—The specimen of home-made "point lace," which you sent us some time ago, we were unable to return to you, as the address you gave was insufficient. When we hear again we will trust it to the post. It has no fixed market value; it is worth just what it will fetch. If you wish to make money by lace-making, you should show specimens in large shops and obtain orders from the trade, for which you can arrange a price. The piece you send does you credit, but we fear your eyes would soon suffer from doing such very fine work in so delicate designs. Your letter was laid by and unfortunately forgotten.

E. G. B.—To work a knitted vest, see page 175, vol. iv.

MINNIE.—See "Knitted Designs," page 596, vol. iii.; to knit petticoats, page 80, vol. iii.

BANTAM.—For a crochet jacket for a child, see page 149, vol. i.

IONA.—The original Maltese laces resembled Valenciennes and Mechlin without their fine groundings. In the present century, the Greek guipure style has been introduced, and the first black silk plaited laces came from Malta. The patterns are simple, and are worked on a pillow. These laces are also made in Ireland, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Auvergne, Le Ruy; and the Ceylon and Madras laces resemble them greatly.

EMMIE.—See "How to Ride," pages 3 and 130, vol. iii. There is nothing new to relate respecting the habit to be worn. We gave some illustrations. Your writing is very legible, but too upright.

HUMBLE ALLIE will find everything in reference to the cleaning of materials in the new series, entitled "The Fairy of the Family." Also, in reference to a "Dutch heel" in stocking-knitting, see "How to Re-foot Stockings," page 486, where the heel described is the "Dutch heel." 2. On the contrary, it is "too bad" to ask an Editor to repeat answers an unlimited number of times, and "too bad" to other readers of the magazine to fill the correspondence columns with old and uninteresting replies. Some of "our girls" appear to ignore the existence of any other reader than themselves, and a still larger proportion have actually got the volume in question but are too lazy to consult the index provided for their use. On such "allies" pity is wasted.

ROSALIE.—It is stated by Fairholt that the first lace manufactory established in England was that at the village of Cranfield, Bedfordshire, due to the Flemish refugees. According to Beckman, lace-making on the Continent of Europe was invented by Barbara Uttman, in the year 1561, at St. Annaberg, in Saxony; but, according to Haydn, it was made in Flanders and France in 1320. Its antiquity in the East is of very much earlier date, for it is represented on the frescoes of the Egyptian tombs, and from the Egyptians the Greeks, Jews, and Romans acquired the art; but no examples of it have been preserved from an earlier period than the Christian era. A rude description of gold lace was used by the Scandinavian kings, when real lace was made in the convents for ecclesiastical purposes.

LITTLE BETSY.—See "How to Make a Watch-guard," pages 319 and 501, vol. i. We thank you for your recipe.

HEXHAM.—We sympathise sincerely with you on the loss of power in your right hand through rheumatism. We can only say that you should practise doing everything with the left; and we believe you would succeed, as you have accomplished writing so well with it. Could you not go to Buxton and endeavour to restore the hand? Meantime, you might hold a frame for either embroidery or cross-stitch with it, and work with the left almost as well, with but little practice. The frame being larger than a little crochet-hook (which you drop), we think you might grasp it firmly.

GUSSIE.—To direct the execution of "honeycomb-stitching," we cannot do better than quote from the standard work on needlework and textiles, "The Dictionary of Needlework" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) "Take a piece of holland, set it in perfectly even gathers; draw these up, and stroke them down with a knitting needle in straight lines the length of the material. Thread a needle with black or dark-coloured purse silk. Commence at the right-hand side of the work, bring it up from the wrong side of the material, and catch the first two gathers together with a 'back-stitch' about a quarter of an inch from the side of the gathers. Put the needle down at the back of the material a quarter of an inch, bring it up at the third gather, and catch the third and second gathers together with a 'back-stitch.' Return the needle to the back, and to the height of the first-made stitch, and catch the fourth and third gathers together with a 'back-stitch;' put it back in a line with the second stitch, and catch the fifth and fourth gathers together, and continue working in this way, first in one line and then in the other, catching a new gather and an old gather together with a 'back-stitch' every time, until all be secured. Work the third as the first (commencing at the right-hand side of the work), and the fourth as the second line, catching the gathers together in these lines in same order as the ones already worked." There is another variety of "honeycombing," but space will not allow of its insertion here. We have never given this stitch in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATIE FERGUSON (Queensland).—We shall be very glad to hear from you, and to add you to our other "corresponders," as you quaintly name them.

LAURA NICHOL.—The "Heralds' College" is the fountain, as it were, of all such lore, and the one authority. Many claim that their families "came over with William the Conqueror," but documentary proof should be produced before such assertions are made. Even the list on the roll of knights at Battle Abbey has been tampered with. Send any genealogy you possess to the Heralds' office for inspection, and notes of any historical allusions to the name that you can find, stating the county to which your family belongs, and how long they were seated there, and the alliances they made. Search the records of that county, and the parish registers, monuments, &c., in which your name appears. There is no legal appeal against the verdict of the college, and they will judge impartially. Authentic proof is indispensable.

M. J. A. H.—We see no necessity for returning the book or photograph. You write well.

OLD CHOKER.—The "Seven Wonders of the World" of antiquity (there are many more, and great ones now) were, the Pyramids of Egypt, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Tomb of Mausolus, Temple of Diana (Ephesus), Colossus of Rhodes, the Jupiter of Phidias, Pharos of Egypt (or else the Palace of Cyrus). Slope your writing, and use a better pen.

TOMY.—We decline the discussion of subjects on which conflicting opinions are held by religious persons, equally consistent in character and deserving of respect.

URSA MINOR.—You are quite right; in November Auriga is to the east of the Pole Star, and Lyra to the west, and not the reverse, as was accidentally mis-stated. As these constellations are constantly moving round the Pole Star, the easiest guide for children is that Vega is behind the Plough, while Capella moves round before it.

BEE should refer to our articles on the significations of girls' names in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. To destroy the eggs of moths in any woollen material, such as a carpet, it should be sent to an upholsterer to be baked, and the floor should be rubbed with a strong solution of alum and water or turpentine.

G. DUTHIE (Cape of Good Hope).—We thank you for your gratifying letter. You shall have a few pressed flowers (offered by a friend). We can quite understand your wish to see some from the "old country," and elsewhere in Europe, and thank you for your kind offer.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—1. We thank you for the recipe you kindly give for preserving flowers. Many wish for one, and we give it with pleasure. "*Get a quantity* of fine sand, wash it until the last water be quite clear. Pour the wet sand on a board placed slantingly over a pan to drip dry, then place the sand in the sun or by the fire to dry it thoroughly before passing it through a fine sieve. Cut the flowers when nearly in full bloom, and in dry weather, neither moist with rain nor dew. Fill a box with sand sufficiently high to allow the flowers to stand erect in it on their stems. Then put some more sand in a sieve and sift it very carefully over the flowers so as not to break them nor crumple and displace a petal. Place the box in a warm dry place, and as soon as you think the flowers are dry, open the box and slant it, so as to let the upper sand run out gently. Then lift out the flowers by their stems, which will be rather brittle at first, but will become less so from exposure to the atmosphere." 2. Your writing is not sufficiently well formed.

RUBY.—Until you be sixteen you ought to retire to your room at nine o'clock. It will take you about three-quarters of an hour to perform all the duties of the toilet properly, and to attend to your religious duties likewise.

M.—Of course, lessening the quantity of butter, milk, bread, and certain vegetables may tend to check a tendency to excessive fat. But we warn you that to reduce your diet to meat and biscuits, and to attempt to "bant," is a very serious step to take. Your blood needs fruit and vegetables, and you may become diseased. Of course if a doctor told you that you were threatened with a "fatty degeneration of the heart" you would be wise in following some regimen prescribed by him, but to prescribe without personal acquaintance with you would be quackery. When consumptive people can be made to grow very fat, they recover. Your selection of a name was in very bad taste, and we decline to address you by it.

RUPAHLIE.—Your letter interested us much, and gave a sad account of the life of a little Indian girl, although a Rajah's daughter, "never obtaining a glimpse of the outside world, without books, without toys." You write a nice hand and express yourself well.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P." — We do not answer questions within "a fortnight." How many letters do you imagine we should have to write? Your writing is so illegible we do not know what name you have written. When you have learned to write it correctly, you can do so again, and we will answer if we can.

AGNES COPPERFIELD.—That you "have not had a lover in your life" when you have not yet completed your eighteenth year, is certainly no matter either of surprise or of commiseration. No sensible man worth your regard would think of marrying a little school-girl, and no wise parent would encourage his diverting your thoughts from your education. We are glad to hear that you are making yourself useful at home, and please your parents. This is a good way of training you to be mistress, it may be, of a house of your own when really grown-up. But the less you think of leaving your home for a new and untried one the better, at least for the next three years.

A SCOTTISH MAIDEN.—"Sintram," and "Undine" were written by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, and have both been translated into English. You can make a riding-habit at home by following the pattern of a well-fitting dress bodice.

GRACE.—You are over the age, which is from fourteen to eighteen years of age. See pages 663 and 703, vol. iv. on "Female Clerkships," and an answer to correspondents.

KITTY MAREE.—We think your mother is your safest guide and confidant.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Consult an oculist, and procure proper spectacles without delay.

KATHLEEN R. MILLAR.—Camphor and borax is a very excellent hair-wash. We have been told that cleaning the teeth once a day with ordinary "flowers of sulphur" (powder) will preserve from both decay and toothache.

LILLIE DODD.——We advise you to ask for and obtain a class at once; if teachers be so much needed, your duty is clear.

BLACK BEETLE.—When the weather is too cold or damp, you can air the room of an invalid by opening the door, and then the nearest neighbouring window. But an invalid's room may be aired quite safely if you procure a strip of wood to fit the window at the bottom, so that you can raise the sash about an inch; the air will then come in gently between the sashes in the middle.

CHRISTOWEL.—They must be very inexperienced and incapable judges indeed of what true believers do and ought to feel of their unworthiness, if they be "surprised" at any hard things they may say of themselves. To judge you to your discredit, from your own humble confession of shortcomings, was very unjust. If you thought better of yourself, your spiritual condition would be much less satisfactory. "Unto this man will I look, even to him that is of a humble and a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at

my word," (Isaiah lxvi. 2). Your whole letter is full of contradictions, for amidst all your self reproaches you say you have "always desired to live to God's praise and *glory*." We can only say, take courage, think less of your own feelings and frames of mind, and more of Christ's infinite love and forbearance, and that "He is able to save, unto the uttermost, all that come unto God through Him" (Heb. vii. 25).

LOUIE M. ASHTON.—Velvet cannot be dyed at home, but may be cleaned by the aid of a bit of bacon rind and some crape; the former will take off all the dirt, and the latter is the best kind of brush. If the pile be flattened, hold it wrong side over the steam of boiling water. A "cabinet" is now fashionable.

EVA, MINNIE, and MARY.—These are three very silly little girls, who must be content with this expression of our opinion, in lieu of any answer to their questions.

DAISY.—We are very glad to hear that you found the shoulder straps and the advice assisted to cure you of stooping; when it is not a question of weakness, it is usually one of "will." You will find a recipe to clean carpets in the "Fairy of the Family."

AUNT SUKEY.—You are a very little girl to be learning so much. Music since you were six, and French also, and able to write and spell so well, at only seven! We hope you have plenty of time for play, and good long nights of sleep. The meaning of the word *andante* means "going easily," "advancing steadily." *Moderato*, "moderately," means a kind of music which the writer composes much after his own fancy, rather than according to strict rules. *Vivaci* means "lively." You are too young yet to understand our explanations.

FOX GLOVE.—Your brother's not being of age would make no difference, he would act as his father's representative in the matter of giving his sister away.

CONSTANT READER.—We feel much for you in your great affliction, but we think there is hope for you if you will try electric baths, as we have seen some wonderful cures of paralysis by their means.

MOTHERLESS.—We sympathise much with you in the great loss sustained, and the responsibilities that have so early devolved upon you. With reference to the care of the delicate little children, you may obtain many hints from a shilling manual before recommended, "Sick Nursing at Home," (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) In reference to the "getting-up of collars and cuffs," see "How to Wash and Iron," chapter ii., in the "G. O. P.," page 107, vol. ii. Your hand is peculiar, but legible and not unladylike.

BLACK INK.—Your grateful letter is as gratefully acknowledged, and your handwriting is pretty. We do not remember having heard from you before

R. BRAHMIN.—We thank you for your kind letter, but are unable to avail ourselves of your proposal. People in England are much better acquainted with the mode of life in Australia and out in the Bush than you imagine.

A. L. B.—The reason that the sapphire of the ancients was described as an opaque stone, is explained by the simple fact that it was *Lapis-Lazuli*, and the sapphire was called by them *Hyacynthus*.

EMILY.—Flowers may be sent by post in a tin box; before closing which they should be lightly sprinkled with water. The pressed flowers must have the paper changed every day.

G. B.—You will find a list of Her Majesty's ships in commission, with their stations, in Whitaker's Almanack, issued every year.

UNHAPPY JEANIE.—We do not believe anyone has any business to be always unhappy, and we cannot help thinking you are idle or are thinking too much of self. Try to make others happier and you will find happiness yourself.

E. C.—Write to the publisher, Mr. Tarn, office of the "G. O. P.," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. for the back numbers you require; they would cost the same as at present. We could not say, as we never give private addresses.

PENITENT MEG.—It is not necessary to do more now than to confess your omissions of duty to God, and, asking His grace, to strive earnestly to fulfil them with scrupulous regularity henceforth. "Sin repented of is sin forgiven," but then repentance is not of a genuine description that is unaccompanied with amendment of life. Its profession otherwise is mere hypocrisy.

ARIADNE.—The method of cleaning brushes without wetting them is very simple, and far preferable, as the bristles do not lose their elasticity, nor the backs their polish. Rub some flour well into them and round the sides with your fingers, and they will become perfectly clean in a few minutes. You should put on an apron, turn up your sleeves, and place half a teacupful of flour in a washand basin.

MAUD.—Your proper course is to apply to the rector of your parish, and he will give you full directions, and will prepare you in the usual way.

GANGLIANA.—We think by-and-by you will cease to suffer so much from your misfortune. We should keep it bound up, and think your parents are quite right in declining to have any operation performed.

MIGNONNE.—To pronounce vase as "vaws" is quite out of date. Say the "a" as in "mars."

A LANGHOLM LASSIE.—Write, enclosing the money, to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

BLUE BELLE, AND BLUE BELLE'S BROTHER.—The lines, "Stone walls do not a prison make," are by Richard Lovelace, A.D. 1658.

N. D. AND E. C.—Hampton Court Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, on the site of the Manor House of the Knights Hospitallers, and was in 1525 presented by him to Henry VIII. Edward VI. was born there, and his mother, Queen Jane Seymour, died there. William III. added the grand inner court, and laid out the gardens; the great vine was planted in 1769. Mary, Elizabeth, Charles I. and II., and most of our later sovereigns resided there.

ATTEL.—We do not know to what letter you refer, nor the question asked, nor who you are. What you are we do know, viz., a rude little girl, who does not know how to spell, and sends a poor specimen of scribbling.

UNE FLEUR ROBUSTE.—It is better to bathe in the sea when the sun shines, than when cold and dark; but not to go in when heated. Wait until cool, or it might make you ill. The first manufactory for producing woven tapestry was established in England in 1509; when one William Sheldon, with the co-operation of one Robert Hicks, set it up at Barcheston, Warwickshire. But hand-worked tapestry was introduced into England as furniture hangings by Queen Eleanor of Castile.

VENETIA.—"The Light of the World" is a picture painted by Holman Hunt. It is, we believe, at Keble College, Oxford.

"FIFTEEN MILES PER DAY."—We think the money would be sufficient, but we could not recommend a tour in that part of England, nor indeed in any part, unless your parents fully understood the plan and approved of it.

HOUSEWIFE.—Pour a little sweet oil round the stopper, and make the glass as hot as you can without breaking it.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—You will find an excellent home-made filter described at page 454, vol. iii. You may always render water safe by boiling it and drinking it cold.

IGNORAMUS.—We advise you to apply to your schoolmistress or governess.

KITTY.—Certainly, ask him to come in. Use a fork always for both when possible. Table-napkins are placed between the knife and fork in the centre of the person's place at table.

MARGARET HELT.—The Editor does not sell THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Apply for the index, and all else you require in reference to it, to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

E. D. L.—Clean the skin with any nice wash or egg, making partings for the purpose in every direction; but (excepting by a hairdresser) do not wet the long thick hair, or you may suffer in your eyes by inability to dry it. Your handwriting is fairly good, and your assurance of the spiritual benefit you have derived from reading our paper is indeed most encouraging.

BESS.—Shakespeare wore the dress of Queen Elizabeth's time, carried out in black velvet. A wide frill round the neck, doublet, trunk-hose, shoes with buckles, pointed hat with wide brim. Sometimes he is represented as wearing a turned-down pointed collar, and a tie round it furnished with tassels.

WAITING.—We regret that you should wait for disappointment only. We could not honestly do otherwise than tell you that the brief story lacks any originality, and is defective in composition. But you might make it your study to write a thoroughly satisfactory letter in good plain English; and this will be of greater value to you, and to your family, than to write little love stories. Read our article on "The Art of Letter Writing."

MIGNONETTE.—Consult our indexes, and you may find what you require. You omit to name the nature of the stains, so you must judge for yourself. The 16th of October, 1861, was a Wednesday.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 207. DECEMBER 15, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FIRST STRAW HAT.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ON the broad seat of the mullioned window of her Aunt Dorothy's living-room, or "house," sat Isabel Raine, with a cushion on her lap. The cushion was stuck full of small, upright pins, not here and there, at random, but with method, as guides for an ingenious device, to form which the worker was laying or twining amongst them, first one, and then another of the many fine linen threads, separately wound on small bone bobbins, which hung suspended over the sides of the cushion, and which changed places with every turn of her deft and slender fingers.

The window-seat, which likewise did duty as a locker, served to fill up the recess formed by the thick stone walls, and she occupied it with her back supported by the wall and her limbs extended along the seat beneath the window. Thus the light fell through the small leaded panes fully upon the cushion on her lap, and the casement between the two stone mullions being thrown open and hooked back, on account of the heat, she had a clear view before her whenever she chanced to raise her head from her delicate work.

It was not a very extensive view; a high bank, golden with gorse, was the limit across the narrow road and intervening forecourt; but as she was seated, Isabel could see, not

"SHE SAW THEM PASS."

All rights reserved.]

only the flower-beds and the gate of the cultivated court and the beehives against the farthest wall, but over that low boundary wall of uncemented stone she could look down the dusty lane on chance passers-by, though even then a clump of envious trees and bushes blocked the view and shut out the stone stile and the footpath through the fields. And, perhaps, had the hollyhocks and sunflowers not been so tall, her range of vision might have been wider.

Her back was turned to the farmyard gate, as if she had no interest in sheepfolds or cattle-sheds, stacks or granaries, heard no music in the clinking of cans or the clucking of poultry, or in the voices which at times were wafted thence through the open casement along with the hum of the bees and the perfume of flowers and aromatic herbs amongst which those busy workers were so busy.

But never a busier bee was there than Isabel Raine, for though her dark grey eyes did cast a glance now and again up the road, there was no pause in her work; the bone bobbins were lifted and shifted, the threads were carried between and about the pins, and the lace grew under her skilful manipulation.

In those days, when Charles the First sat on his most uneasy throne, fashions were as various as the opinions of the people, and many were the gradations between courtly extravagances in attire and the primness of the Puritans.

Though an orphan in the care of Dame Dorothea Sibley, Isabel Raine was well provided for, and would carry a nice little dowry to the man so fortunate as to win her; but she had not encased her graceful throat in a stiffly starched ruff, or distended her skirts with an unsightly farthingale, and she kept silks and satins for holiday wear. Tightly fitting were sleeves and bodice, full and ample the folds of the glossy, murrey-coloured, open, linen skirt, and of the lighter-tinted under one, snowy white the lawn of the coif which imprisoned her raven tresses, of the cuffs at her wrists, of the collar or kerchief which modestly covered her neck and met in a point on her bodice, and of the long apron which fell almost to the edge of her gown. But a bow of pink ribbon as a breast-knot, and an edging of the new bone-lace* on coif, collar, cuffs, and apron, asserted the maiden's claim to something of gentility, if they did not indicate a desire to look attractive in someone's eyes. Whose? was an undecided question, though her Aunt Dorothy had a shrewd guess.

She, the widow of a well-to-do Yorkshire yeoman, who carried on the farm for her two sons, or rather helped her eldest son to carry it on, was even then debating the point in her cool buttery, which, situated in a side gable, overlooked a field-path on the north, beyond their own boundary wall.

She had a basket, covered with a fair home-spun linen cloth, before her on the stone table under the lattice window, into which she was counting eggs for the Leeds market. The clear notes of a well-toned voice came ringing through the air, and Dorothy Sibley lost the count of her eggs.

"Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admirèd be."

Well did the good dame know the voice of the singer, and well did she know the smart doublet and hose, and the turned-up hat with feather and broad-laced band of handsome Master Denton, drawing nearer with every line of the ditty, and anon visible from the lattice as he trod the field-path towards the stile with a firm, free step, and an easy, not to say assured gait, his sword swinging at his side.

"Aye, there he goes, singing his playhouse songs! I marvel what the wench sees in him? He's not fit to hold the candle to our Rube. He may have gathered a few courtly airs and graces on his travels, but it's much to me if he has not gathered more ill than good."

So saying, she left her eggs behind in the buttery, and marched off to the "house," her white pinners flapping as she went, and barely waited to reach the door before she cried out, in a tone of displeasure—

"Here's that Dick Denton again. It's quite time that you made a choice among your wooers, Isabel, and the sooner you send that springald about his business the better. If he would look after the land his father left him, like our Rube, instead of singing and swaggering about, I'd say naught in his disfavour. But Rube says he'll not have him coming to the farm at all times and seasons."

"Aye, Rube says. It is always Rube!" answered Isabel, looking up from her work; "Master Denton's father was my father's fast friend, and to the last my father had a hearty welcome for the son."

"Ah!" exclaimed the dame, smoothing down her linen apron; "but Master Denton has changed, and not for the better, since he became his own master. But I'll neither make nor mar. I only say it's time you made up your mind, between one or t'other."

"I shall have made up my mind when I have finished this bone-lace collar."

"Bone-lace! What has that to do with—— But here he comes." And the dame bustled back to the buttery not in the most amiable of moods, though, to do her justice, she meant well by the maiden in her charge, and was anything but a meddlesome or ill-tempered woman.

"Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him in his blindness."

The song had heralded the singer without the aid of Dame Sibley, and the eyes uplifted from the cushion during the foregoing colloquy could not fail to see the gentleman as he emerged from the screen of bushes and came along the lane towards the gate with the ease of one sure of his welcome.

What had her aunt said that caused Isabel's head to droop over her work again, as if in deep consideration? Was she asking herself if the change noted by the dame was a change for the worse or better? It was a question that needed thinking out.

The latch clicked, her head raised, the song stopped abruptly, the gold-laced hat was doffed with the grace of a courtier, the "Good-morrow, Mistress Isabel, how fare you?" came through the open casement sweetly as the song, and in another minute Master Denton stood with her hand in his, on the rush-strewn floor of the house—and thinking was postponed.

The cushion, with its unfinished lace, had gone abruptly into the window-seat locker.

"Where is Penelope's web?" asked he, looking round; "is it not yet complete?"

He had seen her bending over it as he came up the lane.

"Not yet," she answered, seating herself in a straight-backed oaken chair, as a hint for him to do the same. "I am weaving the hopes and expectations of a life into the lace; it is not to be hurried over lightly. Patience and thought and care need accompany every change of the bobbins; else the pattern may be marred." And it was clear she spoke with a double meaning.

"More than one life hangs on your threads, fair Mistress Isabel, and it is cruel to keep true love so long unanswered. But, methinks Dame Sibley has sharp ears beneath her pinners, and that I would say to thee should reach no ears but thine. Prithee, put on thy dainty hood to guard thee from the kisses of the sun, and come with me for a stroll by the cool waters of the beck for half an hour."

There was a momentary hesitation, and then the maiden's French-hood, which covered head and shoulders both, was reached from a peg, and the heavy door stood open, when in bustled Dame Sibley once more.

"Here, Isabel, if thou'rt going through the garth, thou might as well take the buttermilk and leavenbread to Rube and the shearers. It's ill going with empty hands."

So saying she mounted on the long settle which stretched far into the room from the open fireplace (where a wood fire was smouldering on the open hearth), and, reaching a quantity of dried oat cake from the bread-fleak, or rack, suspended from the ceiling, she filled a wicker basket and handed it to her niece along with an earthen pitcher of milk, of which Master Denton at once possessed himself.

"Nay, nay, Dame Sibley, let me be the bearer. Methinks, Mistress Raine's hands are not formed for heavy burdens, though, sooth to say, I rarely see them either empty or idle."

"That's as folk think, Master Denton. If those same hands have never a heavier burden than a gallon o' buttermilk, she may think well; and, to my mind, they might as well be empty as filled with the vanity of fashioning bone-lace. She has set half the girls in Beeston agog with their bobbins and cushions."

"Nay, good naunt, I only taught lame Elspeth, and humpbacked Barbara; and thou knowest the others took it up because the Leeds mercers paid so fair a price for their work."

"Well, well! thou hast ever thy answer ready; and if our courtly dames and gallants must bedeck themselves with bone-lace and Venice-point, it's as well the price thereof should come to Beeston as go to foreign parts. And now be off, and see ye loiter not on your way to the sheep-wash."

She saw them pass through a narrow gap in the wall (formed by two upright stones, and called a stile) to the garth, or farmyard, and, when they were out of sight, turned back from the door; then replaced against the whitewashed wall the tall chair Master Denton had disarranged, and, taking a survey of the ample apartment, with its rudely-carved oaken settle, its huge coffer, high-backed chairs, and big table, its rafters and its open chimney—where hams and bacon and salted beef, cured and curing, hung suspended—she muttered to herself, with a well-satisfied shake of her shrewd head.

"Isabel may go farther and fare worse. Master Denton may have silver flagons on his buffet, and so may Master Hodgson; and they may carry swords in their belts and have lackeys to wait on them, and our Rube may be only an honest, God-fearing man, putting his own hands to the plough on his own lands, and wife of his must not give her time to lace and gew-gaws; but I know which house stands the firmest, and where the wife would have the surest peace and comfort. The silver may melt, the lackey grow saucy, the sword cut its wearer, and the wife sit solitary in her satin gown; but godliness and honest thrift make a warm fireside, and brother Raine's girl would find our Rube true and steadfast, though he be not scented like a civet."

He certainly was not at that moment, and Dame Sibley's wisdom was at fault when she sent her niece, in company with Master Denton, to see Reuben among his sheep-washers and shearers.

(To be continued.)

* Called bone-lace from the pins and bobbins of bone used in its manufacture, and, at a later period, known as cushion-lace.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

My Dear Mr. Editor,—You wish me to write on the subject of the art I love, to those who may have been interested by my former letters; and, as it is a privilege, so also it is a responsibility to look forward to this bright young audience, and think how perhaps these words may reach in far away lands those who will remember happy hours long ago in which we studied together the noble art of music, and care the more for a few words on this subject that they bring with them memories of old kindnesses and friendships, the music of the past, as we also look for the reunion of the future in the far-away home of many mansions, where harmony and peace will reign for evermore.

My dear young friends, there are many points in relation to music to which I should like to draw your attention, as I would fain remind you of what music has done and been in the past, because that may explain my anxiety that it should be to you, in your homes now, what it might be, and play a part sorely needed amidst the ever rising troubles, sicknesses, and fatigues of life as it is now in this hurried nineteenth century of ours. I may remind you that the invention of musical instruments is the first recorded in our Holy Bible, and that the mention of music continues up to the establishment of trained choirs and orchestras in Solomon's Temple. It came to earth very early in its history, to comfort man, when sin and sorrow had banished other angels, and we read how the sweet Psalmist and Shepherd of Israel used its power to restore the unhinged mind of his sovereign. But, going on to other ancient history, which I need only touch on as I pass, I must remind you of the part music has played in the world of old times—all the more that in so many schools ancient history is neglected, often even untouched, on account of the pressure of other work, and so many children miss altogether what we used so much to enjoy—that more stately sort of "Arabian Nights," with its Eastern colour and magnificence, its panorama of rising and falling empires, colossal armies, and stately cities, their grandeur and strength increasing while they were laborious and self-denying, obedient to the laws and the gods, and true to their country and themselves, and crumbling into dust when luxury and idleness, cruelty and lawlessness, capped their life. There is so much recorded of the power of music in those old histories that I must needs recall some instances to prove my case, for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with them.

There was once a great and a glorious people, whose works are now the wonder of the world—a people small in number, living thousands of years ago in a little country, and yet their works inspire the noblest workers in art, now as then, and their words ring now through the utterances of our greatest statesmen. They used to pray the gods that their memories might never die; and well were those prayers heard, as all true prayers are heard by that "good and gracious King" whom they "ignorantly worshipped." What did they think about music? and what do their legends and histories tell us? They earned for themselves the right of speaking with authority about art, for the scattered and broken remains in all lands of their works are unapproached in all succeeding ages for their mastery and beauty, and their lovely land of Greece was so transfigured to all time by the workers who ennobled it and the heroes who died for it, that the testimony of Greek history to the power and position of music is a singularly important one. I can tell you something of what they said and wrote on the matter. Their old writers say, and our glorious Shakespeare takes up the song—

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
Then had made a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by."

Indeed, Shakespeare has understated his case, for the old writers say, "Orpheus, by his music, tamed also the wildest beasts of the desert, and as his lyre sounded the lurid crest of the serpent fell, the mane of the lion ceased to bristle, and the eye of the tiger to glow." Those lovely Greek legends tell us how to Amphion's music the very stones and marbles of his stately city arose and formed themselves into that lovely architecture which was the harmony of form—the same allusion which underlies the epithet "frozen music" applied to our grand old cathedrals by one of our own writers. They say how the mighty minstrel Arion, when cast into the sea by pirates, compelled the dolphins by the power of his art to submit to the yoke and bring him safely into the port of his friend's kingdom. Nay, more; in their account of that terrible siege of Troy, which the Greek Homer has sung in strains to which the world is listening still with wonder and admiration, they tell how the great king who commanded the assembled armies against Troy, when he was forced to leave his young queen, left a loyal and noble minstrel as her guardian, and the traitor Egisthus could not destroy her till he had banished that minstrel. Some of those legends are shadows of still older histories, but we can read no history which does not teach us some lesson of the divine power of music, for they tell us how Alexander, the conqueror of the world, was roused to frenzy at the will of the minstrel Timotheus, in his Phrygian melodies, or subdued and calmed by his soft Lydian measures. It is difficult to stop, and yet I almost fear to weary you by telling you too many of these stories, and yet, remembering how our own little home children say, "Oh, please go on; we like to listen," I would fain tell you of the troubled times of Greece, when a great Spartan insurrection was overcome. You know Sparta was the great rival, generally the greatest enemy, of Athens and the Athenians. Well, this insurrection was overcome—by armies? no, by the divine melodies of the minstrel Terpander, whose power, stronger than hatred and rebellion, brought back peace and goodwill to his distracted country.

It will not surprise you that after this the Spartan armies marched to certain victory when their minstrel Tirtæus led them on with his spirit-stirring songs. Nay, if you look at your maps of Greece, the very geography of that fair land tells you of their love of music, for the Greek writers told how the singular happiness and peace of that lovely country of Arcady (whose very designation, Arcadian, is become a way of expressing rural happiness and grace), how this was due to the abounding and beautiful music which flourished there; and the rough and brutal manners of their neighbours, the Cynesians, were by them ascribed to their total neglect of music.

So we can understand how the greatest men of that, the most intellectual and highly educated nation of the world, were ambitious to excel in music. It is mentioned in the history of Themistocles, one of their greatest men, as a singular fault that he was not a musician, and even the calm and philosophical Socrates was haunted by a dream, which, as he is said to have told Cebes within a few days of his death, reproved him for his neglect of music, and commanded him to compose and practise it; and to obey this divine command he applied himself to compose hymns in honour of Apollo even *while he was lying* under sentence of death. Indeed, they tell us that the greatest Greek philosophers looked upon music as a peculiar gift from heaven, and, considering those people stupid and senseless who were averse to it, they urged their followers to study that divine art; for, as Plutarch, one of their great historians, says, "A man who has learnt music from his infancy can never miss a taste for what is good, and consequently a hatred for what is bad, even in things that do not belong to music. He will never dishonour himself by any meanness; he will be useful to his country, careful in private life; his actions and words will be discreet, and deserving the character of decency and moderation." Does not our own Shakespeare say on the same subject:—

"Naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for a time doth change his nature."

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his speech are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus . . . .
Let no such be trusted."

In this manner also Shakespeare makes Cæsar say, in his intimacy with Antony:—

"I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius . . he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony; *he hears no music.*
Such men as he are never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves,
And, therefore, are they very dangerous."

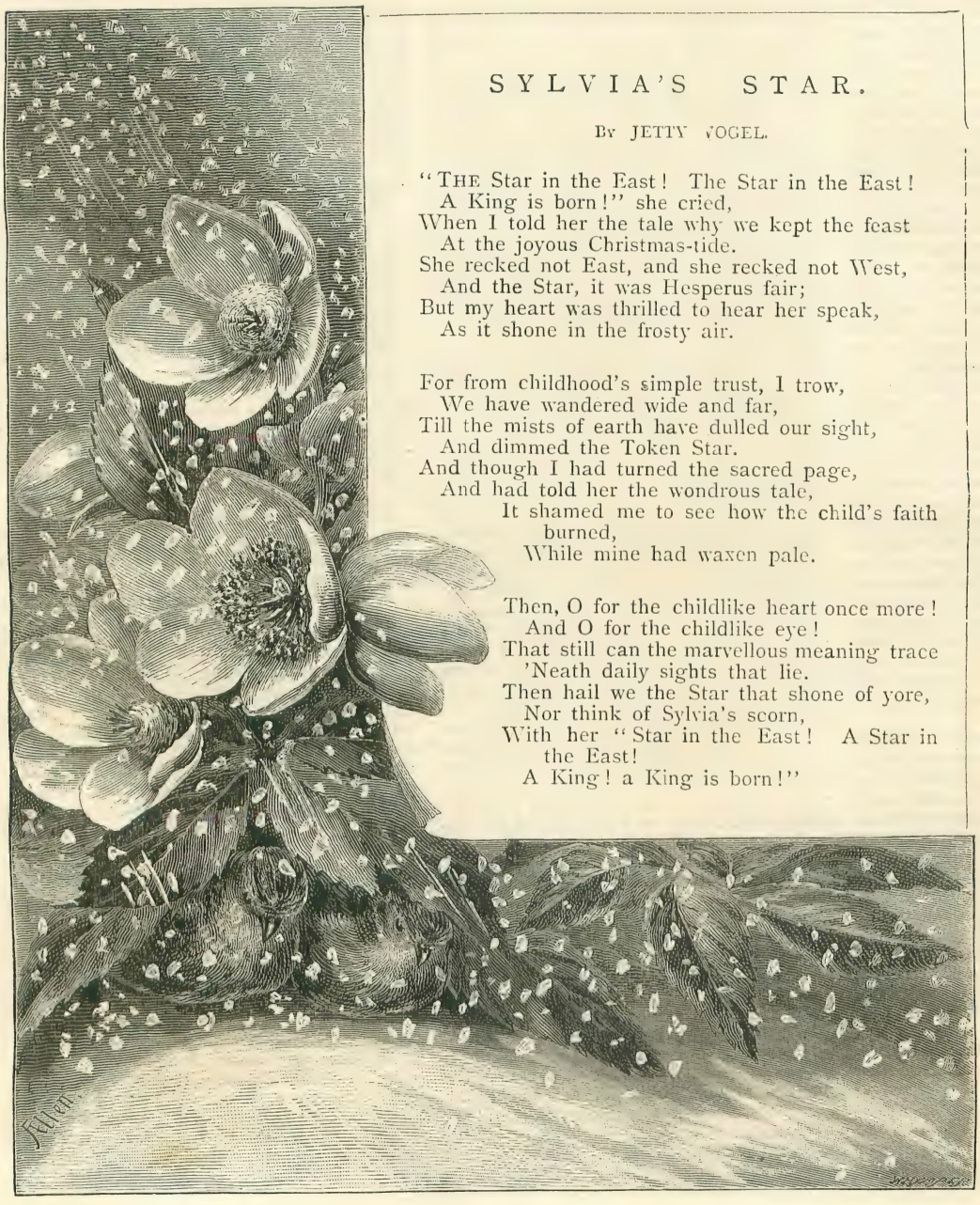
You see, the words of the great Roman, Julius Cæsar, suggest to us those of another celebrated Roman writer, Quintillion, who is said to be very copious in the praise of music, and who extols it as an incentive to valour, an instrument of moral and intellectual discipline, an auxiliary to science, an object of attention to the wisest men, and of comfort and assistance to the meanest. You will say, perhaps, these were old philosophers and great men of many hundred years ago; and as time goes on does Music still show herself as glorious a mistress, as great a ruler for good, as in those far-off times, which, in the hurry of present days, seem to represent quite a different state of things? Let us see. I must take you many hundred years later—to the Middle Ages, as they are called—and see if the power has altered which produced such great effects in the ancient times. Have you ever heard stories of the cold and stately court of Spain? In the centre of that Court, on the throne itself, there was a case of apparently incurable sorrow and madness, that of poor King Philip the Fifth. Now, there lived at that time a singer of surprising power, called Farinelli, and one of the king's courtiers, hearing of the wonderful power of his singing, begged that the effect of his music might be

tried, if only it might alleviate the suffering of his sovereign's malady. (Perhaps he remembered how the madness of Saul had been healed by that shepherd minstrel, the music of whose inspiration the faithful in all ages have sought for healing and comfort and strength.) They caught, however, at the hope of relief, and concealed Farinelli in an inner chamber, and when the paroxysms of their king's madness came on, begged him to sing. While he sang, the unhappy monarch first listened, then, gradually yielding to this angelic influence, melted into a rapture of devotion. Transported by the return of his childlike feelings of hope and joy, the king would never consent to be separated from his benefactor, and from that time Farinelli's public career was closed. But strange stories still are told of the power he exercised over the minds and, in some cases, even the bodies of men. They tell us of one occasion when, at the opera, he was personating an unfortunate hero in prison, and his rival, Senesino, also a very great singer and musician, was to appear as the tyrant who had decreed his death. Now Senesino was considered the greatest singer in the world excepting, some said, Farinelli, and it had chanced that they had never heard each other sing. Senesino, anxious to maintain his fame, began his part, as a furious tyrant, magnificently; but when Farinelli, in his turn, began his famous song, Senesino forgot all about his part, his audience, even himself, and, rushing to Farinelli, embraced him with tears of joy at his rival's greatness. Another very illustrious musician of this period, Gizziello, when he heard Farinelli sing, lost no time in reflection, but burst into tears, and fainted. I think it is of this wonderful singer that a curious anecdote is told, how, having ordered an unusually gorgeous Court dress, the tailor begged, as the greatest boon he could receive, to be allowed to present it to him in person; and when he stood in the presence of Farinelli, asked to be allowed, in return for a dress on which he had expended his utmost art, to hear the great master sing one of his renowned songs. The singer smiled, and sang not only one but two of his grandest airs to his entranced audience, but then, handing him a purse of gold, said, "As I have yielded to your request, so now you also must grant me a favour, and let me pay my debts like an honest man."

But as music restored the reason of King Philip of Spain, so also it prevented an atrocious murder in Italy, when the great singer, Stradella, having won the affection of a patrician lady, and made her his wife, was pursued by the hired ruffians engaged by her brother to despatch him and immure her in a convent. After tracking them to a church where Stradella played on the organ, they remained through and after the service, not daring to lose sight of their destined victims. But when, instead of leaving the organ, Stradella went on, weaving those noble melodies into memories of the prayers and praises which had been offered there, he, in his turn, made them prisoners of his art, and revived with a strange and better life those hardened minds, so that they, transported with a new devotion, stayed to warn him of his danger, and that of her he loved so dearly, and to help in their escape.

It is very difficult in such a slight sketch as this must needs be to do more than touch upon scenes in history so full of interest. I wish you could dwell on them longer and read more about them, and the illustrations they give of a power which, in different ages and countries, has worked such wonders; at one time disorganising the Swiss soldiery, when their mercenaries fought for foreign princes, far from their beloved home, by the overpowering recollections it brought of the old country, its glorious mountains, its beautiful chalets hanging on the heights above, or by the blue lake side, and the hills which made the air musical. Their national air, the "Rang des Vaches," brought these recollections back with such maddening power that the bravest soldiers deserted, undeterred by the death which awaited them if captured, rather than bear exile from home and Fatherland any longer; so that at last their commanders were forced to lay a penalty of death on whomsoever played that forbidden tune to the Swiss troops.

Napoleon, on the other hand, knew how to use a force so irresistible to his own advantage; for when his army crossed the Alps into Italy, and the terrible passes of the St. Gothard overcame even the tried courage of his Guard, and they found it impossible, heavily burthened as they were, to go forward another step, he ordered the trumpets to sound the battle charge. The effect was wonderful—their habitual associations kindled their military ardour, and, like a sudden hurricane, the soldiery stormed those difficult crags, just as they would have stormed the



SYLVIA'S STAR.

By JETTY VOGEL.

"THE Star in the East! The Star in the East!
A King is born!" she cried,
When I told her the tale why we kept the feast
At the joyous Christmas-tide.
She recked not East, and she recked not West,
And the Star, it was Hesperus fair;
But my heart was thrilled to hear her speak,
As it shone in the frosty air.

For from childhood's simple trust, I trow,
We have wandered wide and far,
Till the mists of earth have dulled our sight,
And dimmed the Token Star.
And though I had turned the sacred page,
And had told her the wondrous tale,
It shamed me to see how the child's faith burned,
While mine had waxen pale.

Then, O for the childlike heart once more!
And O for the childlike eye!
That still can the marvellous meaning trace
'Neath daily sights that lie.
Then hail we the Star that shone of yore,
Nor think of Sylvia's scorn,
With her "Star in the East! A Star in the East!
A King! a King is born!"

heights of a hostile fort or city. Nay, in our own war time, when this same Emperor planned, and, but for that Divine protection which had saved us before in the time of the Spanish Armada, would, doubtless, have accomplished, an invasion of England, a national poet, named Dibdin, wrote our war songs, and rekindled the old war spirit of the country, as the Spartan minstrels had done in their days. Well might a grateful nation acknowledge the debt and reward the man who had served them so well, and so forcibly illustrated the saying, "Let me make the songs of a nation, you may make its laws."

There was a grand instance of the power of music on the battlefield, which I cannot resist quoting to you, when, after the battle of Leuthen, conquerors and conquered lay pell-mell on the field, too weak and weary to be able to disentangle themselves from the heaps of slain, one voice began the grand old hymn, "Now thank we all our God," and soon one voice and then more and more swelled the strain, till from the whole battlefield men arose in the strength of that glorious "Te Deum," and the living separated themselves from the dead, and drew off the field in disciplined order. But I would also give you, in conclusion, one instance amongst so many of the power of music on another soldier in a nobler warfare, when wearied with sickness and the pain of leaving all he loved on earth: Henry Martyn, when on his way to receive his crown of martyrdom in Persia, used at sea to revive his spirit and rekindle his energy by singing the old hymns he had learnt in the far-away home amongst his own people—and the same heavenly power which had healed the madness of the King of Israel and the sad monarch of Spain, waited as an angel on the fervent missionary of the Cross, and anticipated for him the rest and glories of the heaven he had loved and laboured for so bravely, not only for himself but for others. Now, this labouring for others suggests a few thoughts to which I would fain entreat your attention at some future time.

(To be continued.)

ESTHER.

By Rosa Nouchette Carey, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS RUTH'S NURSE.

Miss Ruth insisted on giving me a week's holiday, that I might avail

LEAVING THE DINING-ROOM.

myself of Allan's society, and as dear mother still persisted that I looked pale and in need of change, Allan gave me a course of bracing exercise in the shape of long country walks with him and Jack, when we ploughed our way over half-frozen fields and down deep rutty lanes, scrambling over gates and through hedges, and returning home laden with holly berries and bright red hips and haws.

On Allan's last evening we were invited to dine at the Cedars—just *Uncle Geoffrey, Allan, and I.* Miss Ruth wrote such a pretty letter. She said that her brother thought it was a long time since he had seen his old friend Dr. Cameron, and that he was anxious to make acquaintance with his nephew and Flurry's playfellow—this was Miss Ruth's name for me, for we had quite dropped the governess between us.

Allan looked quite pleased, and scouted my dubious looks; he had taken a fancy to Miss Ruth, and wanted to see her again. He laughed when I said regretfully that it was his last evening, and that I would rather have spent it quietly at home with him. I was shy at the notion of my first dinner-party; Mr. Lucas's presence would make it a formal affair.

And then mother fretted a little that I had no evening dress ready. I could not wear white, so all my pretty gowns were useless; but I cheered her up by my assuring her that such things did not matter in our deep mourning. And when I had dressed myself in my black cashmere, with soft white ruffles, and a little knot of Christmas roses and ferns which Carrie had arranged in my dress, mother gave a relieved sigh, and thought I should do nicely, and Allan twisted me round, and declared I was not half so bad after all, and that, though I was no beauty, I should pass, with which dubious compliment I was obliged to content myself.

"I wish you were going in my stead, Carrie," I whispered, as she wrapped me in mother's warm fleecy shawl, for the night was piercingly cold.

"I would rather stay with mother," she answered, quietly. And then she kissed me, and told me to be a good child, and not to be frightened of anyone, in her gentle, elder-sisterly way. It never occurred to her to envy me my party or my pleasant position at the Cedars, or to compare her own uncongenial work with mine. These sorts of petty jealousies and small oppositions were impossible to her; her nature was large and slightly raised, and took in wider vistas of life than ours.

My heart sank a little when I heard the sharp vibrating sound of Mrs. Smedley's voice as we were announced. I had no idea that the vicar and his wife were to be invited, but they were the only guests besides ourselves. I never could like Mrs. Smedley, and to the very last I never changed my girlish opinion of her. I have a curious instinctive repugnance to people who rustle through life; whose entrances and exits are environed with noise; who announce their intentions with the blast of the trumpet.

Mrs. Smedley was a wordy woman. She talked much and well, but her voice was loud and jarring. She was not a bad-looking woman. I daresay in her younger days she had been handsome, for her features were very regular and her complexion good; but I always said that she had worn herself thin with talking. She was terribly straight and angular (I am afraid I called it bony); she had sharp high cheek bones, and her hands were long and lean. On this evening she wore a rich brown brocade, that creaked and rustled with every movement, and some Indian bangles, that jingled every time she raised her arm. I could not help comparing her to Miss Ruth, who sat beside her, looking lovely in a black velvet gown, and as soft and noiseless as a little mouse. I am afraid Mrs. Smedley's clacking voice made her head ache terribly, for she grew paler and paler before the long dinner was over. As Miss Ruth greeted me, I saw Mr. Lucas cross the room, with Flurry holding his hand.

"Flurry must introduce me to her playfellow," he said, with a kind glance at us both, as the child ran up to me and clasped me close.

"Oh, Esther, how I have wanted you and Juliet," she whispered; but her father heard her.

"I am afraid Flurry has had a dull week of it," he said, taking a seat beside us, and lifting the little creature to his knee. How pretty Flurry looked in her dainty white frock, all embroidery and lace, with knots of black ribbons against her dimpled shoulders, and her hair flowing round her like a golden veil! Such a little fairy queen she looked!

"Father has been telling me stories," she observed, confidently; "they were very pretty ones, but I think I like Juliet best. And, oh! Esther, Flossy has broken Clementina's arm—that is your favourite doll, you know."

"Has Miss Cameron a doll, too?" asked Mr. Lucas, and I thought he looked a little quizzical.

"I always call it Esther's," returned Flurry, seriously. "She is quite fond of it, and nurses it sometimes at lessons."

But I could bear no more. Mrs. Smedley was listening, I was sure, and it did sound so silly and babyish, and yet I only did it to please Flurry.

"I am afraid you think me very childish," I stammered, for I remembered that game of battledore and shuttlecock, and how excited I had been when I had achieved two hundred. But as I commenced my little speech, with burning cheeks and a lip that would quiver with nervousness, he quietly stopped me.

"I think nothing to your discredit, Miss Cameron I am too grateful to you for making my little girl's life less lonely. I feel much happier about her now, and so does my sister." And then, as dinner was announced, he turned away and offered his arm to Mrs Smedley.

Mr. Smedley took me in and sat by me, but after a few cursory observations he left me to my own devices and talked to Miss Ruth. I was a little disappointed at this, for I preferred him infinitely to his wife, and I had always found his sermons very helpful; but I heard afterwards that he never liked talking to young ladies, and did not know what to say to them. Carrie was an exception. She was too great a favourite with them both ever to be neglected. Mr. Lucas's attention was fully occupied by his voluble neighbour. Now and then he addressed a word to me, that I might not feel myself slighted, but Mrs. Smedley never seconded his efforts.

Ever since I had refused to teach in the Sunday-school she had regarded me with much head-shaking and severity. To her I was simply a frivolous, uninteresting young person, too headstrong to be guided. She always spoke pityingly of "your poor sister Esther" to Carrie, as though I were in a lamentable condition. I know she had heard of Flurry's doll, her look was so utterly contemptuous.

To my dismay she commenced talking to Mr. Lucas about Carrie. It was very bad taste, I thought, with her sister sitting opposite to her; but Carrie was Mrs. Smedley's present hobby, and she always rode her hobby to death. No one else heard her, for they were all engaged with Miss Ruth.

"Such an admirable creature," she was saying, when my attention was attracted to the conversation; "a most lovely person and mind, and yet so truly humble. I confess I love her as though she were a daughter of my own." Fancy being Mrs. Smedley's daughter! Happily, for their own sakes, she had no children. "Augustus feels just the same; he thinks so highly of her. Would you believe it, Mr. Lucas, that though she is a daily governess like her sister," with a sharp glance at poor little miserable me, "that that dear devoted girl takes house to house visitation in that dreadful Nightingale Lane and Rowley-street?" Was it my fancy, or did Mr. Lucas shrug his shoulders dubiously at this? As Mrs. Smedley paused here a moment as though she expected an answer, he muttered, "Very praiseworthy, I am sure," in a slightly bored tone.

"She has a class in the Sunday-school besides, and now she gives two evenings a week to Mr. Smedley's night-school. She is a pattern to all the young ladies of the place, as I do not fail to tell them."

Why Mr. Lucas looked at me at that moment I do not know, but something in my face seemed to strike him, for he said, in a curious sort of tone, that meant a great deal, if I had only understood it—

"You do not follow in your sister's footsteps, then, Miss Cameron."

"No, I do not," I answered, abruptly, far too abruptly I am afraid; "human beings cannot be like sheep jumping through a hedge—if one jumps, they all jump, you know."

"And you do not like that," with a little laugh, as though he were amused.

"No, I must be sure it is a safe gap first, and not a short cut to nowhere," was my inexplicable response. I do not know if Mr. Lucas understood me, for just then Miss Ruth gave the signal for

the ladies to rise. The rest of the evening was rather a tedious affair. I played a little, but no one seemed specially impressed, and I could hear Mrs. Smedley's voice talking loudly all the time.

Mr. Lucas did not address me again; he and Uncle Geoffrey talked politics on the rug. The Smedleys went early, and just as we were about to follow their example, a strange thing happened; poor Miss Ruth was taken with one of her bad attacks.

I was very frightened, for she looked to me as though she were dying; but Uncle Geoffrey was her doctor, and understood all about it, and Allan quietly stood by and helped him.

Mr. Lucas rang for nurse, who always waited on Miss Ruth as well as Flurry, but she had gone to bed with a sick headache, the housemaid was young and awkward and lost her head entirely, so Uncle Geoffrey sent her away to get her mistress's room ready, and he and Allan carried Miss Ruth up between them, and a few minutes afterwards I heard Allan's whistle, and ran out into the hall.

"Good-night, Esther," he said, hurriedly; "I am just going to the surgery for some medicine. Uncle Geoffrey thinks you ought to offer your services for the night, as that girl is no manner of use; you had better go up now."

"But, Allan, I do not understand nursing in the least," for this suggestion terrified me, and I wanted the walk home with Allan, and a cosy chat when everyone had gone to bed; but, to my confusion, he merely looked at me and turned on his heel. Allan never wasted words on these occasions; if people would not do their duty he washed his hands of them. I could not bear him to be disappointed in me, or think me cowardly and selfish, so I went sorrowfully up to Miss Ruth's room, and found Uncle Geoffrey coming in search of me.

"Oh, there you are, Esther," he said, in his most business-like tone, taking it for granted, as a matter of course, that I was going to stay. "I want you to help Miss Lucas to get comfortably to bed; she is in great pain, and cannot speak to you just yet; but you must try to assist her as well as you can. When the medicine comes, I will take a final look at her, and give you your orders." And then he nodded to me and went downstairs. There was no help for it; I must do my little best, and say nothing about it.

Strange to say, I had never been in Miss Ruth's room before. I knew where it was situated, and that its windows looked out on the garden, but I had no idea what sort of a place it was.

It was not large, but so prettily fitted up, and bore the stamp of refined taste, in every minute detail. I always think a room shows the character of its owner; one can judge in an instant, by looking round and noticing the little ornaments, and small treasured possessions.

I once questioned Carrie rather curiously about Mrs. Smedley's room, and she answered, reluctantly, that it was a large bare-looking apartment, with an ugly paper, and full of medicine chests and work-baskets; nothing very comfortable or tasteful in its arrangements. I knew it; I could have told her so without seeing it.

Miss Ruth's was very different; it was perfectly crowded with pretty things, and yet not too many of them. And such beautiful pictures hung on the walls, most of them sacred: but evidently chosen with a view to cheerfulness. Just opposite the bed was The Flight into Egypt; a portrait of Flurry, and some sunny little landscapes, most of them English scenes, finished the collection. There were some velvet-lined shelves, filled with old china, and some dear little Dresden shepherdesses on the mantelpiece. A stand of Miss Ruth's favourite books stood beside her lounge chair, and her inlaid Indian desk was beside it.

I was glad Miss Ruth liked pretty things; it showed such charming harmony in her character. Poor Miss Ruth, she was evidently suffering severely, as she lay on her couch in front of the fire; her hair was unbound, and fell in thick short lengths over her pillow, reminding me of Flurry's soft fluff, but not quite so bright a gold.

I was sadly frightened when I found she did not open her eyes or speak to me. I am afraid I bungled sadly over my task, though she was quite patient and let me do what I liked with her. It seemed terribly long before I had her safely in her bed. When her head touched the pillows, she raised her eyelids with difficulty.

"Thank you," she whispered; "you have done it so nicely, dear, and have not hurt me more than you could help," and then she motioned me to kiss her. Dear patient Miss Ruth!

I had got the room all straight before Uncle Geoffrey came back, and then Mr. Lucas was with him. Miss Ruth spoke to them both, and took hold of her brother's hand as he leant over her.

"Good-night, Giles; don't worry about me; Esther is going to take care of me." She took it for granted, too. "Dr. Cameron's medicine will soon take away the pain."

Uncle Geoffrey's orders were very simple; I must watch her and keep up the fire, and give her another dose if she were to awake in two hours time, and if the attack came on again, I must wake nurse, in spite of her headache, as she knew what to do; and then he left me.

"You are very good to do this," Mr. Lucas said, as he shook hands with me. "Have you been used to nursing?"

I told him, briefly, no, but I was wise enough not to add that I feared I should never keep awake, in spite of some very strong coffee Uncle Geoffrey had ordered me; I was so young, and with such an appetite for sleep.

I took out my faded flowers when they left me, and said my prayers, and drank my coffee, and then tried to read one of Miss. Ruth's books, but the letters seemed to dance before my eyes. I am afraid I had a short doze over Hiawatha, for I had a confused idea that I was Minnehaha Laughing-water, and I thought the forest leaves were rustling round me, when a coal dropped out of the fire and startled me.

It woke Miss Ruth from her refreshing sleep, but the pain had left her, and she looked quite bright and like herself.

"I am a bad sleeper, and often lie awake until morning," she said, as I shook up her pillows and begged her to lie down again. "No, it is no good trying again just now, I am so dreadfully wide-awake. Poor Esther! how tired you look, being kept out of your bed in this way." And she wanted me to curl myself up on the couch and go to sleep, but I stoutly refused; Uncle Geoffrey had said I was to watch her until morning. When she found I was inexorable in my resolution to keep awake, she began to talk.

"I wonder if you know what pain is, Esther—real positive agony?" and when I assured her that a slight headache was the only form of suffering I had ever known, she gave a heavy sigh.

"How strange, how fortunate, singular too, it seems to me. No pain! that must be a foretaste of heaven; and," she repeated, dreamily, "no more pain there. Oh, Esther, if you knew how I long sometimes for heaven"

The words frightened me, somehow; they spoke such volumes of repressed longing. "Dear Miss Ruth, why?" I asked, almost timidly.

"Can you ask why, and see me as I am to-night?" she asked, with scarcely restrained surprise. "If I could only bear it more patiently and learn the lesson it is meant to teach me, 'perfect through suffering,' the works of His chisel!" And then she softly repeated the words, "Shedding soft drops of pity where the sharp edges of the tool have been. I always loved that stanza so; it gave me the first idea I ever quite grasped how sorry He is when He is obliged to hurt us." And as I did not know how to answer her, she begged me to fetch the book, and she would show me the passage for myself.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF HOPE.—Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, and all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

CATS IN EGYPT.—Among the ancient Egyptians the cat was sacred to Isis or the moon; temples were raised and sacrifices were offered in its honour, and its body was embalmed at death. Nor is this failing quite extinct among modern Egyptians, for in Cairo at the present time there is an endowment in operation for the lodging and feeding of homeless cats.

IN WHAT CONDITION?—When the new duplicate form of marriage register came into operation in 1837, the officiating minister at Oswestry was perplexed what to enter (with reference to a couple he had married) in the column headed "condition." The column was really "intended to indicate whether the parties were previously married or single." The minister, after puzzling his brains for some time, solved the difficulty by the matter-of-fact statement that "the man was fat, the woman rather lean."

"TO HOMELY BOONS OF FOOD AND FIRE
SHE ADDS THE DAINTIES AND THE FLOWER."

HER GRACE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"The graces of life are the sweetness of life in high and low."—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Her tender heart has tender hands,
And silent feet and blushing face;
She goes about her loving work
As one who walks in sacred place,
And those she serves are as the shrine
Wherein she worships the Divine

To every gentle deed she does
She strives to add some loving touch:
She feels she cannot love enough,
She feels she cannot serve too much.
Her every plan she lingers o'er,
Forever adding more and more.

And all within her reach must share
The joy of every festive hour:
To homely boons of food and fire
She adds the dainties and the flower;
And poets might be proud to take
The pretty gifts she loves to make

And whether, as through life she goes,
Her hands are always full or no—
Whether she has to give or take,
Her heart will still with love o'erflow,
And still her sweet and sunny face
Will make the world a brighter place!

SOME SWEDISH DISHES.

I SHALL preface my remarks on Swedish cookery with a few words on a subject that will, I think, interest most of my readers—Swedish girls. In Sweden girls leave school at fifteen or sixteen years of age. Until their confirmation their time is devoted entirely to study; they know nothing of domestic matters until their school education is completed.

The Swedes are, as a rule, good linguists, and one rarely meets a lady who does not at all events speak one language besides her own. They usually play pretty well, and I do not think they are by any means behind their sisters of the south in general culture. In one respect I wish our English girls were like Swedes. The latter have much simpler tastes, they rarely wear ornaments, except a brooch at the throat, and, as a rule, have not a silk dress until they are introduced, and then their dress continues to be simple, but by no means ugly or unbecoming. A ball dress is very frequently white muslin trimmed with coloured ribbons.

Swedish girls are very rarely idle; in fact, industry seems to form part of their education, and whatever the social position of a lady, she never considers that her housekeeping duties are beneath her. When not occupied in her house, she knits, and works a great deal. The Swedes are a very simple, unostentatious people. This is perhaps increased by there being so much less class distinction in Sweden than in England. In many parts of the country the broad line that separates employers and employed here does not exist at all.

I am acquainted with a family residing some miles from Stockholm: their house is a large one (I wish some of my young readers could spend a few days in it, they would understand then how much a girl may do in a day); it is only two storeys high. The kitchen is on the ground floor; in the centre is a large white porcelain stove, a very pretty stove, I think, it looks so bright and clean always. It has places at the top that can be uncovered at will, so as to cook by an open fire, but it consumes less fuel than our kitchen stoves. Here, as in most Continental kitchens, copper pans are much used, except for certain things; such, for instance, as potatoes; and some parts of veal are never cooked in copper, while green vegetables always are. My friend's family consists of himself, his wife, and three daughters. He was formerly a captain in the navy. He now farms his own land, and the entire household consists of forty people, all of whom are fed and provided for. The housekeeping is done by the three daughters in turn, each taking it a week at a time. To enable them to do it well they studied three years after leaving school. A year was devoted to cooking and household management, including the dairy work. Cheese being much eaten in Sweden, the making of the different kinds is very important; nor was another branch of dairy work neglected, for all three of the girls can milk the cows. Then the laundry work had to be learnt, and the third year was devoted to spinning, weaving, and needlework. There are five women-servants for the house. Here, in Sweden, servants are engaged for six months at a time. April and October are the months when changes are made. The days on which they are engaged are called, "Flyttedager." The wages are generally about five pounds a year. There is an old servant here who has lived in the house for sixty years. She was engaged at the age of ten; her wages have never exceeded two pounds a year, but now she does not draw all her wages. She asks what could she do with so much money; she has only her clothes to find, and she can still weave more than she can wear. The daughter whose week it is to be housekeeper always rises very early, for, with such a large household, there is plenty to do, and everything is done at home—baking, dairy, laundry, all have to be superintended. The coffee even is home roasted. I have been so successful in roasting coffee in the way I was shown by a Swede that I will here give the directions as I received them.

The principal thing required in good coffee roasting is patience; it cannot be done in a hurry: Put the coffee berries in a very clean frying pan, put over a gentle fire to roast, keep turning them all the time with a wooden spoon held in the right hand, and with the left hand give the pan a shake every now and then. If the coffee is good it will contain fat enough to cook itself; if not, put a small piece of fresh butter in with it. It is best not to roast more than half a pound at a time, or some berries may get burnt from not getting turned quickly enough. Great care must be taken not to over roast the coffee, which quite spoils it. It is done as soon as it is a chestnut brown. In some parts of Sweden they put salt in the coffee when they make it. Poor people often roast barley and add it to the coffee; sometimes, I think, their coffee is all barley.

Usually coffee and biscuits are taken at eight in the morning; the breadfast is at ten. In the north of Sweden, this meal is composed almost always of potatoes and fish; cold meats are served also, but rarely partaken of. The dinner hour in Sweden is from one to four o'clock, in the country earlier than in the towns. In families the dinner generally consists of the smörgas (which I will explain), followed by soup, a joint, and dessert, sometimes fish or pudding, but in the majority of houses pudding is not served every day at dinner. The Swedes are a very hospitable people. They have many curious customs. Sometimes at dinner the guests are all seated at small tables, and the dinner being in the middle of the day makes no difference to the guests appearing in evening dress the same as they would in England. When the meal is finished the gentlemen accompany the ladies from the dining-room, and everyone shakes hands with the hostess and thanks her for the entertainment. The general conversation is then resumed, and shortly coffee is served. The smörgas precedes the dinner; it is regarded as a sort of preparation for it—"an appetiser." The literal meaning of the word is "bread and butter." It is served at a small table called a smörgas-bord; it sometimes consists of as many as twenty-five dishes, ordinarily of from ten to fifteen. Many of these dishes are very strange, and quite belong to the Scandinavian Peninsula. They are partaken of standing. The guests help themselves to what they like, and eat bread-and-butter with whatever they take. The gentlemen always drink a glass of bränvin (spirit) with the smörgas. The favourite dishes for the smörgas-bord are sillsallat

(herring salad), graflax, smoked salmon, anchovies, caviare, hard-boiled eggs, sausages, smoked goose breast, smoked reindeer meat cut in very thin slices, different kinds of bread and cheese and butter. Some of the recipes that I shall give will, I think, be only curiosities for my readers, for certainly many of the Swedish dishes require the taste for them to be cultivated, and even then I doubt whether they would ever be palatable to English people. Perhaps the dish considered by the Swedes the greatest delicacy served at the smörgas is graflax (raw salmon). The following is the way in which it is prepared: Take a large fat salmon, the larger the better, but weighing at least seven or eight pounds—a bright looking fish should be chosen—cut off the head of the fish and half the tail, leave the fins on, split the salmon up the back, keeping the knife against the backbone; when opened, take out the back bone carefully and also the larger of the small bones. The fish must not be washed, but only wiped clean with a linen cloth, then rub the fish all over with saltpetre and sugar mixed; for a large salmon use one handful of each; lay over the salmon some twigs of dill, and then put the two sides together, strew the bottom of the tub with salt, and put the fish into it, thick part down. In an hour the salmon will be fit to eat. If it is not to be eaten for several days, it should be rubbed with a handful of salt, a spoonful of saltpetre, and a handful of sugar, and a weight put on it. It is best the first three days. It is served cut in slices half a finger thick, and fresh dill twigs laid on the slices; a sauce made of oil, vinegar, sugar, mustard, pepper, and salt may be added if wished.

Sillsallat.—Take four fat herrings, bone them, cut them in small pieces and lay them in a little milk, then cut some well cooked beef, three or four potatoes, and two apples into small dice; mix these and a finely chopped onion with the herrings, add oil, vinegar, pepper, salt, and a little mustard, mix well, and garnish the salad with beet root and hard-boiled eggs. The herrings are not to be cooked for this dish. The smoked salmon, goose breast, and reindeer are all eaten without being cooked; they are cut in very thin slices to serve them.

There are generally two kinds of bread on table, a coarse rye bread and fine wheat bread. The following is the recipe for making coarse rye bread, called knäckebröd: —Take coarse rye meal, lay it in a kneading trough, mix in some salt and some prepared caraways—be careful to mix it well—make a hole in the centre, and put in sufficient good yeast, lay over it a little meal, knead the yeast well in, then cover with a warm cloth and stand in a moderately warm place. When it has well risen, let it stand another hour, then make the dough into small loaves, prick them on the top, and bake in a rather hot oven; when well baked, lay them out separately, dust them over with meal, and put them on an ordinary bread spit to dry.

I give this recipe as it is given in the Swedish "Kokboks," but I would recommend my readers to try the next recipe in preference. Fint knäckebröd (fine rye bread): —Take two and a half pounds of wheat flour and two and a half pounds of sifted rye meal, one quart of lukewarm milk, in which half a pound of butter has been melted, a little salt, and half a pint of good fresh yeast; a little anise or caraway seed may be added according to taste; knead all well together, cover it over, put it by in a warm place; when well risen leave it an hour longer, then make into small loaves, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Many other kinds of bread are made; sometimes they are flavoured with cinnamon or cardamoms.

Porridge is a great deal eaten in Sweden; it is called gröt, and is made of barley, rye, oats, rice, or other grains; in some parts it is the supper dish of the people. Buttermilk is often eaten with porridge; also sour milk and cream.

I will give you one or two recipes for good porridge.

Smörgröt—(Butter Porridge).—Take half a pound of fresh butter, put it in a stew-pan over the fire, when it is melted work in with a whisk as much wheat meal as it will take to make it a tolerably thick paste, continue to work it for half an hour over a very gentle fire, then dilute it with a table-spoonful of warm milk, continue to stir, adding a little more milk until it is the proper consistency for a rather thick porridge; stir and cook until it is quite smooth, then add a little salt, and serve with cream and cinnamon sugar. Another porridge is called Skansk gröt (Skane is the name of the most southern province of Sweden, hence the name Skansk). I can recommend it to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as being very easy to make, and good to eat.

Skansk gröt—Take half a pound of rice, boil it in sufficient water with the rind of a lemon and a piece of cinnamon; when it is half done add to it one pound of apples peeled and cut up, two dozen raisins, some sugar, and a glass of white wine. Boil until the rice is quite tender. The lemon peel and cinnamon must be taken out when the porridge is served. It may be served hot or cold, and with cream or cold milk. So many Swedish dishes would be so utterly repugnant to English people that it is not so easy to select a dinner of really Swedish dishes as it is to choose a French dinner. My cookery book contains a great many recipes in which the blood of animals is used; indeed, in some places in the north, blood, as well as milk, is frozen in skins, and kept for winter use. I have a recipe for what is called "swart," or black soup; it commences with what seem to me directions for torturing a goose. One is told to take a goose and pluck some of the feathers from the neck, then to make a cut in the neck with a penknife, so as to bleed the goose into a decanter, the blood to be saved to use in the soup, etc. But, as I am sure none of you will wish to make "swartsoppa," I will not give the remainder of the directions. I think this, with the recipes I have given you for the preparation of uncooked fish and smoked meats, will show you that there are great differences in English and Swedish dishes. However, apart from the national cookery, the Swedes are somewhat cosmopolitan in the dishes they serve. English appelpaj and plum-pudding have their places in the Swedish cookery books, together with many French and some Polish and Russian recipes. I daresay some will notice how few ingredients are required for the recipes I am about to give you, compared with what would be wanted for a French dinner—indeed, many of the dishes are very simple, and also very easy to cook. However, experience teaches that the richest and most complicated dishes are not always the best, and certainly are not the most wholesome; so that I hope some of our girls, guided by the accompanying bill of fare, will try a Swedish dinner.

MATSEDEL (menu).

Skansk soppa.
Stufwad stockfisk (stewed cod).
Stekt kyckling (roast chicken).
Mjölpudding (meal pudding).

Skansk Soppa.—Take four carrots, one head of celery, and one leek, and slice them very fine. Put in a stewpan one pound of peeled potatoes, a teacupful of rice, and a little broth; put on the fire, and as soon as the broth boils, put in the sliced vegetables; add more broth until the soup is not too thick, then add a little butter and flour and a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley. Serve the soup immediately.

Stufwad Stockfisk.—Wash the cod, then beat it well, lay it in water for some hours, take it out and bone it, then parboil it and put it on a sieve to drain. Put a stewpan on the fire, with a lump of butter and three table-spoonfuls of flour; when it hisses, stir in enough milk to make a sauce; when the sauce boils, lay in the fish, add some cooked potatoes and some finely-sliced cooked carrots, with a little pepper and salt.

Stekt Kyckling.—Take two chickens, wash them well, and dry them thoroughly with a cloth. Mix two ounces of butter and some chopped parsley together with the blade of a knife, put half into each chicken, then truss them. Put a lump of butter into a stewpan; when it is quite hot, put in the chickens, breast down; sprinkle them with a little salt. When the breasts are nicely browned, turn them over, add two spoonfuls of broth, and let them cook half an hour, then take them out and put them on a dish. Put into the stewpan the chickens were in, a little cream (sufficient to make a sauce), whisk it with the broth that was in the stewpan; when hot (not boiling), put it in the dish with the chickens, and serve them with a salad or gherkins.

Mjölpudding med Citronsas (with lemon sauce).—Put a pint of milk in a stewpan over the fire, with three ounces of butter; when it is hot, sift flour in until it is like a thick gruel, stirring all the time; then stand the stewpan back a little to cool, beat up ten eggs, stir them in when the flour and milk have stood ten minutes; add also three ounces of stoned raisins, the grated rind of a lemon, two ounces of pounded sugar, and a small glass of Madeira; stir all together over the fire for ten minutes, then put into a well-buttered mould, cover with buttered paper and a cloth, put into boiling water and keep it boiling an hour and a half. Serve with lemon sauce.

Citronsas.—Rub the rind of a lemon well with two ounces of loaf-sugar, then put the sugar in a stewpan with half a teacupful of water and the juice of a lemon; boil ten minutes. Whisk in a basin the yolks of two eggs; when well beaten, add the hot syrup very slowly, whisking the eggs all the time. Pour over the pudding to serve.

The following is a Norwegian dish; it is often served in Sweden, and is so good that I give it:—

Marinerad Torsk.—Cut a cod in slices, take the bones out, and dip the slices in a mixture of oiled butter, chopped shalots, chopped parsley, and lemon-juice. Put some of the mixture (marinade) in the bottom of a dish, then lay in the slices of fish, sprinkle a little salt over; then cover them with grated bread-crumbs, and pour oiled butter over the whole; put in the oven and bake. White wine sauce may be served with this dish. Soles are very good cooked this way. I have found roast rabbits "in the Swedish way" satisfactory; the dish is called stekte kaniner. Well wash and dry the rabbits, lay them in a pan with rosemary, basil, and thyme over them and inside them; leave them for twenty-four hours in a cold place, then take them up and truss them; cover them well with buttered paper, roast them, basting well all the time. Serve with brown gravy, in which there is a little tarragon vinegar.

There are several different kinds of cheese eaten in Sweden; one, called kummin ost, is flavoured with caraway seed. Salads are very general, but they are quite unlike those served in England. They are made with anything, and frequently contain a great variety, meat, fish, etc., being put in together. Vegetables are cooked in butter or stewed, young peas are sometimes stewed in brown gravy, and served in their pods.

Joints of meat, more particularly legs and

shoulders of mutton, are salted and dried. Meat thus prepared is called "spegekjöd."

Many kinds of mushrooms are used in Sweden; indeed, a chapter in the cookery book is devoted to the various edible fungi.

Fish is so generally eaten throughout the country that great attention is given to the various ways of cooking it.

It is considered much better if cooked in sea water; when boiled in fresh water, a little saltpetre or vinegar is usually added to the water to make the fish firm.

Fish puddings are much liked. I will give the recipes for two. One of the recipes I have found very useful, as it is suitable for any cooked fish; it is also very good made with scalded whiting.

Sillpudding (Herring Pudding).—Lay some good herrings in water three hours, then skin and bone them, and lay them in a little milk for one hour; take them out and put them in a clean linen cloth to drain all the moisture from them. Butter a pie dish well, mash some boiled potatoes with a fork, and cover the bottom of the dish with them, then lay a layer of herrings in the dish (the herrings should be in pieces), then a layer of fine breadcrumbs; repeat the layers of potatoes, herrings, and breadcrumbs until the dish is full, the top layer being breadcrumbs; over each layer of breadcrumbs a tablespoonful of oiled butter must be poured; then beat up three or four eggs with a little salt and half a pint of milk, and pour it over the contents of the mould; bake one hour in a moderate oven (the pudding should not be very moist when it is put into the oven). This quantity of milk is sufficient for five or six herrings. When done it should be a nice brown on the top. It is served in the dish it is baked in, with a tureen of oiled butter for sauce.

Pudding of Kokt Fisk (Pudding of cooked fish).—Take some cold fish, separate it from the skin and bones, cut it into very small pieces, mix with it a little oiled butter, white pepper, and anchovy sauce, beat up five eggs to a froth with half a pint of milk or cream, mix with the fish. Butter a deep dish well, put the mixture in, bake gently for an hour, serve in the dish with a serviette folded round it. This pudding is to be eaten without any sauce.

Cooked fish pudding is sometimes made without the anchovy sauce; a little salt must then be added. If anchovy sauce is used, it must be made from the following recipe.

Ansjovissas.—Take six salted anchovies, bone them and pound them in a mortar with a lump of butter; when well pounded, pour into the mortar a tablespoonful of boiling water, mix well with the fish, then pass the whole through a sieve. Make an ounce of butter hot in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of milk to it, put the fish to it, and boil for five minutes, stirring all the time. This sauce is used in many Swedish dishes; it is also served as a sauce with fish, but to serve it that way, it is necessary to add a little more milk and the yolks of two eggs to thicken it a little.

I will conclude my remarks on Swedish cookery with a recipe that is appropriate for a "good apple year"—that is, a recipe for apple soup. The soup may be served hot or cold, and I think most of my young readers would like it.

Appelsoppa.—Take four pounds of apples (they must be peeled and cored before they are weighed), boil them in a pint of water until well done, then pass them through a sieve. Put in a stewpan half a pint of water, a little cinnamon, a quarter of a pound of raisins, without the stones, and two pears peeled and cored, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and a tablespoonful of potato meal or flour; when these ingredients have boiled half an hour, add the apples and more sugar to taste. If liked, the juice of a lemon may be added; boil all up and serve. If served, cold sponge-cakes or rusks must be handed with it.

THE DREAM OF PRINCESS IDA.

"Maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth."

NEVER was there a more beautiful dream than that of the college founded by Princess Ida, of which the Laureate sang thirty-six years ago. Though, a century and a half before that, Daniel Defoe had spoken of a college for the higher education of women as a project he would fain see carried out, it still seemed far from accomplishment. Girls still "finished their education" at school, and were left to satisfy further cravings by a certain, or rather uncertain, quantity of miscellaneous reading. But in our days, generous men are willing to share their intellectual privileges with us, and women who have themselves struggled with difficulties are labouring to procure for a new generation benefits they once longed for in vain. Gradually the standard of school work has been raised, and at last the universities have come forward.

In October, 1869, Girton College was founded at Cambridge. Here girls enjoy university life, and teaching, and examinations, but from university honours they are still shut out. At the end of her career, a Girtonian can only call herself a "certificated student," and her name only appears in an appendix to the university lists.

In March, 1878, the University of London was empowered by Royal Charter to confer its degrees upon women, on exactly the same terms as upon men; and all women may be proud of the fact that the first degrees thrown open to them are the hardest in the kingdom to obtain, and, therefore, the best worth striving for. Success, however, in this, as in other things, depends rather on perseverance and genuine love of study, than on marked ability. The courses mapped out by this university are peculiarly adapted to train all the powers of the mind, both for thought and action, and the variety of subjects included in them is a safeguard against that rigidity and narrowness of mind which is too often the outcome of pursuing one path of learning only.

It remained to establish a residential college where girls might be prepared for these degrees. The liberal hand to endow, and the wise heads to plan were not wanting, and in October, 1882, such a college was opened in a pleasant situation at Hampstead. Two candidates from it presented themselves at the university last June for matriculation, the first step to a degree, and both passed in Honours. Princess Ida's dream is at last fulfilled, save that here there are no vows of three years' seclusion, and no Lady Blanche. For all are alike young, and none are of the "strongminded" type. The elements of failure in her scheme are absent. Learning would be a great evil if it rendered women hard-hearted pedants, indifferent to the ordinary duties and affections of womanhood. This thought, which lies at the heart of Tennyson's "Princess," is as true now as it was thirty-six years ago; but subsequent experience enables us to deny that real learning has such results.

At the college I am describing there is bright companionship in study, together with the charm of English home life, and it would be hard to find a happier group of girls than the fourteen students now in residence. Affecting neither strange opinions nor strange attire, they pass from the lecture room to the tennis court, or country ramble; from the social tea-party to the quiet hour of reading, each in her own pretty study by her own fireside. There is a Choral Society for the musical. One afternoon all amused themselves making marmalade, and very good marmalade it was, as I can assure those who doubt that domestic accomplishments could flourish on such soil.

"I think," writes one of the first students, "I never spent a year of more unmixed pleasure than my year at college, and I look forward with longing to my return."

Students are admitted from eighteen years old and upwards, on passing an easy entrance examination. (The next will take place at the end of November). All members of the Council, and of the teaching staff, belong to the Church of England, and as in the middle ages, the seven sciences of the Trivium and Quadrivium led up to theology, so it is the desire of all connected with this college that the knowledge which is "earthly of the mind" should lead on to the wisdom which is "heavenly of the soul."

The session begins about October 2nd, and ends about June 28th, being broken into three terms, by vacations of some three weeks at Christmas and Easter. The whole course occupies at least three years, but students can enter for one year only, and content themselves (as many do) with matriculating.

The fees are £35 a term, payable in advance; this includes board, lectures, private teaching, access to the library, and everything save personal expenses. Scholarships are offered for competition. For all further particulars, address the Hon. Secretary, Miss C. L. Maynard, Westfield, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.

MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.Lond.

USEFUL HINTS.

SPONGE CAKE.—Five fresh eggs, the weight of four eggs in sugar and of three in flour, the rind and juice of a lemon. Put the whites of the eggs on to a large plate entirely free from specks and yolk, add a pinch of salt, and beat with a large knife to a very stiff froth; put eight yolks into a large basin, and add the whites when well beaten; beat together for five minutes; add the sugar, which must be finely pounded, and beat with the eggs for ten minutes; then grate in the rind of the lemon; add the juice; stir, but not beat in the flour; butter a nice large tin, pour in the cake, and bake one hour and a half.

LITTLE BUNS.—A teacupful of candied peel, the same of powdered sugar, the same of butter, one pint and a half of fine flour, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, and beat again; then two eggs, and beat well together five minutes; add the peel, mix the flour and baking-powder together, and stir well in with a spoon to the eggs, etc. Drop two teaspoonfuls of the mixture into a very small patty-pan, and bake in a very quick oven about ten minutes, or till of a golden brown.

THE GIRL'S OWN:

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

YE BALLAD OF YE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

THE revel ran high in the castle hall,
And the walls re-echoed the noisy brawl,
Till the very birds in the portal eaves
Twittered and flew from the sheltering leaves.
"Ho! fill up your flagons," quoth Melryn's lord,
"And drink ye success to the Cross and Sword;"
And the cups were raised and the wine flowed free,
And the toast was carried *right merrily*.

But far in a distant tower remote,
Where scarcely the sound of the mirth could float,
Lord Melryn's *daughter* sat pensive and pale,
And broke anon in a piteous wail—
"O heaven! O fate! is no mercy left?
This heart must it aye be of peace bereft?
Will duty and happiness ne'er agree?
Or is there but sorrow in life for me?"

She paused, and a moonbeam the casement found,
And glanced on her locks that had slipt unbound,
And softly illumined her robe of white,
Till she looked like an angel clothed in light.
The maiden saw it, and raising her head,
Her eyes all bright with the tears she had shed,
She moaned once again, "Gentle moonbeam flee,
For brightness and joy are no more for me."

But e'en as the murmur in silence died,
Sweet music arose 'neath the wall outside,
And a manly voice that was rich and clear
Through the lattice smote on the lady's ear;
And her eye beamed bright and her colour came,
And a cry right joyous her lips did frame,
Whilst she crossed one arm on her heaving breast
And one lily hand on the casement pressed.

"O queen of my heart," so the minstrel sang,
"My spirit is rent with a bitter pang
That I needs must part from thy presence fair
With never a word of thy love or care.
O star of my life, must I thus depart?
Wilt thou give no balm to my wounded heart—
No token to wave on thy lover's crest—
No word of farewell to his aching breast?"

He stayed, and the maid in the fair moonlight
Unclasped from her bosom a rose of white,
And went to the casement and threw it wide,
And blushingly looked on the knight outside.
"O Stanley," she said, "I am grieved at heart,
As grieved as thou that we needs must part,
But treasure this flower, if true thou'dst be,
And laved in Jordan return it to me."

Thus she; for she *thought* "*it will* be a sign,
If he brings it back, that he still is mine;"
And she pressed the rose to her lips so sweet,
And falt'ringly dropped it at Stanley's feet.
The minstrel raised it with tenderest care,
And fixed in his helmet the floweret fair,
Then vowed, as he glanced where the maiden stood,
"The Jordan shall lave it or Stanley's blood."

But the moonlight waned, and the rosy dawn
Foretold the return of the smiling morn;
And Stanley he gazed, and he bade "good-bye,"
With a crystal tear in his violet eye;
And he turned and went, with his bright head bowed,
And the white, white rose on his helmet proud;
And the maid looked forth, and she breathed the sigh,
"O heaven, forbid that my love should die!"

But the days went past and the weeks rolled on—
It seemed an age since her lover had gone—
And the maid grew pensive, and sad her eye,
And kinsfolk whispered, "The damsel will die!'
And her father gazed, with his grief half wild,
And he cried, "What ails thee, my child, my child?"
But she could not tell why she greeted so,
For her lover's sire was Melryn's foe.

But *at length*, when a year had passed away
In the mansion chapel the maid did pray,
And they brought her a casket, finely chased,
A horseman had brought to the gate in haste;
And she took it there in her lily hand,
And brake with her fingers the silken band,
Then sprang to her feet, with a cry of pain—
'Twas a faded rose with a crimson stain.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried. "Is my Stanley dead,
With the battle-field for his dying bed?
Is the sparkle quenched in his violet eye?
And damp do his beauteous lovelocks lie?
Then alack, then alack, all joy is fled,
For I cannot live when my love is dead!
Oh, I would that I'd been the white, white rose,
To have been with him till his life did close!"

Then, weeping, she lifted her hands on high,
And prayed and implored that she might but die,
Till her eyes seemed filled with a gorgeous glow
That rayed from the land where she craved to go.
And her dusky locks o'er her shoulders fell,
And her heart beat loud, like a passing bell,
And she clasped the rose to her heaving breast,
And her other hand to her temple pressed.

But the hours wore on, and the shades of eve
Stole softly around as she still did grieve;
And her sire, returned from the weary chase,
Marvelled at missing her welcoming face,
And sought her in vain all the castle through,
Till an anxious frown on his forehead grew:
"Go seek her," he cried to the servants round;
"No flagon I'll quaff till the maid is found."

Then he who had borne her the fatal rose,
In silence and fear to the chapel goes,
And a shriek through the castle walls did sound
Which brought the seekers in fear around.
"The maiden is dead," so the tidings were,
For she lay so silent and looked so fair,
And her breast scarce heaved with the slightest breath,
That she seemed in truth in the arms of death.

But the father had heard the cry as well;
Like an omen ill on his ear it fell,
And he strode to the spot with falt'ring pace,
And a look of pain on his timeworn face.
The servants drew back as their lord came near,
And in many an eye there shone a tear,
As they gazed on his stately snow-white head,
So soon to be bowed o'er the well-loved dead.

But heedless of all, in his fear, so wild,
The father strode on to his silent child,
And kneeling beside her, her head he raised,
And longingly into her face he gazed.
"O, daughter, my darling, thou must not die,
My only treasure, the light of my eye,
So young, so good, so tender and fair,
The sickle of death my flower must spare!"

Then joy! in reply to his voice it seemed,
The light of life on her countenance gleamed,
And they heard a murmur, all soft and low,
About some knight and a flower of snow.
Then gently they carried her to her bed.
And listless and silent she lay her head,
Like a broken lily, so white and pale,
That had been swept down by a cruel gale.

But gently they cherished her back to life,
And knew not what grief in her mind was rife,
Nor guessed, when they heard her so often sigh,
How she longed that they had but let her die.
And after awhile, when she left her room,
Returned as it were from the silent tomb,
How little they thought that her face, so pale,
Could have told did it like, so sad a tale.

Ah, no! for she never that tale would tell—
In her heart alone did her sorrow dwell;
In its deep recess was the memory locked,
For others, she felt, would her grief have mocked.
So she went about with her gentle face,
Endearing herself by her artless grace,
Till the rich and poor, with her father, said
An angel she was that on earth did tread.

But, alas! she knew that no angel she:
How many the faults that they could not see!
And murmured, in kissing the blood-stained rose,
"The heart alone its own bitterness knows."
But the seasons passed, and no change they brought,
Though suitors right noble the maiden sought,
For tenderly, gently, each one she told
Her heart to them was as marble cold.

And thinner and paler she daily grew,
And her eyes glowed bright with a heavenly hue,
As though with her thoughts they were far away.
Perhaps with her love in the land of day;
And the sad time came when, too weak to rise,
Whilst wiping the tears from her father's eyes,
In pity the angel of death drew nigh,
That her heart might at length find rest on high.

And when on her couch she lay cold and white,
A flower, all withered, soon came to sight,
E'en clasped to her bosom, her heart above,
And telling the maiden had died of love;
And so, when they buried her, o'er her head,
In marble they carved her all lying dead,
With the faded rose on her breast so white,
And the words, "She died for an unknown knight."

LOUISA DICKINSON (aged 15).

I certify this is my daughter's unaided work.
C. S. DICKINSON.

A FEW HINTS ON HOME CONTRIVANCES.

THE first thing I set to in my little room was the polishing of old furniture, with the black enamel paint mentioned in vol. ii. of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER." I covered three or four little tables with it, and put some rings of gold round the legs. On one little gipsy teapot (after being varnished in the same way) I placed some small dried ferns in a circle, and the next day I covered these ferns with gold paint. This proved such a success that I tried the same experiment on a small glass bookcase, which now looks like a Japanese cabinet. The ferns should be laid on before the varnish dries, as it is very troublesome to paste them on afterwards. There is also another style of ornamenting articles in the same way as the above, which is done by placing the gilded surface of the ferns downwards, putting a weight on it; and after a time, when the fern is removed, the impression will be left on the varnish. However, *I* did not find this such a success as the other method.

I had rather a large collection of birds' eggs, and of these I made quite a pretty ornament. In a flat cardboard box (such as milliners send dresses home in) I arranged bits of moss and twigs of lichen, and on the latter I placed little nests, each containing three or four birds' eggs. To the nests were affixed tiny pieces of cardboard, with the name of the bird to which the eggs belonged, and also when taken, and on what date. The box should be painted over with the black enamel paint, and placed on a table against the wall, and the front covered with a piece of glass, the size of the box, so that the eggs can be seen. Amongst the moss and lichen I placed bags of camphor; but better than this, if the eggs are washed with a lather of arsenical soap, it will prevent insects from attacking them.

I had still a few small eggs left, which I thought would not be seen in the box, so I hunted up a wooden bread platter from a lot of rubbish, and I painted it over with some light green paint (the black enamel paint will do quite as well), bored a hole in the centre, and placed a little tree composed of a few dried twigs in it. This tree I made myself, by tying on tiny branches from a rose bush, with either black or brown cotton, dotting them here and there with pieces of lichen and moss, and then placing nests between the boughs, with a few eggs in each. This should be covered with a glass shade, but *I* had no shade, and the ornament did not look amiss without one.

Some curious Japanese saucers I had were hung up on the walls of my little room, affixed to shields of red baize. I first cut out the cloth in the shape of a shield, and then bordered it all round with some scollops edged with yellow crewels.

A few leaden crisping hair pins, bent to the shape of hooks, will do to support the saucers on the shields, and then these can either be hung up or nailed to the wall.

A pair of old plaster of Paris brackets, that were brown with age and dust, looked like ebony and gold after being painted over with the never-failing remedy—black enamel paint, and then gilded here and there.

Wicker-work wall-baskets for holding flowers will look very pretty if covered with dry moss and lichen, and dotted with tiny shells.

In two corners of my room I had little wooden brackets, made of a common piece of wood each (which was cut to fit the corners), and covered with red baize, having also a valance of the same. On each of these I placed a stone china jar (one of those in which ginger is sold), and having previously cut out some of the funny black pictures from the "shadow plate" in the February number of vol. iv. of *The Boy's Own Paper*, I affixed them to the jar, and the result was satisfactory, for they looked like black china figures. As I could not always procure flowers, I gene-

rally used to arrange a few croton leaves in my little jars. If dipped in water before being arranged, they will remain fresh for some days, and if tastefully arranged, they will look very pretty indeed.

Some of my prettiest Christmas and birthday cards I laid on a little gipsy table, and covered them over with a square piece of glass, kept in its place by four tiny nails at the four sides. This would look better, though, if the whole surface of the table were covered with cards, as suggested in vol. ii. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and over them laid a piece of glass cut to the size of the table, and bordered with a piece of fringe nailed on to the table. The cards should be arranged as if carelessly thrown, so as to avoid stiffness in the design.

The black enamel paint also comes of use in varnishing gilded picture-frames that have become tarnished. After this is dry a line or two of gold paint will make the frame look quite new.

I gathered a number of the little china pots in which Liebig's extract of meat is sold, and even these came of use, much to the amusement of those who knew what they were. First the labels were washed off, and then I arranged a few flowers in each, and when a few transferable pictures are affixed to them they looked anything but ugly.

Those who are making a collection of seals or coins will find that placing them in a shallow wooden box lined with either plush or velvet, will show them off to advantage. If scraps of velvet or plush are not procurable, a piece of crimson sateen will answer the purpose just as well, and one of John Gosnell's shallow, wooden soap boxes, lined, will form an admirable receptacle for foreign coins.

With such contrivances as these my room looked quite pretty,and I am sure if any reader of the above will but try, she will find, as I did, that it requires but a little taste and painstaking to convert the barest room into quite a pretty little boudoir.

M. A. W. (Calcutta). (Aged 18.)

Certified by Jane Wood.

ACCOUNT OF A DAY AT DOLGELLY.

THE day which we had arranged to go to Dolgelly seemed to give every prospect of being fine, but before the short distance we had to go was accomplished, the sky had clouded over, and a damp mist, which soon turned into a steady rain, pervaded the whole scene.

We were staying at Barmouth, a charming watering-place in the North of Wales, and about twelve miles from Dolgelly. Having arrived at our destination, we turned our steps towards the village, a pretty little place nestling among the hills, with a view of the summit of Cader Idris. After a general survey of the village, including the church, which did not occupy much of our time, we ventured, in spite of the rain, to walk to the chief place of interest in its vicinity, viz., the Torrent Walk. After a stroll of three miles through lovely scenery, which we could not help admiring, though the weather seemed to become more hopeless every moment, we reached the ruined mill which is close to the gate leading to the Torrent.

There was fall after fall all the way up the steep ascent.

It was truly beautiful!

The trees on each side formed a complete avenue, and we counted quite a dozen different varieties. The walk lay up an irregular path of about two yards wide, with seats every now and then.

Every turn seemed to bring some fresh beauty, every fall seemed better than the one we had just passed.

Huge boulders were lying in picturesque confusion in the water, some looking as though it needed but a touch to send them dashing down with the torrent. Here and there steps were cut in the rock, that one might go down for a nearer inspection of its beauties.

Although the rain had not ceased, we had no need of our umbrellas, as it was scarcely possible for the rain to penetrate through the thick canopy of leaves overhead; though they did not meet, it came down as though it were torrent *above* as well as below. We were not sorry, as it only increased the grandeur. When we had reached the top and looked down, it seemed more like a fairy scene than anything else.

Then we had three miles to walk back, part of the way by a different route, and after going to a hotel for refreshment we went to the station to await the next train to Barmouth, for it was late, being impeded by seeking for some of the numerous ferns that grow by the roadside, some of them very rare, being a species of the maidenhair.

We reached Barmouth about eight, thoroughly tired, but perfectly satisfied with our "Day at Dolgelly."

LIZZIE CLARKE (aged 16).

Certified by E. Clarke, mother of the above.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE town of Cambridge dates back many hundred years, and ranks as the second University town of England; Oxford being the first.

It has a large population, which is greatly increasing. If it were not for the University, Cambridge would be but a very poor place, for it has no manufactures, and the large trade formerly carried on, by means of the Cam, between Lynn and the town, has during the last few years decreased very much. A stranger on entering a town would very naturally wish to see the principal objects of interest, and in Cambridge those would be the colleges, museums, etc.; and some perhaps would find pleasure in visiting the churches. Owing to the fact that Cambridge is situated on the banks of the Cam, many of the colleges are built with their backs facing the river, and the beautiful grounds slope downwards to and also extend beyond it.

Many of the above-mentioned buildings are both antique and modern, and would afford great interest to those who are fond of visiting such places.

In all, Cambridge contains nineteen Colleges, including two built on the outskirts of the town. There are also two Ladies' Colleges at Newnham, about half a mile from the town; and another, Girton College, is about two miles from it.

The few following facts concerning some of our colleges may be interesting:—viz., that King's College was founded by Henry VI. in 1443. Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. assisted to build the magnificent chapel and Henry VIII. completed the interior an the stained glass windows. It is said that a the time of the Civil War, Cromwell and his troops quartered in Cambridge, and at night some rested in King's Chapel; also that Cromwell, who feared that the windows might be destroyed, ordered them to be taken out and buried for a time. Gonville and Caius College, founded in 1348, has three courts and three gates, originally called Humility, Virtue, and Honour.

Magdalene College is a portion of the Benedictine Priory or Monk's Hostel, established in 1428. The following Colleges were built on the site of Convents, etc., viz.—Sidney Sussex, on the site of a Monastery of Franciscans or Grey Friars (it was here that Oliver Cromwell graduated), and Emmanuel, which occupies the site of a Monastery of Dominicans, or Black Friars.

Jesus College* was originally a Convent of the Benedictine Nuns, founded by St. Rhadegund, and endowed with lands by Malcolm IV. of Scotland, and Earl of Huntingdon and Cambridge. In 1497 it was made into a College by Sir John Alcock, Bishop of Ely.

In Christ's College Gardens is a mulberry tree which was planted by the great poet Milton. Peterhouse, which is the oldest college, has some of the finest painted windows ever seen. They are of Flemish style.

Of the Museums, the Fitzwilliam is the one most visited, the others being chiefly adapted to the needs of the University students for research in their studies. They are the Anatomical, Botanical, Geological, and Mineralogical. The Fitzwilliam Museum is noted chiefly for its architectural beauty. The outside presents a most imposing appearance, its broad flight of steps and massive stone pillars being surmounted by carved stonework, representing in the centre the nine Muses; while in the vestibule or entrance hall the splendid varieties of marbles used in the stairs and corridor leading to the picture gallery, together with the massive columns, are magnificent. To add to the grandeur of the hall a more than life-size white marble statue of the late Prince Consort faces the doorway. The museum contains a large collection of oil paintings, from some of the first masters, also a valuable series of statuary, chiefly collected in Italy, by John Disney, Esq.

Of libraries it might almost be said, "of books there is no end," for every college has its own library, besides which there is the University Library, containing over 200,000 printed books, and upwards of 3,000 MSS.

The Senate House, in which all University business is transacted, is built in the Classic Style of the 18th century.

There are eighteen large churches in Cambridge, besides several mission churches and chapels of all denominations, numbering about twelve or fourteen with their mission rooms.

The Church of St. Mary the Great is usually termed the University Church.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre or Round Church was consecrated in 1101. There are only three more churches of this description in England, one being the Temple Church in London.

St. Andrew's Church contains a memorial to Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator.

Other objects of interest are:—The Pitt Press or University Printing Office, and Addenbroke's Hospital, founded by John Addenbroke, M.D., of St. Catherine's College. Besides all these, public schools are numerous,—British, National, Higher-Grade and Grammar, both for girls and boys.

ANNIE E. LEVER (aged 20).

Eden Street, Cambridge.

I hereby certify that the above is the composition and in the handwriting of A. E. Lever. Signed, S. A. Lever.

---

* The title of Jesus College, Cambridge was originally—"The College of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Saint John the Evangelist, and the Glorious Virgin Saint Rhadegund, commonly called Jesus College."

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By Ruth Lamb.

The Undaunted Martin.

Two ladies residing together at Nottingham had their attention attracted during the early summer by certain curious sounds which appeared to proceed from their bath-room. Nothing was to be seen in the apartment itself which could account for the noises; but it became evident that some living creatures had located themselves below the bath. The place suggested the presence of rats or mice, but the sounds were such as proceed from the throats of birds. Moreover, by peeping through a chink, daylight, which could not have come in by the window, was discernible beneath the bath.

The removal of a board showed the little feathered tenants of this curious retreat, as well as the means by which they had obtained admission to it. A couple of bricks had been removed from the outer wall for some reason or other, and the aperture thus made, left unclosed. Through it a pair of house martins had ventured, and built their nests immediately under the bath. When discovered, the mother bird was sitting on three eggs, and sooner than desert them she allowed herself to be captured by a young servant, who, however, set her at liberty immediately, but took possession of the eggs, and destroyed the nest on her own responsibility. Nothing daunted, the little pair set to work again, constructed another habitation on the same spot and another set of eggs was deposited in the new nest. The ladies of the house interfered to prevent them from being again disturbed, and now take not a little pleasure in watching their feathered neighbours, by means of a lighted taper passed through a convenient cranny. The birds appear to understand that they are no longer regarded as interlopers, but as privileged inmates. The appearance of the light does not disconcert them, and they return with their bright eyes the observant looks of their human protectors. The second set of eggs has been duly chipped, and tiny bird voices mingle with those of the parent martins as they labour unweariedly to supply the wants of their growing family.

Doing Double Duty.

A gentleman friend had a handsome brown retriever which, like most of its kind, was very fond of carrying its master's stick, umbrella, or any article with which he thought fit to entrust it. One day the dog accompanied his master, who was going to pay a call and, as usual, begged for and was permitted to carry his umbrella.

In going towards the house they were met by a smaller dog which advanced towards the gentleman in an aggressive fashion, growling and snapping as if bidding him keep his distance. For a moment the retriever hesitated. He had charge of the umbrella and was unwilling to quit it, but anxiety for his owner triumphed. Laying down the article at his master's side, with a look which might have been a request that he would take care of it for a moment he seized the smaller dog by the back of the neck, and gave him a tremendous shaking; then, loosing his hold, he allowed him to run yelping away. Then with an upward glance of triumph, which seemed to say, "I have settled that gentleman for you; he will think twice before he again meddles with anyone under my charge," he resumed his hold of the umbrella, and trotted joyfully after his master towards the door of the house, evidently delighted that his double duty had been properly fulfilled.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. Owen.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER THE PINES.

"Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines."

"Mrs. Bombasin may be very nice after all, Carita," said Joy.

"I am sure she is not, Joy. Her husband has only been dead a few months; if she were nice she would not go visiting around in this way; she will come and turn everything upside down with her ways, I know she will."

The afternoon Mrs. Bombasin was to arrive, Carita made an excuse to go down to the vegetable garden for something she said she needed in the kitchen. In reality she longed for a quiet half-hour before this dreaded invasion of their home took place.

On the way, feeling weary, she sat down to rest on a fallen tree; there she fell into a day dream. So absorbed was she that a man on horseback came over the soft turf, right up to her, before she heard his approach.

"Carita!" said a voice, only too familiar to her memory; "Carita! how fortunate I am to meet you!"

She trembled so, poor child; partly from weakness, partly from the sensations produced by Philip Emerson's eyes, which were full of pleasure at the sight of her, that when she tried to stand up and shake hands with him, she sank down again, pale and faint.

"Why, Carita, how changed you look! Have you been ill? No one told me, and I am sure you have. Tell me about it." He checked the term of endearment that was slipping out, and sat down beside her on the tree, holding his horse by the bridle.

"I have had rheumatic fever, and it has left me weak. I am better now," and she tried to smile; but it was the ghost of her former merry smile, that flickered over her pale face, and it made Phil's heart ache.

"You came so suddenly upon me," she added, "and I was startled."

"What were you thinking of, Carita, with your face in your hands? I really did not know you until I was close to you."

The pale face was crimson now, she was so transparent and honest. The old habit of untruthfulness fostered by timidity in her childhood had been rooted out, like an ill weed, long ago. She did not answer, but asked him a question in return.

"Are you going to the Heaths, Mr. Emerson?"

"I was, Carita, but I am not sure now whether I shall. I am on my way to San Juan on business, and I may ride on there without stopping, and call on them as I return."

"This is a roundabout way to San Juan, Mr. Emerson," said Carita, who was beginning to feel like her old self again, finding Philip so friendly.

"It is the way I like best, Carita. But don't call me Mr. Emerson always; I don't like it."

"What shall I call you? Everyone calls you Mr. Emerson, except Harold, and he says 'Emerson' only, which I should not like to do."

"Call me Phil, Carita."

How sweetly her name sounded just then, as it came from his lips; caressingly it seemed. For the first time in her life its meaning flashed through her mind, and her heart beat fast.

This would not do, it must not be. Joyce Heath loved him; she wore his gift, and he loved Joyce; she had been certain of this. Then why did he not ride straight on to her; and why did he look at her so, and make her tremble by his presence? She felt cold and troubled, so she got up and said she must go; she had to be back quickly—a visitor was expected.

"Joyce will be sorry if you do not call, Mr. Emerson," she said, standing before him. He seemed to be thinking, and remained seated, so she repeated her words.

"Joyce will not know I have passed near, unless you tell her, Carita."

Then he took one of her hands in his, and she had no strength to take it away.

"I came this way to see you, Carita. I love you, dear, dear little Carita." He sprang to his feet, and held her in his arms, for she seemed as though she would faint.

"I have frightened you, darling."

Still she could not speak. Since that long fever she had felt the same pain which had seized her now, several times, but she did not know what it meant. Her great dark eyes were at last raised to his with such a look of love that Phil was satisfied, and did not try to make her say anything.

"I thought you loved Joyce," she said at last, timidly.

She scarcely needed his assurance; yet, in the midst of her happiness, a feeling of pity for Joyce found its way into her heart.

How long the two might have sat there one cannot say, had they not been disturbed by the passing of a hired buggy from San Juan. It was the expected visitor. Carita knew that in a moment, by the dress and the long ostentatious crape veil fastened coquettishly on to the bonnet. Whether Mrs. Bombasin had seen them or not she could not tell; she had scarcely time to think about it, for Philip's horse, forgotten by its master, finding the hold on its bridle relaxed, had wandered away, and knowing by this time that it was near the good feed which was always to be found on Pepper-box Flat, it had sagaciously trotted off in that direction, and its master had no choice now but to follow.

"So much the better, darling," he said to Carita. "I shall see you again now, before I leave."

"Oh, not to-morrow, Phil!" She blushed as she said the name for the first time.

"Why not to-morrow, Carita? I should like to come up to see Mrs. Warner, and to tell her this, if I may. I want to be able to come and see you when I please, and I cannot do so until she gives me permission, you know."

But Carita felt as though she would

like to keep this all to themselves for a time; in fact, she would rather not let anyone know anything of it till the father came home; he should hear about it first, she pleaded.

Philip gave into her wish, although it was much against his will, and contrary to his feeling of what was right. He saw, however, that Carita dreaded Mrs. Warner; indeed, from the first it had been evident to him that there was an utter lack of sympathy between them, and this had made him feel more tenderly towards the lonely girl.

"I shall go on to San Juan this evening, dearest," he said; "it will be a bright moonlight night. Then I can return to-morrow evening, and I shall contrive somehow to see you the day after to-morrow. I shall tell Mr. Heath, Carita."

She did not say no to that. Perhaps it would be best, and she knew she could trust her secret with the Heaths. Poor Joy! What would she say?

"I must hurry away now, Phil, or I shall be in trouble."

He took a small ring off his little finger. "It was a gift from my mother, darling; you will like it the better for that."

He placed it on her third finger, but it was too large, so he tried it on the middle one. "It must stay there," he said.

"But Phil, I dare not let it stay there, Mrs. Warner would see it, and ask where it came from."

Seeing a frown come, she added quickly, "I will fasten it round my neck with a little gold heart that once belonged to my own mother, Phil; I shall like it better there, and no one will see it."

He smiled again, well-pleased, as she unfastened the ribbon and bade him pass it through the ring and tie it round her full throat. He was so long about it that she had to fasten it herself at last.

A long last good-bye, and Carita hurried back through the dwarf oaks, the nearest way to the cabin. Happily for her Eleanor was excited by the cousin's arrival, and she slipped into the kitchen and began to prepare supper unnoticed.

When she went to her little room that night, she was able to go early, as Eleanor had much to say to her cousin, and was glad to be alone with her. She knelt long beside her bed, thanking God for this new and precious gift to her; praying for His blessing on her lover; laying bare her pure young soul full of love and happiness before her heavenly Father. She remembered poor Joy, too, suffering, as she felt sure she must be, and she earnestly prayed that she might find comfort. Then she fell to wondering that he had not rather loved Joyce, fair, lovely Joyce, than herself, the poor, lonely Mexican girl. Would his friends approve and think her worthy of him? For a while this thought troubled her; but the memory of his loving words, the look in his true eyes, and the touch of his lips took entire possession of her mind, until she fell asleep with her hand over his ring.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LULU.—You had better procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.).

MOUNTAINEER and EMILY ROUSE.—We have just given all information respecting the various examinations held. How is it that you write to inquire? See page 719, vol. iv., September number, 1883, the answer given under "Educational." We have neither leisure nor space for repeating our answers and information of any kind over and over again.

MARCIA and KATE TREVOR.—There are ten Kindergarten institutions in London; and in the provinces at Cheltenham, Gravesend, Norwich, Oxford, and Southampton. For general information respecting the work and training, apply to Mrs. Berry, hon. secretary of the "Froebel Society," 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C.

MISS M. ROBERTS, (Florence Villa, Torquay).—We have to acknowledge another kind letter of thanks for our notices of your educational classes (by correspondence). We quite sympathise with you on the subject of conveying an idea of a "good French accent by correspondence," being so often asked to do "impossibilities" ourselves. To ensure, as far as you can, your not being a loser in money and time, by letters thoughtlessly written, we take this opportunity of telling our readers that "no money prizes are offered" to girls availing themselves of the benefit of these correspondence classes. That "they are not the same thing as essay societies," and that those who desire answers and prospectuses should be sufficiently well-bred as to enclose a stamped and directed envelope for them. Lastly, that "the classes are not more expensive the third year than they are the first or second."

MEW.—You had better join the classes which are being held at King's College, London, which are mentioned at the end of the article on "Female Clerkships in the Post Office," page 663, vol. iv.

E. HARRIETTE J.—See our article on "Earning One's Living," page 75, vol. i., which includes the opening for women agriculturists. Write for further information to the hon. secretary of the "Association for the Promotion of Food Culture," Southover Grange, Lewes, Sussex. Our paper is designed for all our sisters, of every nationality, creed, and age. To their feelings aud prejudices we desire ever to show all the kindly consideration due to them, while consistently maintaining our own views. More than this, we desire to be of service, as opportunity may offer, to all who read this paper, of both sexes, married or single, who are heartily welcome to enroll themselves amongst our girl correspondents. The passage to which you refer was not an editorial statement. It occurred in a girl's amateur contribution, and simply expressed her individual opinion.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—1. The manner of pronouncing geographical names is given at the end of most large dictionaries, such as Webster's. 2. Buy a set of small round-hand copper-plate copy-books.

GLADYS and DAISY.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the number dated August 21, 1880, where you will find the "Art of Penmanship;" there is a slight misprint in it. For the numbers given as representing "very nice handwritings," read numbers four and eleven. Write also for the number dated April 10, 1880, and read the article on the "Art of Letter-writing;" also write for the number dated July 2, 1881, containing an article entitled "How to Improve One's Education," and that for September 10, 1881, in which the article is concluded. "Daisy" might procure some books of recent travels and archæological research; also of natural history. Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia" (illustrated) would be of use to her in reading the Holy Scriptures, and very interesting (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.).

COOKERY.

A MOTHER OF SIX CHILDREN will forgive us if we remark that we do not consider mincemeat as suitable for nursery diet at all, and only to be given to children as a rare treat. The following is a very excellent and simple recipe for making mincemeat, which we have used for years:—Mince separately, very finely, one and a half pounds each of suet, currants, raisins, and apples. Mix them together in a basin, and add a pound of moist sugar, and half a pound of mixed orange, lemon, and citron peel, also finely minced; half a teaspoonful of salt, half a glass of brandy, and some mixed spices. Keep the mincemeat in a covered jar to prevent dryness.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Write to the hon. secretary, Northern Union of Training Schools of Cookery, 49, Canning-street, Liverpool, and inquire for a branch school near you.

ADA.—You have our best thanks for your recipes, especially for "curled gingerbread." Beat seven ounces of butter to a cream, dredge in eight ounces of brown sugar, eight ounces of flour, quarter of a nutmeg, and mix all with nine ounces of treacle. Drop a very little with a spoon on a tin, and bake in a very slow oven. The biscuits will prove crisp, and exactly like those sold in the shops. An "improved blancmange."—Mix four tablespoonfuls of arrowroot in a pint of cold milk. Set a quart on the fire to boil, with two ounces of butter and sugar to taste. Beat up four eggs well, and mix them with the cold milk; stir in that, with what is on the fire. When it is boiling, stir well until it be thick and no lumps remain, and then pour into a mould well watered and prepared to receive it. Half this quantity would be sufficient to make one dish.

AILSA CRAIG.—Why do you not consult our indexes? Turn to page 92 of vol. iii., and you will find a recipe under "Useful Hints" on the subject of puff paste, quickly made and simple. Read our articles on good breeding and etiquette. Certainly, a guest should not sit down until after she has been received by her hostess. Go up to her, and wait behind her if she be engaged and do not see you at once. Take her hand when offered you, but do not thrust out your own uninvited.

A PEEBLE'S LASSIE.—To preserve peas, put them into strong glass bottles, with sound long corks fastened down with wire. Place each in a coarse canvas or linen bag, and stand them in a copper pan; pour in water nearly reaching the corks, and boil it for one and a half, or two hours. The lid of the copper should rest on the tops of the corks. The bottles should never be *completely full, as the peas* swell and sometimes burst them. The day after this secure the corks with a covering of sealing-wax.

SUNFLOWER, J. M. C., and IMOGEN.—To ice cakes, see page 399, vol. i. To make coloured iceing, purchase pink sugar at a confectioner's. For making butter-scotch, see page 615, vol. i. For Everton toffee, see pages 15 and 176, vol. i. The name "Kiosk" is pronounced as "Ke-osk."

L. S. CALLADINE.—We thank you for your recipe for "vegetable marrow rings" Choose a nice young vegetable marrow of medium size, cut it into rings of about half an inch thick, pare off the rind thinly, and cut out the seeds from the centre. Take some fresh beef dripping, and put it in a frying-pan, and when it boils lay the rings in it, taking care that there be sufficient dripping to half cover them. When browned on one side, turn the other. They should be dressed in about fifteen minutes. Just before removing them break an egg into each ring, and turn the rings once more, so that the egg may be set on both sides. Lastly, after a sprinkling of pepper and salt, transfer them to a hot dish. Make a little good brown gravy hot, and pour it round them before serving. A nicely boiled mushroom might be placed on each ring.

A DANISH PASTOR'S WIFE.—A "scrag of mutton" is the neck part; "pig's fry" is the liver; "beef-skirting" (a term not in general use), the "diaphragm," or part of the lining or walls of the stomach. A suet pudding is made thus:—Place half a pound of very well-trimmed and finely-chopped suet into a basin, half a pound of stale bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix all thoroughly, add a little cold water, and make a stiff paste. Wring out a pudding-cloth from boiling water, flour it well, and put the paste into it. Tie it with a string above the paste, leaving room for the swelling, and plunge it into plenty of fast-boiling water. It should boil for upwards of two hours. It might be improved by adding either a little grated ginger or grated lemon-peel, with the juice of a lemon, before boiling.

COS LETTUCE.—You need not regret that you did not take in the previous numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. You can obtain all the volumes in part, or complete, on application to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We do not profess to give recipes for patent articles. We gave one for the making of salad at page 790, vol. ii. The article is called "Salads, and How to Make Them."

JULIETTE.—If in a hurry, and having little in the house with which to make a pudding, "bread fritters" might answer your purpose. You will require some bread cut in small slices, and cut round (by laying a cup over them each), an egg, a little jam, one pint of milk, and a quarter of a pound of flour. Make a batter with the egg, flour, and milk; spread the jam on a few of the slices of bread, and lay as many slices over them, like sandwiches. Dip all into the batter, and then fry them in boiling butter or fresh lard. When of a light brown colour, pile them up on a dish and sprinkle them slightly with white sugar. They should be very hot when served.

A. B. L.—To use any scraps of cold boiled fish the next day, carefully remove any bones and skin, pound it in a mortar with an onion, and add a little pepper and salt. Mash as much cold boiled potato, and beat up an egg; mix the whole very well together, and then lay it on a pastry board, as flat as possible. Cut it into small squares, and fry them lightly in boiling lard, and place them on a napkin in a hot dish. A little fried parsley might be laid on the top. The term, "Cousin German," employed to denote a "first cousin," is derived from the word "germ," or origin, the parties being descended from the same grandfather and grandmother. It is thought that the term "cousin" is derived from the Latin *con*, union; and *sanguis*, or blood.

ART.

ADAGIO.—If you wish to paint a fan already mounted, you must stretch it on a drawing-board and secure it with pins. You write well.

MARGUERITE.—There is no way of baking the porcelain at home. A proper oven is essential, and an

experienced hand to regulate the heat and the time required. You must purchase them at an artist's colourman's, who keeps the colours for china-painting. Pronounce "Psyche" as if written "Si-kee."

SANS CEREMONIE.—The article on terra-cotta painting will be found in the number for January 8th, 1881. You have our best acknowledgments for your kind expression of approbation of our magazine. Your writing is free, but rather too careless, and you do not cross the "t" properly.

MARIE ERNESTINE. — The use of gamboge is discouraged in painting on silk and satin, because it is a bad dryer. But if you have found no difficulty on this score, you had better continue to use it.

SUNFLOWER. — The School of Art recipe for setting drawings will be found at page 432, vol. ii.

CHOCOLATE. — The reason of your failure with the sweet oil process was probably that you did not perform the extracting of the paste thoroughly, nor did you wait long enough for it to become perfectly dry before treating in with the oil. Wipe them carefully when you take them out of the oil, wherever the oil may have settled unevenly, round the edge, etc.

SWEET FIFTEEN.—You had better obtain vol. iii. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and study Mr. Staples' articles on "Sketching from Nature" in it. Water-colours are used with water, of course.

HARRIETTE.—American leather needs no preparation for painting on, and is much used now for covering screens.

MATHETES, MOLLY BAWN, MARY C., and APELLES.—Apply personally at the Art School at South Kensington, or by letter, the Secretary, Science and Art Department, S.W. The list of the various schools and classes may be purchased of Mr. King, Parliament-street, S.W., price 1s. 6d.

PINK MAY.—The terra-cotta should have a coat of Nelson's gelatine, to be bought at every grocer's, mixed like gum, or of the medium called "veloutine," before painting in water-colours. Writing, a very painful exhibition indeed; too much sloped, and ragged in outline.

CORALINE, SQUIRE, and HORTENSE.—See page 38 in *Silver Sails*, for all directions respecting crystoleum painting.

MUSIC.

MISCHIEF. — Directions for making an Æolian harp were given at page 335, vol. i. Older people often consider an introduction superfluous, and speak to little girls and boys, if they be friends of the family to whom the young people belong.

BELLA ROKESMITH. — "How to Play Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words" will be found on pages 537 and 548, vol. ii.

LEOFWINE.—You will find an article on "How to Sing at Sight," by Mr. Lott, at page 547, vol. iv. The only method of learning to play at sight is constantly to read new music. You have evidently not made reading music a habit, or you would not find so much difficulty in so doing.

TORTOISE. — The *Te Deum Laudamus* means "We praise thee, O God!" It is supposed to be the composition of St. Augustine and Ambrose, about 390 A.D.

ENQUIRER.—An article by Madame Arabella Goddard appeared in the number for March 13th, 1880, on "How to Play the Piano."

VIOLA.—Paganini's violin (or, at least, one of those upon which he played) was a Stradivarius. It was recently for sale, and was purchased for £680 by Mr. Carrodus. Yes, the violin and viola are much played by women, the latter especially so by those in the higher ranks of society. It is stated that at the present time no less than 1,200 ladies are learning the violin at the City School of Music.

MARGUERITE. — Singing lessons should not be commenced at an earlier age than sixteen, and a good master should be engaged from the very commencement, to give an opinion on the style, quality, and compass of the voice, so that it should not be strained in compass, nor in the character of the songs selected, and the head, throat, and chest notes be taken in the right places respectively to suit your voice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUBY.—Leave the velveteen dress on the right side, and do not turn it. Many thanks for the pretty card. We think the colour is beautiful.

HIMMELBLAU and EMERALD.—Write to the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. You will be sure of the best advice and information in this way.

FRIENDLESS ONE.—If you wish to gain friends you must "show yourself friendly." Do not think of yourself, but only of pleasing others, and you will find your shyness disappear.

BLANCHE. — See "Window Gardening," page 483, vol. iii. You write very well.

GERANIUM.—When you have washed your face, apply a few drops of glycerine to it while wet, and then dry it.

LADY MAUD.—We must refer you to our indexes in reference to pressing leaves, ferns, and flowers, and to questions concerning the complexion, freckles, etc. If the skin be blistered by exposure to the sun, bathing with sage-tea does good. If very severe, get some wash from a chemist.

NELLIE.—Clean the Shetland shawl by working flour gently into it, rinsing it in the latter, as it were, and then, when the shawl is clean, shake it all out in the garden or backyard.

LILY.—1. Invitations to dinners should be given in the name of both husband and wife, or brother and sister, as the case may be. 2. Morocco leather-covered chairs, if really in good preservation, may be cleaned with a little raw white of egg, coloured to match. You can get the colour in powder. We feel obliged by your kind commendation of our paper.

MURIEL P. ARDSEER.—Many of our correspondents endeavour to obtain a certain and speedy reply by telling us that "many of their" wiseacre "friends do not believe the correspondence to be genuine." They need not do so if they prefer not. We speak of the "Parcels Post" because its founders so named it.

SOMEBODY'S LOVE.—Your eyes should be examined and the length of sight ascertained, and likewise the correspondence of one eye with the other, by an oculist. We could not possibly take such a responsibility upon ourselves as to prescribe the sort of glasses you require, even if we saw you. Our own eyes were tried by endeavouring to read your pale and feebly-pencilled lines. Use good black ink, if you write again.

"DEAR ME! THE G.O.P. IMPROVES EVERY YEAR!"

SULKY BERTIE. — Be guided by the wishes of your parents or guardians. You ought to be quite grown-up, at any rate. Tannin lozenges are considered good for a relaxed throat.

SNOWDROP.—"Unitarians," or "Socinians," deny the "Trinity in unity" in the Divine Godhead; thus the God they worship is quite dissimilar to the God of the Christians. They regard our Lord as human only, not Him "by Whom all things were made." The Catacombs of Rome were excavations made to obtain the tufa rock, and employed as a hiding-place by the early Christians when suffering persecution.

M. D. G. — The sacrifices were offered up in the Temple, and the grand services held connected with them — not in the synagogues, which latter were merely employed as meeting-houses for the reading of the Scriptures and for prayer.

JANEY B.—To take spots of paint from oak boards or panelling, make a strong solution of "American potash," mix it into a paste with sawdust, and lay it over the paint, which will become softened in a few hours, and easy of removal by washing with cold water. Should the wood have a dry and cracked appearance after this treatment, apply a solution of hot size with a brush, which will bind it together and render it fit for varnishing. The "American potash" is sold at any oil and colour shop, and resembles burnt brick.

ANXIOUS ONE.—The National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, 23, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., might suit you, perhaps.

A LONELY ONE.—Write to the Convalescent Home at Lowestoft (the secretary), Fairfield House, and inquire. The time allowed is four weeks.

ELAINE.—We were very glad to hear from you from that lovely Greek isle, and wish you all kinds of temporal "good luck" and spiritual prosperity in His name, who can give it under any circumstances. Palm Sunday in 1853 was March 20th. Easter Sunday fell on March 27th, the Sunday after.

ROSA. — Procure some missionary story or paper to read to your school children.

SMOKEY.—"They have gone to bed, She has gone to bed," are the proper expressions.

MRS. B. would like us, amongst our many other duties, to find her "a good needlewoman, to sew by hand and by the thread." One really cannot imagine what some of our correspondents think of us and our powers!

MARITANA.—The meaning of *Corpus Christi* is "Body of Christ." It is a festival of the Church of Rome, kept on the next Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in honour of the Holy Eucharist.

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.—"Michaelmas Daisy" has been published in book-form.

H. M. H., HIGHLAND LASSIES.—Preserve mountain-ash berries by placing them in salt and water, and leave them (in an open vessel) in a cool place until required. See page 169, vol. ii., where you will find what you want in the article entitled "Hints for Christmas Decorations."

GLASGOW.—We decline to answer your question (one previously asked and answered) because your letter is impertinent.

THE EDITOR'S "TOMBOY."—We suppose that you describe the occupations and recreations of your holidays. So far well. We do not object to most of the latter, but think you should leave off "climbing trees" and "jumping fences" at your age. Why you should "leave off sea-bathing," however, we do not know, unless it disagrees with you. But beware of remaining long in the water. Your writing is fairly good.

A PERTHSHIRE LASSIE is thanked for her kind wishes and the verses, which, however, would not suit this paper.

KITTY and MIRIAM.—Better not to "exchange a certainty for an uncertainty." You are doing well where you are, and may fail in a new, strange, and untried place away from all your friends and family. However, you can write for advice and information to the Women's Emigration Society; secretary, Thomas Tully, Esq., Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

MISS JANE P.—Many thanks for your kind offer.

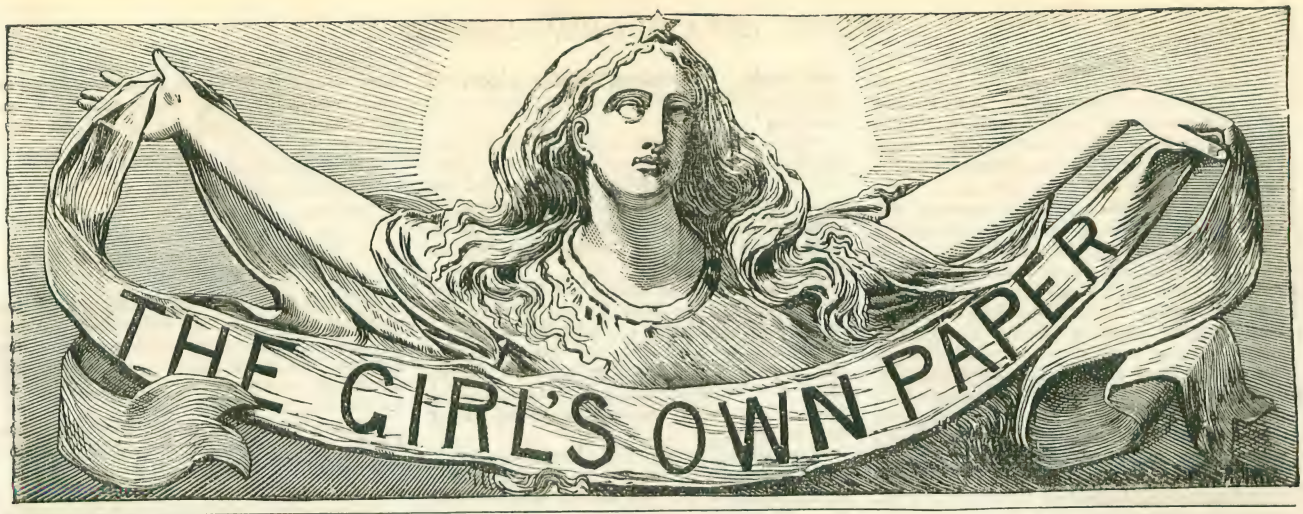
CONNIE.—The origin of eating goose on Michaelmas Day is generally attributed to the fact that Queen Elizabeth was dining off that dish with Sir Neville Umfreyville, on the 29th of September, 1588, when the good news arrived of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. But the custom is traced to an earlier date, *i.e*, 1470, for it is recorded that one John de la Haye took a parcel of ground from the demesne of the lord of Lastres (Herefordshire), William Barnaby, giving a rent of "twenty pence" per annum; and "one goose, fit for the lord's dinner, on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel." Nor does this appear to be an isolated notice of the same custom.

LOVE-ME-LONG.—Bathing the eyes in a weak solution of cold vinegar and water has been found very strengthening when the eyelids needed bracing. If the eyes be dim, you should go to an oculist for advice, or to an eye infirmary.

THREE FRIENDS, COONGROOM (Queensland). — Her Majesty was born on the 24th of May, 1819, at Kensington Palace. She was baptized on the 24th of June; and it is her pleasure to have the event commemorated on a different day; see page 5, vol. i., "Girlhood of Queen Victoria." Man was first made and regarded by his Maker as needing a "help-meet for him." Eve was made as his companion, for God said it was "not good for him to be alone." In this point of view she was like a gift to him. You write fairly well.

IGNORANT JESSIE.—You are right in thinking that the uneducated of "our Girls" are as welcome to be correspondents as anyone else. May not the pain in your side proceed from derangement of the liver, instead of neuralgia? If so, it might be the more easily cured. If a pain in the nerves, perhaps a tonic of iron or quinine would do you good. Debility may be the cause, and you would require as much wholesome nourishment as you could procure.

GRACE DARLING.—In reference to a home of aged and infirm governesses, there is one at Chislehurst. Write to the secretary, 32, Sackville-street; or to 47, Harley-street; also the Home for Governesses and Others of Limited Means, 19, Sutherland-gardens, St. Peter's Park, W. (Miss Sophia Strongi'th'arm); also the Governesses' and Christian Ladies' Institute, Mildmay House, Sandon-terrace, Liverpool. We are glad that you regard our paper as "helping its readers towards leading a better life."



VOL. V.—NO. 208. DECEMBER 22, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FIRST STRAW HAT.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House," "More than Coronets," etc.

All rights reserved.]

"HE CONFRONTED ISABEL ANGRILY."

CHAPTER II.

BEESTON—the Yorkshire Beeston—is now merely a suburb of Leeds, with omnibuses plying to and fro, and rows of modern houses thrusting their more ancient fellows into the background. Yet in 1630, though it presumed to call itself a town, it was nothing more than a long irregular village straggling up the side of a steep green hill along the line of the rude pack-horse or wagon-way, which did duty for a high road between Huddersfield and Leeds. Still, it had its Old Hall, its New Hall, its chapel (in the parish of Leeds), and, at one time, an abbey or friary had crowned the well-wooded steep. But some ruthless destroyer had demolished the abbey, and its very ruins were rapidly disappearing. For, though most of the dwellings thereabouts were of the many-gabled timber-and-rubble order, with roofs of thatch, more than one thriftily-disposed individual had availed himself of the loose masonry, ready hewn to his hand, and built for himself and his descendants a dwelling of solid stone at a cheap rate.

Such, indeed, had been the construction of the irregular homestead of the Sibleys, which was situated almost at the foot of the hill, and at no great distance from a sparkling beck which drained the higher lands as it took its winding way towards the river Aire and Leeds, nearly two miles away.

Advantage had been taken of this running stream to feed a cattle-pond or sheep-wash in the corner of a field on the Stonehouse Farm. It was not absolutely necessary to pass this sheepwash on the way from the house to the cool and umbrageous path by the beck side, but Dame Sibley had resolved to make it so for her niece and her gay wooer.

She had no mind that Isabel should stroll away with Master Denton, unknown to her son or unseen by him, and he was down at the wash, sheep-shearing with his men. She little thought how Rube's towsled auburn hair, his coarse, homespun smock-frock (that relic of Saxon ancestors), rolled up above the elbows to leave his brawny arms bare and free, would contrast with the fine linen, the scented curls, the superfine cloth doublet, slashed and puffed with satin, the lace-trimmed nether-garments, loose as the open boots, the graceful hat with its fancy band, to say nothing of the other's handsome face, and the well-trimmed beard, peaked in the newest mode.

If she did so think, it was not as a young girl reared daintily, but as a mother who thought her son superior to the world, and as a farmer who saw in his occupation a guarantee that he would work hard for wife and home.

As Isabel and her companion crossed the pasture with basket and pitcher, Reuben had a great ram by the horns, whilst his shepherd held it by the tail and wool, so strongly it resisted their efforts to souse and cleanse it in the wash; other sheep scampered about the field, shaking the water from their shaggy sides, others bleated piteously in sympathy or anticipation, one lay in the lap of a shearer, and two or three, bare and bald and white, seemed lost in perplexity at their own lightness.

'Twas a pretty rural scene taken altogether, but Reuben, with his hot and grimy face, his muddy boots, his wet and greasy smock, was no more presentable than his dirty and bedrabbled shepherd; and when the resentful ram escaped from their hands to dry his fleece in a race over the grassy slope, and he had leisure to observe who approached, the expression of his face did not improve it. He turned to Isabel.

"Was there never a maid in the house, that the mother should press thee and Master Denton into our service? Rough pitchers are not for soft hands to bear." And the lip that said it had a curl as of contempt for such soft hands. "Natheless," Rube added, "I thank you, Master Denton, and my kinswoman likewise."

"Nay, thank not me, good sir," replied the other, whose handsome countenance held something like a mocking sneer; "I but relieved fair Mistress Raine of a burthen. I rendered service to Phillis, not to Corydon. And sooth to say, earthenware pitchers do best suit horny hands."

In his very affectation he had turned Reuben's remark upon himself; but if the truth were told, the carrying of the rude, red pitcher had chafed his spirit more than his soft hands. He was too gallant to suffer Isabel to bear it, but had no mind to play lackey to boors—and as such he mentally classed the young farmer with his men.

Meanwhile Reuben had plunged his hands in the sheep-wash, dried them roughly on his smock, taken a portion of the oatcake and cheese from the basket and passed the remainder to his men, raised the great pitcher to his lips, and, after a long draught at the buttermilk, passed that on also: so little ceremony was there observed under such circumstances.

It was well honest Reuben did not see the expression of disgust on Richard Denton's face as the pitcher went to his lips. He was spared *one* twinge of pain; but that would have mattered little; it cost him so much to see his cousin stroll away with him under shadow of the trees, and to feel how inefficient were any words of his to detain her by his own side.

It is true she looked back with a smile and a nod that at any other time would have set his heart dancing; but he never before had been taken at such a disadvantage—never before had felt the superior personal attractions of his rival.

"What possessed my mother to send that fopling hither with Isabel? He so trim, and neat, and dainty, and I as rough as Giles or Dan! Beshrew me, but she's done me an ill turn now, unwittingly. What word could our Isabel spare for me with that gallant by her side, though she knows I would lay my very life at her feet? Young damsels rarely look below the surface, and what knoweth she of Master Denton's life whilst in London, that pit of Godless iniquity? He was a brave comrade at the butts or at football when a lad, but he cometh not back from the town the staid and guileless youth he went, and I fear me his gauds and his glozing tongue are even now beguiling the senses of the unsuspecting maiden. *My* chance is gone!"

A desponding sigh spoke for the sadness of his ruminations, as his eyes followed the hood and kirtle whose owner was so dear to him, until the last glimpse was lost amidst the brambles and other underwood, and he turned again to his sheep-shearing with a heavy heart.

He was about right. If his last chance was not gone, it was going.

Pretty Mistress Raine had been daintily reared in the house of her father, the Leeds notary, and much as she valued her cousin Reuben, she could not shut her eyes to the homeliness, not to say the roughness of his habits and pursuits. But she had never before seen him to such utter disadvantage.

The jealous sparring of the two men had pointed the contrast between them. She saw that they mutually despised each other, and Master Denton threw a feather or two into the wavering balance of her mind as he saw her look back thoughtfully once or twice. The shafts of his ridicule were light as the thistledown floating in the air, but not the less potent for that.

"By my troth, a delicate Corydon for an enamoured Phillis," he remarked lightly, as if to himself. "A rare shepherd swain for a poet's madrigal! Could munch oat-cake and quaff buttermilk before the nymph he adores, with barely the ceremony of washen hands, good lack!"

Then his musical voice sang out the opening of an old Yorkshire ballad—

> "The childe had wonned* in the wood,
> He knew neither evil nor good,
> The king himself understood,
> He was a wild man."

Hitherto Isabel had strayed along in silence, plaiting and unplaiting rushes idly gathered by the sheepwash, the subtle sarcasm filling her ears and brain with impressions to which she could have given no name. At last she said a word in his defence.

"Reuben may be rough, Master Denton, but he is not the wild man, and he knows evil from good."

He drew nearer and bent his head.

"Too rough for so dainty a Phillis as Isabel to spend her life with. Think you this busy little hand was ever meant to carry pitchers of milk or maunds† of bread to clowns?" and he took possession of it as he spoke. "I question not the honest yeoman's fitness for his calling, but I hold him unfit to mate with such a one as thee. The thriftiness which lowers a master to the level of his meanest hind may have no taint of greed. I say not that it has," he added, as he saw her start, "and I would be loth to do Farmer Sibley injustice in my own anxiety to win the hand he craves."

Much more he said during that ramble by the beck and over the hill, his own high appreciation of herself being expressed as much in his fear lest she should be sacrificed to a man of coarse and uncongenial habits, as in any over-eager pressing of his own claims to her regard.

And she had listened musingly, seldom putting in an interrupting word, and seemingly as intent on the gambols of a pair of azure-blue butterflies, or on the braid of plaited rushes, as on the conversation of her handsome suitor.

Yet when he was allowed to raise her hand to his lips on quitting her at the Stonehouse gate, he was conscious he had made an impression, and was the more willing to bide the completion of the bonelace collar, knowing that it was designed to adorn the man of her choice.

Crossing the garth with his arms full of fleeces, Reuben witnessed his gallant leave-taking with bitterness of spirit. Flinging down his load, he bade Giles, similarly laden, to bear all to the loft, and hastening into the house by a side door, forgetful alike of his grimy face, his unshorn beard, his miry boots, his greasy smock, he confronted Isabel angrily ere she had loosened the strings of her hood.

His jealousy had got the better of his prudence, and he straightway began to upbraid her for encouraging the approaches of Master Denton, as an idle and thriftless coxcomb who would neither earn nor spare.

"You forget, in your ungenerous haste to traduce a rival, that Master Denton is under no necessity to earn, and is too generous to spare," answered Isabel, loftily. "And for his coxcombry, forsooth, I hold his attire to be more seemly and befitting his station than the unsavoury garments my farming kinsman thinks it no shame to come before me in."

Her words stung, but instead of apology, he retorted:—"A farmer, who would live by his farm, must not be ashamed to soil his hands, or to suit his garb to his occupation; and she who prefers a false-hearted spendthrift in a silken doublet to a true-hearted worker who may chance to wear a smock, is like to rue her choice in the long run."

"Cousin Reuben, your temper outruns your

* Lived. † *Maund*—a basket.

modesty. A true man would scarcely over-praise himself, or malign another."

She left the room as she said this, and he flung himself on the settle, dropping his head in his hand despairingly.

His mother had been a listener.

"Marry! but thy hot tongue has settled thy business, now, Rube. Neither Isabel nor her broad pieces will come into thy honest hands."

"I care not for her gold, mother. And if her choice had fallen on Master Hodgson, or any godly man, I could have borne disappointment. But I cannot see her fling her life away in silence."

He had, however, settled the business, as his mother said.

Before another week came round, Master Denton wore an elaborate bone-lace Vandyke collar wrought by Mistress Raine's fair hand, the hand of which it was a pledge and a forerunner.

(*To be continued.*)

WORK FOR ALL.

IV.—ART.

DRAWING, PAINTING, WOOD CARVING, WOOD ENGRAVING, AND DECORATIVE ART GENERALLY.

"POETA nascitur, non fit," says one of the master poets of Rome, a dictum which may be freely rendered, "No teaching will make a man a poet, unless he has the natural gift." And the same thing may be said with equal truth of the painter, of the musician, and of all who practise those delicate and ethereal arts which convey the highest pleasure, and help us, in a subtle way of their own, to realise that there is in us a soul which is not of the earth earthy, but which claims kindred with heaven, and raises us above the mists and entanglements of this troublesome world. There is scarcely a creature on this earth who has not some spark of the heavenly enthusiasm which, given in large measure, makes the poet, the musician, the painter; and let us hope there are few men and women in England whose blood does not flow more briskly, whose step is not lighter, and whose eye does not kindle at a fine strain of music or at the sight of a fine picture; so that between the happy few on whom has been bestowed the blessed gift of creative genius, and the multitudes whose lives are better and purer for their work, there is a powerful and energetic middle class who do *not* possess the genius to originate and to conceive, who yet are gifted with a vein of talent, more or less generous, which would well repay cultivation, and which would fill the lives of those who possess it with healthy interests and sufficiently lucrative employment.

Since the opening of the Royal Academy, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was president and Angelica Kauffmann one of the honoured Forty, women have always been admitted a students in its schools; and many have attained considerable excellence, though it may not be easy to establish the fact from the experience thus obtained, that women really possess creative genius in as large measure and as frequently as man.

The great impulse given to female education of late years, and the fact that in these days of male emigration women are much more frequently called on to maintain themselves, have had the effect of calling out whatever talent they may possess; and consequently we find large numbers pressing into the Art schools now common in London and in all the principal cities of the kingdom.

The Royal Academy admits students, whose drawings are approved by a committee of its members, to study at its schools for a period of seven years. Candidates must send in specimens of their work, at present a figure copied from the antique with the utmost refinement of finish; the drawing must be sent in with a printed form duly filled in, on the 28th of June or the 28th of December, to be submitted to the council. This form may be obtained from the registrar of the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, on the application of a member, or some artist or person of known respectability. The hours of work are from 10 to 3. Students are required to provide their own materials.

The National Art Training School at South Kensington, and its numerous dependencies, send up drawings, but the competition is so keen, the drawing so careful, and the finish so minute, that a special school has been called into existence, which is taught by Academy students of special merit, and which for the last three years has been eminently successful in passing its candidates. This school, known as the St. John's Wood Art School, is conducted by Mr. Calderon, and is in the Elm Tree-road, St. John's Wood. The terms are 15 guineas per annum, paid in advance, or 10 guineas for two terms, students not being admitted for a single term. Students purchase their own materials, but models are supplied.

Any one desiring to become a student at the Royal Academy, will do well to study at this school.

There are 164 Schools of Art in the United Kingdom. The National Art Training School at South Kensington, with its ten affiliated metropolitan schools,* provides instruction in art at moderate cost.

There is a large number of free studentships, particulars of which may be obtained from the secretary, Science and Art Department, S.W.

The primary object of the course of instruction in the National Art Training School is "the systematic training of teachers in the practice of Art, and in the knowledge of its scientific principles, with a view to qualify them as teachers of Schools of Art, competent to develop the application of Art to the common uses of life, and to the requirements of trade and manufactures. The instruction comprehends freehand, architectural, and mechanical drawing, practical geometry, and perspective; painting in oil, tempera and water colours, modelling, moulding and casting objects of still life, the figure from the antique and the life, and the study of anatomy as applicable to Art." The fees for classes for five whole days, including evenings, are £5 for five months, with an entrance fee of 10s. Evening classes are held for women, three evenings a week, at £1 per term.

Before being admitted to these classes, students must pass an examination in freehand drawing of the second grade. Examinations of candidates are held weekly at the beginning of each term, and frequently throughout the year at the school, on Tuesdays, at 10.30 a.m., and at 6.45 p.m., candidates bringing their own lead pencils and indiarubber. The fee is 2s. 6d. for day students, 6d. for evening students, to be paid at the time of examination.

The annual session consists of two terms, each lasting five months, and commencing on the first of March and the first of October, and ending on the last day of July and February.

The hours of study are from 9 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., and in the evening from 7 to 9.

There is an annual examination for prizes in all the Schools of Art, and a national competition.

Of all the *affiliated schools* none, perhaps, has earned for itself a higher place in public estimation than the Female School of Art, 43, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. It has the advantage of the highest patronage, and possesses a considerable number of scholarships and prizes. It is very ably conducted, being happy in the indefatigable energy of its superintendent and secretary, Miss Gann, and her staff of teachers, most of whom have worked in the school since its commencement.

The Slade School of Fine Art at University College, London, W.C., is largely attended; the studios are open from 9.30 to 5, except on Saturdays, when the schools are closed at 2.

On entering the schools students will be required to draw from the antique until judged sufficiently advanced to draw from the life. The college provides seats and easels, but the students must furnish themselves with all the materials and with the other appliances that they may require.

A refreshment-room and other accommodation, as well as a female attendant, are provided for the exclusive use of women.

The fees for the session are £19 19s.; for a term, £7 7s.

Application for admission should be made either before or as soon as possible after the beginning of each term. The fee must be paid within two days from the commencement of each term.

Wood carving, a beautiful and elegant art, of the highest value for decorative purposes, is now being developed at the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, in day and evening classes, under the careful teaching of Signor Bulletti, himself an accomplished artist.

There are twelve free studentships, six for day and six for evening classes, granted by the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, which are granted by the committee "to persons of the industrial class who intend to earn their living by wood carving."

The classes are held by day and in the evening. The day classes work from 10 till 5 on five days of the week, from 10 to 1 on Saturday; the evening classes work from 7 to 9 on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. The fees for day students are £2 a month or £5 a quarter. The fees are payable at the ticket-office, Royal Albert Hall, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., or by Post-office Order to T. Healey, Esq., the hon. secretary, at the school, the order to be made payable at the branch office, Exhibition-road, South Kensington. All students are required to provide their own tools. Students paying their own fees may take away work executed by themselves, on their own materials; but the work done in the school by free students, and all work provided by the school, remains the property of the school.

Applications for the free studentships must be made to T. Healey, Esq., hon. secretary, at the school. Candidates must have passed the second grade art examination of the Science and Art Department, in freehand

* 1. Female School of Art, 43, Queen's-street, Bloomsbury; 2. City and Spitalfields School of Art, New Bishopsgate Ward Schools; 3. St. Thomas's School of Art, Charterhouse, Goswell-road; 4. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields School of Art, Castle-street, Long Acre; 5. Lambeth School of Art, Miller's-lane, Upper Kennington-lane; 6. West London School of Art, 204, Great Portland-street; 7. North London School of Art, Sandringham-road, Kingsland; 8. Islington School of Art, 22, Cross-street; 9. Stratford School of Art, Maryland Point; 10. Westminster School of Art, Royal Architectural Museum.

drawing at least. Those who have some knowledge of wood carving, or who have obtained the second grade art certificate in the other subjects, or in drawing from the antique and the figure, or from architecture, in designing or in modelling, will be preferred.

At the end of July we visited the school, and saw the girls at work at the lower end of the long room devoted to the school; they seemed bright and much interested in their work, and the lady superintendent showed us some candlesticks and other articles which had just been completed, the workmanship of which seemed to us firm and spirited. The work on which they are employed consists of scrolls, candlesticks, book slides, boxes, music cases, &c. When we were there a very elegant pianoforte case just finished was on view, but we cannot affirm that it was the work of the girls.

Students who have been in the school not less than twelve months may, on the recommendation of the instructor, Signor Bulletti, receive such payment for their work as the committee may determine; but it must not be supposed that facility in this art can be acquired without steady and persistent practice. Three years' study is requisite for its acquisition, even with the utmost industry and natural taste, but at the end of the first year a clever student may earn from 10s. to 12s. a week, while a skilled carver would probably earn from £2 to £3 a week.

Upholsterers and picture framers give regular employment to wood carvers, and much elegant fancy work may be done in the shape of small articles, such as blotting books, paper knives, and other things suitable for presents.

Wood carving is a genuine branch of art, and those who practise it with originality and power must always rank as genuine artists.

The large demand for woodcuts as illustrations for books, magazines, and newspapers, and the inferior style of work at present admitted, suggested to the committee of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute the advisability of giving girls an opportunity of acquiring the art of engraving or cutting on wood, and accordingly they opened a studio in June, 1879, at the South London Technical Art School, 122 and 124, Kennington Park-road, S.E., which they placed under the charge of Mr. C. Roberts, who has his offices in Chancery-lane, and who besides being a skilled artist, is a very able teacher, and heartily interested in his work. The studio is open daily from 10 till 4 (except on Saturday), and there is an evening class from 6 to 8 on Tuesday and Friday. The fees are £4 4s. a year, payable half-yearly in advance. No one can be admitted as a student for a shorter period than a year; and those who are admitted are expected to attend regularly, and to apply themselves steadily to the work.

All members of the class must have taken a second grade certificate of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, or must be prepared to do so. There are four scholarships, each consisting of a free studentship for one year, which are awarded after the first year's practice, and which may be renewed in the following year on proof of industry and progress, and on the recommendation of Mr. Roberts.

This art requires much practice, and a long apprenticeship is essential to enable anyone to acquire a thorough knowledge of it. At the end of four years a student may probably earn about £1 a week, but she cannot hope to be a skilled engraver under five years; she may then earn from 30s. to £5 a week and upwards, according to her skill and ability.

With a view to facilitate their obtaining remunerative employment, the Society for the Employment of Women has assisted Mr. Roberts to establish a work-room near his own offices in Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery-lane, to which he drafts off students from the Kensington studio as they become able to execute work fit for publication, and employs them under his own supervision, paying them according to their work.

A private class for wood engraving is held on Monday and Thursday, from 2 to 3 o'clock, at No. 3, East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars-street, by Mr. Paterson, for upwards of fourteen years a very successful teacher in London and Edinburgh; the terms are £2 2s. per quarter for engraving, £2 2s. for drawing on wood, or both inclusive £3 3s. The cost of tools is about one guinea, and blocks about 7s. 6d. a quarter.

Many of Mr. Paterson's pupils are now earning good incomes, wood engraving being of all Art callings perhaps the most certainly remunerative, and an occupation in every respect thoroughly suitable to the nice observation and delicate handling of women.

It is a pretty sight to see the girl wood engravers sitting at their little circular tables, generally three at each, close to the window, or, in the evening round large shaded lamps, each intent on her own little block, and handling her tiny tool with manifest pleasure. It is an art which doubtless requires certain special qualifications, but they are qualifications which girls most frequently possess. Those who can draw as well as engrave have a great advantage.

China painting is an elegant art, which girls who have a good knowledge of drawing can acquire in a few lessons, a fact which will probably explain why it has been considerably overdone. Girls who have had a regular training for two years at a good School of Art may still earn something considerable. Messrs. Howell and James, Regent-street, hold classes for pottery-painting every day except Saturday; the fee is £3 3s for ten lessons of two hours each, £2 2s. for six, and £1 1s. for three lessons. They hold an annual exhibition of china-painting, to which each exhibitor may send two large or three small works; and it is encouraging to know that the ladies' work sold at this exhibition in one season realised £2,000.

A class for teaching china-painting has been established by the City and Guilds of London Institute at the Lambeth School of Art, Miller's-lane, Upper Kennington-lane, S.E.

The fee is 10s. 6d. per month, and students supply themselves with all necessary materials, and also pay for the firing of the finished work.

The course consists of instruction in the manipulation of simple colours, and afterwards of those that require greater skill for their successful use. Landscape, figure, and decoration by natural flowers, ornamentally arranged, are the subjects principally taught.

For further particulars and forms of admission, application must be made at the South London Technical Art School, 122, Kennington-road, or at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, or at the central office of the City and Guilds of London Institute, Gresham College, London, E.C.

More than a hundred ladies are permanently employed at the works of Messrs. Doulton and Co., Lambeth; and there is a class for pottery-painting held on Tuesday and Friday at the Lambeth School of Art, Miller's-lane, Upper Kennington-lane, the fee for which is 10s. 6d. per month.

A few ladies work at painting on glass at the Whitefriars Glass Works, Whitefriars-street, E.C., where they have a work-room to themselves, and work for six hours a day for five days and four hours on Saturday. Other houses also employ women.

A good knowledge of drawing is of great advantage, but the technicalities of the art can be acquired in three months' study; the average earnings of an ordinary worker are from £50 to £70 per annum; those who can copy figures on glass may earn from £90 to £100.

As painted glass is now so much used for the decoration of private houses as well as of public buildings, it seems a pity that it should not afford employment to more women, as the mechanical part clearly comes within the scope of ordinary abilities, while the work itself is elegant and light.

Decorative art in all its branches, designing, tile-painting, panel-painting, &c., is taught by Miss Collingridge, at her studio, 9, Beaumont-street, Portland-place, N.W.; and her pupils have generally been very successful in obtaining remunerative employment.

Very delicate and beautiful work is done at the Ladies' Tracing Office, 8, Great Queen-street, Westminster, under the superintendence of Miss Jessie Long. This office was established through the agency of the Society for the Employment of Women, and has been eminently successful. It takes three months to learn the art; after that time girls can earn at the rate of 3d. per hour, rising to 6d., and they work seven hours a day. Neatness and accuracy are the principal qualifications required for a plan-tracer. All inquiries respecting this office should be addressed to Miss King, secretary for the Society for the Employment of Women.

Photography can now hardly be recommended, or take rank among the Art callings. A considerable number of women are indeed employed in "spotting" photographs, whose wages begin at 6s. a week, and rise to 15s. or £1, the hours being from 9 to 6. Mounting photographs on cards, which requires much neatness and accuracy, also gives employment to many, and they earn from £1 to £1 5s. a week; but the most skilled and best paid branch of the art open to them is retouching negatives, which requires both skill and judgment; women so employed earn from 30s. to £3 a week.

Besides their classes for wood engraving and china-painting, the City and Guilds of London Institute has opened classes for modelling and design. That for design is taught by Miss Amy Walford; it meets on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, from 6 to 8, and the fee is 2s. 6d. per month, payable in advance.

Instruction is given by lecture and practice (1) in drawing flowers, foliage, and natural forms; (2) the arrangement of these studies in elementary designs; (3) advanced design, and the carrying out of finished works.

The course is adapted to students engaged in the practice of ornamental art, such as lithographers, engravers, house decorators, designers for textile fabrics, pottery, &c.

Pupils in the art of house decoration are received by Miss Agnes Garrett, 2, Gower-street, London. They have to serve an apprenticeship and pay a premium—the apprentice binds herself for three years, a shorter period not being considered sufficient. House decoration includes cabinet making, designing of household furniture and upholstery. A girl who has served her apprenticeship ought to be able to start in business for herself, if she has sufficient capital. Two friends starting in partnership would be much more likely to succeed than a lady alone.

Art needlework, which is very much used for the decoration of churches and of the houses of the wealthier classes, can be best studied at the Royal School of Art Needlework, in the Exhibition-road, South Kensington, where ladies who have been once admitted as students are sure of constant employment.

Applicants for admission must apply in person to the manager, and furnish two references of respectability; they must be gentlewomen by birth and education, and must be able and willing to devote seven hours a day to work at the school.

Every applicant is required to go through a course of instruction, for which £5 is charged.

The course of instruction consists of nine lessons in Art needlework, of five hours each. If after two lessons the teacher is of opinion that the applicant is not likely to succeed as a needleworker, she will be recommended to retire, and her £5 will be returned to her.

The work is paid by the piece, but the average earnings are from £1 to 30s. a week. About twelve ladies are employed by the school, and there are a considerable number of candidates when a vacancy occurs. The work is easy and attractive, giving much scope for taste in design and choice of colour.

Besides these recognised artistic employments, for engaging in which special facilities are offered to women, there are many in which they may earn, if not a living, at least a very handsome addition to a narrow income, and which may be followed at home; such as painting on fans, on silk or velvet, and the designing of Easter, Christmas, and birthday cards; in these, elegance of design and neatness of execution will not fail to win their way, though as Royal Academicians have lately condescended to employ their leisure hours in such small matters, the field is not so free as it was to the female *débutante*.

As work of this character has the advantage of being done at home, it necessarily has the corresponding disadvantage of uncertain sale, and requires much personal labour and enterprise to ensure it.

Girls must not expect to meet with benevolent Brothers Cheeryble, who will send interesting young gentlemen to buy up their work at nominal prices; but the demand for these pretty extravagances is so enormous, that no girl who has fancy and a certain amount of skill need despair of having her work appreciated and purchased.

ESTHER.

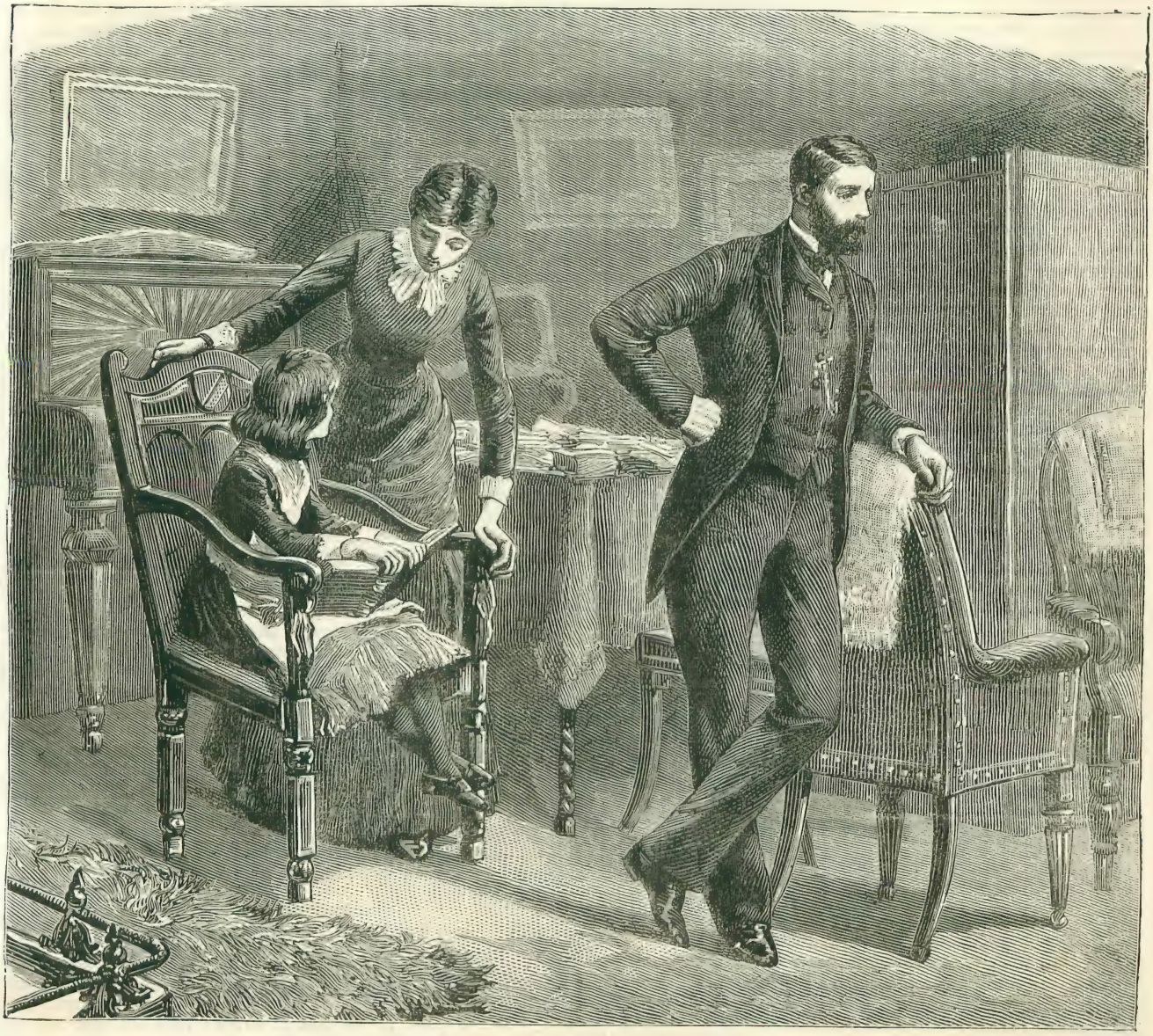
By Rosa Nouchette Carey, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

I WAS NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

I had no idea Miss Ruth could talk as she did that night. She seemed to open her heart to me with the simplicity of a child, giving me a deeper insight into a very lovely nature. Carrie had hitherto been my ideal, but on this night I caught myself wondering once or twice whether Carrie would ever exercise such patience and uncomplaining endurance under so many crossed purposes, such broken work.

"I was never quite like other people," she said to me, when I had closed the book; "you know I was a mere infant in my nurse's arms, when that accident happened." I nodded, for I had heard the sad details from Uncle Geoffrey; how an unbroken pair of young horses had shied across the road just as the nurse who was carrying Miss Ruth was attempting to cross it; the nurse had been knocked down and dreadfully injured, and her little charge had been violently thrown against the curb, and it had been thought by the doctor that one of the horses must have kicked her. For a long time she lay in a state of great suffering, and it was soon known that



"'HUSH FLORENCE,' CRIED HER FATHER HOARSELY."

her health had sustained permanent injury.

"I was always a crooked, stunted little thing," she went on, with a lovely smile. "My childhood was a sad ordeal; it was just battling with pain, and making believe that I did not mind. I used to try and bear it as cheerfully as I could, because mother fretted so over me; but in secret I was terribly rebellious, often I cried myself to sleep with angry passionate tears, because I was not like other girls.

"*Do you care to hear all this?*" interrupting herself to look at my attentive face. It must have been a sufficient answer, for she went on without waiting for me to speak. "Giles was very good to me, but it was hard on him for his only sister to be such a useless invalid. He was active and strong, and I could not expect to keep him chained to my couch—I was always on a couch then—he had his friends and his cricket and football, and I could not expect to see much of him, I had to let him go with the rest.

"Things went on like this—outward submission and inward revolt—much affection, but little of the grace of patience, until the eve of my confirmation, when a stranger came to preach at the parish church. I never heard his name before, and I never have heard it since. People said he came from a distance, but I shall never forget that sermon to my dying day, or the silvery penetrating voice that delivered it.

"It was as though a message from heaven was brought straight to me, to the poor discontented child who sat so heart-weary and desponding in the corner of the pew. I cannot even remember the text; it was something about the suffering of Christ, but I knew that it was addressed to the suffering members of His church, and that he touched upon all physical and mental pain. And what struck me most was that he spoke of pain as a privilege, a high privilege and special training; something that called us into a fuller and inner fellowship with our suffering Head.

"He told us the heathen might dread pain, but not the Christian; that one really worthy of the name must be content to be the cross bearer, to tread really and literally in the steps of the Master.

"What if He unfolded to us the mystery of pain? Would He not unfold the mystery of love too? What generous souls need fear that dread ordeal, that was to remove them from the outer to the inner court? Ought they not to rejoice that they were found worthy to share His reproach? He said much more than this, Esther, but memory is so weak and betrays one. But he had flung a torch into the darkest recesses of my soul, and the sudden light seemed to scorch and shrivel up all the discontent and bitterness; and, oh, the peace that succeeded: it was as though a drowning mariner left off struggling and buffeting with the waves that were carrying him to the shore, but just lay still and let himself be floated in."

"And you were happier," I faltered, as she suddenly broke off as though exhausted.

"Yes, indeed," she returned, softly. "Pain was not any more my enemy, but the stern life companion He had sent to accompany me—the cross that I must carry out of love to Him; oh, how different, how far more endurable. I took myself in hand by-and-by when I grew older and had a better judgment of things. I knew mine was a life apart, a separated life; by that I mean that I should never know the joy of wifehood or motherhood, that I must create my own little world, my own joys and interests."

"And you have done so."

"Yes, I have done so; I am a believer in happiness; I am quite sure in my mind that our beneficent Creator meant all His creatures to be happy, that whatever He gives them to bear, that He intends them to abide in the sunshine of His peace, and I determined to be happy. I surrounded myself with pretty things, with pictures that were pleasant to the eye and recalled bright thoughts. I made my books my friends, and held sweet satisfying communion with minds of all ages. I cultivated music, and found intense enjoyment in the study of Handel and Beethoven.

"When I got a little stronger I determined to be a worker too, and glean a little sheaf or two after the reapers, if it were only a dropped ear now and then.

"I took up the Zenana Mission. You have no idea how important I have grown, or what a vast correspondence I have kept up—the society begin to find me quite useful to them—and I have dear unknown correspondents whom I love as old friends, and whose faces I shall only see, perhaps, when we meet in heaven.

"When dear Florence died—that was my sister-in-law, you know—I came to live with Giles and look after Flurry. I am quite a responsible woman, having charge of the household, and trying to be a companion to Giles; confess now, Esther, it is not such a useless life after all?"

"I do not know what I answered her. I have a dim recollection that I burst into some extravagant eulogium or other, for she coloured to her temples and called me a foolish child, and begged me seriously never to say such things to her again.

"I do not deserve all that, Esther, but you are so young to judge dispassionately; you must recollect that I have fewer temptations than other people. If I were strong and well I might be worldly too."

"No, never," I answered, indignantly; "you would always be better than other people, Miss Ruth — you and Carrie—oh, why are you both so good?" with a despairing inflexion in my voice. "How you must both look down on me."

"I know someone who is good, too," returned Miss Ruth, stroking my hair. "I know a brave girl who works hard and wears herself out in loving service, who is often tired and never complains, who thinks little of herself, and yet who does much to brighten other lives, and I think you know her too, Esther?" But I would not let her go on; it was scant goodness to love her, and Allan, and Dot. How could anyone do otherwise? And what merit could there be in that?

But though I disclaimed her praise, I was inwardly rejoiced that she should think such things of me, and should judge me worthy of her confidence. She was treating me as though I were her equal and friend, and, to do her justice, the idea of my being a governess never seemed to enter into hers or Mr. Lucas's head.

They always treated me from this time as a young friend, who conferred a favour on them by coming. My salary seemed to pass into my hand with the freedom of a gift. Perhaps it was that Uncle Geoffrey was such an old and valued friend, and that Miss Ruth knew that in point of birth the Camerons were far above the Lucases, for we were an old family whom misfortune had robbed of our honours.

However this may be, my privileges were many, and the yoke of service lay lightly on my shoulders. Poor Carrie, indeed, had to eat the bitter bread of dependence, and to take many a severe rebuke from her employer. Mrs. Thorne was essentially a vulgar-minded woman. She was affected by the adventitious adjuncts of life; dress, mere station and wealth weighed largely in her view of things. Because we were poor, she denied our claim to equality; because Carrie taught her children, she snubbed and repressed her to keep her in her place, as though Carrie were a sort of Jack-in-the-box to be jerked back with every movement.

When Miss Ruth called on mother, Mrs. Thorne shrugged her shoulders, and wondered at the liberality of some people's views. When we were asked to dinner at the Cedars (I suppose Mrs. Smedley told her, for Carrie never gossiped), Mrs. Thorne's eyebrows were uplifted in a surprised way. Her scorn knew no bounds when she called one afternoon and saw Carrie seated at Miss Ruth's little tea-table; she completely ignored her through the visit, except to ask once after her children's lessons. Carrie took her snubbing meekly, and seemed perfectly indifferent. Her quiet ladylike bearing seemed to impress Miss Ruth most favourably, for when Carrie took her leave she kissed her, a thing she had never done before. I looked across at Mrs. Thorne, and saw her tea-cup poised half-way to her lips. She was transfixed with astonishment.

"I envy you your sister, Esther," said Miss Ruth, busying herself with the silver kettle. "She is a dear girl—a very dear girl."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Thorne. She was past words, and soon after she took her departure in a state of high indignation and dudgeon.

I did not go home the next day. Allan came to say good-bye to me, Uncle Geoffrey followed him, and he and Mr. Lucas both decided I could not be spared. Nurse was somewhat ailing, and Uncle Geoffrey had to prescribe for her too; and as Miss Ruth recovered slowly from

these attacks, she would be very lonely shut up in her room.

Miss Ruth was overjoyed when I promised to stay with her as long as they wanted me. Allan had satisfied my scruples about Jack and Dot.

"They all think you ought to stay," he said. "Mother was the first to decide that. Martha has promised to attend to Dot in your absence. She grumbled a little, and so did he, but that will not matter. Jack must look after herself," finished this very decided young man, who was apt to settle feminine details in rather a summary fashion.

If mother said it was my duty to remain, I need not trouble my head about minor worries; the duty in hand they all thought was with Miss Ruth, and with Miss Ruth I would stay.

"It will be such a luxury to have you, Esther," she said, in her old bright way. "My head is generally bad after these attacks, and I cannot read much to myself, and with all my boasted resolution the hours do seem very long. Flurry must spare you to me after the morning, and we will have nice quiet times together."

So I took possession of the little room next hers, and put away the few necessaries that mother had sent me, with a little picture of Dot, that he had drawn for me; but I little thought that afternoon that it would be a whole month before I left it.

I am afraid that long visit spoilt me a little; it was so pleasant resuming some of the old luxuries. Instead of the cold bare room where Jack and I slept, for in spite of all our efforts it did look bare in the winter, I found a bright fire burning in my cosy little chamber, and casting warm ruddy gleams over the white china tiles; the wax candles stood ready for lighting on the toilet table; my dressing gown was airing in company with my slippers; everything so snug and essential to comfort, to the very eider-down quilt that looked so tempting.

Then in the morning, just to dress myself and go down to the pleasant dining-room, with the great logs spluttering out a bright welcome, and the breakfast table loaded with many a dainty. No shivering Dot to coerce into good humour; no feckless Jack to frown into order; no grim Deborah to coax and help. Was it very wicked that I felt all this a relief? Then how deliciously the days passed; the few lessons with Flurry, more play than work; the inspiriting ramble, ending generally with a peep at mother and Dot!

The cosy luncheons at which Flurry and I made our dinners, where Flurry sat in state at the bottom of the table and carved the pudding, and gave herself small airs of consequence, and then the long quiet afternoons with Miss Ruth.

I used to write letters at her dictation, and read to her, not altogether dry reading, for she dearly loved an amusing book. It was the "Chronicles of Carlingford," we read, I remember; and how she praised the whole series, calling them pleasant wholesome pictures of life. We used to be quite sorry when Rhoda, the rosy-cheeked housemaid, brought up the little brass kettle, and I had to leave off to make Miss Ruth's tea. Mr. Lucas always came up when that was over, to sit with his sister a little and tell her all the news of the day, while I went down to Flurry, whom I always found seated on the library sofa, with her white frock spreading out like wings, waiting to sit with father while he ate his dinner.

I always had supper in Miss Ruth's room, and never left her again till Nurse came in to put her comfortable for the night. Flurry used to run in on her way to bed to hug us both and tell us what father had said.

"You are father's treasure, his one ewe lamb, are you not?" said Miss Ruth once, as she drew the child fondly towards her; and when she had gone, running off with her merry laugh, she spoke almost with a sigh of her brother's love for the child.

"Giles's love for her almost resembles idolatry. The child is like him, but she has poor Florence's eyes and her bright happy nature. I tremble sometimes to think what would become of him if he lost her. I have lived long enough to know that God sometimes takes away 'the desire of a man's eyes, all that he holds most dear.'"

"But not often," I whispered, kissing her troubled brow, for a look of great sadness came over her face at the idea; but her words recurred to me by-and-by when I heard a short conversation between Flurry and her father.

After the first fortnight Miss Ruth regained strength a little, and though still an invalid, was enabled to spend some hours downstairs. Before I left the Cedars she had resumed all her old habits, and was able to preside at her brother's dinner-table.

I joined them on these occasions both by hers and Mr. Lucas's request, and so became better acquainted with Flurry's father.

One Sunday afternoon I was reading in the drawing-room window, and trying to finish my book by the failing wintry light, when Flurry's voice caught my attention; she was sitting on a stool at her father's feet turning over the pages of her large picture Bible. Mr. Lucas had been dozing, I think, for there had been no conversation. Miss Ruth had gone upstairs.

"Father," said the little one, suddenly, in her eager voice, "I do love that story of Isaac. Abraham was such a good man to offer up his only son, only God stopped him, you know. I wonder what his mother would have done if he had come home, and told her he had killed her boy. Would she have believed him, do you think? Would she have ever liked him again?"

"My little Florence, what a strange idea to come into your small head." I could tell from Mr. Lucas's tone that such an idea had never occurred to him. What would Sarah have said as she looked upon her son's destroyer? Would she have acquiesced in that dread obedience, that sacrificial rite?

"But father, dear," persisted Flurry, "I can't help thinking about it; it would have been so dreadful for poor Sarah. Do you think you would have been like Abraham, father; would you have taken the knife to slay your only child?"

"Hush, Florence," cried her father, hoarsely, and he suddenly caught her to him and kissed her, and bade her run away to her Aunt Ruth with some trifling message or other. I could see her childish question tortured him, by the strained look of his face, as he approached the window. He had not known I was there, but when he saw me, he said almost irritably, only it was the irritability of suppressed pain—

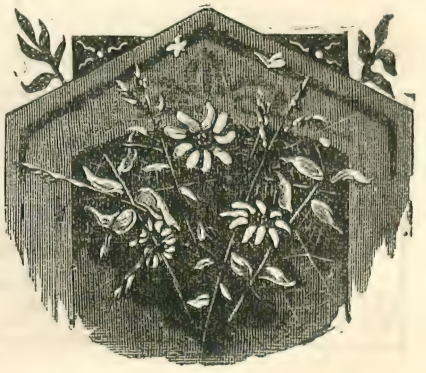
"What can put such thoughts in the child's head. I hope you do not let her think too much, Miss Cameron?"

"Most children have strange fancies," I returned, quietly. "Flurry has a vivid imagination; she thinks more deeply than you could credit at her age; she often surprises me by the questions she asks. They show an amount of reasoning power that is very remarkable."

"Let her play more," he replied, in a still more annoyed voice. "I hate prodigies; I would not have Flurry an infant phonomenon for the world. She has too much brain-power; she is too excitable; you must keep her back, Miss Cameron."

"I will do what I can," I returned humbly, and then as he still looked anxious and ill at ease, I went on, "I do not think you need trouble about Flurry's precocity; children often say these things. Dot, my little brother—Frankie, I mean—would astonish you with some of his remarks. And then there was Jack," warming up with my subject; "Jack used to talk about harps and angels in the most heavenly way, till mother cried and thought she would die young; and look at Jack now—a strong healthy girl, without an ounce of imagination." I could see Mr. Lucas smile quietly to himself in the dusk, for he knew Jack, and had made more than one quizzical remark on her; but I think my observation comforted him a little, for he said no more, only when Flurry returned he took her on his knee and told her about a wonderful performing poodle he had seen, as a sort of pleasant interlude after her severe Biblical studies.

(To be continued.)



THE GIRL'S OWN CAROL

JOSEPH BARNBY.

Larghetto.

p

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness

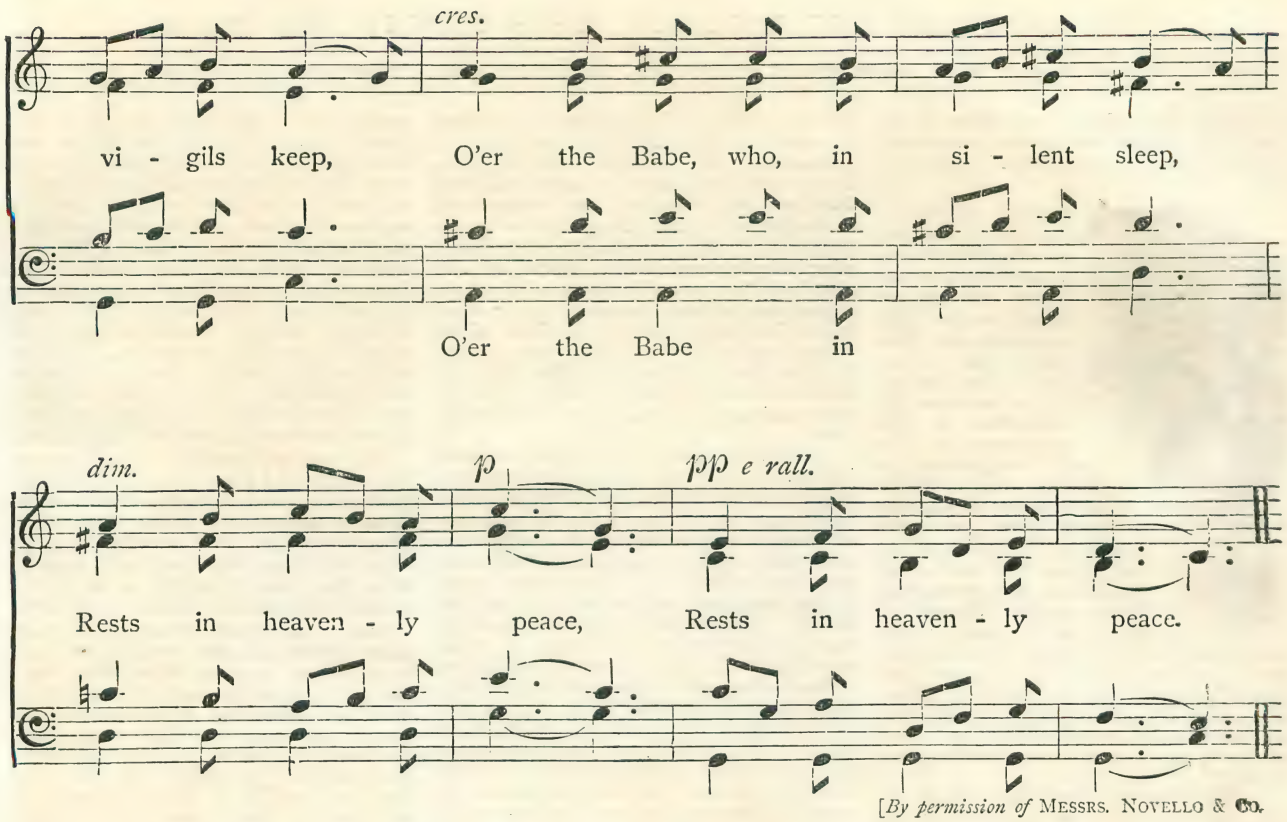
pp *cres* - - -

beams a light; Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Through the dark - ness

- *cen* - - - *do.* *mf* *mp*

beams a light, Through the dark - ness beams a light, Yon - der, where they sweet

Where they sweet



[*By permission of* MESSRS. NOVELLO & Co.

2.

Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3

Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven! O how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;
Blessed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy

4.

Silent night! holiest night,
Guiding Star, O lend Thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to *our King*!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5.

Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus *our* Saviour is here!

THE QUEST OF THE WISE; OR, JESUS SOUGHT AND FOUND.

By the Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D., Secretary of the Religious Tract Society.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and we are come to worship Him."—Matthew ii. 2.

THE first chapter in the New Testament reveals Jesus as the Son of David, sprung from the line of Jewish kings: this second declares Him the Saviour of Mankind; for heathen sages "seek to His light, and to the brightness of His rising." Very striking is the fact that Gentiles came both to His Cradle and to His Cross. The "wise men from the East" sought and found His cradle in Bethlehem, and, as we read in the twelfth chapter of St. John's Gospel, "certain Greeks"—most likely from the West—desired to "see Jesus" in the very last week of His life on earth. So, it is written, "they shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God."

And we are of the West: let us, this Christmas-time, think for a while of what these travellers from the East may tell us of the earnestness with which Jesus, the King, should be sought, and of the joy with which He still is found. They sought, it may be, somewhat blindly; we live in clearer light; and yet they may well stand to us all as a type of sincere inquiry, guided by light from heaven.

For how were they led to Christ?

First, by the voice of prophecy, which must have remained, though in faint and distant echoes, in their land. Remember, Balaam, the soothsayer from the mountains of the East, had spoken sixteen centuries before of a Star that should "come out of Jacob," and a Sceptre that should "rise out of Israel." Daniel, too, was a "wise man in the East," although of Jewish race. Kings of successive dynasties had listened to his words—the Chaldæan and the Persian—his name and prophetic fame would be cherished from generation to generation, and he had predicted the very time when the Christ should appear. Expectation would thus be awake in "the days of Herod the King," and the very heathen were ready to mark the earliest sign of God's word fulfilled. But what does this say to us, who have not only the word of prophecy but the revelation of the Gospel? God has spoken to us more fully, more clearly, than to those men of old; but His purpose is still the same—to lead us to Jesus.

They were led, secondly, by the teachings of science. In their dim, imperfect way these wise men—or magi, as they were called—had studied the stars, and they were anxious to apply in a right direction such knowledge as they had. Modern astronomers would smile at many of their theories, and pity the men who, having no telescopes, could not perhaps tell a meteor from a star. But at any rate they had grasped the right principle—that the heavens were the work of the living God, and the movements of the starry host the revelation of His will. Thus God Himself condescended to meet them on the ground of their own faith, and sent the star to guide them to His Son. After all, it was not their astronomy so much as their faith that led them to Jerusalem. There is an emblem also here for us. In our own days, science, so-called, too often leads men away from God: the heavens seem no longer to "declare His glory," or the firmament to "show His handiwork." But a wiser, deeper view shall yet prevail, and—as already is the case with many of the most careful and profound students of nature—God in His Son shall be discerned as Lord of the material universe. "All things were created by Him and for Him." To Him shall the voices of creation lead, and every star shall again become, as it were, a Star of Bethlehem.

Thirdly, they were led through earnest inquiry. On the basis of what prophetic tradition had taught them, and under the impulse of this new appearance in the heavens, they urged their way to further knowledge. So they took a long and weary journey, and arriving as strangers in a foreign land, made it their immediate business to inquire into the matter. Where is He? We have seen His star. We are come to worship. It would seem that at first they found no satisfaction. Of course they would expect that in Jerusalem everyone would be talking of the royal Child. But how strange! No one seemed to know of Him! Bethlehem was only six miles away; but the wonders of the Annunciation, of the Nativity, of the Angels' appearance to the shepherds, and of the song of the heavenly host had been all unheeded. How wonderful must have seemed this apathy to those who afar in the East had seen the Star! But they were not discouraged, nor did they relax their search until they had found their way to the City of David. Yes, those "who seek" shall surely "find." Be resolute, my friends, in your search for truth, and for Him who is the Truth; let not the coldness of others depress you, nor their opposition deter you. Follow out the glimpses and hints of great realities which have visited your souls, and on you also the Star shall surely rise that will lead you to the Saviour's feet.

For, fourthly, these magi were led by direct Divine guidance. Observe the frequent lot of inquirers after truth. Their eager questionings meet with no response from those to whom they most naturally go. Herod is a type of the careless world. He had nothing to say regarding the great question—no thought of the greater King—no feeling but a vague alarm. And the "chief priests and scribes" could read the prophecies, they knew the theory, so to speak; but they did not care to verify it for themselves; not a man of them all would rise and go to Bethlehem! The answer, such as it was, that the wise men received, was but the utterance of the king's jealousy and craftiness, yet to souls in earnest it was enough, They departed; and then the time had come for God to give them yet clearer light. With their faces turned southwards they were pressing on, and, lo! the star which they saw in the East went before them until it came and stood over where the young Child was. They had done what they could in honest and diligent inquiry, and God directed them to the attainment of their hearts' desire.

Will you let me ask you, friends and readers, this Christmas time, whether you, too, have sought and found? If not, are you seeking now? There is the prophetic word—the message of the Gospel: have these spoken to your hearts? It may be you are interested in many studies; the world to you is full of beauty and mystery; science has its attractions, literature its charms; have you discerned amid all these a glimpse of spiritual realities, or heard a voice that calls you to Christ? If so, have you made it your great business to seek Him as your Saviour—not in His cradle now, but upon His throne—that you may honour Him as your King? Have you been by God's help strong enough, brave enough to break through hindrances; persevering though few might sympathise, and many might scoff? There is a Star for every one who will but follow its "kindly light"—a Star to guide from the night of ignorance and sin to Him whose name is Jesus:—"He shall save."

And now let us note the joy of these men when they had proved the reality of God's guidance and were on their way to the attainment of their hopes. When they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy; a joy that was brightened and intensified when they found themselves in the presence of the Child, and offered their gifts to Him.

This joy had several elements. It was the joy of success in a great aim; joy in having found a king; joy above all in being able to worship. On all these accounts may we, too, who have found the Saviour, rejoice with them. To have ended a weary search, to have the heart's longing satisfied, to have attained a centre for our soul's rest, how good it is! Some who may read or listen to these words this Christmas time are, it may be, only on their journey. Where is He? is still their cry. True, they have "seen His Star," but that is all. Some deep impression of His truth has laid hold upon them; some bitter pangs of conscience have startled them; some sense of dissatisfaction and unrest has aroused them; but they are only groping blindly. The Star seems to have vanished, and yet He is near. It is not far to Bethlehem! Or, without a figure, the Saviour is at hand, to be found by every penitent and trusting soul. And this is joy, to be able to say, "I know whom I have believed." For He is King. Let us in thought follow these sages into the presence of the Divine Child. All, no doubt, in the outward scene was very lowly. True, we need not think of the "manger" as being still the cradle of the Virgin's Son. That was only a temporary provision, and the Holy Family had now no doubt sought some other shelter; but the abode would be a humble one—strangely, as it might seem, unbefitting a monarch. Yet, divinely taught, they would look beyond the outward surroundings of the scene, and discern the true royalty of Him whom they adored. What to them that the home was lowly, the provision scanty, when the Star hung overhead! They honoured Him as a King, with gifts, which may have had a deeper meaning than they knew. Some have seen in the "gold" the tribute to royalty, and in the "frankincense" the offering of worship as to One divine; while again, the "myrrh," used in embalming the dead, may have pointed forward to the Death and Burial of Him who had come to save. This may or may not be intended; enough that these heathen sages laid at His feet the best that the country yielded or that they themselves could bring. And is not this a picture of what we can offer—the gold of affection, the incense of praise, the myrrh of loving, if sometimes sorrowing, service, like hers who brought the "alabaster box" to Jesus?

All the preciousness, and all the sweetness,

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER LONDON

THE GIRL'S OWN CAROL.

[From the original drawing by M. Ellen Edwards.]

of life is to adore and serve Him. It is a glorious thing, my young readers, to be able to worship, to have One to whom we may look up with absolute admiration and undoubting confidence, at once our Ideal and our Friend, whose remembrance is an inspiration to all that is best and brightest within us, whose presence is a stay in temptation, a solace in trouble, a help in every time of need. Happy for us, if some earthly friendship guides us up to this consummate joy, if at the Christmas fire or in the seasonable loving remembrances of friends far away, we find something to animate our best and highest desires, and to make our hearts' affections a help to the larger appreciation and more constant practice of all that is good and true! Such influences are but reflections of His power and love, Who, if we will but yield our hearts to Him, will rule them as their Lord, shaping our lives to His own high purposes, and enstamping them with the seal of His redemption.

One deeper lesson yet remains. These wise men went forth to seek a king: they found a lowly babe. Yet they felt that they had found what they sought, and bowed in that humble cottage with perhaps a deeper reverence than they could have felt in Herod's princely halls. For surely their hearts told them that here was something more than earthly greatness. Or rather, the Spirit that had secretly led them on, of whose guidance the Star had been but the outward emblem, led them to apprehend in that infant form the revelation of the divine. It was the discernment, however dim, of the MYSTERY OF GODLINESS, that gave the keenest impulse to their joy. We have the larger revelation; and stand with them before the cradle, knowing how surely it was the way to the throne. He took upon Him our nature, from its very beginning, that He might claim it altogether for Himself. For babes He became a Babe, for children a Child, for the young a Youth, or the mature a Man; Representative of all, that He might be Redeemer of all. He came to live and to die for us. Bethlehem points onward to Calvary; and He came "in great humility," that He might bear the burden of our sins. Therefore does he reign. Because "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," "God hath highly exalted Him and given Him the name which is above every name."

When the prophet-apostle, upborne in vision to the heaven of heavens, was bidden to behold the King—"the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David"—he looked, and lo, in the midst of the throne, a Lamb! The vision taught the same truth as that which the Eastern magi learned beside the cradle-bed of Jesus. He greatly condescended, that He might gloriously reign.

Is He our King? It is good for us at this season to approach in thought the place where He lay, a little child. All tender and loving thoughts associate themselves with His spotless and beautiful infancy; every babe seems the dearer because of Him; and Christmas sheds its light on all home joys and cares. But let us not be content with a vague, sentimental gladness; the joy will be pure and lasting only as we seek in Him the Deliverer from Sin, the Lord and Ruler of our souls. Shine then on us, sweet Eastern Star,

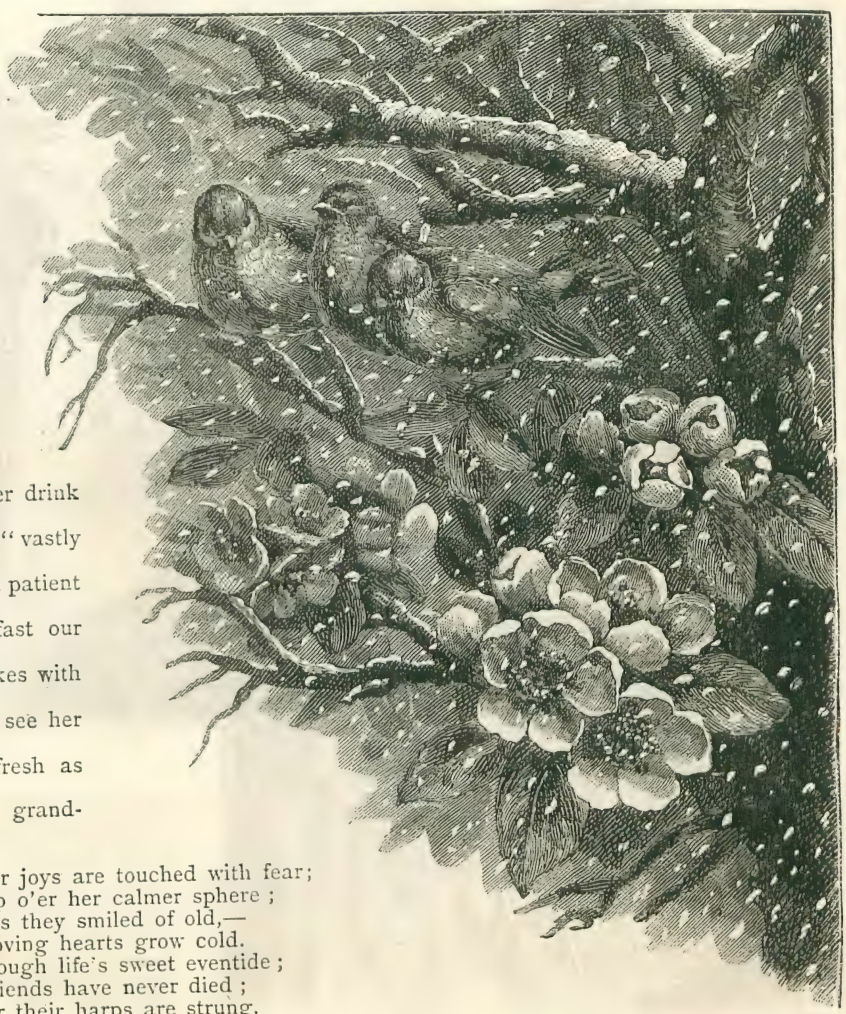
"Till we have brought the fine gold rare
Of zeal that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer
Like incense borne above;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship and love and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh;—

All meet for Thee, our own Adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God, and King.
Accept the gold and incense, Lord,
Accept the myrrh we bring."

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WAS YOUNG.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.



HER quiet eyes are mild and clear, her faded cheek is fair;
The snows of many a vanished year have settled on her hair;
She shakes her head at modern ways, or smiles in gentle scorn:
Has she not known far better days, long, long ere we were born?
Hers was a fresher youth than ours, a time of sun and dew;
Her path was sweet with homely flowers, her sky was always blue;
The maidens had a modest grace, the men were true of tongue,
And no one wore a double face when grandmother was young.

Her voice was like a wood-bird's note; her drink was cowslip wine;
Her amber satin petticoat, she says, was "vastly fine;"
She gazes at our cheap brocade, and gives a patient sigh;
How very ill our silks are made! how fast our colours fly!
Then from an ancient walnut press she takes with tender care
A fragment of the linen dress *he* loved to see her wear;
And still its roses keep their tints, as fresh as when he sung
The praises of that pretty chintz when grandmother was young.

This world of ours is sad and strange; our joys are touched with fear;
She never sees the shade of change sweep o'er her calmer sphere;
The faces that she loved in youth smile as they smiled of old,—
Dear voices cannot lose their truth, nor loving hearts grow cold.
She walks by faith, and not by sight, through life's sweet eventide;
Her past is bathed in golden light, her friends have never died;
For her they sing their angel lays, for her their harps are strung,
And God Himself brings back the days when grandmother was young.

OUR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

THE style of decoration to be followed depends on a good many different circumstances. The size and nature of the room or hall, the locality, whether town or country, and the time which can be expended on the work, have all to be taken into account. The subject is so familiar to everyone, that there is no need for a detailed description of any style of decoration, and it is only necessary to give a few suggestions, to be adapted according to circumstances.

When holly and mistletoe are scarce, very pretty and effective varieties are made by introducing bulrushes, teazle heads, pampas grass, or any of the tall brown grasses to be found growing near water in the country. These should be gathered in the autumn, and

well dried. If the bulrush heads are too ripe, and shed their seeds, they should be dipped in gum water. Mountain ash berries, and hips and haws should be gathered in the autumn too, and preserved for Christmas use by soaking in strong brine. Lichens are very useful as a background for red lettering, or to form the letters themselves on a coloured background edged with leaves. The grey lichen can frequently be torn off in large pieces from the trunks of trees, and this variety is the most useful for lettering; but twigs and branches covered with moss and lichen should be preserved just

as they grow, as very quaint and effective decorations can be made by grouping these in masses, with trails of ivy hanging from them.

If artificial frost is wished for, crushed glass, sold under the name of "frost," answers the best, or it can be made at home by crushing white glass (old white bottles, or pieces of broken window panes) with a garden roller. It is more effective than Epsom salts, the coarse kind of which, however, such as is sold at oil shops, is often used when glass cannot be procured. In either case it is sprinkled over the surface of the leaves, or cotton-wool snow, which have previously been coated with strong colourless gum.

In small rooms it is not advisable to use artificial frost or snow of any kind, as it will not bear close scrutiny, and distance is necessary to give it a proper effect. A judicious use of grey lichen amongst glossy green leaves gives a very wintry appearance, and will not only bear close inspection, but does not look tawdry in the glaring light of day, which cannot be said for anything artificial.

Japanese fans, as well as those of ordinary shape made of paper, are very useful for brightening up sombre rooms. They are very cheap, and are made in all varieties of brilliant colours. They look particularly well over pictures, not only as a temporary, but a permanent decoration, as they break the monotonous straight lines of a number of picture frames, and add a touch of colour to the walls, where it is often very much wanted.

If it is absolutely necessary to employ imitation berries and flowers, the easiest plan is to buy bunches of artificial red berries, which are very inexpensive, and save a good deal of trouble in making them at home; but if there are plenty of helpers, they can easily be made either by dyeing peas or pellets of putty with Judson's dye, or by dissolving red sealing wax in spirits of wine, and dipping the peas into it so as to coat them with wax. Artificial Christmas flowers are not so easily purchased, as they are either expensive or very tawdry-looking; Christmas roses are not at all difficult to make at home. Have ready some white satin, or sateen, dark green paper, fine wire, greenish grey paint, and green crewels. Get a real flower to copy from, if possible, or, if not, good patterns of Christmas roses can often be obtained from old Christmas cards. Cut out the petals in satin; they are something of a pear shape, but flattened at the top, and wider in proportion at the upper part; leave half an inch of stalk at the base. A short length of fine wire is gummed up the back of each petal, to stiffen it. The stamens and pistil are of wire covered with crewels, and with a knot at the top; and these, with the stalks of the petals, are united by means of a fine wire twisted round them. This united stalk is then passed through a calyx, or little cup, of the green paper, and the flower is complete, except for the touches of greyish green shading on the petals, which are added with a paint brush. These look very delicate and pretty arranged amongst moss and dried ferns.

Be careful to avoid an air of heaviness in small rooms. It is better to use too little material than to let it appear overdone. Trails of ivy look light and graceful hanging at the sides of a picture or mirror, springing from a light bunch at the top. If the sprays are refractory, they should be wired. Laurel has a disagreeable smell, and should be used sparingly in small rooms.

A light trellis work of leaves looks very well to cover a blank space, or hide an ugly door. It is made by sewing single leaves on tape, or wiring them on thin laths of wood, with a cluster of leaves or berries where the bands cross each other.

In decorating schoolrooms, or any large hall with bare walls, one has to work on a different principle. Here quantity is of more importance than quality, as the general effect only is noticed while details are overlooked.

Flags are very useful. They are not used to the extent they well might be in such cases. The proper material for them is bunting, which hangs well and is durable, but it is expensive, and Turkey twill answers the purpose very well. The red and dark blue should be used. The small flags may be plain, but the larger ones should be elaborated by devices of contrasting colour, red or white upon blue, and *vice versâ*. Stars of gold and silver paper can be gummed on, and some of the flags edged with the tinsel paper, cut into a fringe and folded to a good thickness. The larger devices in twill and calico are more durable if stitched into place. Shields, anchors, and other emblems can be cut out in millboard, and covered with red twill, and are useful as centre pieces for masses of green, or, as connecting links for festoons.

Wreaths and garlands are easier to make, and show up better if arranged in a flat form, instead of round like a rope. They should be fastened on to a strip of any bright red material, which shows on either side; this not only enhances the effect of the garland, but preserves the wall from being scratched or discoloured by the stalks.

For a large bare room, on which little time can be expended, an effective centre-piece for the end wall can be obtained by making a very large circle of thin wood or strong cardboard, covered with some bright colour, with a spreading bunch of green upon it, and a star of tinsel or straw in the middle, and four or six garlands springing from behind it, carried to the side-walls of the room, where each ends in a short hanging bunch of green—a sort of tassel.

Mission rooms and wards which have a wooden or painted dado can be brightened by making a heading to the dado of a long strip of red lining, about a quarter of a yard wide, and edged with a band of gold-paper pasted on, or else overlapping leaves stitched on. At intervals, say a yard apart, stitch or paste on one of the Japanese paper pictures, sold at a halfpenny each. In addition to the pictures, a motto, the letters cut out in white, may be applied, a word, or two if short, between each picture. If texts of Scripture are preferred, the pictures should be omitted or less curious ones substituted, as the two are hardly suitable together. An easy way of applying letters is by stencilling. Take a piece of stiff card, large enough to contain a single letter besides a margin of two inches or more all round. Draw and cut out the letter, taking care to have it in the middle of the card, and of a plain clear shape. In letters such as B, where there are fragments which would fall out if the whole letter were cut, little strips of cardboard must be left here and there to connect them. Place the frame of cardboard from which the letter has been cut in position on the red strip, and paint over with paint or whitewash. On removing the frame, the letter will, of course, remain clear and white, and the marks left by the connecting strips of card must be filled in afterwards. The cardboard shapes are easily made and can be used over and over again.

Mirrors, and even windows, are sometimes pressed into the service of decoration by having mottoes and devices painted on them in whitening. A branch of a tree or spray of flowers is usually painted coming down from the left-hand top corner of the glass, and partially encircling the motto which is near the bottom of the mirror, where it can be easily read. The whitening is easily wiped off, and rather improves the glass than otherwise, and if a tasteful design is selected, the effect is exceedingly pretty.

A BUNCH OF CROCUSES.

Some thirty years ago, after wandering through the Lowther Arcade in search of some small article which I thought I might be able to buy there, I turned into the side room known as the "Adelaide Gallery." I was looking at some small plaster of Paris figures, when my eye was arrested by the hue of some golden-coloured crocuses, in a tiny flower-pot, which on closer examination I found to be made of wax.

The owner of the stall, an elderly lady, came forward, and I admired and bought them. She then said her daughter made them, and that if I would call at No. so-and-so in a street not far off, she was sure her daughter would be pleased to show me her collection. I went, and was much interested in the groups of wax flowers, but much more so in the daughter herself, who seemed not more than thirty years of age; very tall, with the manners and carriage of one who had been in much better circumstances.

After some conversation it was arranged that a relative of mine should take lessons from her at my house, and thus I afterwards heard what I am going to relate. In her youth Miss K—— lived in the country; their house and grounds being filled with everything which adds to the comfort and refinements of life, and her great love of flowers led her to try and imitate them in paper and wax; gathering them from the conservatory in all stages of development, and taking two as near alike as possible, one to be dissected leaf by leaf and petal by petal, the other flower being kept in water as a pattern. After a time dark days came, the father was found dead in his garden, and through a flaw in partnership deeds, or for lack of deeds, there remained but about £100 a year for the mother, three daughters, and a young son.

They had their good furniture and plate, which they removed to London, taking a house, which they let in the Parliamentary season, themselves living in lodgings. Sometimes the house did not let; then Miss K—— generally managed to go to some fashionable seaside resort, where she sold her groups of flowers to private families, in which she gave the daughters lessons. Her elder sister was a daily governess, the other sister was somewhat of an invalid, but could see to letting and preparing the house, and they all bravely worked at anything their hands found to do. Before I knew them Miss K—— had been engaged to be married to a gentleman who was faithful to her after all her fortune had fled. The wedding breakfast was laid, the bride in her wedding-dress, and a few guests assembled, when on the "best man" going to the hotel for the bridegroom, it was found that he had died during the night from heart disease.

Dr. Cumming was waiting in Crown Court Chapel to perform the ceremony. On hearing of the sad event he hastened to the house, aiding the desolate lady by his sympathy, and leading her to the One true Comforter. From that time Miss K—— looked upon Dr. Cumming as her best earthly friend.

Her sisters had both long illnesses, and died within a short time of each other. The mother also died; and Miss K——'s sight having long been failing, friends helped, and a small annuity was got for her from a beneficent society.

Let us gather from this history connected with a bunch of crocuses, that even accomplishments and the recreations of leisure hours may be turned to good account when thoroughness is the motto.

CANVASINE.

MANY months ago we recommended crystoleum painting because it opened out a means of employment to many ladies who were fond of art, but had not sufficient leisure or talent to turn their artistic cravings to real practical hard work. To how great an extent crystoleum has been practised, a glance at shop windows and a visit to exhibitions will testify. But notwithstanding its success, there are many ladies who were either daunted by their first efforts proving failures, and who were not sufficiently neat and patient to overcome its mechanical difficulties, and these will be glad to hear of a process, the result of which is more effective than crystoleum, and the execution of which is simpler, requiring no boiling of wax, no glasses, and no oil paints.

The object of canvasine is to so prepare and colour a photograph that when finished it looks like an oil painting, and can only be detected from the real article by its smooth and not rough surface, as the coarse threads of the canvas are clearly visible, and the depths of colour and rich background tints that render oil painting so different in its style to other methods of colouring are procured. The method is clean, the paints used have no smell, a picture can be completed at two sittings, and from a personal trial we find the work is easy and quickly accomplished by anyone with some taste and with sufficient knowledge of colouring and painting to lay a wash of colour on, and to recognise when the right tint for a complexion, dress, or sky has been attained.

The work consists in first preparing a photo, so as to be able to stretch it upon a canvas stretcher, like an ordinary stretcher used for oil paintings, and then expelling the grease from the photo, so that the paints will sink into and amalgamate with it so entirely that no trace of paper or photo remains. The paints and adhesive mixture sold by Miss Casper, 200, Regent-street, for this purpose, are her own invention, and form the secret of the system; but there will be no difficulty found in their manipulation.

The materials required are as follows:—Canvasine solution—medium, adhesive, and preservative, 1s. each the bottle; prepared canvas, camel's-hair brushes; wedged stretchers of four sizes, to suit cabinet, folio, royal, and imperial-sized photos. from 9d. to 2s. 6d.; roller, 9d.; a squeegee or presser, 6d.; canvasine colours, one shilling each, and sixteen in number, consisting of flesh tints, Nos. 1 and 2, flesh shadows, vermilion, carmine, light yellow, golden yellow, light brown, wood brown, sienna, blue violet, purple, green, and black. These colours are all dry, except the black, and are sold in saucers; the black is a wet colour, and is sold in a bottle; ordinary Chinese white is used where white is necessary. The photos selected should be good ones, clear and sharp in outline, and taken direct from a painting. With a badly-prepared and imperfect photo the desired effect cannot be obtained, and the photos taken from the Munich, Dusseldorf, Italian, and Dresden Galleries will be found the best for the purpose, although the photos from English pictures are as good when they have been taken by a good photographer. Figures and flower subjects—size 9in. by 7in., or 14in. by 10in.—either half-lengths of one figure, or groups of not more than two, are the easiest for a beginner to work at, as unless the head of the subject is a fair size, the washes put on for the complexion and the minute details of the features require more care and attention than a learner can bestow. The following list of photos suitable for the work will be of use to the painter: "Egyptian Water-carrier," "Pompeian Flower Girl," "A Florentine Lady," "Spanish Balcony Scene," "The Betrothal," "Amy Robsart," "Flaminka," "Mignon."

Commence the work by preparing the photo. Take the photo, say of the "Egyptian Water-carrier," and match it as to size with a wooden stretcher; cut off any edges of the photo, so that it may be a very little smaller than the stretcher; lay it face downwards upon a plain deal table, or drawing-board, and give it one rub over with some fine glass-paper, if the paper it is printed on is very thick, but omit the rubbing, for fear of making holes, should it be thin. Pour out the canvasine solution into a dish, put the photo into it, so that it is quite covered over, and let it remain a few minutes; then take it out (put the solution back into the bottle) and lay the picture again on the board, face downwards, and dab away with a clean sponge any of the solution that is in a running state, but not any that is only wet. Before putting the photo into the solution, take a piece of the prepared canvas—sold expressly an inch and a half all round larger than the photo—and wet this thoroughly and lay it down upon the table or drawing-board, ready for use, firmly stretched out between drawing-pins and with its prepared surface uppermost. Cover the back of the photo with a good coating of adhesive mixture, painted on with a hop hair-brush, and put on freely, but quite evenly; lay the photo face uppermost upon the stretched canvas, and be particular to lay it down quite straight, and in such a manner that the threads forming the canvas are perpendicular and horizontal with the picture. Press the photo on to the canvas with the hand, and take the roller and roll it once or twice up and down the picture, so as to obtain upon it some markings of the canvas threads; then take a second piece of canvas same size as the first, and lay this over the face of the photo, but do not pin it down. Place the roller over it, and roll backwards and forwards for five minutes, until the canvas lines are fixed indelibly into the paper, and a good deal of the canvasine adhesive squeezed out. Look at the photo constantly while rolling it, and see that its edges become firmly attached to the piece of stretched canvas, touching them with adhesive should they not do so, and take the presser and pass it firmly and rapidly straight up and down and straight across the photo (with the spare piece of canvas in between), so as to press out all air bubbles, and to make the photo adhere in every part to the bottom canvas, and roll it well after using the presser. Continue to work in this manner until the photo adheres in every place, and the lines of the canvas upon it are quite distinct; then lay the picture still stretched to its board on one side for three hours, when it will be dry, before which time it cannot be painted.

When dry the photo can be stretched at once upon its wooden stretcher, or can be painted and then stretched. We prefer stretching it before painting, but it is a matter quite at the discretion of the worker. To stretch the canvas on the wooden frame, lay it on evenly, put a row of tin tacks into the canvas brought to the back of the frame, then pull slightly, and secure at the back in the same way the other three sides of canvas, being particular about the corners being neat, and finally hammer in the eight small wedges given with the frame into their proper holes.

Commence the painting by working at the complexion. This is obtained by putting on the colour with a number of washes, and dabbing each wash off before it has time to do more than penetrate the photo—the colour, if left at first, quickly drying as a mottled surface, and being impossible to remove. The greasy nature of the photo is the cause of the washes of colour running unevenly, but as soon as that is overcome by the equalisation of colour, there is no further trouble in applying the colours. Each wash when put on is dabbed off with a small fine sponge; but for the first complexion washes, nothing removes the grease and allows them to settle evenly better than wiping them off with the human tongue; and, as the paints have nothing in them injurious to health, and the surface is a very small one, we recommend this being done, but for this part only of the picture.

Returning to our subject, the "Egyptian Water-carrier," let us begin to paint it. In a tumbler of water put a few drops of canvasine medium, and on a palette a little of flesh No. 1. Make a wash with it and the water, and apply it to the face and wipe it off at once; repeat this applying and at once wiping off six times, and then, if a good colour is obtained, put on flesh No. 2, to tint the cheeks, and then wipe it off; and flesh shadows round the chin, between eyes and eyebrows, under the eyes, and in other shaded parts, and wipe that off. Get the shadows and the tints of the right shade, and occasionally put on a wash of flesh No. 1 all over the face to tone it evenly, paying no regard to the features, and putting the washes on entirely over them. For an Egyptian face, and for brunettes and other dark-complexioned persons, add wood brown to the shadows, and a little of it to flesh No. 2. For a fair child, use a wash of flesh No. 2 over the whole face, as well as flesh No. 1, and paint in shadows with pale green and blue hues. When the complexion is quite finished, give the shadows a slight touch of blue, and put a shade of it between the eyelids, so as to soften the eyelashes. Take flesh No. 2 in a nearly dry state, and with it paint the lips and just touch the nostrils, and do not wash off any colour.

Paint the iris of the eye with blue or brown, according to their colour, and make a grey by mixing black and brown together. The pupil of the eye, in all cases, put in with a spot of black, and the light on the eyeball with Chinese white. A little touch of flesh No. 2 at the corner of the eye near the nose will heighten the effect; and the eyelashes, if shown, should be tinted darker than the hair, but of the same shade. Sienna will be found the colour most required for the eyelashes. The eyebrows require a wash of colour first, put on matching the light shade of the hair, and then being worked over with drier colour of the darkest tint of the hair. Black should be avoided wherever possible, and the deeper shades of brown mixed with blue used in its place, as black does not paint in well, and is liable, if freely used, to make the picture look hard and crude.

The hair for dark persons work on with a number of washes of sienna, which apply and wipe off at once with a sponge, until a deep, strong colour is the result. Shades of brown hair are obtained by using wood brown, in conjunction with sienna; black hair make by putting washes of blue on the picture before the sienna. For yellow hair, use golden yellow, and shade with washes of light brown, and touch up any very prominent light upon all the different hair shades with a little Chinese white, which use sparingly for light browns and freely for black shades.

The drapery of a figure and the large accessories are coloured after the face, hands, etc., are finished; but the background of a picture, such as a sky or distant mountain view, are better put in after the complexion is done, and before the features are brought out prominently; by this means, if the washes put on the background should by any misadventure run beyond their proper limits, the mischief is

not so great as if they touched upon work done with nearly dry, and therefore deeper colour; but the worker must never forget that any colour put on dries deeper than it then looks, and when once dry cannot be removed, so that no careless putting on of washes in any part of the picture can be allowed.

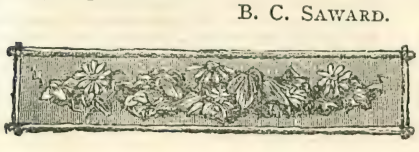
In sky and other light distances wash in with blue and a little light green, to which add in streaks golden yellow and a pale wash of carmine for sunset skies. Clouds make with Chinese white put on rather dry, when the sky washes have been put in and sponged out until they are perfect. A foliage background make by washes of light yellow, golden yellow, green, wood brown, according to the tints required; and strengthen and bring forward prominent foliage, tree trunks, etc., by touching such parts with nearly dry colours after the washes. Backgrounds of old walls and other buildings make with washes of the two yellows, and with streaks of vermilion, green, and other deeper colours, put on with the brush and sponged off until they look soft and a part of the colouring. Water make with washes of blue and streaks of green and yellow sponged off as before; a little white after the other colours have dried increases the effect of water. In putting on and sponging off all washes, whether of background or drapery, remember to do this before details in dry paint are added, and never put on dry paint until the washes have thoroughly dried, or the sharp colour will become woolly, and run into the damp surface.

Draperies are put in after the backgrounds; they can be made of any shade, if in the original photo they are light in tone; but if they are dark, carmine is about the only colour that tells upon them; this colour comes out upon a dark ground as a very handsome ruby shade. Put on a wash of canvasine medium over all large surfaces of drapery, and sponge it off before commencing to colour that part; this helps the colours' absorption into the photo. Use large brushfuls of colour when putting in draperies, and sponge it off quickly; the right tint obtained make the shadows of the photo more prominent with a deeper tint of the same colour. Do not hesitate to lay on plenty of colour, and leave it when once a suitable shade has soaked into the photo. The blue, purple, carmine, and green are all suitable for draperies; scarlet make with washes of yellow under washes of red and white, with Chinese white for the highest lights and washes of pale blue-greys for the shadows. The white must be put on last, and never touched with the sponge. Lace and jewellery, and all gold lines in drapery, are the last details to be painted; lace is made by deepening any shadows with blue, and dotting high lights with white, silver ornaments with a wash of blue, and white high lights; gold ornaments with a wash of golden yellow, deepened with vermilion in the shadows.

The picture being now finished, a coating of canvasine medium laid only over the dark parts helps to preserve it, and it is then sunk into a deep and handsome gold picture frame, like those employed for oil paintings. The advantage of a good deep frame is, that it removes the picture a little distance from the eye, and helps to increase the look of oil painting that it has.

Miss Caspar, the inventor of canvasine, besides selling the colours, teaches the art at 7s. 6d. for one lesson, and £1 1s. for three, at 200, Regent-street.

B. C. SAWARD.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LONELY JEANIE.—We cannot advise you to give up a certainty, however *small*, for such an uncertain thing as private tuition, a branch which is greatly overstocked at present. Try to obtain some evening pupils where you are, or some needlework or writing, and look for a rise in your present state. Meantime, be patient, and lay your case before Him without whose knowledge the sparrows cannot fall to the ground.

WHITE ROSE. — There is no need to learn Latin in order to learn Greek. Many people have learnt enough of the latter to read the Scriptures, without a master. The best book you can have is a "Handbook to the Grammar of the Greek Testament," published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 7s. 6d.

AUNT RHODA.—Full information about Whitelands Training College can be obtained from the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Whitelands College, Chelsea, London, S.W.

MARINARCO and CASTELLAMARE. — We advise that both sisters should be trained in the art of teaching. If you write to the principal at the Home and Colonial School Society's College, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, London, W.C., you will obtain information and advice. The resident students pay from £45 to £50 per annum. Day students are also received, and you would both be thoroughly prepared.

JUPITER. — Write to Miss Webb, secretary of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W. She will give you all the information you require.

PATIENCE and PERSEVERANCE.—Write to the Rev. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, in reference to the higher (local) examination, which is held in June. It is for girls over eighteen, and the fee is £2. All information will be supplied on application for it. We also advise you to read two articles of ours on the subject, viz., "Examinations, and How to Prepare for Them," page 425, vol. ii., and "Cambridge Local Examination," page 115, vol. ii.

SNOWDROP.—At the Royal Edinburgh Infirmary probationers serve as assistant nurses, receiving £10 and uniform the first year, with a weekly allowance for washing. After having been trained, they are required to serve another year, during which they receive £20; after which they are free. Candidates for this profession are, with but few exceptions, required to have attained the age of twenty-five. At the London Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, lady pupils are eligible from twenty-one years of age, and ordinary nurses at seventeen. The latter are paid at 7s. 6d. per week for a period of not less than six months.

HOUSEKEEPING.

PAULINE DARRELL writes, "Could you kindly advise me if it would be wise to take and roll a carpet up on account of the colour going, that has been in a dampy room for two years?" We give it up if intended for a riddle, as too overpowering for our mind. The second query is more simple. As a rule it is not well to say "good-bye" very obtrusively at any evening party to anyone. Most people slip away quietly, especially if they leave early, for fear of "breaking-up" the party and annoying their hostess by doing so. In a party composed of relations you will probably have some last words to say, and you are more free to do as you like.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—Inquire for "starch glaze" at any grocer's; it will give a gloss to your starched articles with no trouble on your part.

A DARKEY.—1. To keep a house of four or five rooms it would require about thirty shillings a week. You do not say in what trade your intended husband is engaged, nor whether to live in town or country, nor whether you would go out working in any capacity to help provide the means if you proposed to marry. The bride is not expected to provide anything towards the house, only her own clothes. If she do so all the better. 2. Mildew may be removed from linen by rubbing it well with soap and then scraping some fine chalk upon it, rubbing that well into it also; then wet it a little and lay it out on the grass for some hours. Do all this twice or thrice, and the mildew will come out.

SCHNEIDER.—1. For cleaning out water-bottles use salt and raw potato peelings. 2. For frosting window-panes, try Epsom salts, for muffing them, use putty.

LAUNDRESS, A PERPLEXED YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Have the boiler scrubbed with very hot and strong soda and water, and then clean down with powdered bath-brick, whitening, and soda, mixed into a paste, and put all over it inside; allow this to remain on twenty-four hours, when it should be well rubbed off. If the boiler is in very bad order the whole process must be gone over again.

ISABELLE TORRIANO.—We should advise you to send your chairback to a cleaner's to save yourself disappointment. You would find the "Song of the Shirt" in "Hood's Collected Poems." It was first published in the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843.

ADMIRER OF CLEANLINESS.—Use a paste for cleaning marble composed of washing soda, whitening, and chalk or pumice-stone; equal parts of each. Rub it on the marble with a cloth and leave it to dry for twenty-four hours, then wash it off with cold water.

MARTHA.—Grease may be taken out of boards with a paste of fullers' earth, soda, and water, which should be spread on the boards for a day and a night; then scour with very hot water. Grease may be removed from carpets in a similar way, but in this case, when the paste is dry, brush it out with a stiff brush, and use no soda.

ART.

J. W.—You would have to go through an art training as well, we should think. We advise you to write to the superintendent, Female School of Art, 43, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., and take her opinion.

A DARK BLUE SKY.—Gold-coloured or blue American cloth would answer for your screens. You might paint a water scene on them; on the former in browns and reds, with a setting sun and some storks in the foreground. You might also use black or gold-coloured satin, embroidered, for which you would find ideas in the recent papers on art-needlework, by Helen Burnside. See also "Screens, and How to Make Them," pages 225 and 300, vol. iii.

JUMBO.—Clean the paint brushes with turpentine.

KATEY.—The varnish employed for paintings is mastic varnish. It should be applied with a broad flat fine brush very thinly, and swept regularly up and down. When finished, turn the picture round face downwards, and lay a cloth over it to preserve it from dust. Let it rest on supports at the corners or along the sides, of course. As to the injury done by flies to oil-paintings, you can prevent their settling upon them, or any other article, by washing them over with water in which a large bundle of leeks has been soaked for about a week.

E. R. K.—The general cause of the "spotting" of crystoleum paintings is because the air and paste have not been carefully pressed out from between the photo and the glass. This part of the process requires careful manipulation.

THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEIGH.—For an article on "Leather Work," see page 261, vol iii.

MAUD.—You will find the recipe for setting "smoke pictures" on page 399, vol. iii.

A WOODEN PIG.—Oil-paintings should not be varnished for some time after they are finished. Pigeons always require a little salt, which may be given in lumps of "rock-salt."

HERNE THE HUNTER.—For painting on wood in water-colours, see page 736, vol. iv.

BET.—For "Painting Magic-lantern Slides," see page 736, vol. iv.

SYDONIE.—You will find an excellent article on "Painting on China" on page 340, vol. i. Use the tube colours sold for the purpose. January 16, 1865, was a Friday; June 28, 1867, was a Friday.

TERRIBLE TOM.—An article on "Painting on Silk and Satin" was given in the "G. O. P.," page 66, vol. iv. June 24, 1861, was a Monday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INQUIRER.—A father has control over his daughters until they attain their 21st birthday.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.—You had better wait until you be of age, and see if then of the same mind; but meanwhile do nothing clandestine nor disobedient. If your parents will not consent to your engagement, you must give it up, asking them only to withdraw their objections if you both remain constant and there are no valid reasons against the marriage.

M. A. W.—The initials, "*S.T.P.*," used after the names of the last century, mean *Sacræ Theologiæ Professor*. The present equivalent is "D.D.," or "Doctor of Divinity." The sunflower is an annual; the seed is to be sown during the first week in April.

BETSY BINN. — George III. half-crowns are worth 4s. 6d. to 10s.; George III. shillings with bust in armour, 2s. and 2s. 6d.; Queen Elizabeth half-crowns are worth 7s. to 30s. All coins so valued must be in good condition and perfect.

SUE BROOK.—The back numbers may be obtained by writing to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and sending the money. The 26th June, 1865, was a Monday; the 22nd October, 1867, was a Tuesday; the 27th December, 1877, was a Thursday; the 4th September, 1862, was a Thursday.

PRIMROSE. — Drying and preserving seaweeds was described at page 542, vol. iii.

CONSTANT READER, "3 B. G's.," EVADINE, TEETOTUM, and Others. — Cast-off clothes (sound but shabby), boots and shoes, etc., may be sent to several places, where they are most thankfully received, viz., For intending emigrants, to the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, 15, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W.; for poor clergy, to the office of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C. The Working Ladies' Guild, 113, Gloucester-road, South Kensington, S.W., is also thankful for any clothes suitable for governesses and other poor ladies. The clothes should be sent clean and in good order, and the carriage should in all cases be paid.

ELLA B.—The lines—

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there,"

were by Daniel Defoe, 1663-7, in the "True-born Englishman." The verse is completed by the lines—

"And 'twill be found upon examination
The latter has the largest congregation."

Another version was given by Drummond, in his "Posthumous Poems"—

"God never had a church but there, men say,
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles;
I doubted of this Saw, till on a day
I Westward spied great Edinburgh's 'Saint Gyles.'"

George Herbert makes a similar statement in his "Jacula Prudentum," only without the severe rap given to poor "Saint Gyles."

EMILY.—It is not too late for you to learn to play any instrument, and if you have a *good ear and pleasing* voice you should begin learning to sing at once. But be careful in obtaining the opinion of some good singing master as to the quality and compass of your voice, so as to direct you in its management, and the kind of music that would be suitable.

MARMION.—Poland was first partitioned by treaty between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in 1772. The second partition treaty was in 1793, and the final partition took place when King Stanislaus resigned his crown at Grodno, on the 26th November, 1795. The fall of Poland was brought about by its own internal divisions and civil wars. The dukes and kings of Poland lasted from 842 to 1795.

PHILLIS ALSTON.—The colours of the flowers are as follows:—Corncockle, purple; shrubby stock, light purple; giant bell-flower, deep blue; common ling calyx, rose-coloured; creeping cinquefoil, yellow; larkspur, blue; wild teasel, light purple.

A FAIR-HAIRED GIRL, PAR NOM.—1. Use a pair of braces described on page 351, vol. iii., or they may be obtained at all ladies' outfitters in London. 2. Turn the pages, of course, if he is playing your accompaniment, if no one else offers to do so. Thank him when finished.

ISUNDULA.—Press the barrel of a small key round the spot stung by the wasp or bee, so as to make the sting protrude from the wound, and draw it out with tweezers. Moisten the blue-bag, and apply it to the spot; rub in some moist snuff or tobacco, or else some drops of a solution of potash.

J. L. ALLEN.—The verse composed for a remembrancer of the number of days in each calendar month—or, at least, one of the verses—dates back two or three hundred years, for in Grafton's Chronicles of England, 1590, we find it thus rendered:—

"Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September;
February hath xxviii. alone,
And all the rest have xxxi."

The last two lines in our modern version respecting leap-year were added in 1606.

LAURA LEIGH.—1. When you eat, remove your gloves; if only at an afternoon tea, one only would suffice. 2. In such matters, be guided by the wishes of your parents.

A LOVING ONE.—1. We are only responsible for evil thoughts in so far as we give them one moment's encouragement. They can always be checked at once by taking up a book, speaking to someone of something else, or, best of all, by asking God's grace to aid you in their banishment. 2. Write small round-hand copies.

SWNZ CRAUFURD.—1. We cannot tell you whether the articles you name will be published in a separate volume. We are glad that you have found them useful. 2. Read the "Fairy of the Family," page 779, vol. iv.

HOPBINE.—Assistance is much required at the Children's Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, The Bank, Highgate, London, N.

AMANDO.—There is the National Hospital for the Relief and Cure of the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.; secretary, Benjamin Burford Rawlings, Esq., Portland-terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. All information in reference to the home for the girl in question would be given on application.

MYRTLE BRANCH.—Certainly not, if he be not known first to your parents, or even to yourself by means of a proper introduction. Quarrels are rarely the fault of one of the parties only, and you had better not give up your friend if you value her, for a slight difference.

BIRMINGHAM.—To write a running hand, you had better take some small round running hand as a model, and practise copying it. Slope your writing from right to left, and do not make long tails and flourishes. We thank you for your recipe.

TUBEROSE.—You seem to require change of air. If possible, go to the seaside.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN.—Read "The Fairy of the Family." We think a pink or pale strawberry-coloured nun's cloth dress would suit you.

DORA and AGNES.—The best cure for toothache is to go to a dentist. Nervous headaches require plenty of fresh air and not too much study.

T. P. S.—There is a Winter Home for Consumptive

Girls; address the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eyre, 3, Warrior-terrace, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Also the Herts Home, 14, Silchester-road, for natives of that county.

QUEEN TITANIA.—You had better ask your mother, or some older relation, to write and beg him to desist.

ALPHA BETA.—Take plenty of exercise and a daily tepid bath, rubbing every part well with a Turkish towel so as to restore the circulation.

EVA CARR, MARJORY CLIVE, and Others.—We think you had better tell your mother and take her advice.

QUARTETTE.—The water-lily plants are usually sunk in the pond, attached to a stone to hold them down. They are grown without further trouble.

MADCAP.—Mr. Stanley is alive and still in Africa. Dr. Livingstone died May 1st, 1873.

PASSING PATIENCE.—1. A young lady should go with a chaperone to such a bathing place as *Aix-la-Chapelle*, or else with an elderly respectable maid, or should take her meals in private. She should never appear alone. 2. Bathe your eyes with weak vinegar and water daily (more than once), using the bath cold and keeping the eyelids well closed. This will strengthen the eyes much.

HOBBLEDEHOY.—1. Silkworms can exist on lettuce leaves when first hatched for a short time until mulberry leaves can be procured, but not afterwards if required to form silk cocoons. Never hatch them till you can get the latter leaves. 2. Growing may go on till twenty-one.

AN ORIGINAL LOVER.—Many thanks for your anecdote. "Won't" and "don't" should not be used in writing, but they are not "wrong," if you mean by that bad grammar.

MINNEHAHA and EVANGELINE.—"Jolly" is an ugly and old-fashioned slang term. In the matter of reading, all our girls must be guided by the wishes of their parents.

A TAYSIDE LASSIE.—"Curfew must not ring to-night" was written by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, an American lady. It may be found in "Bell's Modern Reader," last edition.

S. O. LANCASTER.—All articles for competition are sent to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

NELLIE DOONE.—You will find the rules in any English grammar.

HEBE.—You should endeavour to feel and look grateful for any little kindness shown you, and if there be no good reason you had better accept the invitations. Say, "Many thanks for so kindly asking me. I will ask my mother," or "will come if convenient."

MARGUERITE and AMBITIOUS ORPHAH.—See the article on "Female Clerkships in the Post Office," page 663, vol. iv.

C. J. P. M.—One groomsman is usual at a wedding, and the bride sometimes is attended by two small pages, as well as by her bridesmaids.

UNE CANADIENNE.—The time would make no difference; it is always the place of the lady to speak or bow first to the gentleman.

A GLASGOW GIRL.—The crumbs are not taken off before the pudding, but before the dessert is put on. The cruets are not now put on the table; the pepper and mustard may be placed beside the salts if the cruets are not handed round.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—Why do you do what you *know* to be wrong? The heart of the Christian should be as faithful in turning to Christ for His help and blessing in the small things of life as the needle is a faithful indicator in turning to the pole.

COMMON SENSE.—The dinner set would be the most useful present, we should think. The number of pieces depends on the price of the set. You can have as many as you require at a large shop.

HECTOR TOM.—Write to the publisher of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

THANET C.—There are already three or four societies having the same object in view. You had better apply to one of them for election as a member, or select from amongst them the one that you prefer. The Bible Learners' Union, Secretary Miss Brine, The Ferns, 131, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E.; the Bible Reading Union, the Rev. Ernest Boys Beverley, Sidcup, Kent; and The Scripture Learning Society, Secretary Miss G. Jukes, 14, Paul-street, Tiverton, Devon.

DARKNESS.—Where did you see such a text in the whole of the Scriptures like the statement which you say "a voice seems to say," "It is no use you trying, you are lost for ever; so it is no use trying to be good now"? Whoever owned such a "voice" tried to lead you astray from Him who is "able to save *to the uttermost*" all that cast themselves, just as they are, on His mercy, and ask His help and guidance. Read what the Prophet Isaiah says, chapter l., verses 9 and 10 (*àpropos* of the name you have taken), and then read what our Lord says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will *in no wise* cast out," (St. John vi. 37). When you examined your own heart and reviewed your daily conduct, words, and works, and all your deficiencies, why were you surprised? What could you expect? Each day we live is a little life in itself. Try to live from day to day without fear of future days; live in repentance, in faith, and striving against sin, and to fulfil your daily duties, and do not "seem to hear" imaginary "voices."

LUCIE KEALLEY (South Australia).—Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would send you the first volume of this paper ready bound on application to him. The money could be sent by Post Office Order. We are glad that you appreciate the work so much, and feel obliged by the kind expression of your feeling about its useful character.

MARY L.—The monthly parts of the "G. O. P." can now be forwarded for twopence to any of the continental countries, as well as to Canada and the United States, just as if sent to any part of the United Kingdom. Any bookseller or newsagent would arrange to forward them, or they will be sent direct from the publishing office on receipt of a P. O. O. for the magazines and postage. These money orders should be made payable to Mr. Joseph Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., at the post office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

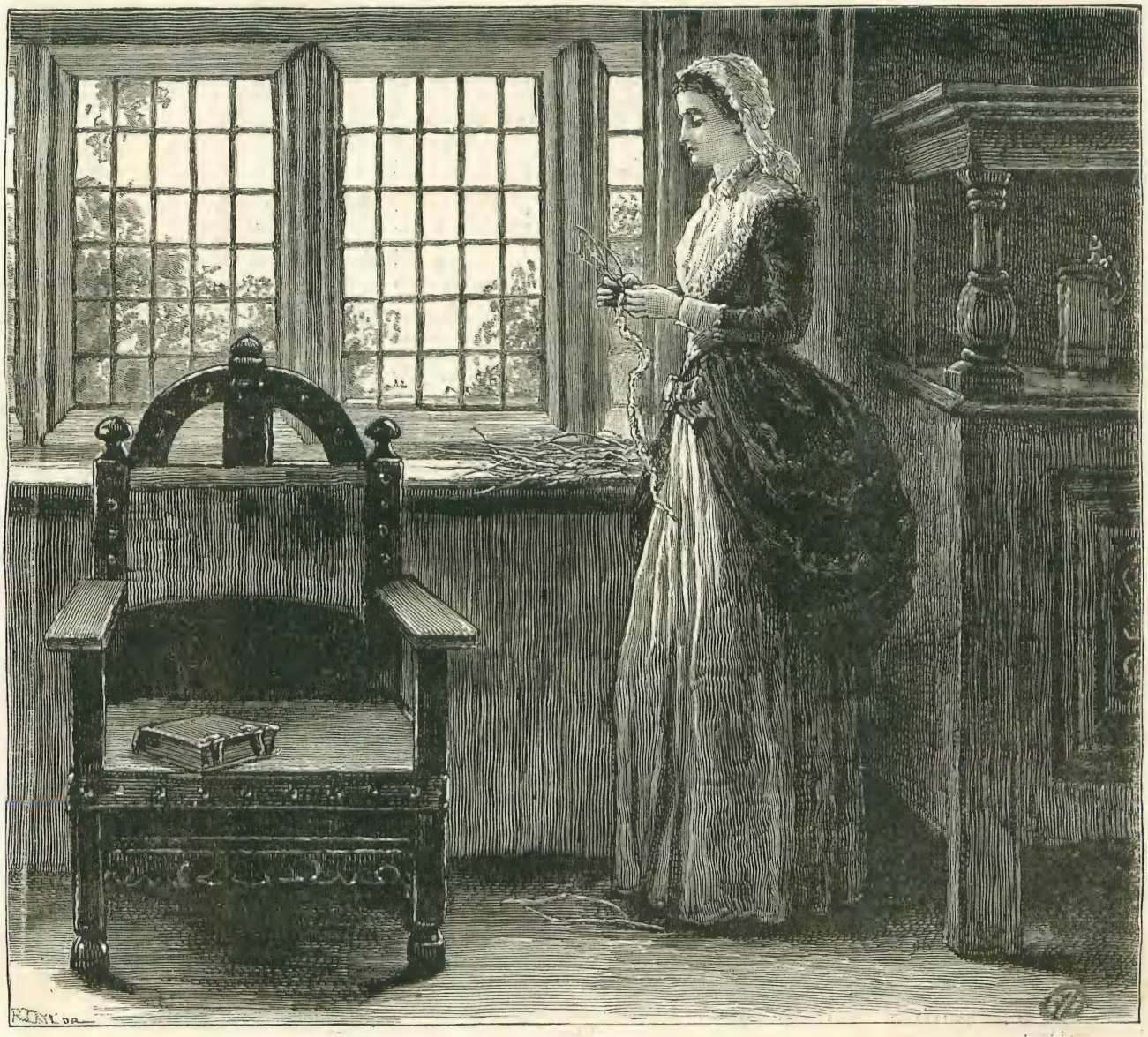
WOOLLY BEAR.—You have quoted a passage in the Holy Scriptures incorrectly. The quotation is from the Book of Job, chapter xxxviii. verse 11: "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

A RUSSIAN BEAR.—1. The year of the "G. O P." commences with the first October number. 2. All depends on what you "desire." You should not pray for anything without due consideration as to whether it be one of those blessings for which we are clearly permitted to ask. We find that our Lord never found fault with nor refused to heal anyone asking to be "made whole." He also permits us to ask for a sufficiency of the means of subsistence, and observes that a father would not give his son a stone if he asked for bread. We are likewise taught that God approved of the choice of Solomon, who asked for wisdom instead of riches or even long life. We may reasonably pray for preservation from every sort of calamity, accident, etc. We may pray for God's blessing on our industry and to prosper our efforts in every useful and honest undertaking, and we may pray for spiritual grace for ourselves and others; but our prayers must be "according to His will"—sincere, earnest, persevering, and offered in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

VOL. V.—NO. 209. DECEMBER 29, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FIRST STRAW HAT.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House," "More than Coronets," etc.



All rights reserved.]

"THE PLAIT GREW IN LENGTH AS SHE RUMINATED."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Reuben Sibley's grandsire made free with the masonry of the ruined abbey and built him a substantial house in lieu of the tumbledown, chimneyless, thatched cottage of timber, mud, and wattle which had served his farming predecessors for generations, the home of the Dentons stood fair to view, higher up the hill, back from the primitive trackway — a picturesque, black-and-white house, with sundry pinnacled gables, and two stories above the ground-floor, each overhanging the other. Stables and other offices lay in the rear. It was strongly built, with solid beams of oak cut from the woods around; nay, *it had more than one supporting* pillar deeply rooted in the soil, and the cross-timbers were not only quaintly carved, but the spaces between were filled in with plaster and rubble that would shame the tricksy builders of these days.

Save in the hall and the chamber above it, the windows were small and lattice-paned, with never a hinge or a slide for opening to admit fresh air. Mayhap the air around was then too pure to suggest the necessity. The chimneys were so capacious that the occupiers of seats in the ingle-nook on either side the open hearth might see the sun looking down, or the stars, when night had fallen. The chief rooms were wainscoted, but that woodwork had been added since its erection in the early days of Henry VIII., as had also the wooden screen or spear, which ran from the main entrance half across the lower end of the great hall, for privacy and protection from rude winds.

Then the furniture was of oak, and massive; elaborately rather than delicately carved; indeed, the legs of some of the older chairs and tables were, to say the least, clumpy. As Dame Sibley had said, there was plate upon the buffet: the great antique silver salt-cellar was flanked by a pair of branching candlesticks and a couple of fine flagons; but the floor was carpeted with rushes, and only in the two chief apartments did a curtain keep intrusive sunbeams at bay; so primitive was the house in which Richard Denton had been reared, though its owners had counted themselves second only to the Beestons of the Hall.

And such was the house to which Master Denton's domestics were giving a most unwonted scrubbing and polishing for the reception of his bride even furbishing up the old arms and hunting trophies which decorated the walls, in lieu of pictures; a house in many respects superior to that of her aunt and cousin.

But Master Denton, who had indeed brought with him from London other notions besides a love of gay apparel, decided that more was needed to fit Beeston Place for the bonny bride, he had won. So he mounted his roan mare and was off to Leeds; and after cheapening and chaffering at the booths of mercers and other dealers in the Briggate (a proceeding which served as an excuse for spending a merry night or two in the town), a string of packhorses and men took their way through Hunslet, and up the steep sides of Beeston-hill, laden with plenishing for the old house—new-fangled luxuries which had made no small inroad into Master Richard's purse.

There were damask hangings for the best bed, the oaken posts of which were thick as a lady's waist. There was a mirror of Venetian glass,* in which the coming bride might see to busk herself; there was a carpet of the new English manufacture—not for the floor, but the table; there were platters and dishes of pewter, to supersede the ordinary wooden ware; buck-handled knives from Sheffield; and a few silver spoons, to take the place of the old latten * ones at table; there were bowls and ewers of Staffordshire earthenware, a new set of polished drinking-horns, and, moreover, a couple of daintily-engraved glasses for state occasions.

The introduction of so many novelties and luxuries into the house of Richard's forefathers became the talk of all Beeston, from the hall to the meanest mud hut; and the comments were as various as the people who made them.

Dame Sibley be sure had her say. As her gossips on the way from church fed her ears with descriptions of gorgeous importations of which she had scarcely a conception, the contrast between the home her Reuben had offered to Isabel, and that which Master Denton was so lavishly preparing, smote her with a sharp edge.

"Has Master Denton found a pot of gold that he pours his broad pieces out so feeely? Surely the home that was good enough for his good mother might be good enough for his wife!" was her cry of indignant irritation. "The pot that boils so fast is like to boil over."

"Isbel," said Reuben to her, as she was preparing her own wedding garments, and he said it with so much grave earnestness that she could not doubt his sincerity; "Isbel, when Master Denton came wooing to you with songs and smiles and courtly phrases, and with a fine house to offer you, I thought of my own roughness and unworthiness, and did my best to bear my disappointment like a man, though it was hard to see him coming hither day by day to the one I held as my own sweetheart. Well, that is past and over; but I cannot let you go to your new life blindfold. In good sooth Master Denton is showing the store he sets by his sweetheart, in the lining of his nest for her; natheless, Isbel, he is spurring his steed too fast, and it will behove you to lay a hand on the reins when you mount the pillion, or both may be unhorsed and landed in the mire."

Isabel lifted up her eyes from her seam, and though her face was crimson, said as calmly as she could, "You mean well, cousin, I know. If there be need I will take your advice."

"There is a still greater need," he replied. "It is said that Master Denton only finds his way to church by tracking thy footsteps. It behoves thee the more to keep thy feet in the path of righteousness, and to draw him with thee. I fear me there will be many temptations in thy new life, for Master Denton has friends in Leeds who scoff at godly folk; but Isbel, resist evil, forsake not the truth, and thou wilt never want a sure friend."

"Methinks, Reuben, thy homily savours of malevolence, and, like thy other advice, is ill-timed. Master Denton is not likely to find favour here," she answered stiffly, as her needle flew.

"You are right; he is not likely to find favour here. But I have done," said the stalwart yeoman, who wore, not a dirty linen smock, but a sober suit of dark grey, fashioned by an itinerant "taylor" from cloth woven by a village "webster," out of yarn spun on their own hearth by his mother's fingers, and from wool their own sheep had supplied.

He was seemly enough in his doublet and hose, Isabel was ready to admit, as her eye followed him from the room, and was an honest, upright man; but he was too ready with his advice and his forebodings of evil, and was not to be compared in any way with her Richard, whose very fondness in providing so bravely for her reception had served to provoke the envy and jealousy of her kindred.

"Aunt Dorothy was ever ready to say that Master Denton wanted my money more than me; but well I wot both she and Reuben count cost and coin more narrowly than he. They love gold for itself, he for what it will bring."

But the bridal festivities, which lasted a week, were barely over before she began to think those same relatives were not wholly in the wrong.

It was not merely the lavish extravagance which kept the long table in the hall spread with a continuous feast for all comers, or the display of his new acquisitions, but there were roystering strangers at their board with whom he was needlessly familiar, and from whom she felt constrained to hold aloof, notwithstanding the claims of hospitality, and the duty of a bride to receive her husband's friends with courtesy. The silver flagons and the drinking horns were filled more frequently than she thought advisable, and she ventured on the third day to suggest as much to Richard.

"Why, sweetheart," said he, with a kiss upon her cheek; "thou wouldst not have me niggardly during our wedding feast? Our friends quaff to thee and me in right good fellowship."

But she somehow liked not their good fellowship; and she observed that neither her Aunt Dorothy nor Reuben liked it either.

They would fain have left the gay bridal party at the churchyard gate, then a noble stone archway, but for the possible chattering of gossips, and misconstruction; and it may be, besides, that good Dame Sibley had a little of Eve's curiosity to behold the fine adornments, of which she had heard so much.

They both thought the great dining-table made a goodly show with its array of pewter-platters, with a drinking-horn and a knife beside each, and a fair linen napkin, so needful in the absence of forks; and the huge joints and pasties attracted less attention than the silver salt-cellar, the flagons, and the two Venetian glasses placed for the bridegroom and bride.

Yet, reverent, God-fearing people both, with a strong leaven of Puritanism, they were more than once shocked by the levity and profanity of some of the strangers at the board, and longed for an excuse to retire.

An unexpected incident, which cast a sudden gloom over the feast, and checked for the time the flow of mirth, furnished the opportunity.

When appetite was appeased, cakes and confections were handed round by the servitors, and the bridal-cup, a huge two-handled vessel filled with spiced sack, was placed before the bridegroom. From this Richard took the first draught in token of his supremacy, then held it to the lips of his bride that she might sip, as a pledge that she shared his lot.

It should then have passed round the board from hand to hand and from lip to lip as a sign of amity and hospitality.

But it so chanced that one of the Venetian glasses had been displaced to make way for this great cup, and in handing the cup to the friend on his right, Master Denton swept the delicate glass from the board. It struck against the arm of his chair, and was shivered to atoms.

It was an age of superstition. Isabel looked aghast, and so did he. A shuddering chill swept through her frame, and seemed to make the circuit of the guests. The cup circulated amidst whispers and speculations on what that mischance might portend.

And whilst Master Denton in his anger cuffed the servant who had simply moved the transparent glass out of harm's way, Isabel quitted her seat, and Dame Dorothy and Reuben rose to depart. What others regarded vaguely as an omen, they spoke of as a sign from God.

A few other sober guests followed their

* There was no attempt to make English glass mirrors until 1631.

* Brass.

example, and then Richard Denton endeavoured to hide his chagrin and restore mirth by a free circulation of the flagon and bowl.

It was an inauspicious beginning, and not all his passionate devotion to Isabel could make it otherwise.

They had not been married a fortnight before Richard came to her, as she was examining and sorting the stores of household napery for rearrangement and repair, as a good housewife would have need where careless servants had held sway.

"Sweetheart," said he lightly, "thou hast gold in thy coffer; I prithee let me have thy key. I have outrun my supplies, and have need of a few coins."

"Nay, Richard, the gold is thine now. I will unlock the coffer."

So saying, she knelt down before the bulky chest, which had held the wardrobe of her mother before her, released the lid, then unlocked the inner box at her right hand, designed for the safe custody of valuables in those days when there were no banks or bankers, and displayed three or four well-filled bags of coin.

As he was putting forth his hand to remove the second bag, she remarked: "The gold is safe here; had it not better remain until there is a call for it? That thou hast will sure supply thy immediate needs!"

"Aye, aye, Isabel; but as it beseems not a man to come to his wife for that which is his own, I will e'en take it into my own charge. But I care not if I leave thee a score or two of the bright angels* for thine own uses."

"A score or two!" she thought, as he took a chary handful of the coins from the last bag and held them out to her, "and there are hundreds in each of those bags!" And the caution of Reuben crossed her mind with an icy thrill.

There was another large coffer in the chamber, closed with three great iron clasps and a secret spring. In this she saw the bulk of her dower deposited. Yet though he pressed a kiss on her lips ere he rode off to Leeds that morning, and promised to be back ere nightfall, she had uneasy feelings concerning her husband, not to be so lightly kissed away.

She had plenty to occupy her hands and mind in bringing that ill-regulated household into order, and sunset found her still busy with her maund of napery and her needle. The golden glow faded from the yellowing beeches, and the stars came out, and she knitted in the gathering gloom, her heart keeping pace with her clicking pins, but no distant hoof-beat fell upon her ear.

Maids and men were sent to their beds in garret or loft, the midnight moon looked in through the lattice, and still she watched and waited in an agony of fear. Roads were dangerous for travellers with well-filled purses, in town or country; then, men wore swords, and brawls were frequent and fatal.

She paced the rush-strewn floor in terror, picturing her Richard gashed and bleeding in some lonesome lane.

Daylight streaked the sky with amber, a chilly breeze shook the yellow leaves from the beeches, rushed through the oaks, and set her shivering. Soon the birds were twittering, and the servants were astir; and then, when hope had almost died, the roan mare galloped up with her master.

He reeled in the saddle, and she thought he must be ill or wounded. She received a shock when he dismounted, and she discovered her mistake, but she uttered no reproach.

That was Isabel Denton's first night-watch—not the last by many a score.

* A gold coin, value ten shillings, stamped with the impress of an angel on one side and a cross on the other. Last coined in this reign—Charles I.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR a week or two Isabel Denton had a penitent and affectionate husband by her side, who lavished endearments upon her, sang songs in her praise, and said she was the "sweetest dame in Christendom." He, moreover, indulged what he considered a whim of hers and took a survey of his property and affairs, so as to reduce chaos to order, and calculate means and expenses.

It was not a congenial or satisfactory proceeding. He flung his ciphered calculations among the embers, and paced the sanded floor in irritation, which told her what his tongue did not. She was, however, glad to see that he was roused to active superintendence of his small estate and to the dismissal of one or two superfluous and peculating servants.

The activity was only temporary, the energetic spurt was soon over. He would much rather lounge about, twang a lute, and sing to her as, distaff in hand, she set the spindle dancing on the floor as she spun, or plied needle or knitting-pins, or twined her bobbin-threads among the pins on her lace-cushion.

His idle moods interfered sadly with her personal superintendence of the household, but she rarely gainsaid him when he lacked a companion, as she had always one or other occupations for her hands, even when she sat in the chimney-nook, or by the window-seat, where he lounged, with limbs extended in graceful negligence.

It may be her very industry was a tacit reproach to him, for he would bid her lay her work aside and give her busy fingers a holiday, or come out for a ramble with him through the woods or over the moor.

Even then, he would complain of her "restless fingers" and her habit of plucking reeds and grasses and plaiting them together as she went. So little could he foresee what these same "restless fingers" had in them.

He made his life monotonous, and found it empty.

His only remedy was the entertainment of free-and-easy friends, who made the rafters ring and his money fly; or a gallop to Leeds, whence his return was uncertain. Isabel's protests were disregarded; he laughed at her forethought and frugality, and more than once told her he "would have none of Dame Dorothy's parsimony under the roof of Beech Place."

* * * *

And in this wise had ten years flown by; years that had brought to Dame Isabel Denton not only the common cares of motherhood, but more than the common cares of wifehood.

Four living bairns, three girls and a boy, clustered round her knee and looked to her for all they had of pleasure, comfort, instruction—and the time was coming fast when to her they alone could look for support.

Her golden angels had long been gone, melted in the wine-cup, rattled away in the dice-box, bowled away in the fives-court. His father's hoard had gone beforehand; and the oaks and beeches had been felled; the very acres that grew them had changed hands; nothing remained but the old homestead, and a creditor of whom she knew nothing was clamouring for that.

Master Denton, or Dick Denton as they called him, had no longer a horse to ride, or servants to do his bidding.

Only one domestic remained. The woman who had been his nurse, and who had helped to nurse his children, a pious old creature named Keturah, who had done much to strengthen the faith and the flagging energy of the over-tried wife.

Long ere the gloss had worn off her wedding-gown had Dame Denton acknowledged to herself the truth of her aunt and cousin's previsions; but her pride and her affection bound her to keep the knowledge within her own breast. In time, however, her husband's excesses became too flagrant for hiding, and when prudent Reuben became the purchaser of the first field reckless Richard made away with, there was no secret to be kept.

She had endeavoured to conceal the paucity of coin at her own disposal, and the struggles she had to clothe herself and children as befitted their station. It was not until she cut up her own gowns to make frocks for her girls that Dame Dorothy was enlightened; and shook her white head and pinners* dolefully as they all met and exchanged salutations under the arch of the churchyard lych-gate.

"Alack! Reuben," she said to her son, on their way home, "I fear matters go but sadly with Isabel and her bairns. Where will she find raiment for them when her own kist is empty? She had better have been contented with thee, homely as thou wert."

"Aye, mother, but I should then have missed my Rachel. She is a good wife and a thrifty, fears God, honours me, loves us all; I am well content. As for Isabel, He who sent the ravens to feed Elijah by the brook Chereth will care for her whilst she walks in His way and leads her children therein." And there the subject dropped.

The following Sunday, to general surprise, no Dame Denton was seen in the family pew, and she was known to be in good health. Only old Keturah had charge of the children, and she was impenetrable to the questioning of curiosity. But, bribed by a cake of parkin from Dame Dorothy's capacious pockets, her grandnephew let out that "Mother had no hat, father had thrown it on the fire in a passion."

No hat! and no money to buy a new one! Nothing out of which to construct even one of the old-fashioned hoods. What was Dame Denton to do for a decent head-covering?

To keep her children out of mischief, she had taught them to weave straw and rushes into little baskets. As she pondered the pressing question of new headgear, she chanced to have a few straws in her hand, plaiting them in and out mechanically, as was her habit when in thought. It was a long question, and the plait grew in length as she ruminated. Then she chanced to give the plait a twist round her finger, layer over layer.

An idea struck her suddenly. What would make a pretty basket might make a pretty and serviceable hat!

The newest hats, as worn by the Puritans, were steeple-crowned. Without a word to any one she twined her long plait round and round, widening gradually as she went on, and securing the folds of plait with thread and needle.

It was not accomplished all at once, but by the end of the week she had a hat to go to church in like a respectable dame. She had found a ribband to encircle it, and wore the hat above her pinners as was the wont.

In these days of many fashions, a novel head-dress attracts attention. Dame Denton's straw hat was too unique to pass unnoticed in those days of change and whim. The ladies at the hall made a journey into Leeds to obtain similar hats for themselves. No one had seen or heard of the new invention. Feminine desire was baffled; feminine curiosity and pertinacity were roused.

The ladies of the New Hall visited once more the mistress of Beech Place to ask where Dame Denton procured her beautiful hat.

The inventive dame coloured. She was loth to expose her husband, or the straits which had called that first straw hat into being.

"The invention was a secret," she said; "she believed hers was the only straw hat in England."

A secret! and rare! That which she had

* The loose lappets of the linen cap covering the ears and long enough to pin under the chin.

sa'd to silence inquiry, only excited a craving for possession.

"Could not Dame Denton procure the like for them? They cared not for the cost."

"She would endeavour to do so," she replied, at length; "but they would have to wait a week or two."

Dame Dorothy came bustling up the hill, but she went back little or none the wiser.

Only Keturah was in Dame Denton's confidence, and she was as close as Master Denton's spring coffers.

The hats were made, and sent to the New Hall by the old nurse, but as a gift. Dame Isabel had not thought of turning her new inventive skill to account, though many a yard of bone-lace had old Keturah already disposed of privately for the straitened mistress of Beech Place.

Mistress Hodgson and the good Dame her mother lost no time in parading their straw hats—"the newest mode," being only obtainable as a favour, and through the medium of the lady who had the very first. The wearers were importuned to use their interest to obtain them for their friends.

Dame Denton was willing to oblige, but of course "strangers would have to pay." This was understood, and the busy fingers were at work late and early, whensoever Master Denton was out of the house, which was pretty nearly altogether.

Orders came in, always with apologies for troubling the good dame, and as her charges were commensurate with the monopoly, she no longer looked with dread to the future.

But the secret did not leak out until Richard Denton's creditor put in his claim for the old homestead and threatened to turn them all out.

Richard blustered, the children cried, but Isabel put on her hat, and hurried down the hill to her old sweetheart and kinsman Reuben, the homely but true-hearted.

To him she laid bare her difficulties. The creditor in the house with a mortgage over all—her home going. She also revealed that by her own invention of the straw hat she was privately making money, and might herself pay off the mortgage in time, and if it were in the hands of a reasonable creditor.

Thrifty Reuben had always money in store, and he had a fund of good Christian principle besides to draw upon.

Back with her he went in his smock-frock, with a bag of gold in his wallet, and whilst Richard Denton sat impotently drivelling and drinking in the chimney nook, Reuben paid off the mortgage and had the deed transferred to himself.

"Now, Isbel," said he, "thou and thy children are sure of a home. No creditor of Master Denton's will have power to drive you forth; and if, as thou sayst, thou hast means to earn a livelihood for thy little ones by a gift thy God has bestowed on thee, do it boldly and openly, have neither shame nor secrecy, nor fear for the result. In the work of thine hands thou wilt find comfort and honour, and thy children will rise up and call thee blessed."

He said this as he stood on the doorstep, whither she had followed him with her grateful thanks.

"But," she replied, hesitatingly, "what about Richard? He will never let me earn the money to keep us if he knew. He would rather fling my work in the fire."

"Would he? Has he any means of support remaining?"

"I fear me, no!"

"Then I will break the matter to him. And fear not, Isbel, to pursue the path duty points out to thee."

He went back into the hall, where the children were grouped in a corner, silent and afraid. "Master Richard, a word with thee outside; I have private matter for thine ear."

Richard, not the jaunty, rollicking Richard of our first acquaintance, but a sort of shabby secondhand make-believe, rose from his seat, and, albeit with unsteady gait, followed the sober speaker into the open air. He was not very clear about what had taken place. He had seen good farmer Sibley count out the gold to satisfy his "rapacious creditor" as he called him, but he had a vague idea that Beech Place was his own once more, and that Reuben had done a generous act.

He was not prepared to learn that Reuben was the *de facto* owner of the place, by right of the mortgage, and that he would only be allowed to retain his place there on condition that he so far amended his ways as to permit his worthy dame to pursue her way in quiet.

Reuben had already a private debt against him, and on these conditions he promised to be a lenient creditor, but on the least sign of his interference with the new occupation of his good dame, on which the family would have to depend, he declared he would throw him into gaol for his debt, without remorse, as a duty he owed to others.

This was a sobering exhortation, for Reuben was known to be a man of his word. And between his surprise and his personal fears, Richard gave the required promise.

The promises of such men are as soap bubbles blown by a child.

Dame Denton had taught her two eldest girls to plait the straw. But she could not supply the hats as fast as they were called for. She engaged a young woman as an apprentice, then another, and another, as her trade grew and flourished, and the fashion spread from Beeston and Leeds to the metropolis.

Many were the annoyances she experienced from her dissolute husband, whose idle hands were always too ready to fling the work of her busy ones into the fire; but so long as she found him the means to spend abroad he was rarely seen under his own roof, and for the sake of her growing children she preferred that it should be so.

History is silent respecting his end, but of Isabel Denton it is still on record in the "Annals of Leeds" that she was the inventor of the first straw hat, that she maintained her large family and dissolute husband by the proceeds of her industry and invention; and, though it does not say that she was the first to instruct the girls of Beeston in bone-lace, it does give to her the credit of founding the one other staple trade of the "town," when she invented THE FIRST STRAW HAT for her own wear, and taught the industry to others.

FOR 1884.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

AH! never fear to stumble in thy blindness—
Doubt not the Father's care,
For His sure shield of wisdom and of kindness
Is o'er thee everywhere.
Thou knowest not what gifts the New Year holdeth—
What bliss, divinely sweet—
What bud of promise neath His wing unfoldeth
Thy raptured gaze to meet;
Thou knowest not; but He who loveth knoweth
And be it dark or bright,
The Hand that this New Year on thee bestoweth
Will order it aright.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WE HAVE MISSED DAME BUSTLE."

ONE other conversation lingered long in my memory, and it took place on my last evening at The Cedars. On the next day I was going home to mother and Dot, and yet I sighed. I sighed! Oh, Esther, for shame!

It was just before dinner. Miss Ruth had been summoned away to see an old servant of the family, and Flurry had run after her. Mr. Lucas was standing before the fire, warming himself after the manner of Englishmen, and I sat at Miss Ruth's little table working at a fleecy white shawl that I was finishing, to surprise mother.

There was a short silence between us, for though I was less afraid of Mr. Lucas than formerly, I never spoke to him unless he addressed me; but, looking up from my work a moment, I saw him contemplating me in a quiet, thoughtful way, but he smiled pleasantly when our eyes met.

"This is your last evening, I think, Miss Cameron?"

"Indeed it is," I returned, with a short sigh.

"You are sorry to leave us?" he questioned, very kindly; for I think he had heard the sigh.

"I ought not to be sorry," I returned, stoutly, "for I am going home."

"Oh! and home means everything with you?"

"It means a great deal," knitting furiously, for I was angry at myself for being so sorry to leave; "but Miss Ruth has been so good to me that she has quite spoiled me. I shall not be half so fit for all the hard work I have at home."

"That is a pity," he returned, slowly, as though he were revolving not my words, but some thoughts in his own mind. "Do you know, I was thinking of something when you looked up just now. I was wondering why you should not remain with us altogether." I put down my knitting at that, and looked him full in the face; I was so intensely surprised at his words. "You and my sister are such friends; it would be pleasant for her to have you for a constant companion, for I am often busy and tired, and——" He paused as though he would have added something, but thought better of it. "And she is much alone. A young, lively girl would rouse her and do her good, and Flurry would be glad of you."

"I should like it very much," I returned, hesitatingly, "if it were not for mother and Dot." Just for the moment

"HURRAH! HERE IS ESTHER!"

the offer dazzled me and blinded my common sense. Always to occupy my snug little pink chamber; to sit with Miss Ruth in this warm luxurious drawing-room; to be waited on, petted, spoilt, as Miss Ruth always spoilt people. No wonder such a prospect allured a girl of seventeen.

"Oh, they will do without you," he returned, with a man's indifference to female argument. He and Allan were alike in the facility with which they would knock over one's pet theories. "You are like other young people, Miss Cameron; you think the world cannot get on without you. When you are older you will get rid of this idea," he continued, turning amused eyes on my youthful perplexity. "It is only the young who think one cannot do without them," finished this worldly-wise observer of human nature.

Somehow that stung me and put me on my mettle, and in a moment I had arrayed the whole of my feeble forces against so arbitrary an arrangement of my destiny.

"I cannot help what other young people think," I said, in rather a perverse manner; "they may be wise or foolish, as they like, but I am sure of one thing, that mother and Dot cannot do without me."

I am afraid my speech was rather rude and abrupt, but Mr. Lucas did not seem to mind it. His eyes still retained their amused twinkle, but he condescended to argue the point more seriously with me, and sat down in Miss Ruth's low chair as though to bring himself more on a level with me.

"Let me give you a piece of advice, Miss Cameron; never be too sure of anything. Granted that your mother will miss you very badly at first (I can grant you that, if you like), but there is your sister to console her; and that irresistible Jack—how can your mother, a sensible woman in her way, let a girl go through life with such a name?"

"She will not answer to any other," I returned, half offended at this piece of plain speaking; but it was true we had tried Jacqueline, and Lina, and Jack had always remained obstinately deaf.

"Well, well, she will get wiser some day, when she grows into a woman; she will take more kindly to a sensible name then; but as I was saying, your mother may miss you, but all the same she may be thankful to have you so well established and in so comfortable a position. You will be a member of the family, and be treated as well as my sister herself; and the additional salary may be welcome just now, when there are school-bills to pay."

It seemed clear common sense put in that way, but not for one instant would I entertain such a proposition seriously. The more tempting it looked the more I distrusted it. Mr. Lucas might be worldly-wise, but here I knew better than he. Would a few pounds more reconcile mother to my vacant place, or cheer Dot's blank face, when he knew Esther had deserted him?

"You are very good," I said, trying to keep myself well in hand, and to speak quietly—but now my cheeks burnt with the effort; "and I thank you very much for your kind thought, but——"

"Give me no buts," he interrupted, smiling; "and don't thank me for a piece of selfishness, for I was thinking most of my sister and Flurry."

"But all the same I must thank you," I returned, firmly; "and I would like you to believe how happy I should have been if I could have done this conscientiously."

"Is it really so impossible?" still incredulously.

"Really and truly, Mr. Lucas. I am worth little to other people, I know, but in their estimation I am worth much. Dot would fret badly, and though mother would make the best of it—she always does—she would never get over the missing, for Carrie is always busy, and Jack is so young, and——"

"There is the dinner bell, and Ruth still chattering with old Nurse. That is the climax of our argument. I dare say no more, you are so terribly in earnest, Miss Cameron, and so evidently believe all you say; but all the same, mothers part with their daughters sometimes, very gladly, too, under other circumstances; but there, we will let the subject drop for the present." And then he looked again at me with kindly amused eyes, refusing to take umbrage at my obstinacy; and then, to my relief, Miss Ruth interrupted us.

I felt rather extinguished for the rest of the evening. I did not dare tell Miss Ruth, for fear she would upbraid me for my refusal. I knew she would side with her brother, and would think I could easily be spared from home. And if Carrie would only give up her parish work, and fit into the niche of the daughter of the house, she could easily fulfil all my duties. If—a great big "if" it was—an "if" that would spoil Carrie's life, and destroy all those sweet solemn hopes of hers. No, no; I must not entertain such a thought for a moment.

Mr. Lucas had spoilt my last evening for me, and I think he knew it, for he came to my side as I was putting away my work, and spoke a few contrite words.

"Don't let our talk worry you," he said, in so low a voice that Miss Ruth could not hear his words. "I am sure you were quite right to decide as you did—judging from your point of view, I mean, for of course I hold a different opinion. If you ever see fit to change your decision, you must promise to come and tell me." And of course I promised unhesitatingly.

Miss Ruth followed me to my room, and stood by the fire a few minutes.

"You look grave, to-night, Esther, and I flatter myself that it is because you are sorry that your visit has come to an end."

"And you are right," I returned, throwing my arms round her light little figure. "Oh, how dearly, how dearly I had grown to love her! "I would like to be always with you, Miss Ruth; to wait upon you and be your servant. Nothing would be beneath me—nothing. You are fond of me, a little, are you not?" for somehow I craved for some expression of affection on this last night. Miss Ruth was very affectionate, but a little undemonstrative sometimes in manner.

"I am very fond of you, Esther," she replied, turning her sweet eyes to me, "and I shall miss my kind, attentive nurse more than I can say. Poor Nurse Gill is getting quite jealous of you. She says Flurry is always wild to get to her playfellow, and will not stay with her if she can help it, and that now I can easily dispense with her services for myself. I had to smoothe her down, Esther; the poor old creature quite cried about it, but I managed to console her at last."

"I was always afraid that Mrs. Gill did not like me," I returned, in a pained voice, for somehow I always disliked hurting people's feelings.

"Oh, she likes you very much; you must not think that. She says Miss Cameron is a very superior young lady, high in manner, and quite the gentlewoman. I think Nurse's expression was 'quite the lady, Miss Ruth.'"

"I have never been high in manner to her," I laughed. "We have a fine gossip sometimes over the nursery fire. I like Mrs. Gill, and would not injure her feelings for the world. She is so kind to Dot, too, when he comes to play with Flurry."

"Poor little man, he will be glad to get his dear Esther back," she returned, in a sympathising voice; and then she bade me good-night, and begged me to hasten to bed, as St. Barnabas had just chimed eleven.

I woke the next morning with a weight upon me, as though I were expecting some ordeal; and though I scolded myself vigorously for my moral cowardice and called myself a selfish, lazy girl, I could not shake off the feeling. Never had Miss Ruth seemed so dear to me as she had that day. As the hour approached for my departure I felt quite unhappy at the thoughts of even leaving her for those few hours.

"We shall see you in the morning," she said, quite cheerfully, as I knelt on the rug, drawing on my warm gloves. I fancied she noticed my foolish, unaccountable depression, and would not add to it by any expression of regret.

"Oh, yes," I returned, with a sort of sigh as I glanced round the room where I had passed the evenings so pleasantly of late, and thought of the mending basket at home. I was naughty, I confess it; there were absolutely tears in my eyes, as I ran out into the cold dusk of a February evening.

The streets were wet and gleaming, the shop lights glimmered on pools of rain-water; icy drops pattered down on my face; the brewers' horses steamed as they passed with the empty dray; the few foot passengers in High-street shuffled along as hastily as they could; even Polly Pattison's rosy face looked puckered up with cold as she put up the shutters of the dairy.

Uncle Geoffrey's voice hailed me on the doorstep.

"Here you are, little woman. Welcome home! We have missed Dame Bustle dreadfully." And as he kissed me heartily I could not help stroking his rough, wet coat sleeve in a sort of penitent way.

"Have you really missed me? It is good of you to say so, Uncle Geoff."

"The house has not felt the same," he returned, pushing me in before him, and bidding me shake my cloak as I took it off in the passage.

And then the door opened, and dear mother came out to help me. As I felt her gentle touch, and heard Dot's feeble "Hurrah! here is Esther!" the uncomfortable, discontented feelings vanished, and my better self regained the mastery. Yes, it was homely and shabby; but oh! so sunny and warm! I forgot Miss Ruth when Dot's beautiful little face raised itself from the cushions of the sofa on which I had placed him, and he put his arms round me as I knelt down beside him, and whispered that his back was bad, and his legs felt funny, and he was so glad I was home again, for Martha was cross, and had hard scrubby hands, and hurt him often, though she did not mean it. This and much more did Dot whisper in his childish confidence.

Then Jack came flying in, with Smudge, as usual, in her arms, and a most tumultuous welcome followed. And then came Carrie, with her soft kiss and few quiet words. I thought she looked paler and thinner than when I left home, but prettier than ever; and she, too, seemed pleased to see me. I took off my things as quickly as I could—not stopping to look round the somewhat disorderly room, where Jack had worked her sweet will for the last month—and joined the family at the tea-table. And afterwards I sat close to mother, and talked to her as I mended one of Dot's shirts.

Now and then my thoughts strayed to a far different scene—to a room lighted up with wax candles in silver sconces, and the white china lamp that always stood on Miss Ruth's little table.

I could see in my mind's eye the trim little figure in black silk and lace ruffles, the diamonds gleaming on the small white hands. Flurry would be on the rug in her white frock, playing with the Persian kittens; most likely her father would be watching her from his armchair.

I am afraid I answered mother absently, for, looking up, I caught her wistful glance at me. Carrie was at her night school, and Uncle Geoffrey had been called out. Jack was learning her lessons in the front parlour, and only Dot kept us company.

"You must find it very different from The Cedars," she said, regretfully; "all that luxury must have spoiled you for home, Esther. Don't think I am complaining, my love, if I say you seem a little dull to-night."

"Oh, mother!" flushing up to my temples with shame and irritation at her words; and then another look at the worn face under the widow's cap restrained my momentary impatience. Dot, who was watching us, struck in in his childish way.

"Do you like The Cedars best, Essie? Would you rather be with Flurry than me?"

My own darling! The bare idea was heresy, and acted on me like a moral *douche*.

"Oh! mother and Dot," I said, "how can you both talk so? I am not spoiled—I refuse to be spoiled. I love The Cedars, but I love my own dear little home best." And at this moment I really believed my own words. "Dot, how can you be so faithless—how could I love Flurry best? And what would Allan say? You are our own little boy, you know; he said so; and you belong to us both." And Dot's childish jealousy vanished. As for dear mother, she smiled at me in a sweet, satisfied way.

"That is like our own old Esther. You were so quiet all tea-time, my dear, that I fancied something was amiss. It is so nice having you working beside me again," she went on, with a little gentle artifice. "I have missed your bright talk so much in the evenings."

"Has Carrie been out much?" I asked, but I knew what the answer would be.

"Generally three evenings in the week," returned mother, with a sigh, "and her home evenings have been so engrossed of late. Mrs. Smedley gives her all sorts of things to do—mending and covering books; I hardly know what."

"Carrie never sings to us now," put in Dot.

"She is too tired, that is what she always says; but I cannot help thinking a little music would be a healthy relaxation for her; but she will have it that with her it is waste of time," said mother.

Waste of time to sing to mother! I broke my thread in two with indignation at the thought. Yes, I was wanted at home, I could see that; Deborah told me so in her taciturn way, when I went to the kitchen to speak to her and Martha.

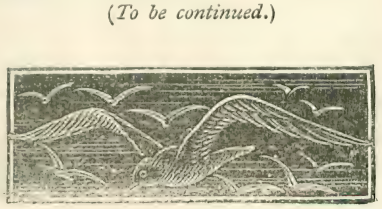
I had sad work with my room before I slept that night, when Jack was fast asleep; and I was tired out when I crept shivering into my cold bed. I hardly seemed to have slept an hour before I saw Martha's unlovely face bending over me, with the flaming candle, so different from Miss Ruth's trim maid.

"Time to get up, Miss Esther, if you are going to dress Master Dot before breakfast. It is mortal cold, to be sure, and raw as raw, but I have brought you a cup of hot tea, as you seemed a bit down last night."

The good creature! I could have hugged her in my girlish gratitude. The tea was a delicious treat, and put new heart into me. I was quite fresh and rested when I went into Dot's little room. He opened his eyes widely when he saw me.

"Oh, Esther! is it really you, and not that ugly old Martha?" he cried out, joyfully. "I do hate her, to be sure. I will be a good boy, and you shall not have any trouble." And thereupon he fell to embracing me, as though he would never leave off.

(*To be continued.*)



VARIETIES.

Wise Sayings of Jewish Sages.

The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.

Charity is the salt of riches.

Be the first to hold out the hand of peace.

Improve thyself, then try to improve others.

This is the penalty of the liar: he is not believed when he tells the truth.

Blessed be he who gives to the poor, albeit only a penny; doubly blessed be he who adds kind words to his gift.

Faith and Prayer.—They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.

Maxims for Art Students.

The following maxims for art students are extracted from notes of observations made to his pupils by Mr. W. M. Hunt, the great American painter. They are full of interesting and suggestive matter, and will give the student much information which she could only gain from one who has deep insight, much enthusiasm, and a wide experience.

"You thought it needed more work. It needs less. You don't get mystery, because you are too conscientious. When a bird flies through the air you see no feathers. Your eye would require more than one focus; one for the bird, another for the feathers. You are to draw not reality, but the appearance of reality."

"There is force and vitality in a first sketch from life which the after-work rarely has. You want a picture to seize you as forcibly as if a man seized you by the shoulder. It should impress you like reality."

"Don't talk of what you are going to do! Do it."

"What makes an eye beautiful? Not the eye itself, although there are intrinsic forms which we acknowledge to be beautiful. It is the regard, the soul; and in part what surrounds the eye. Not the liquid look. A snail has that."

"One dark and one light place in every picture."

"You can develop a child's faculties by drawing better than by books; and no other study will so quicken his perceptions. Pinholes through a paper give a child a better idea of the stars than all the study of astronomy."

"Be earnest and don't worry, and you will learn twice as fast. You will some day arrive at a time when you can say 'that's right!' But you must learn your alphabet first."

"Do as well as you can."

"Inspiration is nothing without work."

"Work as long as you know what to do; not an instant longer."

"Don't be careless for an instant. You know there are musicians who will not touch a piano which makes a false sound. You may call them whimsical, but they are right."

"You can only give out what you receive."

"Painting is looked on as an accomplishment. But it is the only universal language."

"If we only would dare to say what we believe—what we like! We pick a little flower in the field, and look at it by ourselves, certain that no one sees us. At last somebody comes along. 'Holloa! then you like a potato blossom. So do I, but I never dared to say so.'"

"Until we come to study art we are not aware of the ignorance there is about it."

"Don't dwell too much on what you have done. Go on, and don't paint each sketch as if it were to be the last thing you were to do in life. Believe that you are going to make hundreds of them, and go on to the next."

DRESS; IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

CAPE LIKE THE DRESS, WITH FUR TRIMMING.

"Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius—in small things, folly.—*Bulwer-Lytton*, "*Pelham*."

EVEN the chilliness of this chilly winter may be made less by the appearance of the things around us; and so we are adopting, with quiet thankfulness, the rich, bright hues which are presented to us this year for dresses, mantles, and millinery, and feel the brighter ourselves for the change from dark dulness, and from the sickly light colours and the flimsy look of summer garments. This new liking for colour extends even to our ulsters or travelling cloaks, and some of the prettiest are made of red, reddish brown, or that shade of blue called "Gendarme." In fact, I think that these long cloaks, quite concealing the dress, are the most popular as well as the most useful of any recent introduction; they are more stylish and dressy than the long-worn ulsters, and as they can be made of woollen materials, and even of materials matching the dress beneath, they are not too expensive.

One of them that I saw lately was made of blue ripped ottoman woollen, with large, round red spots on it; the lining being red. The dress beneath was of plain blue, and the spotted material mixed with it. As to shapes, there is a very large choice, but the two mantles given in our illustration of November, page 41, vol. iv., are excellent examples. Some of the backs are a little less full, and rather more defined; and the sleeves may be more closely cut, but little change is made. Some also have capes so large that they make the lower part of the mantle look like a skirt.

The *redingote* for the winter is made warmer by having fur bands added to it, and a large fur collar; a cape trimmed with tails, and wide hanging sleeves, with wide fur bands. The huge fur collars are not pretty, and are certainly not becoming; while from a hygienic point of view they are a mistake, and render the wearer liable to colds and coughs, and all kinds of bronchial affections. In fact, a doctor of my acquaintance considers that many of the worst bronchial affections of the throat disappeared with the old-fashioned fur boas of long ago; and supposing that he be right in his opinion, we have reason to be glad that the effort to re-introduce the fashion was not successful a short time ago. These wide open sleeves—"Belle" they used to be called, as I remember—have made their appearance at a very unhappy time, just when they were not wanted—in the winter season; for they are most uncomfortable and chilly, and even a long glove or fur cuff seems to be no defence against the stream of cold air which they admit up the arm.

The newest sealskin jackets are quite tight-fitting. Sealskin dolman capes are also used, edged with some other kind of fur. The tail fringes of fur, to which I have already alluded, are quite new, and so are the balls of sealskin, which are used for fringe and as tassels to muffs.

Capes of the same material as the dress, wadded, warmly lined with flannel, chamois kid, or fur, are more fashionable than anything else for young people, and for all, indeed, who care to preserve an appearance of youthfulness in their dress. Fur capes, and capes of feathers matching the dress in colour, with cuffs and muffs of the same in fur or feathers, are also worn. One of our illustrations shows a cape like the dress, trimmed with fur, and the centre figure in our large engraving representing the decoration of a church shows a fur cape of smooth fur edged with a long-haired fur, the cloth dress being trimmed with the same in an entirely novel manner. The "waterfall" back, as it is called, is still much worn for thick dresses, and so I illustrate it, although I consider it far from graceful, as it is usually accompanied with a large and ungraceful dress-improver which wags "like a discontented kitten," our artist-friend complains.

The other two dresses in this pretty sketch are very elegant and girlish in their appearance. The figure standing on the bench wears one of the new French blouse polonaises, made of spotted woollen material, over a plain kilted skirt. The "Fedora" puff in front may be made of the colour of the spots on the polonaise; the small collar and band at the wrist are of velvet. The other figure wears one of the new brocaded velvet jackets, with a satin waistcoat, intended for outside wear, or for wearing underneath a feather or fur cape. The thickness of the velvet and its lining should be sufficient for some amount of cold weather. The jacket is a valuable addition to the wardrobe when there are any skirts to be worn out, which are good enough for walking in, but not good enough to provide with new bodices. The skirt worn is of thick nun's cloth, with silk embroidered bordering at the edge of the flounces.

As a useful garment the polonaise has no compeer, and it adds elegance to its other good qualities. In the newest style the draperies and folds are rather scanty, as represented in our sketch, but this implies all the more care in the cut and fitting. Ribbon

NEW STYLE OF HAIR-DRESSING FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

OUT-OF-DOORS JACKET OF CLOTH.

bows for looping them are much used, and they hang in graceful loops and ends at the back and sides; but the back draperies are less bunchy, and the side draperies are becoming enlarged in proportion as they shrink behind. Dresses have more fulness in front than they had—in fact, the tendency of fashion seems to be to increase the gathers at the waist, and consequently the width of the petticoat. Short skirts continue to reign supreme in the house and in the street, and in evening dress the same holds good, for the demi-train and the train are rarely seen—and when seen belong to a dowager with a dress of very handsome material.

Almost all bodices are pointed in front, and made at the back with short coat-tails. Evening dresses for young people, now the festival season is approaching, must be alluded to, as everyone expects some extra brightness in the holiday time. They are cut out both in front and at the back in a pointed, or, more properly, a heart shape, and are thus high on the shoulders. In some dresses this space is filled in with a black or white chemisette of lace, made of sprigged net, lace tulle, or a spotted lisse. But when left open, the edges have neither ruche nor frilling, but only a white or black lace turned over the edge of the dress, after the manner of the "Langtry" collar.

The "Fedora" bibs, which are so much used for the evening as well as the morning, are made of the lace called "Spanish," but really, I fancy, owing its origin to Nottingham. These bibs are easy to make, and form a charming addition to the toilette in the evening; they hang in one fold from the neck to the chest, and may be finished there with a flounce or puffing and a "flot" band of ribbon, or they may be in one long loose bag from the throat to the edge of the bodice, only caught in at the waist by a fancy ornament.

In Paris this plastron has the lower edge draped like a scarf across the skirt to the left side. Waistcoats are popular, the newest being made of folds of satin laid closely together all the way from the throat to the point of the dress. One advantage of this is, that when one edge of the pleats is worn out, they can be turned to look like new on the other side.

I have mentioned the dresses trimmed with fur, but I have quite omitted to say what furs are to be used. Otter is generally liked for all the many and varied shades of brown, unless feather trimming be used, which looks, I think, even prettier. Natural opossum and racoon are used on everything, without distinction, and the same may be said of silver fox; while I notice chinchilla fur is only liked for green and the "London smoke" colour that I mentioned in my last.

The neckbands of all dresses are made very wide, and the same fancy still exists for showing no white at the throat, or merely an edge where the band is of velvet or fur. Many young ladies use gold lace at the neck for evening wear, and a wide velvet neckband for the evening would have a single row of wide lace standing up round the throat.

All the bonnets worn are small, but the fronts are open, and not close round the face like the "Princess," which has been so much worn and so universally liked; but the open fronts are decidedly becoming, and the style of laying the velvet quite smoothly over the frame, and having velvet bows, gives an elegance and style which I much admire. It is like a frame to a fair face, and reduces the plainness of the plain. Reds and yellows are the favourite colours in millinery, and this bright patch of vivid colour is very enlivening to the costume worn out of doors. And now I am on the subject of bonnets and hats, I cannot help expressing my regret that the poor birds are again called on to pay tribute to the follies of fashion. Follies they really and truly are, for nothing so horrid has yet been seen as the miserable deformities we are asked to admire, and, what is worse, to wear, as birds in our hats and bonnets. They are positively painful to look at. Worse still is the number of wings needed to garnish a fashionable hat; on *one* alone the other day I counted six or seven. I do hope our girls will avoid encouraging this needless persecution of our poor little winged neighbours, and choose velvet or ostrich tips for a trimming.

Grey or smoke-coloured felt and velvet is the most useful colour to choose for a hat or bonnet this season, and it will save much discussion as to "What can *I* wear?" at home, for every colour goes with it. In London, as I have said before, save for very young girls, bonnets are more correct and ladylike than hats, the latter being only used in the early hours of the morning. The veils worn are of lisse, matching the hat or bonnet in colour, and

OUTDOOR AND INDOOR DRESSES FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

they are larger and longer at the back than they were.

A revival of the "jersey" in several forms may be seen at many of the first-class drapers' under various names. They are some of them very elaborately braided, and some of them for out-of-door wear have a cape to match. One of them I most admired was of dark green, and quite plain except for six or seven rows of narrow gold braid on the edge of the basque, cuffs, and collar.

GRADUATES IN HOUSE-KEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

The room in which the cookery classes were held was, on a small scale, like the lecture theatre of a college. At one end was a cooking range, while rows of seats, raised one above the other, ran round the other three sides of the room, the middle of which was occupied by tables. Miss Down occupied a raised seat at one side, whence like a presiding genius she watched and directed; whilst the girls whose turn it might be to practise worked away at the tables or range, with rolled-up sleeves, large bibbed aprons, and caps.

Sometimes there was no actual cookery done, but Miss Down delivered a lecture, the amphitheatre seats being filled with students, note-book in hand. They were expected to write out their notes in full afterwards, and were questioned on the subjects treated the following morning. These lectures dealt generally with the principles of cookery, rather than with the actual details, and the first one which Narcissa attended was on the important subject of soups.

"It is a useful habit," remarked Miss Down, in beginning, "to reflect before preparing a dish, what your object is in making it." She then went on to explain the various kinds of soup, and their suitability to various purposes. There are thick soups, clear soups, and purées; meat soups and maigre soups, with almost endless possibilities of varying each kind. There are, however, a few general principles which apply to all. Meat, and bones from which it is wished to extract the goodness, must be put on in cold water, and should be allowed to simmer, and not to boil, altogether five or six hours. The reason is that the albumen, which is one of the principal components of meat, will only dissolve in cold or tepid water, and hardens when boiled, just as we see to be the case with the white of eggs, which is the same thing as the albumen of meat. Therefore, if we have a joint of meat to boil, we put it at once into boiling water, in order that this albumen may immediately harden and form a kind of coating, to prevent the other valuable parts of the meat from escaping. For soup, however, our aim is to extract all the juices—therefore, the albumen must be dissolved. After it has dissolved, it will coagulate again, and, with the fat, rise to the top of the water, forming a scum, which must be skimmed off at once, as it brings the impurities in the stock to the surface with it, so clearing the soup; but if allowed to remain, and the stock allowed to boil, it would partly dissolve and partly sink to the bottom again, so making it almost impossible to clear the soup. As I said before, white of egg, which is commonly used for clearing soup, is albumen too, and collects the impurities in just the same way as the albumen in the meat.

Hot soup has great restorative properties and is easily digested—hence the favour in which it is held as a preliminary to the more solid portion of the dinner. For this purpose, when not intended to form an important part of the meal, clear soups are generally preferred. When intended to supplement a somewhat plain or scanty meat course, purées or thickened soups are more useful, though the lighter kinds of thick soups are used alternately with the clear ones, and if there are more than a few persons to partake, it is usual to have a tureen of each of the two kinds on the table. For hungry boys or for the servants' table, a more substantial soup of a nondescript sort is made by adding to the stock any pieces of meat, bread, vegetable, or anything else the larder contains, cut up into small pieces and served in the soup.

Maigre soups—that is to say, those made entirely from vegetables with no meat stock—are generally used as clear soups, for an invigorating commencement to a dinner. Many persons who dine late prefer to take no meat in the middle of the day, but take strong soup. For such purposes, a nourishing maigre soup can be made, which would be too substantial for dinner, by putting into a purée of lentils or haricots, a little milk, and a quantity of finely chopped vegetables.

There are a few other general principles to remember about soups. The stock, of whatever kind, must never be allowed to remain in the saucepan after it has been sufficiently cooked, or it will certainly have an unpleasant flavour, and probably go sour. It must be turned out at once into an earthenware pan, and left in a cool place till wanted.

The thickening, whether flour, tapioca, or whatever it may be, must be mixed smooth in a basin with a very little cold water, or stock, and only added to the hot soup a few minutes before it is wanted, after which it must be stirred all the time.

It is no use trying to make good soup from bones unless they are well broken up, as the gelatine, the valuable part of the bones, is only dissolved in the outer portion of the bones, that with which the water comes in contact. Therefore the greater extent of surface exposed, the more gelatine you will obtain.

Gelatine, though very useful, has no flavour, therefore soup made from bones alone is very tasteless. The portion of the meat which supplies the flavour is called ozmazome, and the object must be to obtain as much of this as possible, therefore remember that freshly killed meat yields more than that which has been hung some time, that veal and lamb contain less than beef and mutton, and that brown meats in general supply more than white.

Stock must not have the vegetables or other flavouring added to it till shortly before it is served. If put in when the stock itself is made, a day or more before it is used, they will lose their flavour, and the vegetables become discoloured.

These were a few of the main points of Miss Down's lecture, which was illustrated by experiments. Some bones, unbroken, were set to stew in one saucepan, and an equal weight pounded in another saucepan, which proved her theory of the importance of chopping up the bones. The necessity of using cold water to dissolve the albumen of meat was also triumphantly asserted by the superior strength and clearness of some stock made from a pound of meat in cold water, which one of the elder girls had been carefully skimming, while another saucepan in which a pound of meat had been set on in boiling water presented only a muddy-looking and comparatively tasteless fluid.

"Now, before we leave the subject of soups," said Miss Down, "Miss St. Adrian has kindly promised to enlighten us a little about German soups, which I believe are rather different from ours." So saying, Miss Down vacated her raised seat, and sitting down amongst the girls, motioned to Narcissa to take her place.

Narcissa looked dismayed. To deliver a regular lecture in this way was an ordeal she was not at all prepared for, and though she had made a few notes beforehand, it was only with the idea of assisting her memory in a sort of confidential chat with a small class of girls. However, there was no help for it, so after an appealing glance at her aunt, who persistently looked the other way, she ascended the steps into Miss Down's high seat, and, trembling with nervousness, began. It being her first essay at anything of the kind, her language and manner of description were neither fluent nor clear, so we will give the substance of her remarks in a few words.

She explained that soup is used at least once a day in all German households, frequently twice; but though they often use meat stock flavoured with vegetables, such as is common with us, in many parts of Germany meat is scarce and dear, while milk and fruit are plentiful almost everywhere. Therefore, necessity being the mother of invention, they make a great deal of their soup without either meat or vegetables.

Milk soup, which is served almost daily in country houses in Germany, is a general name for any kind of soup of which milk forms the foundation. Narcissa said that on first going to live in Germany she had asked a native how to make milk soup, and the reply was, "My dear, you ask me how to make milk soup! It is as though I asked you how you English make pudding. We make it every way."

The most common form of it is a quart of milk, with a small teacupful of sago, pearl barley, ground rice, groats of barley, oats, or buckwheat. Oats must first be washed in warm water and skimmed. For oats, barley, and buckwheat the water in which they are set on to boil must be hot, for ground rice boiling, for sago and pearl barley cold. Tapioca and semolina are not known in country places in Germany, but might be used in the same way as sago. The three first mentioned must boil an hour, ground rice a quarter of an hour, and sago and pearl barley rather more than an hour. When done, the milk is added cold, with salt to taste, the whole boiled up once and served. Each ingredient to be stirred while being mixed with the water, and occasionally while boiling. This is the general principle of milk soups, but other things are added according to fancy. One of the favourite additions is pumpkin, peeled, cut in pieces, and boiled in water; then pressed through a colander and added to the soup at the same time as the milk. Chestnuts are also used. After removing the outer husk they are put in a pan of warm water for a few minutes, then taken out, peeled, and stewed in a little cold water till soft, rubbed through a sieve back into the stock, and the milk poured on to them, and flavoured with mace.

This amount of information would not have been given if Miss Down had not extracted it by means of asking leading questions, the girls chiming in also with questions and remarks, as they were encouraged to do when Miss Down herself was speaking. Narcissa stopped speaking now, and was evidently meditating a descent from her high seat, when one of the girls asked if she was not going to say something about the fruit, which she had mentioned in connection with milk.

Thus reminded, Narcissa resumed her seat, and explained to them that in districts where fruit is plentiful it is very much used for soup. Apples, currants, plums, bilberries, chestnuts, all kinds of fruit are used. It is stewed in water, then taken out and rubbed through a strainer back into the water. Some kind of thickening has been boiling meanwhile, as for milk soup, and when done enough the fruit stock is poured on to it, as was done with

the milk, and flavoured with a little cinnamon, lemon-peel, or cloves. That made with plums or bilberries is of a beautiful rich red colour. If apples are used, they must be rather sharp, and while they are stewing the peels and cores have been cooking separately, and are poured through a strainer on to the apples. This soup is flavoured with sugar, grated lemon-peel, and pounded almonds and cinnamon, and thickened with a little potato flour.

Miss Down had a habit, which the girls thought very unpleasant, of perceiving everything that went on around her, even though she appeared to be gazing absently in the opposite direction. She always knew in a moment if anyone was not attending to what she said. Such an one might fix her eyes ever so firmly on the teacher, and stare most unwinkingly, but if her thoughts were away Miss Down seemed to know by instinct, and would suddenly ask the delinquent a question, to her great confusion. On this occasion, the moment Narcissa had ceased speaking Miss Down rose and said, as their time was not quite up she wished to finish what she had been telling them the previous week about steaks.

"Annie Black, do you know what different sorts there are?" she asked, suddenly.

Annie Black had been engaged in drawing an elaborate sketch of a lady in full evening dress in her note-book, a vision of herself in the golden future, perhaps, and weakly imagined that the lecturer would believe that the rapidly moving pencil was jotting down her words of wisdom. Perhaps a lurking smile or a look of interest greater than Annie usually evinced at her lessons betrayed her, but as the last fascinating twist was being given to the ringlets of the lovely being, Miss Down's sharp voice roused the artist, who blushed and stammered, and answered not.

"Can no one tell me anything about steaks?"

"Yes," answered a voice from the back row; "rump steaks are the tenderest and the dearest. Beef steaks are three or four pence a pound cheaper, but are generally tough and hard."

"Then you would always buy rump-steak, would you, Janet?"

"No, if I only wanted it for mincing, or stewing, or any dish where it would be cut very small, I should buy ordinary beef-steak; but if it was for boiling I should have rump-steak; unless I was poor," she added, thoughtfully, which raised a laugh amongst the girls, as Janet was famed for her cautiousness.

"Can anybody think of anything else Janet might try, if she could not afford rump-steak?"

"Yes, I should buy fillet steak," answered Ruth Stanley. "It is quite as tender, but has not quite so good a flavour, and does not look quite so nice, but it is at least a penny a pound less than rump-steak, and very few people would know the difference. That was fillet we had yesterday, Janet, and nobody ever suspected it was not rump-steak."

"Please, Miss Down, what is Chateaubriand? Isn't that a sort of steak?" asked another voice. "While I was away with my aunt we had it at a restaurant, and it was tenderer than any steak I ever tasted."

"Chateaubriand is a dish you do not often get in private houses in England," replied Miss Down, "though it has the best flavour of any kind of steak. It is really the undercut of the sirloin, consequently it is expensive, and many butchers object to cut it, as it spoils a favourite joint. In large households, where a sirloin of fourteen or fifteen pounds weight can be used, people sometimes take out the undercut and broil it as a steak, so as to avoid paying the exorbitant price charged for it alone; but you cannot get a sufficiently large piece unless you buy a very large sirloin."

This ended the day's instructions in cookery, and they soon dispersed, to assemble again shortly for more intellectual pursuits.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor, in presenting the following additional subscription list, just sent to him by Mr. Shrimpton, wishes to express his great dissatisfaction at the lack of enthusiasm shown by his readers in collecting money for the establishment of their home, which is intended for the poor work-girls of London. It has taken fourteen months to collect £630—only half the amount required. The readers of *The Boy's Own Paper* collected more than £1,600 in less time. Surely the girls will not allow such a disgraceful contrast to the generosity of the masculine gender to remain, but will prove their sincere Christian sympathy with their sisters in a humbler station by doing all in their power this glad Christmastide to raising them from miserable lodgings, and from a highly dangerous condition of life, to the brightness and comfort of a GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Do, dear readers, for the love of the Holy Child and the poor, come forward to the rescue—send for collecting cards to Mr. Shrimpton, of the Homes for Working Girls, 32, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, or to the Countess of Aberdeen (the originator of the movement), Haddo House, Aberdeen, and thus interest your friends in the work, that the home may become a reality during the coming year.

Collected by Miss G. Christian, £1 15s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Flowers, 13s. 6d.; Collected by Miss G. Hall, 10s.; Collected by Mrs. G. Hope Murray, 16s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Unwin, £1 3s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Ina Holme, 5s. 6d; Collected by Miss A. Booth, 14s. 6d.; Collected by Mrs. Soden, 1s.; Collected by the Residents of Garfield House, 10s. 2d.; Collected by Miss Florence Middleton, 9s. 10d.; Collected by Miss A. G. Watts, 10s.; Collected by the Misses Shaw, 5s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Ailie Lugar, £1 3s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Maggie Dalton, 10s. 9d.; Collected by Miss Deune, £2; Collected by Miss Radcliff, 5s. 11d.; Miss Edith Laws, 5s.; The Old Pupils Working Party of the Burlington Middle Class Schools, £1 12s. 10d.; Collected by the Residents of Morley House, £5 2s. 1d.; Collected by Miss Winifred Wood, 6s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Marie C. Sturgeon, £1; Collected by Miss Maggie E. Coe, £2 11s. 6d.; Collected by the Residents of Victoria House, 17s. 4d.; Collected by Miss Rose Hardeman, 7s.; Collected by Miss Agnes J. Newnham, 4s. 8d.; Collected by Miss Blanch Gunn, 8s. 8d.; Collected by the Residents of Norfolk House, £3 5s. 7d.; Collected by Miss Strachan, £1 3s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Ethel Peters, 3s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. Stirk, 11s. 6d.; A Friend of the G. O. P., 2s. 6d.; Annie, 1s.; Linda, 5s.; Collected by the Residents of Alexandra House, £2 5s.; Collected by Miss M. Sharp, 14s.; Collected by Miss Jessie Offin, 7s.; Collected by Miss Rose Hardeman, 2s.; Miss J. M. Stevenson, 3s.; B. T., 2s.; A. L. D., 1s.; Collected by Miss Mary Maggs, 7s. 6d.; Marie, 2s. 2d; Collected by Miss Alice Currie, 12s.; Collected by Miss Grace Ling, £1 15s.; Miss Magdalene Scott, 2s.; Little Emily, 3s.; Miss S. Silke, 5s.; Collected by Miss Mary K. Keeling, 11s.; A. P., 5s.; Collected by Miss Gertrude Peel, £4; L. F., 2s. 6d.; Sandown, 3s.; Miss M. Tarrant, 5s.; Miss Cunnington, 1s.; "Every Little Helps," 3s.: A Sympathiser, 2s.; E. O., 5s.; Wynnefrede, 1s.; J. A. G., 1s.; Collected by Black Bess, 3s. 6d. Total, £43 7s. 6d. Total amount received to October 30th, 1883, £632 7s. 6d.

THE ORNAMENTS WORN IN MANY LANDS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

"CAN a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" is the question asked by one of the greater prophets in Holy Writ. I was reminded of it when, at the Crystal Palace a number of years ago, I witnessed a little scene which made an interesting comment on the text quoted above.

I was standing with my friends in such a position that I could distinctly see one of those mimic groups which represent the natives of far-away and still savage lands. Each figure in the group wore, as an ornament, a large ring through the nose. Whilst glancing towards it, I noticed two well-dressed females, one of whom was talking and gesticulating with much animation. She pointed towards the savage group, evidently in much displeasure, whilst her companion, a gentle-looking lady, whose face was turned in our direction, endeavoured to pacify her indignant friend.

At a loss to understand this little scene, and wondering at the loud tones and excited gestures of the one speaker, we drew a little nearer, so as to catch a glimpse of her face. To our astonishment, we saw that the woman, though neatly dressed in the English fashion, was evidently a native of the land which had furnished the original types of the mimic group before us. Features, complexion, and hair were identical, and in addition there was the large, plain gold ring in the nose of the angry woman.

Her story was subsequently told to us. She was a convert to Christianity and a person of great intelligence, who had come to England with the lady who was with her at Sydenham, a missionary's wife. Her indignation had been aroused by the scene presenting her countrymen in all their native barbarism of dress, which was almost undress, and it required all the eloquence of her friend to pacify her. At length, by much talking, in what was to all beside an unknown tongue, the lady explained that these groups had been formed for the instruction of those who could not travel in far-away lands and see for themselves how the inhabitants looked and lived when at home.

The sight of the nose-ring brought the text to mind.

The young woman had given up her idols, left her country and her father's house, and adopted a different dress, but even when amongst strangers she clung to her nose ornament, and could not be induced to lay it aside.

We are very apt to laugh at the idea of putting a ring through the nose, yet make no objection to hanging the most elaborately wrought gold and the most costly jewels through the ears; yet the one is quite as ancient an ornament as the others. It is thought that the ornament called an earring of gold, which Abraham's servant gave to Rebekah, was really a nose-ring, though in the margin it is translated "a jewel for the forehead." One learned Roman writer in the fourth century translates the words, "an ornament for the nose." Whether correctly or not in this case, we have abundant evidence in the Bible that nose-rings were worn by the Jewish and other Eastern ladies.

Isaiah gives a list of the ornaments of which the daughters of Zion were so proud in his day.

There were "tinkling ornaments about their feet" which made a noise as they walked, cauls for the head, and round tires like the moon, probably crescent-shaped semicircles of gold and precious stones which

spanned the head. The list given by Isaiah includes chains, bracelets, mufflers, bonnets, ornaments of the legs, head-bands, tablets, earrings, rings, and nose jewels.

Most Eastern women wore the nose-ring, and Solomon makes an allusion to it in the verse, "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion," evidently not objecting to its use by women.

It is rather difficult to understand the meaning of some of the words. Mufflers were spangled articles; tablets did duty in the same way as our smelling bottles or vinaigrettes, the word translated "tablets" being literally "Houses of the soul," a poetical way of describing the case or vessel which held subtle and delicate perfume.

It must have been very early in the world's history that the use of ornaments commenced. Necessity compelled men to make tools of various kinds, or how could the earth have been tilled? A taste for the beautiful would induce them to improve upon their first inventions, and pass from matters of mere utility to the production of articles both attractive to the eye and useful in domestic life.

There is, however, no distinct allusion to any particular kind of ornament for personal decoration until late in the life of Abraham. And, though he was so rich in silver and gold, no mention is made of any such being worn by Sarah. Most likely she would possess jewels in abundance, and in accordance with her husband's great wealth and high station. It is probable that Abraham's servant would select from the stores she left behind the ornaments of gold which he presented to Rebekah at the well. The fact that he gave two bracelets, and only one of the articles translated earring, makes it the more likely that the latter was really a nose jewel.

We are apt in these modern days to associate the idea of ornaments and jewellery much more with the female sex than the male. Women in our own land have the exclusive use of many articles of adornment, but in those ancient times, and even still in some Eastern lands, the men of high rank claim their full share.

Few of us who saw the Shah of Persia when he was in England a few years ago will soon forget his barbaric splendour and the famous bejewelled suits with which he dazzled British eyes, excited the envy of the fair sex, and the interest of the whole fraternity of pickpockets whene'er he took his walks or rides abroad.

It has been hinted that a large number of the so-called diamonds and rubies were only glittering shams, the wily Asiatic being too shrewd to risk the loss of his real jewels by carrying them about with him from country to country. However this may be, the thing was overdone, and the effect ruined by profusion.

The glitter of one precious stone seemed to kill the sheen of its neighbour, and forced beholders to the conclusion that it is not only bad taste, but positive waste to wear many articles of jewellery at once.

Eliezer had many precious ornaments with him when he journeyed to Mesopotamia, and the presents made to Rebekah at the brink of the well were only an earnest of what was to follow when she became the promised bride of Isaac. Then he endowed her with others, "jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment," beside bestowing precious things upon her mother and brother.

So we find that the custom of bestowing articles of jewellery as pledges of affection is above 3,700 years old, and may have begun much earlier still, though it is not recorded in the Bible until then.

When Jacob was returning towards Bethel by the Divine command, we find that all his household gave up to him the earrings that were in their ears, and that he hid them under an oak. These articles—worn both by men and women—were not mere ornaments, but amulets or charms formed with superstitious ceremonies, and covered with mystical figures and characters. They were given up and buried deep in the ground, because of their connection with the worship of the "strange gods," which were put away at the same time.

Judah's "bracelets" are mentioned, and this would lead us to think that he wore such ornaments. But the word used is not the same as that translated "bracelets" in the account of Eliezer's meeting with Rebekah, and is supposed to mean a twisted girdle or collar.

A gold chain, with jewelled badge appended, is to-day a mark of official dignity, worn by mayors and others during their term of service. Pharaoh hung one round the neck of Joseph when he made him his viceroy. Belshazzar did the same to Daniel. Jewels of silver and gold were common enough amongst the Egyptians, as is shown by the ease with which the departing Israelites borrowed them in large quantities.

Whether they also obtained precious stones from them is not told us; but all the most beautiful and valuable kinds were forthcoming to complete the ornamentation of the high priest's insignia of office when the tabernacle was set up in the wilderness.

Men and women wore earrings as ornaments, and from offerings of these Aaron formed the golden calf. So did the Ishmaelites, the other descendants of Abraham; and these golden earrings were given to Gideon by the men of Israel as his reward after the defeat of Zebah and Zalmunna, princes of Midian.

These Midianites went to battle adorned with valuable ornaments, even their camels being decorated with weighty chains of gold. The value of the earrings alone was estimated at £3,300.

In later ages the Roman knights did not disdain to adorn themselves with the precious metal, for after the battle of Cannæ—fought 216 B.C.—Hannibal sent no less than three bushels of gold rings, of which he had despoiled his conquered foes, to Carthage.

In ancient times men certainly had their full share in all articles of personal adornment, as these passages testify. "No man did put on him his ornaments." The bride is said to "adorn herself with her jewels," and, in like manner, we are told the bridegroom "decketh himself with ornaments."

At the time Saul was slain he wore a royal crown on his head and a bracelet on his arm, and it is proclaimed as worthy of praise, in the beautiful lamentation of David, that the fallen monarch put "ornaments of gold" on the apparel of the daughters of Israel.

Many other passages could be quoted to show that both sexes had a passion for and wore glittering ornaments made of the precious metals and adorned with stones. But enough have been given. Turning from Eastern lands and customs to the new world, we find that when, during his first voyage, Columbus landed in one of the harbours of Hispaniola, his sailors captured a young native girl. She wore no clothing, but in her nose was an ornament of gold! Soon afterwards one of the chiefs presented the great navigator with a crown of gold, and hung plates of the precious metal round his neck.

The American Indian caciques, or chiefs, seem to have reserved to themselves the lion's share both of apparel and ornaments. One of these called upon Columbus accompanied by several members of his family, and we have a list of the jewellery he wore on that occasion. "On his head a band of small green stones, clasped in front by a large jewel of gold; two gold plates were suspended from his ears; his necklace was of white stones, with a great centrepiece of gold, and a girdle of variegated stones completed his adornments.

The ladies of his family had no ornaments except girdles, with hanging plates of coloured stones; and while the standard-bearer had a comfortable mantle made of feathers, one of the chief's fair daughters was in the costume of the Garden of Eden.

Vasco da Gama gives an account of his visit to the King of Calecut, who, though wearing only a single white garment extending from the waist to the knees, had a profusion of jewellery disposed about his dark person. At the point of his robe were suspended a number of rings studded with rubies. Above the elbow of his left arm was a bracelet composed of three rings, sparkling with jewels, and hanging from the centre was a magnificent diamond of inestimable value. In his ears were golden earrings; round his neck, twice twisted, a string of huge pearls, the ends of which reached his waist. Beside this he had a neck-chain of gold, with a heart-shaped pendant composed of pearls, rubies, and a large emerald.

More pearls were twined round his knotted hair, and his shield and sword were gorgeous with gold jewels and pearls.

On one of the Philippine islands, Magellan found the inhabitants with extremely scanty clothing, but with beautiful ornaments of gold, and cotton headdresses.

A beauty of the Caroline Islands, as described by Sir Francis Drake, had the ears weighed down with heavy ornaments, a species of coronet on the head, and the body covered to the waist with tattoo marks. The teeth were dyed jet black, and the costumes of the men and women differed little, except that those of the males were more massive and elaborate. On one of the Molucca Islands Drake describes the ornaments of a native prince as consisting of massive gold chains, many rings, set with precious stones of great size and beauty, and a few encircled with sapphires.

The nose-ring was, and still is, commonly worn by the native Africans, so that I have traced this ornament through every quarter of the globe, Europe only excepted, and in our little continent I have not been able to discover any account of its existence. The Gauls and the Ancient Britons living in the southern portion of our island wore many ornaments, so did the Welsh, massive chains, bracelets, corslets, and belts of gold and silver; a gold ring invariably adorning the middle finger.

Boadicea wore a graceful dress and "torque" of gold.

Ancient Greek women wore armlets, anklets, and necklets of gold, with beautiful pins for the hair, one of which always had a head shaped like a grasshopper. The Roman ladies wore most of the golden and jewelled articles enumerated, but on one occasion in their history the contents of their caskets must have been extremely limited.

About 250 years B.C., when the Punic war was at its height, a law was passed "that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, nor wear a garment of divers colours, nor drive a carriage with horses within a mile of the city, except for the purpose of attending a public religious celebration.

Thirty years later, when the war was over, and Rome flooded with Carthaginian spoils, a grand political battle was fought on the subject of the ladies' ornaments.

The sacrifice of the feminine *gauds* was no longer necessary, and two tribunes brought forward a motion for the repeal of the law. Others opposed this, and a scene of excitement, almost without parallel, distinguished the contest. The Roman matrons, we are told, crowded every approach to the forum, stopped their husbands on the way, and im-

plored that their ancient ornaments might be restored.

Cato, the stern, held out to the last, but he gave in when opposition became useless and even undignified; and the women carried the day, all the tribes voting for the restoration of the ornaments.

Only fair to the ladies. We do not hear that they had murmured at the sacrifice when patriotism demanded it, and to insist upon its continuance when no longer necessary would have been equally unreasonable and unjust.

That Roman matrons were proud of their jewellery we know from history. Who does not remember the delightful story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi? When a lady called upon her and proudly displayed her many and costly ornaments—things of which *she* possessed none—Cornelia succeeded in detaining her guest until the return of her children from school. Then turning to her noble sons she presented them to the lady as *her jewels*. What mother's heart does not throb with sympathy on reading this brief story?

One girl in the infant days of Rome paid dearly for her love of finery. It was strong enough to induce her to betray the rising city into the hands of its fierce foes, the Sabines, whose golden bracelets she desired as the reward of her treachery. But in place of naming the articles, she only asked for what they wore on their left arms. They wilfully misunderstood her, and, as they passed into the city, each cast his shield, which he wore on his left arm, on the young traitress, who was crushed to death by the accumulated weight.

In my next chapter I shall commence by describing ornaments of a ruder and more primitive character, and in addition say something about certain adorments which every girl will find becoming to herself and attractive in the eyes of others.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

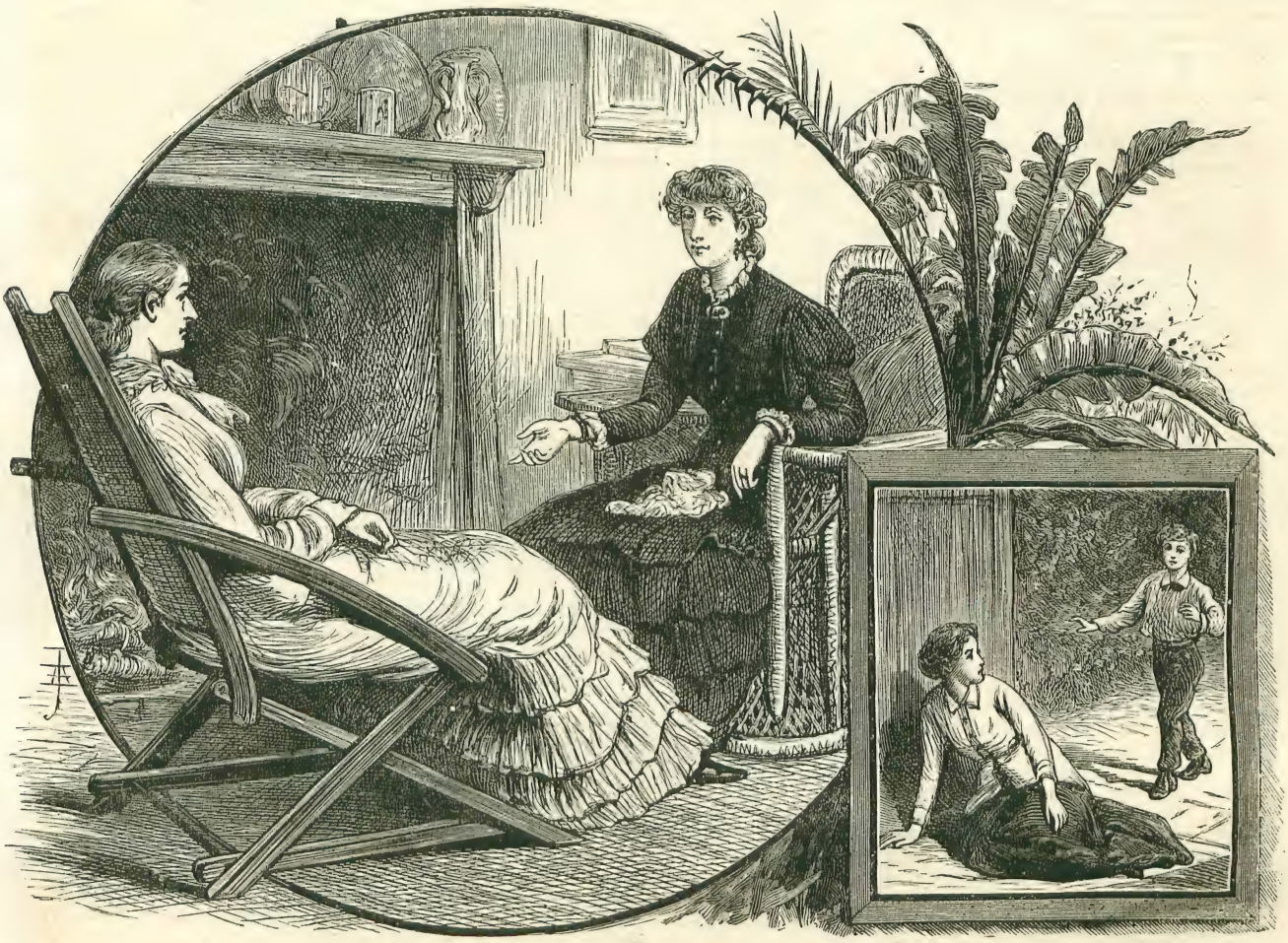
CHAPTER IX.

"A WOUNDED SPIRIT WHO CAN BEAR?"

MRS. BOMBASIN justified all Carita's expectations completely. She created quite a little revolution in the internal arrangements at Elk Lodge. Her coffee she liked made only in the French fashion; the bread ought to be raised with salt instead of yeast; and she was continually in and out of the kitchen, mixing new dishes, of which the ingredients had to be fetched from the one general store down at Rattlesnake Bar, seven miles away, at all kinds of inconvenient hours. She declared it was delightful to have access to a kitchen again, after being so long in a boarding-house. The fact was, she cared nothing for the beauty around her, and seldom went outside, there being no desirable men at leisure to act as escort and admirers. She never read, and seldom sewed; and as there was nothing else to do, and no one to flirt with, she tried to kill time in the kitchen, where she harassed and disturbed Carita beyond endurance.

I am anticipating, however. The morning after her arrival, as soon as Carita sat down to breakfast, Mrs. Bombasin looked fixedly at her, and said—

"Then it was you, after all, whom I saw a little way down the hill on my way



"TO HAVE A GOSSIP."

here yesterday? I was not sure of it last night."

Carita felt her cheeks burn. Her companion would be commented on next, no doubt.

"You need not blush so; there was nothing to be ashamed of in the appearance of your friend. I thought him a most distinguished-looking man for a stockman, which I supposed him to be from his dress."

Oh, the dreadful woman, if she would only stop before Mrs. Warner came in! Carita rushed to the stove, where she could only make a pretence of pulling out a damper and closing an oven door.

After breakfast Eleanor and her friend sat down before the fire in the living room to have a gossip, Carita remaining in the kitchen to wash up and put away the breakfast things. There was only a slight partition between the two rooms. Whilst Carita was busy she did not distinguish anything of the conversation between the two ladies, but when standing to rest for a few moments, feeling tired and heated, the sound of her own name caught her ear. Mrs. Bombasin was speaking.

You must not judge my poor heroine too severely when I tell you that she could not resist remaining quiet for a few minutes. After all, as she said to herself, Mrs. Warner knew she was there, and might have remembered how easily voices could be heard in the cabin.

"Carita, you called that girl; what an odd name for a help!"

"She is not, properly speaking, a 'help;' Stephen adopted her when she was a child. That is to say, he bought her first, and adopted her as a daughter afterwards."

"Then that accounts for her dark skin. It is not the negro type, though."

"Oh, no; she is a pure Mexican. Steeve had to give fifty dollars for her, to an old woman in whose hut she was born. She was ill-treating the child, and Stephen took pity on it."

"He had better have left her where she was; I don't think she is very good-tempered. She flushed up when I spoke to her this morning about a man I saw her talking to yesterday, on my way here. Quite a presentable-looking man, too, he was."

"I don't know who it could be, then, for there is no one in the neighbourhood more distinguished-looking than Mr. Heath, the father of an English family near this, and he is at least fifty."

"I can assure you, then, that Carita's friend is both young and distinguished-looking, and from the look of his horse and saddle bags, I fancy he had come some distance. If I were you I should watch the girl more closely; slyness runs in the Spanish and Mexican blood, you know."

Carita heard no more. She would not have heard as much as this had she not been, as it were, petrified by the idea that she had been bought and paid for—like any slave in the market! Mrs. Wilson was a Southerner, and she had often heard her talk of the prices paid by her father for this woman or that child. Presently she heard the horse mentioned, and that she must be watched, for "slyness ran in the blood." The strange pain came just under her breast, but she managed to get to the door; then she fainted, and there she was found a few minutes later, conscious again, sitting on the ground, a white, wan look on her face.

Tom it was who came running up from the corral, to ask her to come and help him saddle a fresh young filly which he was bent on training.

"What's up, Carita? How sick you look!"

She could not speak at first.

"Where is mother?" he said. "I will bring her to give you something."

"No, no! I want nothing," she gasped. "I shall be all right in a minute."

Soon she got up, but she looked dazed and troubled.

"I was coming to ask you to help me saddle the filly, Carrie. Ben Heath is going down to Lazy Man's Cañon, to meet Mr. Emerson; he's coming up from San Juan to-night, and I know mother will let me go too. I wanted to try Joe with my new saddle a bit first."

Ah! *he* was coming to-night. The thought did not make her heart glad any longer. He would feel differently towards her when he knew she had been bought, as cattle are bought. Was it false, then, what the father had told her about her own father having been an officer? And he had said, too, that her mother was a lady. Mexicans were better than negroes, certainly; still, she had been paid for, like any negro!

If she had listened a little longer she would have heard Eleanor tell her cousin how it had all happened, and what the old woman confessed as to her parentage. Also, that Stephen loved her, and made as much of her as though she had been his own child. And this might have comforted her. As it was, the iron had entered her soul, and she believed she would never be happy again.

All day she went about her work in a weary, listless fashion. "A sullen, sulky nature," said Mrs. Bombasin to Eleanor; "I wonder how you can put up with her at all!"

The next morning Joyce came to the Lodge. Carita was out by the corral, feeding the young "bosses." After shaking hands the two friends looked at each other for a moment, without speaking. Both were pale and sad-looking. Carita expected this of Joyce, but Joy could not understand the expression of utter dejection and weariness that was in her friend's face, and she forgot her own pain, and forced herself to speak gaily.

"I thought I should find you looking like a rose with the dew on it, Carrie. I thought you would——"

"Don't, Joy, dear; I am not well to-day. I had such pain, nearly all night, and it always makes me tired and sick-looking."

"I have a little note for you, Carrie, from him. We had a long talk this morning, and he told me all about it. I mean to be his friend as well as yours, dear."

How bravely she looked and spoke, good Joyce! No one could have guessed that she had spent half an hour on the ground under the dwarf oaks, on the way up, battling with this, her first great sorrow.

Carita looked wistfully at her, then she flung her arms round her true friend, and they both cried.

"I was so very happy, Joy, at first; now, everything is changed. I cannot tell you about it now, but I will try to come to you to-morrow, some time."

"I must run home again, Carrie; read your note and tell me what to say to him."

Her first letter from Phil. The first, and perhaps the last, she thought, sadly, for she must tell him to-day.

"Well, Carrie, I know what he asks; he told me. Shall I say you will be there?"

"Yes, dear, I will be there. Good-bye."

Joyce hurried down the wood again. Mrs. Warner had fortunately been in front of the house, and had neither seen her come or go.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OBSERVER.

By Dora Hope.

In cold or wet weather, when the children are obliged to be kept in the house a good deal, there are still many things all around them to be noticed and thought over. For instance, let them begin close at home. Make them open their hands out, with the fingers straightened side by side; then notice that each finger is of a different length, and the tips are none of them at the same level. Now fold the hand, and the finger-tips will be found to touch the palm of the hand at almost an exact level. Let them take hold of a stick or ruler, and they will see how much firmer a grip they get by this levelling of the fingers than they would have if they were as unequal when folded as when open.

The tips of the fingers are exceedingly sensitive. Even when roughened and hardened with work they still feel the slightest touch, and the delicate nerves in them still act and carry messages up to headquarters in the brain.

But here is a curious thing. The tip of the tongue is in many ways still more sensitive than the finger-tips; any roughness or difference in the mouth or teeth, the busy tongue will find out long before the finger point could feel anything new. This tip, or rather the nerves in it, can do what the fingers cannot—it can taste what it touches; but for all that, it cannot feel the throbbing of a pulse, which the fingers can. Try it; find the pulse just inside the thumb side of the wrist, place your finger on it, and you will feel its regular beating; but put the tip of your tongue on the same spot and you will not be able to feel it at all.

This is the time for those who have microscopes to use them. Begin to interest the children with very simple objects and low powers; accustom them to judge of the magnifying power by such well-known objects as the eye of a needle, the head of a pin, or a thread of fine cotton. Let them see each thing, both in and out of the microscope, so as to convince them that it is really the same article. Next show them a human hair (there are always a number volunteered from the

heads of the young people interested), and compare it with that of a cat or dog, or both. But, after all, there is nothing so delightful as to see something alive and moving under the microscope; and you can manage this, even if the ponds and streams are frozen. Get a few pieces of hay and put them into a small jar with *rain*-water (which must not be filtered) just enough to cover the hay. Leave this in a warm place for a day or two, and then try one drop under the microscope. If it has stood long enough, you will think, like the philosopher in Hans Andersen's tale of "A Drop of Water," that you are looking into another world, and a very lively world too. You can make this infusion with different kinds of leaves, and find different and most wonderful creatures in each.

Any readers who have not the good fortune to possess a microscope, nor even a magnifying glass, can make a useful magnifyer from an ordinary pill-box and a drop of Canada balsam. Make a hole in the bottom of the box, the size of a large pin's head, and drop the balsam so as to fill the hole and form a lens. A clear bead of glass answers the purpose even better.

It is often useful to be able to distinguish trees, when leafless: and now is the time to study their peculiarities. They differ so much according to different conditions of soil, climate, and position, that it is difficult to give any exact rules: nothing but practice will enable one to distinguish them with certainty. To begin with the best known, point out the peculiarities of an oak tree. These differ very much according to the soil; if the root has to push and twist about among rocks and unsuitable soil, the trunk will correspond; but if the root can grow straight down, the trunk also will be straight and even. Oaks are very seldom blown to one side by the wind, as is so frequently the case with other trees. The branches seem to divide the trunk instead of sprouting from it, and in general they take a horizontal direction, and are much twisted and gnarled. The small twigs of various trees should be gathered and studied: they are like the branches in miniature. To bear the great weight of horizontal branches, the trunk of an oak tree is wider, both at the top and bottom, than in the middle. The shape of the old Eddystone Lighthouse was copied from this peculiarity.

Looking upwards from the shoulder of Orion towards the Pleiades, two bright stars are visible, which with several much smaller ones form a triangle. This triangle makes the head of the constellation Taurus, or the Bull. The brightest of the two, Aldebaran, is supposed to mark the bull's eye. Above the two bright stars are two other rather less bright ones, which represent the horns, while the Pleiades mark its back, and the rest of the animal must be filled in by the imagination.

If you imagine the bull to be bending down its head, as though charging at an enemy, which from the position of its horns does not require a very great stretch of fancy, the direct objects of its attack appear to be two very bright stars side by side, named respectively Castor and Pollux, which form the heads of "Gemini," or "The Heavenly Twins." There are several other smaller stars, which a very vivid imagination must suppose to supply the bodies of the twins.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

STELLA II.—We do not wonder that you wrote again, and we are obliged to you for your kind letter and for drawing our attention to a printer's transposition. The original sentences, as written, were "The nearest of all the fixed stars to us, Centauri, is calculated to be some 200,000 times further off from us than the sun, which is at a distance of about 93 millions of miles." One sentence was simply printed before the other. If the distance of the sun be, as usually stated, 92,350,000 miles from the earth, then Centauri must be at about 18,470,000,000,000 distance from us.

EADFYTH.—We can give you three addresses, and advise you to write to all for their severa p spectuses. The College of Precentors, which grants diplomas of three grades, and gives lectures on the theory of teaching (incorporated by Royal Charter), secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq., 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Secondly, the Home and Colonial School Society (Non-Government Department) offers instruction in the art of teaching. Apply to the principal. Thirdly, the Teachers' Training and Registration Society (incorporated under Companies' Act, 1867); secretary, Miss Louisa Brough, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, S.W., supplies training for teachers. You write a very good hand.

E. B.—Read "How to Improve One's Education," in vol. ii. The second part, at page 794, will direct you.

M. WILLIS.—We do not appeal to our correspondents for answers to the queries sent us; we give them ourselves. There is a musical society for the encouragement of instrumental practice, and a reading society for that of instructive reading, under the management of Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. In reference to needlework, you should set apart an hour on certain days in the week, if not daily, for mending and making for yourself or others. Does your mother require none done for her? Or your sisters, engaged in other studies, or the men and boys of your family? Otherwise, the poor always want something; if not new, at least mended so as to be of some use.

SELENITE.—It is true that only one side of the moon has ever been turned towards the earth. Of the other hemisphere we can have no certain knowledge But while we could not give our authority for the correctness of certain curious statements made some little time ago, we may name them for as much as they may be worth. It was asserted that the moon's centre of figure, and that of her gravity, did not correspond, and that the latter was "eight geographical miles nearer to the unseen side." If so, would be natural to infer that all the atmosphere and water must be attracted that way, and that there might be both vegetation and life of all kinds abounding there. Thus the "man in the moon" may be no myth, after all!

B. A. S.—Pupils are trained for one year as Nightingale Probationers at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.E., receiving board and lodging, with £10 and uniform. During three years after completion of their training they are required to take situations as hospital nurses, the salary commencing at £20. Ladies wishing to qualify for superior appointments may be trained on payment by them of either £30 or £52. These are also expected to take situations during three years or one year respectively after the completion of their training. Their salaries are from £35 to £60, rising to £100. You write well; your handwriting is just the right size, is very legible, and has no vulgar flourishes. A little freer handling of your pen will be attained by practice. Apply personally between 10 and 12 on Tuesday or Friday, to the matron, Mrs. Wardroper, or else by letter to the secretary of the Nightingale Fund, Henry Bonham Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W.

PINK-EYED DAISY.—Your charming letter was very encouraging to us, more especially in reference to the spiritual teaching and assistance given in this paper. For the syllabus of the Cambridge Higher (local) Examinations, held in June, for girls over eighteen years, write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College. The fee is £2.

ART.

NANCY LEE.—The sketches of heads give promise of better success should you take lessons, which it would be worth your while to do. You should learn to draw an ear. Pencil drawing can be set with milk and water, simply by dipping in it, without wetting the back of the paper.

S. D. HENDERSON. — All directions requisite for crystoleum painting will be found in the article so named in *Silver Sails* (holiday number of the "G. O. P."). There are no rules that we are able to give you in reference to "silhouettes." An artist taking a likeness in this style, makes certain measurements, but in cutting-out fancy groups and landscapes he must depend on his own ideality and cleverness.

A RED ROSE.—See "Painting in Oil Colours," pages 401 and 545, vol. iv.

NELLIE.—You will find an excellent article on painting photographs at page 183, vol iii.; also at page 716, vol. ii.

UNE PETITE FLEUR.—We think your self-taught efforts do you much credit, but we scarcely think you could sell them, as they lack artistic grace and all the qualities of light, air, and good manual work. You should try to take lessons. We could not undertake to return anything.

ESTHER H. H.—We think your drawings show decided artistic promise, and we should advise you to go to some school of art near you for instruction.

MARIE CURTIS. An article on the art of painting on satin was given in vol. iv., page 66. You are required to be well grounded in Scripture, and in the catechism, articles, and doctrines of the Church of England.

SNOWDROP. — The cheapest and softest wood for fretwork carving is sycamore. As it very quickly becomes soiled, it should either be dyed with walnut dye, to be procured at any Swiss wood-work shop, or else varnished with a white transparent varnish to keep it clean.

SALOME.—"Painting on glass," "painting on magic-lantern slides," and "painting photographs," were all mentioned in the articles entitled "Occupations for Invalids," in the second volume. Full directions for each department of the art were therein given, so we need not repeat them.

LEARNER.—The West London School of Art, at 155, Great Titchfield-street, W., would be conveniently near you. The acting secretary is Thomas F. Curtis, Esq. There are evening as well as morning classes; the entrance fee to the evening ones is two shillings. The school year commences in October. Mr. Curtis would supply you with prospectuses and all necessary information.

LONG D.—A "pantagraph" was the first instrument invented for copying, enlarging, and reducing plans, etc., produced by Christopher Scheiner about the year 1603. Professor Wallace improved upon it in 1821, and called his appliance an "eidograph." Small and simple instruments may now be had at very trifling cost, which answer the purpose of the artist sufficiently well.

PILLING.—Consult an artist's colourman on the subject of painting on leather. The articles should be made up before painted, and will probably be offered at his shop for sale, ready for decoration. You can procure all necessary accessories for the work there.

S. H. L.—There are different recipes for bronzing, but it would probably be useless to give one which required the use of a crucible. You might buy some "mosaic gold" in powder, and rub it on with the finger, or you might also procure "Dutch gold," in little books, and at a cheap price. It would be necessary to cover such inferior bronzing with a coat of clear varnish, or the metallic appearance would soon be lost. A third method suitable for plaster is to cover the figure or bracket with isinglass size until no spot on the surface becomes dry. Then with a sash-tool (a brush) sweep over the whole to remove, while yet soft, any superfluous size that may be lodged on delicate parts of the figure or design. When dry, take a little very thin oil "gold size," just damp the brush with it, and paint over the figure with it, just leaving sufficient only to make it shine. Then set it in a dry place free from smoke, and in about forty-eight hours it will be prepared to receive the bronze. Touch over the whole with the latter, and let it stand for a day, then remove all the loose powder with a soft dry brush, and especially from all the prominent parts of the figure or other article. Your well-formed hand is spoilt by flourishes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMILE.—We do not think the coffee will do you harm, provided you do not drink it too strong, and have plenty of good milk. Many thanks for the recipe.

VIOLA.—We think that many girls are wearing ordinary tight-fitting jackets, or else small cloth mantles. Consult the pictures in the dress article.

ILE.—We think that if you are in the habit of drinking beer you had better leave it off and take a bath every morning, using a good flesh-brush at night. Be careful also in diet, eat light and nourishing food only, but not too much meat.

A TROUBLED ONE.—Your digestion is at fault, we should think, and you should avoid heating foods, such as pork, goose, or strong soups; pickles and nuts or walnuts also; and if you take beer leave it off. Use a mild soap and the tepid bath; eat meat once a day, eggs, milk puddings, ripe cooked fruit, etc. Take moderate exercise, but do not overtire yourself.

LOVER OF CHILDREN.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the proper covers of the "G. O. P." and you will get any binder to put them on at a shilling or eighteenpence each. You might buy a whole volume ready bound in cloth, with the proper covers, for six shillings. The covers are two shillings each. If taking in the numbers singly as they come out, the set of extra pictures, title-page and indexes, for vols. ii., iii., and iv. are one shilling each vol., and ninepence for the first volume. We must request all desiring information on this subject to take note of this answer.

HOPEFUL.—We regret that you should have waited for an answer so long as you say, but we have no recollection of having received any letter or verses from you. We are glad that you find our paper so useful to you. You write and express yourself very well. What you could do in verse we are unable to say,

A STAR.—Plait your hair at the back and tie with a riband, or put it up in a coil at the back of the head.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—1. You will find milk and water, and a clean flannel to rub them dry, the best treatment for Minton's tiles. 2. They must be carelessly done, and the cloths used cannot be clean.

CLAUDINE AND STELLA (Australia).—We are much obliged for the Christmas card. The cause of the enlarged toe-joint is pressure. The treatment consists of hot fomentations and poultices to allay the inflammation, and of surgical treatment to correct the distortion which has caused the bunion or enlargement.

DOROTHY G.—You should be confirmed on the first opportunity, and you should inform the clergyman of your wish before taking any steps.

A WILD ROSE.—You had better drop the subject and *try to behave in a more sensible* and kindly manner the next time. The fault of careless and foolish talking is a great one, and wounds many a sensitive and loving heart.

WILD CAT.—Yes, we are quite sure that going forth to battle with Christ as your captain and under His banner of "love," you will be "more than conqueror." Let "love" be the watchword, never return the unkind word save by a kind one, and be the servant of all, like Christ. Is not this "a brave answer," poor soldier, hard beset? Can you not arm yourself afresh with love and humility and go forth to battle?

LITTLE DOT.—The name "cats'-cradle" is a corruption of "cratch-cradle," "cratch" being an old English name for a "rack," in which hay is placed for the use of cattle. Thus, in Wycliff's translation (St. Luke ii. 7) he says, "She bare her first-born and laid Him in a cratch." Words become changed in the course of some hundreds of years.

PRISCILLA.—"*Ithuriel*" was a cherub sent by "Gabriel" to find "Satan," and he is said (by Milton) to have found the arch-fiend squatting like a toad beside Eve as she lay asleep. He then brought him before the archangel. His spear was said to detect and expose deceit by the slightest touch. Thus, when Satan disguised himself as a toad, Ithuriel touched him with it, and made him resume his natural form. The name "Ithuriel" signifies "God's discovery." See "Paradise Lost," iv., 788.

FEDORA.—*When it is 12* o'clock at noon at Greenwich, it is 5.21 p.m. at Madras. The definition of "transubstantiation" is that "the bread and wine in the eucharist are changed into the very flesh and blood of Christ by the consecration," date Gregory II. 731. "Consubstantiation" means "that after consecration the body and blood of Christ are substantially present in or with the bread and wine. This doctrine was held by Luther.

EDINA.—Your friend's idea that she ought not to read our paper, because the time given to it might be spent in reading the Holy Bible, is not a reasonable one. Such an assertion would prove too much. By the same argument, she ought not to learn cookery, housekeeping, needlework, accomplishments, nor any branch of ordinary education whatsoever. She ought not to receive nor pay visits, to converse, travel, nor do anything else, since otherwise she might be reading the Bible. But our magazine is designed to teach her "her duty towards her neighbour," and all her home duties, and in addition, to teach her her "duty towards God" also. It explains the meaning conveyed by the words of that very Bible which she imagines she can understand without any assistance, and to give her advice both spiritual and otherwise, according to her own individual circumstances. She is doubtless well-meaning, but has spoken with a great lack of reflection and of common sense. You write fairly well.

GUNDREDA.—The custom of giving Christmas and New Year's gifts is of very early date in this country. We read of them in the time of Edward II., who gave sumptuous New Year's presents to his knights at Westminster and, to the "King of the Bean" handsome silver-gilt ewers and basins. Two of these "kings" were Sir William de la Bech and Thomas de Weston, a squire of the king's household. Edward III. both gave and received them, so did Henry VI., at least when a boy; and other sovereigns may have done the same, but in Henry VII.'s time the custom of presenting and receiving gifts at the seasons above-named had become a matter of systematic management, and their value was rated according to the rank of the various recipients. The "Usher of the Chamber" used to go to the king's bedroom door and say, "There is a New Year's gift come from the queen," and the king replied, "Sir, let it come in." The gifts from the nobles followed, and their bearers received theirs likewise.

A. C.—If your mother approves of your so doing, and the distance and locality offers no objection in her opinion, you should write to the lady superintendent of one or more children's hospitals, and offer to go so many times weekly to read to the children, and endeavour to cheer their weary days while under treatment. There is a Home for Blind Children at Goldsmith's-place, Kilburn, N.W.; Miss Newbery. A Cripples Home at 17A, Marylebone-road; Miss C. Blunt. Also the West-End Hospital for Paralysis, having a children's ward, 73, Welbeck-street, W.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—1. Under the circumstances you name, we think you had better not make any change in the style that suits you. 2. In reference to the defect of memory, the fixing of subjects on the mind must depend on the manner in which they were at first received, and reflected upon immediately afterwards. To pass, in a volatile way, very quickly from one subject to another, is very harmful to the memory. Reflect and reason upon them. Make a note of certain points connected with what you have heard or read, and think-out the question before it has faded from your remembrance. Probably you think of something else while reading or listening,

which proves like a change of position, however slight, in the taking of a photograph—it makes a double outline and confuses the whole picture. Do not allow yourself to stray away in desultory thought to other matters. Concentrate all the mind you have on one point at a time, and return to it again if you desire to remember it.

MURIEL MERTON.—1. Debility of the nervous system may be hereditary or induced, and is a very serious ailment, requiring very judicious and decided medical treatment. Of course there are such persons as the *malades imaginaires*, and people often suffer much through an impression that they have certain diseases the real nature of which they have mistaken. It is well to decide such serious questions by consulting a good doctor before any disease has had time to develop. 2. A surgeon cannot place the letters "M.R.C.S." after his name if he has not established a right to them by taking the requisite degree.

GEE'S DARLING.—1. The picture represents a girl tying a white scarf round the young Huguenot's arm to ensure his safety. 2. It is by no means desirable for a young girl to enter into conversation with a gentleman who is merely a travelling companion and a stranger to her. Your letter has gratified us much, and we thank you for it.

DEWDROP.—The word *graminivorous* is a compound of two Latin words, viz., *gramen*, or grass; and *vorare*, to eat voraciously. The word is used in reference to horses, cattle, and all herb-eating animals; it is pronounced as "grammy-nivorus." Your grateful letter deserves our sincere acknowledgments, and such assurances give us much encouragement in our work.

LALLA.—If the tortoise be kept in a garden it will find its own food amongst the vegetables there.

KATIE L. W. ASPODEL.—Plenty of water, which should be always tepid, never cold, and a careful avoidance of draughts, are the only methods of keeping ferns in the house; they always die down in the winter, and should then be kept in a rather dark place, with just water enough to keep them from drying up altogether.

HAZELNUT.—We feel sorry to disappoint the little girl in our opinion of her verses, who was allowed to bring home the "tramp," and "all sat down together" to "have a cup of tea," and who so kindly, if not very wisely,

> ". . Handed round the muffins,
> As hot as they could be."

We think that a certain charitable organisation would look aghast at such an injudicious method of relieving distress; besides we never see a "muffin" during "the burning days" of summer. Still our little correspondent had it in her heart to do some work of charity for conscience sake.

FUR CAPE.—We fear your unfortunate cape was of dyed fur, and that the sea water has quite spoiled it; take it to a furrier and show it to him.

NOVICE.—We think your handwriting with the "J" pen the best, and quite suitable for your work Write to the address given for all particulars.

G. ELLIOT.—The "little girl's" verses give promise for success in the future and speak well for her state of mind. But she will need to study the rules of prosody so as to make the number of syllables correct, to place the beat in the right place, and to rhyme with a due regard to the sound of the words when pronounced as they should be. We regret that we cannot insert them in this paper.

DEXTER.—We were much obliged by your note and the enclosure, which we regretted we could not use. The motto "Ferré va Ferme," means "He who is shod walks resolutely" (or fearlessly). It is French, not Latin.

RESIGNATION. — Fingal's Cave is so called from "Fion na Gael," the great Gaelic hero of whom Macpherson wrote in his six books of "Fingal."

J. G. E. — Inquire at any foreign library in London for the former book. We should read both.

GEO.—Say, "I thank you very much for your good wishes." You may grow yet, so be happy.

SELITA. — Address Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris. The institution is designed for the protection of young English women (and Americans) and orphans in Paris. Reports may be obtained and prospectuses at the London office, 9, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street. Both governesses and servants are befriended, and there is a free registry for both classes. It is usual for gentlemen to leave the dinner-table in company with the ladies in French society.

EMILY S. ELTON.—When a man leaves two cards they are for the master and mistress of the house. You should not leave a card when your friend is at home. Give your name distinctly to the servant when you call, and never send up your card.

A DREAMER.—Dick Turpin was a noted highwayman, who was executed at York, 1739. He was especially famous for his ride to York, which Ainsworth has introduced into "Rookwood;" the horse was known as "Black Bess." You know of the dangerous tendency in the indulgence in day-dreaming, so we may hope that it is already half-conquered. The next process is to learn a verse each morning, either of the Scriptures or of good devotional poetry, while dressing, and make that the backbone, as it were, of your thoughts during the day. Think also of others and how you can help them, and do not lose control of yourself.

THE ANXIOUS WAITERS.—Probably that on pages 153 and 171, vol. iii., entitled "Christmas Festivity," would suit you.

HONESTY.

By CLARA THWAITES.

AWAKE, O north wind, come from crystal caves,
From pathless snowfields and lone Arctic graves,
And search with pure intent and honest breath
The earth unlovely in her sleep of death!
This is the hour of wailing for the past,
Correction stern, and smitings of the blast,
The swift uprooting of the false and vain,
The test of truth and purity and gain.

Awake, O north wind, for the human soul,
Amid earth's falseness, panting to be whole!
Come with thy keenest breath and purest word,
Thy honest searchings and thy two-edged sword!
Come from the crystal city of the true,
And pure and guileless make us through and through;
And truth and honesty with fruitful seeds
Shall strew the earth with bright, transparent deeds.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL V.—NO. 210. JANUARY 5, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER VIOLIN.

A SKETCH IN SEPIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE pleasant town of Weiburg was at its best and brightest in the January of the year 1874, for the duke was at the Schloss, and, as usual, making life more cheerful for the inhabitants of his capital; his monthly concerts were pronounced better than ever, and himself more urbane, courteous, and friendly than heretofore. At every coffee party his name

All rights reserved.] "INVOLUNTARILY SHE TURNED AND MET THE SPEAKER'S EYES."

was never mentioned without a word of praise, and all the small gaieties of the town received a sort of fillip from the example set by the beloved ruler.

It is on the night of one of these celebrated concerts that we wish to make our readers acquainted with Weiburg, for this is to be on a larger scale than usual as to audience, and of more interest to performers, the two most prominent of these never before having been heard in Weiburg, and very little anywhere else. The one, a girl said to be only fourteen, with a wonderful talent for the violin, and the other a pianist, about whom there hung a spice of romance, dear to every German heart, phlegmatic though they are often said to be. This hero, one Demetri von Szantó, was pronounced to be a genius by everyone capable of judging. He composed for piano and violin the most lovely, ravishing, soul-moving pieces of music—things weird and unearthly, yet with a dash of merriment in them; wild, bold, and full of *verve* as all Hungarian music is.

A Hungarian count of long descent, he had early shown his great talent, and had spent a happy life in his old castle near Pesth, studying, composing, thinking, and dreaming of his music, but with an almost equally great passion for shooting and hunting. Careless about business matters, and leaving all such dull affairs to his mother and the agent, it was a sad awakening from his artistically dreamy existence to be roughly initiated into the woes and mysteries of a burdened and impoverished estate; to be told of the lack of money for repairs, dowries for sisters, and even the ordinary necessaries, to say nothing of the luxuries, of life in the eighteenth century.

Awakened, however, he had been, and after spending a few weeks in thoroughly mastering the details of the complicated debts, mortgages, and other difficulties of his affairs, had announced to his mother, as the outcome of his investigations, that, after the sale of a portion of his estate to pay a pressing creditor and provide the needful funds for his journey, he should repair to Paris, and obtaining introductions through a friend, an amateur of celebrity, seek to avail himself profitably of his musical talent.

We need say nothing of his mother's prayers and entreaties that he would not so degrade his noble name and drag his accomplishments through the miry ordeal of public approval—for a storm of these raged round Demetri, without in the least shaking his resolution. At the time he had arranged, he left Szantó with little baggage but his music, and started for Paris, drawing a long breath of relief when he found himself fairly *en route*.

So much for Count Demetri von Szantó, whose name is to be seen on every placard in Weiburg this January evening.

Frida Bund is not so noteworthy, say the inhabitants; she is still too young to be really a good musician, too old to be of the "prodigy" order; and all that is known of her is matter of fact enough. Born and educated at Leipzig, of respectable parents, the only shadow of romance with which she can be invested, rests on the fact that her mother died when she was four years old, and that her father has devoted himself to her ever since, and has paid for her education hitherto from the profits of a music shop which, though small, is well-stocked, and favourably known in Leipzig.

The hour appointed for the Schloss concert is arrived, and all Weiburg trooping in one direction. The large salon is to be opened to-night, and there will be several of the duke's relatives, princelings of various degrees and ages, besides a large gathering of visitors staying in the castle, to criticise. By seven o'clock the great salon presents an appearance almost brilliant; it is well lighted, and filled with a highly respectable though quietly-dressed audience. As the clock strikes, large doors are thrown open at the side, the duke and his party enter, and after the slight commotion consequent on his appearance has subsided, at a signal from him the performance commences.

Part songs from one of the local choral societies head the list, next one or two pieces from old friends and favourites residing in the town, then comes the first sensation of the evening. Herr Bund appears, leading to the low platform his daughter, and the audience shuffle and fidget in the way that always betokens a general craning of necks to get a good view; which in this case is only rewarded by the sight of a very tall, awkwardly-made girl, badly dressed in a short white muslin frock, and with a sash of Stuart tartan round her waist. Her hair, which might have helped to soften the outlines of her somewhat harsh features, is cruelly pulled quite away from her forehead, and hangs in two long, closely-plaited tails far below her waist. Her hands are large and red, but not unshapely, and she grasps her violin in a very ungraceful manner, as she advances across the platform with her father; her eyes are fixed on the ground, so the audience cannot judge their colour.

Behind her comes Count Demetri, or Herr von Szantó, as he prefers to be called; and here the audience have a more pleasing subject for their scrutiny. He was well-built, with a look of health, strength and physical power, a well-shaped head and clearly-cut features; wearing only a small, soft, dark moustache, and a close crop of curls, Herr von Szantó walks to his place at the piano, looking as if he thought very little about anything but the business which brought him hither, and considered it rather tiresome to have to wait for even the small amount of clapping a German audience bestows on a new performer.

A slight bow from the count, and a very awkward curtsey from Frida, and they begin.

A tarantella has been chosen, and the comparative slowness of the commencement tells the audience little except that Szantó writes in a very difficult key, and that his chords resolve themselves from discord to harmony in a daring fashion.

His playing is as nearly perfect in style as can be imagined; clear, crisp, with sufficient force at times to show to advantage the tender softness of his usual mode; but without any of the banging so many performers think needful for the display of their command of the instrument. He is listened to with growing enthusiasm by his delighted hearers, and as the dance movement grows from allegro to presto, and the weird quaintness of the rapid music calls for great carefulness on the part of the players, the audience experiences a curious touch of anxiety in case it should not be carried out well to the finish. It is known that Frida has never performed with him except at rehearsal, and she is so young. But all doubts are at an end, as she, playing with admirable spirit and nerve seems to be carried away by the fire and dash of the closing page, and taking a difficult chromatic passage with rapidity and ease, rushes at the final chords, and sweeps them off her violin with a rich, full sound.

Applause follows. Frida, however, hears but little except a soft "Bravo Fraulein" from the count, which she acknowledges by a smile and a steady look from the eyes which have hitherto been fixed on her instrument. These at least are worth remark—clear, soft dark grey, with lashes of a darker shade than the colour of her hair would have made it likely she should possess; but with a sort of appealing pathos in them which made their gaze one to be remembered. As they passed to the waiting-room, Szantó said a few kind words of encouragement, and then went to a seat reserved for him amongst the castle guests.

Frida sat still, clasping closely her violin, and passing her hands across it with a movement that was almost a caress; she was happy, and her father's common-places of approval scarcely reached her inner sense. This, her first essay with so distinguished a performer, revealed to her a new existence, and gave her a soul-stirring consciousness of power, while Szantó's gentle bearing and kindly words added to the interest already taken by her in his music, and made a deep impression on the girl.

Presently she was again summoned to the concert-room, and this time the music was of a different character, a piece called by the humble name of "nocturne" being selected. But for a "nocturne" it was decidedly long, difficult, and varied, and might better have represented a whole night passed partly in wakeful dreamings, and partly in soft slumber. Much of it was pathetic, and Frida's violin seemed tuned to melancholy; then there came strange passages of an almost martial character, and then slumber was again invited; the music ended with what sounded like a long-drawn sigh.

A dead silence followed the last note, and there rose a perfect storm of applause. Szantó repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments, and poor Frida, at a sign from her father who was standing in the doorway, made her awkward curtsey more than once; when Szantó, with an almost impatient movement, stepped forward, and taking her hand led her rapidly away.

There was only one more part song on the programme, so before Frida was ready to depart the cloak-room was filled, and she could not leave it directly her wraps were found, on account of the numbers crushing in. Her father was being congratulated on all sides, and numerous complimentary speeches fell on Frida's ear.

Presently one voice singled itself out, coming from someone immediately behind her, and saying distinctly—

"Ah, my friend, you have made a success here; but who would have dreamed that such a schoolgirl should be able so to interpret your moody music? Are you not charmed?"

"With the playing, perhaps," returned Szantó's clear, soft tones. "But the performer! Oh! where did she grow such hands and feet! And what a dress!"

Poor Frida! involuntarily she turned and met the speaker's eyes: he, with a gesture of half horror as he faced the sad, pathetic glance, rushed ignominiously away; while for her the few moments held such ages of mortification, agony, and humiliation, that they seemed to stand for years of her life; and all the joy she had been experiencing was hidden by a black cloud, enveloped in which she mechanically followed her father homewards, hearing only the scornful tones of Szantó's voice, and seeing as if at one glance how awkward, ungainly, and ill dressed she must appear to the world. Hitherto she had been a mere child, with one aim—to please her father and her masters, and to benefit by the musical education given her. She had of late thought once or twice of dress and appearance, but with so little persistency that although her age was sixteen instead of fourteen, as her father wished to have it believed, she had worn her old garments without a murmur, according to Herr Bund's directions, his will having been, as long as she could remember, her law. Her awakening to womanhood was a bitter one, but it was thorough.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME UPHOLSTERY.

WHEN I begin to think over my subject and of the number of things that can be done at home in the way of upholstery, I seem to have so much to write about, I hardly know where to commence. Deft fingers, a little neatness, and plenty of patience may transform an ugly room into a pretty one in a very short time. No girls should be ignorant how to use a hammer or plant a nail.

Well, out of innumerable items, I elect to begin with curtains: window curtains. There are many nice stuffs of excellent appearance, which may be had for as many shillings as their substitutes cost pounds years ago.

There are oriental stuffs, real and imitation, a good deal of what is called tapestry, and many serviceable materials made of jute, wearing admirably, and having so good an appearance, they look worth twice the money they cost. Most of these are so striped and figured that neither lining nor trimming is required—a remark which does not apply to plain goods; for these, galons and ball fringes are most in use. The very soft silks of artistic colouring replace muslin curtains sometimes now; and I also notice that in lieu of holders, many curtains are tied back with scarves of this same soft silk, especially velvet and plush curtains of dark, brilliant tones, and the thick woollen brocades interwoven with gold thread. I cannot dwell so much as I should like upon the different quite cheap materials that can be used for curtains, Bolton sheeting and charity blankets, roughly worked with bold designs in crewels, coming first on the list, though I give the preference to unbleached linen and hop sacking. A new and favourite form of trimming is to attach a worked dado of some contrasting colour on a plain curtain, say from twenty-five inches deep. But we will suppose you have selected the curtains; it is then that home upholstery comes into play; for, of course, you will want to hang them. The usual length, according to the height of the room, is from three to four yards long, shorter by some quarter of a yard than they used to be, as they no longer are looped up, or rest much on the ground, but are slightly caught back with straight holders towards the middle of the window. One and a-half to two breadths will be required, and will sometimes border the edge, but is not absolutely necessary. Chintzes require lining, and must be tacked to the outside at each seam, and be subsequently bound with galon. Cornices are going much out of fashion, and rods have taken their place; sometimes painted iron, with ornamental ends. For these, the tops of the curtains should be box-plaited on to a webbing, placed, say, three inches below the top, thus leaving a heading; to the webbing, rings or hooks are sewn so as to be slipped on to the end.

Fireplace curtains have this drawback, that if kept closely drawn they stop the free circulation of air. The best plan is to have an iron rod or tape beneath the mantelpiece, to sew rings on the curtains, and allow them to draw; in this way the tops will be hidden by the valance to the chimneypiece. Nothing looks better than a band of crewel or arrasene embroidery on the valance, and down the centre of the curtains. In the country, chintz or coarse linen embroidered for bedrooms is quite admirable. Ecru linen worked in red crewels and bordered with red Spanish fringe has a very good effect.

Besides, however, embroidering your mantle curtains and border, you may very much improve a dull room by an overmantel, if it is nothing better than red twill or satin sheeting stretched over the wall, with photographs and china attached to it. If you happen to be the lucky possessor of an old oak chest, or indeed any carved woodwork, you may do a great deal more, for it is convertible into a fifteenth century sideboard, or a mantelpiece, of course by dividing it. The lid laid flat against the wall just above the mantelpiece the bottom used as a shelf above that, the ends as smaller shelves, and any extra pieces laid against the wall. With but little upholstery and some pre-arrangement, a very handsome erection is the result. I have found the best plan both for the sideboard and mantelpiece was to get a good drawing from some art or upholsterer's catalogue, and to work up to that, as far as materials admitted. But even without such a treasure as old oak, a black painted board pointed at the top, and arranged with china, a brass plaque in the centre, then an ordinary mantelpiece, is twice as ornamental as a pier glass with gilt frame.

If you care for home upholstery and wish to adorn your rooms at little cost, keep your eyes open. Many a pretty bit of brass-work, old candle branches, &c., may be picked up for an old song at second-hand shops, if you only know where to seek them.

A more useful article, but not so ornamental, is a corner wardrobe, made by fixing shelves into a lath frame, with a door made of laths, the front covered with chintz; it can be moved from the corner of one room to another, and takes up little space and gives a good deal.

I daresay you have often noticed ordinary chairs covered with some material and tufted with buttons at intervals, giving the appearance of being quilted. This looks intricate and difficult, but is not really so. Of course, before re-covering, all the buttons must be removed, and a long tufting needle must be procured; then with strong string you first pass the needle through the button and then right through the chair or sofa, tying it tightly below. If you can manage this, you will find little difficulty in covering a dining or drawing-room suite—a costly process if sent to the upholsterer's. Old horsehair chairs, for example, look extremely well covered with a green or dark coloured serge, and bordered with close set rows of brass-headed nails. If the wood is hard, I find it a difficult matter to send the nails in, but punching a slight hole first will get over the difficulty; and be sure to hit your nail straight. These hints are worth remembering, if you attempt to cover an occasional table with plush or satin, using ornamental nails, which are expensive and easily broken.

The way to make loose chair covers is to take the exact pattern in paper, lay this on the material, and baste it round and cut it out, allowing turnings; then stitch with the machine. The back of the chair will sometimes have to be gathered, and fulled here and there to the front. It is a great improvement to put a gathered flounce round the chair covers. Where absolutely necessary, fasten with buttons and buttonholes. Use as few strings as you can; they are apt to hang down unwarily, and look untidy.

A very usual seat in a drawing-room now is a Moorish or oriental pouf, having the appearance of a couple of cushions, laid corner-wise across each other, or three one above another, with one for the back. They are easily arranged. Let a carpenter make the slight wooden frame, then put the cushions on this, and fasten them together at the corners. The lower cushion should be stuffed with horsehair, so as not to be easily flattened; they look best covered with some oriental material.

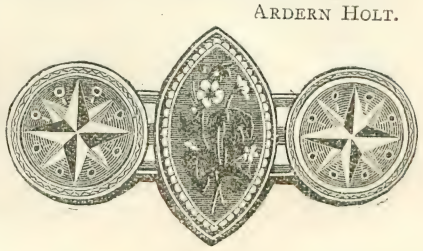
If you wish to have an ornamental, and at the same time very inexpensive, chair, buy a folding one with wooden frame, and holland for back and seat. Some sprigs of crewel work or chintz appliqué scattered over the holland make it most pretty and elegant.

I have often turned packing cases into ottomans by lining the inside, so that the seams go next the wood. Then made the outside complete, slipping it on when done. It must be sewn to the edge of the inside lining only, taking care to stuff the top with flock, well pressed between the wood and an inner cover. The lid is secured by hinges, and a piece of tape should be nailed from the sides to the lid to prevent it going too far back; the edges may be finished with cord, or tassel at each corner. Ordinary hassocks, which you may buy for a shilling a piece, may be converted into pretty foot-stools by covering them with serge worked with yellow daffodils, or any other flower you like.

Bed hangings are going out of fashion, but still they are seen, not in the form of the old four-poster, but as part and parcel of Arabian bedsteads. The prettiest and most healthy plan as non-air excluding is a half tester roof, supported by two posts. The roof has to be covered, a curtain hung at each side, which should be drawn back as much as possible by sloped holders to the bedposts, where a large ribbon rosette adds to their beauty. A head valance completes the arrangement, best bordered by fringe and festooned. No words will really explain all this; it is best to obtain an upholsterer's illustrated catalogue, and copy as closely as you can. Indiarubber rings instead of brass ones for securing the curtains to the poles save noise. Ornamental quilts add to the appearance of a room; an eiderdown in a Turkey red cover bordered with lace, with large bows at each corner, is effective, or an Austrian blanket, or squares of linen, a flower embroidered in each lace round, and lace insertion between the squares, or even a Bolton sheet bound with red, with square bouquets of crewel embroidery all over it.

If you have a plethora of books, get a carpenter to make a wooden frame with no back, and a series of shelves. Set this against the wall, cover the top with any fabric you may think suitable, and the sides; border it with ball fringe, as also the shelves. Put your books on these, and your china, etc., on the top, and you will have, not only a useful, but a handsome piece of furniture. Three slips of wood strung at each corner with blind cord, knotted when through, so that they cannot slip, the four pieces tied together at the top, and passed over a nail, give a convenient kind of bedroom book shelves, which can be arranged for a very few shillings. My space warns me that I must, however, conclude.

ARDERN HOLT.



ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLAYING IN TOM TILLER'S GROUND.

WE had had an old-fashioned winter—weeks of frost to delight the hearts of the young skaters of Milnethorpe; clear, cold bracing days, that made the young blood in our veins tingle with the sense of new life and buoyancy; long, dark winter's evenings, when we sat round the clear red fire, and the footsteps of the few passengers under our window rang with a sort of metallic sound on the frozen pavements.

What a rush of cold air when the door opened, what snow-powdered garments we used to bring into Deborah's spotless kitchen! Dot used to shiver away from my kisses, and put up a little mittened hand to ward me off. "You are like a snow-woman, Essie," he would say. "Your face is as hard and cold and red as one of the haws Flurry brought me."

"She looks as blooming as a rose in June," Uncle Geoffrey answered once, when he heard Dot's unflattering comparison. "Be off, lassie, and take off those wet boots;" but as I closed the door he added to mother, "Esther is improving, I think; she is less angular, and with that clear fresh colour she looks quite bonnie."

Quite bonnie. Oh, Uncle Geoffrey, you little knew how that speech pleased me.

Winter lasted long that year, and then came March, rough and boisterous and merry as usual, with its cruel east wind and the dust, "a peck of which was worth a king's ransom," as father used to say.

Then came April, variable and bright, with coy smiles for ever dissolving in tears; and then May in full blossom and beauty, giving promise of summer days.

We used to go out in the lanes, Flurry and I, to gather the spring flowers that Miss Ruth so dearly loved. We made a primrose basket once for her room, and many a cowslip ball for Dot, and then there were dainty little bunches of violets for mother and Carrie, only Carrie took hers to a dying girl in Nightingale-lane.

The roads round Milnthorpe were

"I COULD HEAR THEM TWITTERING SOFTLY TO EACH OTHER."

so full of lovely things hidden away among the mosses, that I proposed to Flurry that we should collect basketfuls for Carrie's sick people. Miss Ruth was delighted with the idea, and asked Jack and Dot to join us, and we all drove down to a large wood some miles from the town, and spent the whole of the spring afternoon playing in a new Tom Tidler's ground, picking up gold and silver. The gold lay scattered broadcast on the land, in yellow patches round the trunks of trees, or beyond in the gleaming meadows; and we worked until the primroses lay heaped up in the baskets in wild confusion, and until our eyes ached with the yellow gleam. I could hear Dot singing softly to himself as he picked industriously. When he and Flurry got tired they seated themselves like a pair of happy little birds on the low bough of a tree. I could hear them twittering softly to each other, as they swung, with their arms interlaced, backwards and forwards in the sunlight; now and then I caught fragments of their talk.

"We shall have plenty of flowers to pick in heaven," Dot was saying, as I worked near them.

"Oh, lots," returned Flurry, in an eager voice, "red and white roses, and lilies of the valley, miles of them—millions and millions, for all the little children you know. What a lot of children there will be, Dot, and how nice to do nothing but play with them, always and for ever."

"We must sing hymns, you know," returned Dot, with a slight hesitation in his voice. Being a well-brought up little boy, he was somewhat scandalised by Flurry's views; they sounded somewhat earthly and imperfect.

"Oh, we can sing as we play," observed Flurry, irreverently; she was not at all in a heavenly mood this afternoon. "We can hang up our harps as they do in the Psalms, you know, and just gather flowers as long as we like."

"It is nice to think one's back won't ache so much over it, there," replied poor Dot, who was quite weak and limp from his exertions. "One of the best things about heaven is, though it all seems nice enough, that we shan't be tired. Think of that, Flurry—never to be tired!"

"I am never tired, though I am sleepy sometimes," responded Flurry, with refreshing candour. "You forget the nicest part, you silly boy, that it will never be dark. How I do hate the dark, to be sure."

Dot opened his eyes widely at this. "Do you?" he returned, in an astonished voice; "that is because you are a girl, I suppose, I never thought much about it. I think it is nice and cosy when one is tucked up in bed. I always imagine the day is as tired as I am, and that she has been put to bed too, in a nice, warm, dark blanket."

"Oh, you funny Dot," crowed Flurry. But she would not talk any more about heaven; she was in wild spirits, and when she had swung enough, she commenced pelting Dot with primroses. Dot bore it stoutly for a while, until he could resist no longer, and there was a flowery battle going on under the trees.

It was quite late when the tired children arrived home.

Carrie fairly hugged Dot when the overflowing baskets were placed at her feet.

"These are for all the sick women and little children," answered Dot, solemnly; "we worked so hard, Flurry and I."

"You are a darling," returned Carrie, dimpling with pleasure.

I believe this was the sweetest gift we could have made her. Nothing for herself would have pleased her half so much. She made Jack and me promise to help her carry them the next day, and we agreed, nothing loth. We had quite a festive afternoon in Nightingale-lane.

I had never been with Carrie before in her rounds, and I was wonderfully struck with her manner to the poor folk; there was so much tact, such delicate sympathy in all she said and did. I could see surly faces soften, and rough voices grow silent, as she addressed them in her simple way. Knots of boys and men dispersed to let her pass.

"Bless her sweet face," I heard one old roadsweeper say; and all the children seemed to crowd round her involuntarily, and yet, with the exception of Dot, she had never seemed to care for children.

I watched her as she moved about the squalid rooms, arranging the primroses in broken bowls and even teacups, with a sort of ministering grace I had never noticed in her before. Mother had always praised her nursing. She said her touch was so soft and firm, and her movement so noiseless; and she had once advised me to imitate her in this, and as I saw the weary eyes brighten and the languid head raise itself on the pillow at her approach, I could not but own that Carrie was in her natural sphere.

As we returned home with our empty baskets, she told us a great deal about her district, and seemed grateful to us for sharing her pleasure. Indeed, I never enjoyed a talk with Carrie more; I never so thoroughly entered into the interest of her work.

One June afternoon, when I returned home a little earlier than usual, for Flurry had been called down to go out with her father, I found Miss Ruth sitting with mother.

I had evidently disturbed a most engrossing conversation, for mother looked flushed and a little excited, as she always did when anything happened out of the common, and Miss Ruth had the amused expression I knew so well.

"You are earlier than usual, my dear," said mother, with an odd little twitch of the lip, as though something pleased her. But here Dot, who never could keep a secret for five minutes, burst out in his shrill voice—

"Oh, Essie, what do you think? You will never believe it, you and I and Flurry are going to Roseberry for six whole weeks."

"You have forgotten me, you ungrateful child," returned Miss Ruth in a funny tone "I am nobody, I suppose, so long as you get your dear Esther and Flurry."

Dot was instinctively a little gentleman. He felt he had made a mistake, so he hobbled up to Miss Ruth and laid his hand on hers. "We couldn't do without you, could we, Essie?" he said in a coaxing voice. "Esther does not like ordering dinners; she often says so, and she looks ready to cry when Deb brings her the bills. It will be ever so much nicer to have Miss Ruth, won't it, Esther;" but I was too bewildered to answer him.

"Oh, mother, is it really true? can you really spare us, and for six whole weeks? Oh, it is too delightful; but Carrie, does she not want the change more than I?"

I don't know why mother and Miss Ruth exchanged glances at this, but mother said rather sadly—

"Miss Lucas has been good enough to ask your sister, Esther; she thought you might perhaps take turns: but I am sorry to say Carrie will not hear of it; she says it will spoil your visit, and that she cannot be spared."

"Our parochial slave-driver is going out of town," put in Miss Ruth, drily. She could be a little sarcastic sometimes when Mrs. Smedley's name was implied. In her inmost heart she had no more love than I for the bustling lady.

"She is going to stay with her niece at Newport, and so her poor little subaltern Carrie cannot be absent from her post. One day I mean to give a piece of my mind to that good lady," finished Miss Ruth, with a malicious sparkle in her eyes.

"Oh, it is no use talking," sighed mother, and there was quite a hopeless inflexion in her voice. "Carrie is a little weak in spite of her goodness She is like *her mother* in that—the strongest mind governs her. I have no chance against Mrs. Smedley"

"It is a shame," I burst out; but Miss Ruth rose from her chair, still smiling.

"You must restrain your indignation till I have gone, Esther," she said, in mock reproof. "Your mother and I have done all we could, and have coaxed and scolded for the last half-hour. The Smedley influence is too strong for us. Never mind, I have captured you and Dot; remember, you must be ready for us on Monday week." And with that she took her departure.

Mother followed me up to my room, on pretence of looking over Jack's things, but in reality she wanted a chat with me.

The dear soul was quite overjoyed at the prospect of my holiday; she mingled lamentations over Carrie's obstinacy, with expressions of pleasure at the treat in store for Dot and me.

"And you will not be lonely without us, *mother*?"

"My dear, how could I be so selfish! Think of the benefit the sea air will be to Dot! And then, I can trust him so entirely to you." And thereupon she began an anxious inquiry as to the state

of my wardrobe, which lasted until the bell rang.

But in spite of the delicious anticipations that filled me, I was not wholly satisfied, and when mother had said good-night to us, I detained Carrie.

She came back a little reluctantly, and asked me what I wanted with her. She looked tired, almost worn out, and the blue veins were far too perceptible on the smooth, white forehead. I noticed for the first time a hollowness about the temples; the marked restlessness of an over-conscientious mind was wearing out the body; the delicacy of her look filled me with apprehension.

"Oh, Carrie!" I said, vehemently, "you are not well; this hot weather is trying you. Do listen to me, darling. I don't want to vex you, but you must promise me to come to Roseberry."

To my surprise she drew back with almost a frightened look on her face; well, not that exactly, but a sort of scared, bewildered expression.

"Don't, Esther. Why will none of you give me any peace? Is it not enough that mother and Miss Lucas have been talking to me, and now you must begin! Do you know what it costs me to stand firm against you all? You distress me, you wear me out with your talk."

"Why cannot we convince you?" I returned, with a sort of despair. "You are mother's daughter, not Mrs. Smedley's; you owe no right of obedience to that woman."

"How you all hate her!" she sighed "I must look for no sympathy from any of you—your one thought is to thwart me in every way."

"Carrie!" I almost gasped, for she looked and spoke so unlike herself.

"I don't mean to be unkind," she replied, in a softening tone; "I suppose you all mean it for the best. Once for all, Esther, I *cannot come to* Roseberry. I have promised Mrs. Smedley to look after things in her absence, and nothing would induce me to forfeit my trust."

"You could write to her and say you were not well," I began; but she checked me almost angrily.

"I am well, I am quite well; if I long for rest, if the prospect of a little change would be delightful, I suppose I could resist even these temptations. I am not worse than many other girls; I have work to do and must do it. No fears of possible break-downs shall frighten me from my duty. Go and enjoy your holiday, and do not worry about me, Esther." And then she kissed me and took up her candle.

I was sadly crestfallen, but no arguments could avail, I thought; and so I let her go from me. And yet if I had known the cause of her sudden irritability, I should not so soon have given up all hope. I little knew how sorely she was tempted; how necessary some brief rest and change of scene was to her overwrought nerves. If I had only been patient and pleaded with her, I think I must have persuaded her; but, alas! I never knew how nearly she had yielded.

There was no sleep for Dot that night. I found him in a fever of excitement, thumping his hot pillows and flinging himself about in vain efforts to get cool. It was no good scolding him, he had these sleepless fits sometimes, so I bathed his face and hands, and sat down beside him, and laid my head against the pillow, hoping that he would quiet down by-and-by. But nothing would prevent his talking.

"I wish I were out with the flowers in the garden," he said; "I think it is stupid being tucked up in bed in the summer. Allan is not in bed, is he? He says he is often called up, and has to cross the quadrangle to go to a great bare room where they bind up broken heads. Should you like to be a doctor, Essie?"

"If I were a man," I returned, confidently, "I should be either a clergyman or a doctor; they are the grandest and noblest of professions. One is a cure of bodies and the other is a cure of souls."

"Oh, but they hurt people," observed Dot, shrinking a little; "they have horrid instruments they carry about."

"They only hurt people for their own good, you silly little boy. Think of all the dark, sick rooms they visit, and the poor, helpless people they comfort. They spend their lives doing good, healing dreadful diseases, and relieving pain."

"I think Allan's life will be more useful than Fred's," observed Dot. Poor little boy! constant intercourse with grown-up people was making him precocious He used to say such sharp, shrewd things sometimes.

I sighed a little when he spoke of Fred. I could imagine him loitering through life in his velveteen coat, doing little spurts of work, but never settling down into thorough hard work.

Allan's descriptions of his life were not very encouraging. His last letter to me spoke a little dubiously about Fred's prospects.

"He is just a drawing-master, and nothing else," wrote Allan. "Uncle Geoffrey's recommendations have obtained admittance for him into one or two good houses, and I hear he has hopes of Miss Hemming's school in Bayswater. Not a very enlivening prospect for our elegant Fred! Fancy that very superior young man sinking into a drawing-master! So much for the hanging committee, and the picture that is to represent the Cameron genius.

"I went down to Acacia-road on Thursday evening, and dimly perceived Fred across an opaque cloud of tobacco smoke. He and some kindred spirits were talking art jargon in this thick atmosphere.

"Fred looked a Bohemian of Bohemians in his gaudy dressing-gown and velvet smoking cap. His hair is longer than ever, and he has become æsthetic in his tastes. There was broken china enough to stock a small shop. I am afraid I am rather too much a Philistine for their notions. I got some good downright stares and shrugs over my tough John Bull tendencies.

"Tell mother Fred is all right and keeping out of debt, and so one must not mind a few harmless vagaries."

"Broken china, indeed!" muttered Uncle Geoff, when I had finished reading this clause. "Broken fiddlesticks! Why, the lad must be weak in his head to spend his money on such rubbish!" Uncle Geoffrey was never very civil to Fred.

Dot did not say any more, and I began a long story to keep his tongue quiet. As it was purposely uninteresting, and told in a monotonous voice, it soon had the effect of making him drowsy. When I reached this point, I stole softly from the room. It was bright moonlight when I lay down in bed, and all night long I dreamt of a rippling sea and broad sands, over which Dot and I were walking, hand in hand.

(*To be continued.*)

COMMON ERRORS IN DAILY LIFE.

By James Mason.

III.—Errors in Taste.

AKE haste," said Julia's mother to her the other day; "make haste and set the house in order, for Tom Such-a-one is come, and he is looking for a wife; so you had better show how handy you are, and what good taste you have."

Julia's handiness and good taste were displayed with such effect that Tom left the town an engaged man. Now, girls, without wholly approving this little trap laid for Tom, we may have much to say in favour of that with which the trap was baited. Handiness and good taste are fine lasting qualities, and it is the best of wishes to hope that you may all possess Julia's accomplishments.

About the first of these accomplishments, I have nothing to say at present; the object of this paper is to deal with the second of them, and to point out a few of the errors which bring discredit on our taste and prevent the attainment of that perfect culture which we are all, no doubt, striving after.

A difficulty now presents itself: what is the meaning to be attached to the word taste? "So contradictory," says one writer, "are the definitions of taste given by different authors, so obscure is their language, and so inconsistent are many of them with themselves, that it is difficult to ascertain their real views on the subject."

We are safe, however, in using it to cover a comparatively limited field, and in defining taste to be the perception of proportion, order, congruity, harmony—in short, of whatever constitutes beauty. When a girl says, "Now, that really is pretty!" or another exclaims, with rapture, "Absolutely perfect!" or "Simply too lovely!" she is giving expression to her *taste*—real or affected. Without taste we can never hope to enjoy beauty, either in nature or art.

To have bad taste is to be indifferent to the claims of beauty, or to take that for beauty which is not such. An error in taste is an offence against the beautiful.

As taste has beauty for its subject, it deals, of course, principally with the fine

arts, and with what is allied to these arts. But what, you ask, is beauty? Now, girls, don't let us try to define the undefinable. By way of answer, you might have an opinion for almost every day of the year. "When you come," says Bewick, the famous wood engraver, "to ask the countless numbers who cry out about the nature of the beautiful, you only get a clatter of tongues."

Taste is not another word for liking; it is important to observe that. William's *taste*, for example, may acknowledge that Emma is not the most beautiful girl he ever saw; his *liking*, however, affirms that she is every way the best. Taste and liking do not always, you see, point in the same direction, and that girl troubled herself quite unnecessarily who was afraid that everyone who saw her sweetheart would fall in love with him.

When people say, "There is no accounting for taste," they use the wrong word. Good taste has fixed principles and never varies, but, on the other hand, there is no accounting for liking. One man loves the dark, like an owl, another abhors it; one cares for society, another for solitude, and the same is seen in regard to studies, amusements, food, and everything else. It is quite different, however, when you come to speak of the appreciation of the beautiful.

There is a great deal of bad taste abroad, and one meets every other day with cases of inward blindness in regard to beauty combined with a happy ignorance of the fact. But if where ignorance is bliss it is sometimes folly to be wise, the proverb does not hold good here. The more we strive to see and appreciate what is beautiful—that is to say, the more we labour to improve our taste—the more useful, the more interesting, the more joyous life will be.

Fashion has a great influence on our judgment in matters of taste; indeed, with many people the fundamental error is to ask first, not what is beautiful, but what is fashionable. There is no absurdity so gross that they will not bring themselves to admire it if it be only patronised by good society. They think they see what other people say they see, just like the man in the story, who was persuaded by some girls he met that the sheep he carried was a dog.

It is a great deal better to see with our own eyes than with those of others, and in all subjects of taste to be faithful to our own convictions. Should our neighbours, for example, be unanimously in favour of sage-green walls, especially with blue plates climbing up like flies to the ceiling, and should that exhibition not recommend itself to our sober judgment, we would be wrong to follow their example. Our surroundings should express our own ideas, even though these should often be mingled with prejudices.

At the same time one cannot help remarking that fashion often does recommend what is tasteful. Naturally, too. Refined society has a quick perception of the artistic, and a corresponding horror of what is in bad taste. It may be fickle in its admiration of particular styles of beauty, but it is, more often than not, true to the leading principles of art.

We are induced by habit in many cases to tolerate things which are in bad taste. At first, perhaps, we disapprove, but we gradually come to be indifferent, and at last we even cherish a sneaking fondness for them. Ugliness is indeed difficult to dethrone when once it gets firmly established at anyone's fireside. It grows to be like an old friend with disagreeable qualities, whom we are often tempted to dismiss, but are still more often pleased to retain.

The power of habit is also at the root of the low estimate we often put upon works of art which come before us unconnected with well-known names. "Never be prejudiced against unknown people," says Schumann in his *Hints to Young Musicians*; and what is true of music is true of all the arts. Taste should never be exclusive, and in judging of what is beautiful the name of the author or the artist is of very little consequence.

House furnishing is a fine field for the exercise of taste. It is with the æsthetic side of furnishing, however, that it has to do, not with the practical. Taste does not concern itself, say, with the price of the window curtains; it only passes an opinion on their colour and on the way in which they are hung to the rod and gathered together at the waist.

There are fewer errors committed now in furnishing than of old. We are fast learning that lavish expenditure and beauty do not invariably go together, and that much more depends on good taste than on large means. "Twenty or thirty years ago," says a writer in one of our contemporaries, "a lady's only doubt about her coal-scuttle was whether it should be adorned with a coloured copy of one of Landseer's big dogs, or with an equally brilliant study of a pretty girl with a pink parasol. Her dining-room was 'roses, roses all the way,' like the triumphant career of Mr. Browning's patriot, before he came to grief at the general election. Her drawing-room carpet was adorned with lilies of the valley on a green ground. The curtains were green, too, and hung from a very thick gilt beam, not unlike a large model of a Roman battering ram. Her chimney-pieces were of plain black or white marble, and on these she arranged vases of pink and white glass, the gifts of her excellent friends.

"In the middle of the drawing-room was a large round rosewood table, on which illustrated Christmas books were arranged in a circle. Most of the drawing-room chairs were tiny gilt ones, on which large men invariably sat down with ruinous results. The mirrors were large enough to have practised figure skating upon, if they could have been laid down on the floor. The walls were usually papered with a velvety kind of 'flock' paper, or with a light lavender tissue, on which roses and blue dahlias were repeated regardless of expense."

Between that time and this a great change for the better has taken place; indeed, the growth of love for the beautiful is one of the most remarkable and pleasing phenomena of the civilization of the present day. Good taste is abroad in company with the schoolmaster, and we meet with its influence even in remote corners where ugliness used to have everything its own way.

In decoration it is an error to make our rooms too fine for actual use. They are not show places, but to be lived in, so we want them first comfortable and then artistic. There is no reason, however, why the two qualities should not go together, and if anyone thinks it impossible to reconcile comfort and artistic propriety in an easy chair, or usefulness and elegance in an umbrella-stand, she is mistaken. The great point is not to overdo the artistic. But there is less danger of this now than there used to be; taste has pronounced in favour of simplicity, and it is almost an exploded error that the more flowers and gilding you have the finer the house will be.

Taste does not imply formality. The tendency is nowadays, indeed, in the opposite direction, and it has been well said that in decoration things at present can hardly be considered to be arranged; they "occur." It is truly an uncomfortable house in which everything is as regular as the multiplication table.

At the same time there should be perfect harmony pervading all decoration. When the effect is inharmonious there is certainly something wrong. This often arises from the indiscriminate mingling of the ideas of other people whilst we neglect to follow our own notions. Harmony is much more likely to be present if we always keep in mind that the interior of a house should represent as far as possible the mental peculiarities of those who live in it.

To indicate particular errors in regard to this subject would lead us beyond all reasonable limits. You must go farther into it for yourselves. In decoration there is the greatest room for the exercise of taste, and it is a matter which should certainly be studied by all. Were refinement more general we would no longer be able to point to homes which are characterised by nothing but a shabby and snobbish compromise between vulgar pretension and tawdry cheapness, and in which everything, from the wall-paper to the fire-irons, transgresses the first principles of beauty. We are improving: true, but much yet remains to be done.

A great deal of attention is now being given to what is called art-needlework, but the results, alas! are often anything but artistic. The faults of taste may here be connected either with the design or the colour. In the design we may have any degree of error, from the weak and trifling to the absurd. Why, there is Clara engaged at the present time on an elaborate piece of embroidery in which mermaids, monkeys, satyrs, serpents, peacocks, pomegranates, snails, grapes, toads and cornucopias are all fantastically pressed into service for decorative purposes. It is nothing but an unmeaning jumble. Bad taste in colour is also very common. Few people are aware of their deficiencies in this respect; deficiencies which can only be overcome by the study of fine examples and intercourse with those whose feelings in matters of art are more refined than their own.

Let us speak next of pictures. In houses furnished with great pretence we often meet with extraordinary specimens, for if their walls are only covered some people seem to think they need not be very particular about the artistic qualities either of paintings or engravings. It is in the rooms of such folks that I have seen pictures of country life so bad in drawing that you would think the sheep had tails half a mile long. The frames may be gorgeous—they usually are—but what of that if the engravings are ill-chosen and the paintings as hard and crude in colour as could be?

It is a mistake in regard to pictures to have unpleasant subjects. You may say that no one would hang up such, but observation proves the contrary. As an example of an objectionable picture one writer mentions "The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots," in which you see the grim headsman in the act of bringing down his murderous blade, and can realise that the next instant it will pass through the "little neck," as the poor Queen called her slender throat, and bury itself quiveringly in the block. In the same category, too, comes the so-called "Judgment of Solomon," where a truculent-looking soldier holds a babe suspended head downwards with one hand, while with the other he poises a Brobdingnagian falchion with which to slice the infant into halves.

But when all is said, the last few years have witnessed a vast improvement in the pictorial decoration of our homes. This has gone hand in hand with the advance made in the illustration of the books we read, and this, within living memory, has been something surprising. Contrast the illustrations in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for example, with those of the works read by our fathers and mothers. An uncle the other day presented a little niece with an illustrated book which he had owned in boyhood, and been much delighted with. She took it, looked at two or three pictures, and then dropped it in the waste-basket. To her eye, educated by her

own tasteful volumes, the old book seemed good for nothing, and she had not reached that stage of life when sentimentality induces us sometimes to preserve the relics of barbarism.

When we turn to music, the earliest of all the accomplishments acquired by primitive man, we find as many errors of taste committed as in any of the other arts, whilst there is no other to which refinement and good taste are more necessary.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the culture of our day that the claims of music as a means of refining human nature are pretty widely acknowledged. But zeal is pushed too far when those are set to cultivate art who have no natural liking for it. Every girl, nowadays, is expected to play on the piano—it is a stock accomplishment. But who are the gainers? Not, in many cases, the girls themselves, for practising only bores them; and certainly not society, which they bore in turn, and the conversation of which they interrupt by their tenth-rate performances. Such girls just pursue music mechanically, and mechanism in art never did anything—there must be enthusiasm, without which one never makes progress.

Even with those about whose musical faculties there can be no dispute, it is a common error to spend time in the performance of what is not far removed from trash. Let such keep in mind Schumann's aphorism: "You should never play bad compositions, and never listen to them unless circumstances compel you to do so." Another aphorism of Schumann's, on the same subject, is worth remembering: "Avoid what is merely fashionable; time is precious. If we would gain a knowledge only of the good things that exist, we ought to live a hundred human lives."

In choosing pieces the amateur often forgets to recognise the limits of the possible, and then we have a series of desperate struggles to render what only professional practice ought to attempt. It is an error to fancy that what is difficult must be good; indeed, it would be a fine thing if a great deal of difficult music were quite impossible. A simple melody may often have more value musically than the most intricate harmony; so, as has been sensibly observed, try to play easy pieces well. It is better to do that than to play difficult ones in second-rate style.

Another common mistake is to play without expression, and a girl who makes no effort after expression plays just as a child recites when it says, "How doth the little busy bee," without in the least understanding the words.

What music, you ask, is in the best taste—Handel or Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Wagner? It is not a matter of taste at all; it is a question of preference. One girl likes Handel, to another he seems old-fashioned; a third prefers Mendelssohn, a fourth sets a value only on Wagner, whilst others think with Dean Swift—

> "Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

The productions of the best composers may be all in equally good taste, though we may not like them all equally. It is the same with our preference for musical instruments. One likes the violin, another the harp, another the harmonium, whilst a fourth would rather listen to the piano-organ than anything else. Some are even lovers of the bagpipes, and would find their highest enjoyment in hearing four-and-twenty pipers in a small room all blowing as if they would burst.

In literature also we often confound taste with liking. Our caring much or little for books, whether of poetry or of fiction, is no safe test of their conforming or not conforming to the rules of art. You will observe that taste has only to do with works of creative genius, not with books in which the imparting of information is the leading idea.

Our selection of books will always be governed by our preferences, and so it should be. Who wants her bookshelves to represent any other person's ideas than her own? The important point, of course, is to avoid the mistake of admiring works the literary art of which is untrue to nature, to which source everything must be referred, if we would rightly estimate its value.

Dress has an æsthetic side, and in connection with it errors in taste are numerous, as everyone knows. But this is a subject which has been all along treated so fully and with such ability in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that little need be said upon it here.

The leading error in dress is to wear what—on account of stature, it may be, or complexion—does not become one, however well it may suit other people. This is often the result of our being led away by the fashion; and to follow it, some would even dress out of all likeness to humanity. But our first duty is to ourselves. If the "dowdy colours" which some think inseparable from high art suit you, stick to them; but if nothing become you but, say, flame-coloured satin, why, dress in that by all means. The latter, however, must be understood as an extreme case, for whilst advocating individuality in dress, don't suppose that I recommend its being carried to that point where individuality becomes eccentricity.

It is an error not to dress with as much care as possible, were it for nothing but this—that it is only the well dressed who are well attended to when they go abroad. But a better reason is that the tastefully-dressed give pleasure to their neighbours, and that pleasure reacts upon themselves. The subject, then, deserves the attention of all sensible people. Nothing can be done rightly without study, and it is only when dress is looked upon as an end, and not as a means, that the time spent upon it may be considered wasted.

To neglect the beauty of nature is a very common error, though to observe it is one of the cheapest and most enduring of pleasures. People do not see it, as a rule, because they have not been trained to see it. When they look at nature, they are generally thinking of something else, or they glance at it in a most superficial way. Flowers and birds, moorland and hillside have no particular charms for them, and I wonder what the most of them would say about the man who gave three thousand pounds more than it was worth for an estate, because it was haunted by nightingales and swarming with glowworms.

If anyone would find out how much training does in the direction of discerning and appreciating the loveliness of nature, let her take to walking in the country with an artist; it will not be long before she discovers that lying all about her are countless beauties of which she has never dreamed in her limited philosophy.

If you ask, How are we to improve taste? the best—indeed, the only right—answer is, you must go to the fountain-head. It is necessary to return to nature and acquire a relish for its beauties. Museums, no doubt, have done much, and art schools and picture galleries have done more, for æsthetic culture, but for the improvement of taste there is nothing like making people see the glory of the sweet world around them.

Now, how is this to be done? In an article by Mr. W. W. Fenn on this subject, he remarks that to lay down a hard-and-fast rule by which one may teach oneself to look with admiration at the beauties of a natural landscape or its component parts, and to extract from merely dwelling on them a definite and substantial pleasure is not easy. The process "is not like making a pudding. We cannot give a recipe for it and put it into cookery-book phraseology; it is too subtle for that; for of it we might sing as Bassanio does of Fancy, and ask if 'tis bred 'in the heart or in the head,' and we should be quite right in adopting the answer in the song, and say, 'it is engendered in the eyes with gazing fed.'"

If a girl can but learn to look reverently and intelligently, with the belief that if she does so there is a great deal to reward her for a little concentration of thought, she may be sure she is on the right road for gaining an insight into all those graces which nature displays to those who love her. The next thing is, if possible, to frequent the company of those who have already cultivated the habit of observing. Such society will do much to open our eyes and enable us to see a thousand beauties of light, and form, and colour, where before none were visible.

Do not be too severe in regard to the taste of other people. A girl who is nothing if not critical, will soon find the habit neither favourable to comfort nor friendship. I wish we would all in this respect become imitators of Goethe, whose practice it was to dwell only on the good and the excellent, and pass over in silence the mistaken and the defective.

To have extremely good taste is occasionally a misfortune. Just as, to get successfully through the world, with its rough usage and hard words, some of us are the better of thick skins and deaf ears, so it would be as well perhaps sometimes to have blind eyes. Extremely good taste may be in danger of growing morbidly sensitive. A healthy mind, on the other hand, will find enjoyment almost everywhere, for the world is rich in loveliness, and the offences against beauty we sometimes encounter are hardly worth noticing compared with the glories of earth, and sea, and sky.

VARIETIES.

NOTES ON SMILES.—Of all actions the most peculiar and the most important is the smile. It is, as it were, the blossom to the face, chiefly deciding its value in the market. Who has not known that moment of suspense before a beauty smiles, lest the second state should not be as attractive as the first? The mind is sure to tell its secrets in the generous and open smile, or its concealments in the hard and false one, or its inanity in the *bête* one; or it may perhaps suspend your judgment in the mere polite one—though even this, from the force of habit, will say more than it intends.

STRICT JUSTICE.

Two Arabs sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to.

The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on receiving half.

The cause came before Ali, who gave the following judgment:—"Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one; for, if we divide the eight loaves by three, they make twenty-four parts, of which he who laid down the five loaves had fifteen; whilst he who laid down three had only nine. As all fared alike, and eight shares was each man's proportion, the stranger ate seven parts of the first man's property, and only one belonging to the other; the money in justice must be divided accordingly."

A Friendly Battle.

FIRM friends and true,
these maidens three,
And though between them,
as you see,
For once there's coolness
reigning,
It will not quench affec-
tion's glow
If never sterner strife they
know
Than this gay warfare in
the snow,
When time is forward
gaining.

S. E. G.

OUR BODIES ARE OUR GARDENS.

By Medicus.

"Our bodies," says the greatest of English poets, "are our gardens, to the which our wills are the gardeners, so that if we plant nettles or sow lettuce; set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills."

Shakespeare spoke very truthfully when he penned these lines, and, without doubt, when he speaks of our bodies, this great master includes also our minds.

If space permitted, and if I were quite certain that, to a large number of my readers, the introduction of lessons in physiology would not be dry reading, and very likely to be passed over or slipped, as little boys and girls slip big words they do not understand, I would endeavour to prove to you that in this life, mind and matter cannot be logically considered to have separate existences. The mind preys upon the body, or nourishes it as the case may be, and if the body be in health the mind catches the reflection, and, if rectitude be guiding the helm, sails along happy and cheerful also. But though, supported doubtless by Divine aid, there have been many people in this world whose minds have triumphed and rejoiced despite the tortures of the body, and who have died even at the stake with songs of joy on their lips, still, as a rule, only those among us who are really healthy are really happy.

If our bodies and minds are our gardens, the days of our youth are as springtime to nature, and believe me, girls, what you sow now, you will reap in the summer and autumn of your lives. It is now you must cultivate what you wish to grow, and root out from your minds, while yet it is possible to do so, the very germs of everything that mars the purest feelings of your nature.

Evil habits, like evil weeds, grow apace. There is one bramble, some plant that grows in the sluggard's garden, which usually goes by the name of the iron weed; the two little leaflets with which it begins life are no bigger than a baby's finger nails, and baby herself could easily pull up the weed at this stage; but leave it alone, and ere the summer has waned, it stands nine feet high at least, it has stems in which birds may perch, and its dark shadow keeps the sunlight from and destroys the life of every good vegetable on which it falls. If the sluggard tries to pull it up now, he may fail; strong though he be, it may stick to the ground, and if at last the stem snaps, "There," cries this unwholesome weed, "you have scotched, but you have not killed me; my root remains in the ground, and I'll flourish green again."

And just as difficult is it to pluck out from the mind evil habits, whenever they have taken firm root.

And evil habits of all kinds militate against our happiness and health, and against our success in life.

The bright eyes that are now scanning these words may belong to some one who is very young. The bad habits that she has to guard herself against, and fight and strive against, may seem to many not very evil ones. Little fits of jealousy, little outbursts of bad temper, a habit of exaggeration when conversing, an inclination to idleness, etc.—not very heinous in appearance, any of them, *at present*. Ah! but think how much may lie behind these little, wee words, *at present*. The first young shoots of the giant iron weed look as innocent and are quite as tender as those of the fairest flower that grows; but think what it comes to. And so little fits of jealousy or outbursts of temper may lead, in after life, to results too awful to contemplate. An inclination to idleness often leads to moral ruin, while the habit of exaggeration when conversing may teach you habits of untruth, and bring upon you misery and wretchedness untold.

And I know of no habit more likely to lead to the loss of friends than that of untruthfulness. And just think for a moment what a blank and weary world this would be for you and for me if we were utterly friendless, if even our own relations held aloof from us, because we were untrustworthy; if we had no one who cared for us, no one to comfort us in sickness, or smile with us in gladness, or mind whether we died or lived. Could we be happy under such circumstances? No. So I say, for sake of your future health and comfort in this life—to say nothing of the great Beyond—struggle to leave off bad habits. Fight with them, resist the temptations they hold out, even if you have to run away from them. And if you are beaten once or twice, or a thousand times, let it only make you the more eager to return to the fray. You have right on your side, and you will triumph soon, be assured.

Those among us who have a complete mastery over their tempers are very much to be envied. A wonderful power is theirs. They can conquer where others fail and fall; they gain for themselves both respect and love. Think well then always before you speak. An ancient philosopher, although but a heathen, spoke words of truth when he remarked, "They are nearer to heaven who can restrain their tongues, even when in the right." Golden words these, and worthy to be graven on the tablet of the mind and remembered for ever.

Happiness is health. Seek happiness in good habits and virtues of the mind. Hear what a great man says: "Every virtue gives one a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives one a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance, health; and fortitude a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity."

And you doubtless remember what Shakespeare says about adversity—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

I would have you, however, to remember that you must not dignify with the high-sounding name of "adversity" all the little troubles and worries you encounter in life. Adversities are to human beings as the surging waves to a storm-tossed ship; she did not cause them; she has no control over them, and no power over them, except the power to do battle with and overcome them by calmness and perseverance. But most of our trials we bring upon ourselves, and they must not be looked upon in the light of afflictions.

Adversity ought to be borne bravely and put to good use, but the miseries we entail upon ourselves are those we ought to be ashamed of—we have got to bear them in silence, and we have got to think back, so to speak, to commune with ourselves, and try to find out what caused the troubles to come on us, so that we may guard against their recurrence.

Comparing a human being to a ship at sea, care, and worry, and adversity might be likened to the ballast. A light ship is in danger of being capsized; one that is well-ballasted moves steadily through the water, and is in less danger of coming to grief. Looked at in this way, affliction would seem to be really a blessing. Moreover, we know very well that there are thousands of lives shipwrecked, morally speaking, every day, simply for the want of this ballast of care.

But no matter how troubles come, we must try never to succumb to them. Indeed, as to little worries, we can always forget them by engaging in wholesome exercise or, better still, in work. Do not fret because something has gone wrong with you. Go into your own room, if you like, and have your cry out; it may do you good and help to freshen you up. But

"Folks who cry
Seldom die."

So, as soon as you are done, instead of locking your door and throwing yourself on your bed, as I know you do sometimes, just lave your face with cold water, and go out into the fresh air, and if you do happen to meet anyone who has vexed you, be brave, make it up on the spot.

It does take a deal of good solid courage, not to say heroism, to own yourself in the wrong, and make it up with a friend; and the nearer and dearer that friend, strange to say, the less you may be inclined to give in. But do so, if only for sake of your own happiness and peace of mind.

"I went," said a lady to me once, "a good long journey to make it up with a friend with whom I had had a few hasty and angry words, followed by a long period of estrangement. I gave no notice of my coming. I knew the surprise of seeing me would be a very delightful one to her. Alas! alas! when I arrived at the house, it was only to be told she was dead and gone. I would have given all I possessed in the world at that moment to be able to recall the past. The anguish of my mind was so great, that I was ill for weeks, and will never be quite the same as I once was."

Much of our happiness in life rests in the power we possess of being contented with our lot as a whole, and with whatever share of blessing we may be vouchsafed from day to day, or from hour to hour.

My advice to the discontented in life is, to compare their lot in life with that of thousands of less fortunate girls they see around them.

I believe every one of my readers has a great deal to be thankful for, especially those who enjoy the blessing of health. Think if you can what a sad and terrible thing it would be to be always ailing, and without that hope in the heart which sweetens even the bitterest drop in the cup of life. You envy the wealthy sometimes? Ah! but remember what Emerson says.

"The first wealth is health . . . . Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yield their tributes of delight. Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. Cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight, the air should suffice for inspiration, and radiance of wisdom, in the lonely waste of the pine woods, making us dance and run about as happy as little children."

Do you think you would like to be more beautiful than you are? Silly thought—you have health. Health can make the plainest girl pleasant to behold, if her mind be pure and innocent. Health causes the rich blood to mantle in the cheeks, brings the gladsome glitter to the eye, brightens the complexion, gives music to the voice, a charm to the smile, litheness and vigour to the limbs, and sprightliness and grace to every motion. So if you have beauty and purity of mind combined with bodily health, it is indeed impossible you can be ugly.

Possessing health, you ought to do everything in your power to retain it. Health should neither be squandered by thoughtlessness, nor hazarded foolishly. It is apt to slip from one's grasp gradually, or it may

leave us suddenly, when we least think of it; we should never therefore open the door for diseases to march in.

All those habits that tend to keep up the health of the body should be carefully studied and self-enforced, such as early rising, the use of the bath and personal cleanliness, temperance in eating, exercise, fresh air, and simplicity in living.

It is, too, in the days of your youth that you should endeavour to acquire all those mental and moral habits that will constitute themselves the safeguards of your health and your life itself when you grow older. Perseverance must be cultivated; for the want of this virtue many an otherwise good life has been ruined or cut short. Let no day pass without your having learnt something good. Let no day pass without your having entered into communion with your own thoughts. Never sleep until you have done so, never get up of a morning until you have done so, and made resolves and fixed your plans for the day. Try to do better each day than you did yesterday; so shall you be happier, so shall you be healthier. Study to be respectful, courteous, and truthful in your relations with friends, and companions, and parents. Determine never to lose your temper nor be annoyed at trifles that have no real vital import, and only serve to mar the tranquillity of your mind.

Learn also to be cheerful. You must even try to be cheerful when you are dull, for if you do so—strange it is, but true—the gloom will all disappear from your mind, like the dark clouds when the moon sits behind them.

Never be idle if you would be healthy and happy. What a noble thing labour is, and what a blessing to us all, and how very beneficial it is to the health. Man's lot is to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, and if labour was ever meant in the first instance as a punishment for original sin, heaven hath mercifully made the back strong enough to bear the burden, and sweeten and bless to us even toil itself. Were it not for honest work or labour, the mind would prey upon itself and prey upon the body, and life would become to us a very wearisomeness.

I could enumerate many diseases, including *ennui*, dyspepsia, paralysis, hypochondria, melancholy, brain disease, and heart disease, that I have known to be induced by sheer idleness alone, or by idleness as the primary cause. Therefore, if you love your health, and have regard for your looks and appearances, I pray you be active.

Now, I never yet knew an idle being that was a happy being, any more than I ever knew any unhappy being who was healthy; therefore, it is evident that labour conduces to health.

Well, in this paper of mine, I have told you of a few useful seeds to sow in the garden of your mind and body, in order to be able to live healthy lives. I will only mention one or two more.

While activity is greatly to be desired in your daily labours, you must study calm withal. Avoid hurry and scurry in all your doings, for they are not only liable to lead to confusion, but they assuredly injure the nervous system, and tend to weaken the heart. Be steadfast then, and be punctual and orderly; if you are, you need never be in a state of hurry and excitement.

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

so said the poet Pope. I entreat you to remember this, for if you have neither system nor method in your labours, they will only be a plague and a worry to you, instead of what they ought to be: a blessing to yourself and to everyone around you.

PRESERVED PROVISIONS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of the "Girl's Own Cookery Book."

PRESERVED provisions have been a long time making their way amongst us, but I think that we must all acknowledge that now they have become firmly established. A few years ago they occupied a very anomalous position. Economical housekeepers appreciate them very highly, and thought they were delicious, wholesome, and excellent; the members of the family for whom economical housekeepers catered had a great scorn for them. I remember hearing an old gentleman say that he was of opinion that Australian meat constituted a most valuable article of diet, and he hoped he should never set eyes on it again. At the present day, however, the people are very few and far between who are not glad to make use of preserved provisions, and we generally find that the more experienced the cook the more acquaintance she has with the various preparations, essences, fruits, soups, jellies, vegetables, sauces, and meats which are sold under this general term. It is really wonderful what quantities of these provisions are now sold. You may go into the remotest part of the kingdom, into out-of-the-way villages where the butcher pays periodical visits only and every householder is his own greengrocer, and in the dusty window of a little shop which serves as "store" for the community, you will find tinned meats and fruits which would have excited the profoundest wonder in the bosom of our grandmothers. The good old ladies would have found it less difficult to believe that the end of the world was approaching than that their descendants would grow strong and hearty on the products of the orchards of America or the prairies of Australia.

The fact of the matter is that the food supplies of our own country are so inadequate to meet the requirements of the population that we have been compelled to use preserved provisions; and the probability is that we shall be compelled to use them much more in the future than we have done in the past. Would it not therefore be well that the girls of our class should learn what they are, and how they should be employed? If they would give a little attention to the subject, they would not only find that economy was furthered thereby, but also that many conveniences were close to their hands which would cost both time and trouble to make, but which when procured in this form are of superior quality and inexpensive.

In saying this I of course take it for granted that the goods of first-class manufacturers only have been purchased. This is a very important point. In old days housekeepers were advised to go to a highly respectable butcher if they wanted to get prime joints, or to a conscientious grocer if they did not wish to have their sugar sanded or their pepper dusted. The advice was accepted as the embodiment of wisdom and common sense. A precaution of the sort is much more imperatively needed with regard to preserved provisions, for imagination fails to give us an idea of what horrible enormities might be perpetrated by unprincipled meat preservers. There need be little fear, however, that manufacturers of established reputation will make use of any other than the best provisions, or adopt any but the best methods. Inexperienced cooks are sometimes heard to object to tinned meats, because they imagine that they are made anyhow. I fancy that if these people could go over one of the manufactories and actually see the process they would be slightly astonished. A little while ago I had sent to me a description of Armour's packing-house in Chicago, which had been written by someone who had just been over it. It was something wonderful to read. The quantities of food used were enormous. As many as 11,500 pigs and 2,300 cattle had been killed in one day; and regularly 250,000 lb. of meat, enough to fill 60,000 cans, are steamed in a day. One of the most remarkable features of the whole business is the perfect cleanliness which is maintained throughout. The cans are thoroughly washed inside and out before the meat is put into them, and through all the processes the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed. The writer made the remark that if ordinary kitchens were one quarter as clean, food as usually served would be much more appetising than it is. The fact is, the operations in manufactories of this kind are carried out on such a large scale that everything has to be systematised, and skilled workpeople have to be employed, consequently the work is well done. I have no doubt that if exact statistics could be drawn up, it would be found that in cookery as performed by average cooks there is not only far more waste, but also far less cleanliness than are to be found in these large manufactories. Let the goods, therefore, come from a good maker, and no further uneasiness may be felt. For my own part, if I see on the outside of the tin, "Moir and Son," "Bovill," "Brand," or other well-known signatures, I feel quite easy in my mind concerning the reliable character of the contents.

I suppose that in these enlightened days no one imagines that preserved provisions consist simply of tins of Australian beef or mutton. Yet I should not be at all astonished to find that the majority of people have by no means realised what a variety of preparations are now being sold under this name. Meat cooked whole forms a very small part of the provision, and to my mind it is the least satisfactory of any, although even in this particular the preserved meat of to-day is much superior to the preserved meat of twenty years ago. Preserved fruits, and preserved vegetables on the other hand, are almost perfect. The other day some preserved asparagus was served to some friends of mine, and a gentleman who was present, and who professed to be something of an epicure, pronounced it superior to the same vegetable when freshly cooked. I should scarcely have gone so far as this, but I would certainly have said that it was equal in flavour to the average fresh vegetable, and superior to any but the high-priced bundles of asparagus. When asparagus is offered for sale, they are usually bundles containing stalks of equal size, large and firm throughout. These are expensive. There are other bundles, with large stalks outside and small stalks inside. These are less costly, though still dear enough, but they are unsatisfactory, because if boiled altogether they do not cook equally, and so they have to be picked over and cooked separately—the thick stalks at one time the thin stalks at another. Last of all, there are the bundles of long, thin straggling asparagus, commonly known as sprue, which is good for soup, but not to be recommended for the table. In all tinned asparagus which I have seen the stalks have been of equal size and first-class quality. Asparagus, like other vegetables, need only to be made hot by putting the tin before it is opened into hot water, and heating it for awhile, for this is the way in which experts tell us that the tinned vegetables should be prepared. Then it may be laid on toast in the usual way, and oiled butter or Dutch sauce may be sent to table with it.

As asparagus is excellent, so also are haricots verts (which may either be heated in the tin or tossed over the fire with butter and a few drops of lemon-juice and served as a course by themselves), broad beans, Lima beans, celery in

juice, and others. What is called macédoine of vegetables is particularly useful. It consists of a mixture of vegetables cut into fancy shapes, and ready for being thrown into soup or for garnishing dishes. Sage and onions, too, is a convenient preparation for those who want a little savoury forcemeat without the trouble of getting it ready.

Next to vegetables come fruit. Tinned peaches, tinned apricots, and tinned pineapple are appreciated, and deservedly so; for since they were introduced into the market hundreds of people who never tasted peaches and apricots have learned to look upon them as frequent delicacies. This preserved fruit is very good eaten as it is for dessert, or it may be converted into various sweet dishes to great advantage. Tinned pineapple is especially delicious, and it is of course a good deal cheaper than the best fresh fruit, which is sold at prices which are prohibitive excepting for people who have very deep purses. Both pineapple and peaches may be stewed in the syrup and served with rice round them, and thus prepared they furnish a pretty and wholesome sweet. The following is an excellent recipe for a superior cold pudding made from preserved apricots:—

Apricot Pudding.—Simmer some preserved apricots in their syrup till quite soft, and rub them through a sieve. Take a quarter of a pint of the pulp thus obtained, sweeten it pleasantly, and mix it with a custard made of the yolks of three eggs and a gill of milk. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in water. (The girls of our class already know that gelatine should be soaked for a time in cold water, then melted over the fire.) Beat the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth, and mix these in lightly but thoroughly last of all. A few drops of cochineal may be added to this pudding if liked. When the preparation is cold, and on the point of setting, put it into the mould which has been already soaked in cold water.

Bottled jellies are exceedingly valuable in housekeeping. They are not as cheap as the home-made article, but they are a great convenience, and often save expense by furnishing a small quantity of jelly when a small quantity only is needed—for jelly is sold in very small bottles as well as in quart bottles. If the jelly had to be made, it is almost certain that more would be prepared than was actually required, and thus the preparation would be wasted, to say nothing of the time and trouble expended over the business. It is a great point nowadays to make dishes not only taste well but look pretty, and a layer of bright-coloured jelly is a great assistance in doing this. Aspic jelly, too, is very valuable for garnishing meat dishes. If cut into cubes or dice and intermixed with beetroot or parsley in a tasteful fashion, or chopped small to imitate gold-dust and placed round tongue or pressed meats, it converts homely-looking materials into superior-looking ones, and when the aspic can be obtained by simply putting a bottle into hot water for a few minutes, no one can complain of difficulty.

Preserved soups are so popular that they scarcely need recommendation. We are learning as a nation to appreciate soups more than we did once, yet many people are afraid of them because they look upon them as very troublesome. This objection cannot be brought against tinned soups; they are all ready when wanted, and possess a delicacy of flavour which it would be difficult for an amateur cook to obtain. Some people complain that they "taste of the tin." I think this objection is very often grounded on fancy, or if it is the case with inferior brands, it certainly is without foundation so far as regards the high-class brands.

Soups should always be mixed with additional stock before being used, and if stock is not at hand, even water might be taken—it is extravagant not to do this. Experienced cooks recommend that the stock which is added should be flavoured with fresh vegetables, in order to revive the flavour of the soup, and the plan is an admirable one. Soup which has been made a day or two is always better for being boiled up with a fresh carrot or onion, in order to free it from even a suspicion of staleness. The additions should, of course, be suited to the original character of the soup—that is, the new stock which is put with the stock which was in the tin should be flavoured with the vegetables and herbs which would have been taken if the same soup had been made entirely at home.

Many people have no idea of any other than julienne tinned soup. There are, however, nearly forty varieties in the market, to my knowledge, and many of these only need to be known in order to be appreciated. Real turtle soup, tomato, purée Cressy, ox-tail, mullagatawny, and mock turtle soups are particularly good. Tinned soups are a great convenience when a little soup is wanted in a hurry. Girls who are liable to have unexpected demands made upon them should always have a supply on hand, not only of soups, but of other tinned preparations; their reputation as good managers will be considerably increased thereby.

Everyone knows what a difficult thing it is to provide varieties for breakfast. Bacon and eggs are very good in their way, very good indeed—I desire to speak of them with the highest respect; but unlimited bacon and eggs become monotonous after a time. It would seem as if tinned provisions had been specially prepared for the purpose of increasing the resources of the cook in this department, for the number of delicacies provided, suited to the occasion, is very large. There are the fish—turbot and salmon cutlets, anchovies (from which delicious sandwiches may be made), herrings, spiced and devilled—both excellent—herrings in shrimp sauce, pâtés and potted meats *ad libitum*, ox tongues, sheeps' tongues and lambs' tongues, curried fowl, curried lobster, curried rabbit and curried prawns, all of which may be converted into most satisfactory dishes by boiling a little Patna rice separately, and sending it to table at the same time. For luncheon, there are stews of various sorts—ragout of mutton, stewed kidneys, minced collops, etc. These preparations, like the vegetables, need to be made hot in the tin before the latter is opened, and they are really most appetising.

A very important detail in connection with preserved meats is the mode of dishing them. This part of the business ought to be very carefully attended to, for the appreciation of the food is considerably affected thereby. Potted meats, for example, should never be sent to table in the tin; they should be turned into a potting jar, covered with clarified butter, and garnished with a frill. Potted tongues should be wrapped in a napkin and ornamented with parsley; and fish should be turned out upon a dish and arranged prettily. If only as much pains were bestowed upon the appearance of preserved provisions as are given to provisions freshly cooked, there would not be so much prejudice against them as there is.

I must not forget to mention one or two of what may be called the numerous aids to cookery which are now sold in the form of preserved provisions, and acquaintance with which will save a cook time, trouble, and money. Amongst these are the various herbs sold separately in bottles, and the mixed herbs, the flavoured vinegars—tarragon vinegar, chilli vinegar, shalot vinegar, anchovy vinegar, used in the preparations of salads and sauces; colouring for soups, liquid browning, and pastilles de légumes, all valuable for colouring gravies, stews, etc. Flavouring essences, lemon, ratafia, ginger, vanilla, etc.; grated Parmesan in bottles, containing Parmesan cheese, ready for cauliflower au gratin, macaroni au gratin, and also for sprinkling at the last moment into various soups. Bottled fruits of all sorts, by means of which fruit pies can be had in the middle of winter. Essence of beef, invaluable where stock or beef tea are wanted in a hurry; savoury salts; essence of coffee, useful when coffee is wanted at a few minutes' notice by those who have not conveniences for preparing it; condensed milk, for infants' food and milk puddings; mushrooms in tins, for stews and sauces. Fish pastes, anchovy paste, shrimp paste, bloater paste, all delicious for breakfast, and of which appetising sandwiches may be made. Dried apples, a valuable and inexpensive substitute for the fresh fruit when the latter cannot be obtained; and last, but not least, tomatoes. It is now almost universally acknowledged that tinned tomatoes are very little if at all inferior to the fresh fruit, and tomatoes preserved whole and sold in tins are so excellent that one would think it was impossible to improve upon them.

In a recent number of the *Medical Times* an objection was made to "tinned meats" on the ground that they were contaminated with tin, and therefore likely to prove injurious. This sounds serious, and I have no doubt that casual readers on seeing the notice to this effect will turn away from most valuable food supplies, and think that in so doing they are proving their prudence. I am afraid that if these prudent individuals refuse all food which is contaminated in one way or another to an equal extent, they will go very hungry. Unfortunately, we live in an age of adulteration, and it is difficult to know where to draw the line in avoiding what may do us harm. If we eat fresh meat, the animal may have been affected by some mysterious disease which we may get into our system; if we drink new milk fresh from the cow it may contain the germs of typhoid; water fresh from the spring seems to be, in certain districts, a most dangerous beverage; and we have all heard of the horrors which are associated with modern bakeries. The more inquiries into the risks we run every time we open our mouths, the more I am inclined to think that preserved provisions are (if bought of first-class manufacturers), comparatively speaking, most wholesome. Even the writer in the *Medical Times* above referred to, says that the amount of tin found in the provisions was not large; that the effect of small doses given to guinea-pigs was uncertain, and that the animals generally recovered. He adds that, "supposing man to be affected in the same proportion, he would have to consume at a meal ten pounds of the most contaminated of the tinned preparations." I do not wish to be foolishly incredulous, but I cannot help thinking that this sounds very much like a scare. We know that a great many people are killed annually in the streets, yet we none of us think of locking ourselves indoors. Yet should we not be doing something as sensible if we refrained from tinned meats, because of a warning of this kind? I can quite believe that to use tinned meats exclusively might be objectionable, yet I am decidedly of opinion that their moderate use, in alternation with ordinary food supplies, will be both a convenience and an economy, and that they will supply a pleasant and valuable variety in the daily fare.

"PLACED HER ON HIS HORSE."

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE QUIVERING ASPENS.

"CARITA," said Mrs. Warner, coming into the kitchen half-an-hour later, "Mrs. Bombasin and I are going over to Craigie Lea. I have a notion that the Forbes are there; I saw their Jabez ride past a few minutes ago. If they are not there we shall get Jabez's wife to make us some coffee, so you need not expect us back until six or seven o'clock."

How fortunate for me, thought Carita. I shall be able to go to Silverdale without any fear of being missed. Ronnie will be sure to go with them to see the "Buster."

"What is the matter with you lately, Carita?" continued Mrs. Warner; "you are so quiet, and seem so heavy and dull."

"I have not felt well the last two days."

The word "mother" was on her lips, but she checked it; she would not use that word any more.

"You are hipped, I believe; you ought to be getting strong now the warmer weather is coming. By the way, Carita, Mrs. Bombasin says she saw you talking to someone down the road the day she came. Who was it?"

Carita had felt what was coming, and turned quickly, apparently to reach a plate from the shelf, but in reality that the warm tell-tale blood might not be seen as it rushed to her face.

"It was Mr. Emerson."

"Oh, I never thought of him; he was to be there again last night, Tom said. He is looking after Joyce Heath. I

don't suppose his folks at home will like the match as well as the Heaths do, for they are amongst the best people in their country, Mrs. Heath tells me. The English make more of family and position than we do, by a long way."

Eleanor went to get ready for the ride to Craigie Lea, quite satisfied as to Mrs. Bombasin's distinguished-looking stockman, but she had sent one more shaft home to poor Carita's loving heart.

Half a mile from Elk Lodge, back amongst the mountains, is a romantic little glen which Joyce had christened "Silverdale," not because it was rich in silver ore, like some other places not far away, but on account of a small group of the silver spruce *(Abiés Englemannii)* always lovely, with their symmetrical branches and the soft bluish white sheen of the needles. In some lights they appear to be covered with slight hoarfrost, in others they have a pale metallic blue shade. In the moonlight the effect of these trees, growing as they do in sheltered nooks, protected by the great strong pitch pines of sombre foliage, is wonderfully beautiful. Below these, near to the stream, are the wild cherry, willow, and quivering aspen trees. Many a flower blooms freely there which is cultivated with pains in English gardens. No frequented track was near Silverdale; Joyce had discoverd its hidden beauties and taken Philip there during his first visit.

To this glen Carita had often brought her work during the previous summer; and there, too, Joyce had often repeated to herself those lines we all know so well:—

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever."

At three o'clock Philip was waiting there for Carita—no poet's rhymes running through his brain, his heart was too full of his own strong love. His horse was wisely and safely fastened to a pine this time.

In spite of the trouble and fears that filled her, Carita had not been able to resist the temptation common to every woman who is womanly, that of trying to make herself look as attractive as possible to please the eyes of the man she loves. The details so important to her are generally lost upon him, at least if he be one of the men who are most worth pleasing; but the general effect, if it is becoming, never.

As Phil saw her come towards him under the floating sunbeams and shadows, he thought Carita looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her before; but when, after folding her in his arms, he held her from him to look at her face, he was shocked to note the dark lines under the large lustrous eyes, and the drooping corners of the curved lips.

"I thought you would look better to-day, dearest," he said. "I was hoping that my love was making you as happy as yours has been making me for the last two days. You have been with me night and day, darling."

"I *was* very, very happy, Phil, but something has happened to me." She began to shiver, but went on, "I want to tell you about it; let us sit down."

He threw himself down on the ground beside her, then he remembered her danger of rheumatic pains, and got up to fetch his saddle, on which he enthroned her, putting his strong arm round her and gently forcing her head down until it rested on his shoulder.

"Now, darling, tell me what has been vexing you."

Carita began her story. She could speak to him better so, with her face half hidden in his full beard. When she came to the part about Mr. Warner's having bought her, she began to tremble, and Phil felt her little hands, which he held in one of his large strong ones, turn quite cold.

"You need not tell me any more, my poor darling," he said. "I know it all. Mr. Heath told me your history when I spoke to him two days ago. Mr. Warner had told him everything about you, Carita. Why should this hurt you so?"

"You could not marry a nameless girl, one who had been bought, too, Phil."

"You have been making a mountain out of a molehill, dearest. You are not nameless, simply because you do not happen to know much about your parentage. You may find out all about that yet; but if you never do, what does it matter? You shall not be nameless long. Carita is a charming Christian name, just as much one as Minnie, and far prettier. Carita Emerson, how do you think it sounds, darling? I want to make you laugh, Carita."

She hid her face again. "He did pay money for me though, Phil."

"Well, what of that. The horrid old woman was greedy, that was all. She had no right to ask it."

"And, Phil, I began to fancy that father—Mr. Warner, I mean—had not told me the truth when he said my father was an officer in the Mexican army."

"Foolish little woman; you should have known him too well to think so. Mr. Heath has no such notion."

The warmth of Philip's love dispelled the mists of doubt and sadness; but he saw that she was very frail, and that in her delicate state of health she was likely to be injured by the cold, unloving influences which surrounded her just now in Mr. Warner's absence. All the strong love within him rose up, urging him to take her out of them at once.

Mr. Heath had told him that he feared his friends would not like his marrying a Mexican girl of whose family so little was known; but Phil had replied that he had cut himself off from all ties, save the one that bound him to his mother, and she loved him too unselfishly to want him to give up so good and sweet a girl as Carita. She would gladly know him to be so well married.

When Carita told him what Eleanor had said on this point, he laughed away her scruples.

And then he urged her to go away with him at once. He would meet her a mile away, with a waggon, and drive her to San Juan, where he felt sure Mr. Grahame would be persuaded to marry them when he knew all. And if not, why then they could go on to Denver, in one day, by train, and be married there.

He had not yet told her, he said, of the piece of good fortune that had happened to him since Christmas. An old aunt had died and left him five hundred pounds. He was rich with that in Colorado, in these hard times, and was buying a ranche of his own. His homestead would be small, but he would make it very comfortable for her, and she would get well and strong, and ride about as she loved to do, over their ranche beside him, until these pale cheeks would get full and blooming again. Such a picture he drew of the free, happy life they two would lead together, that Carita, her strength of will weakened by the long illness, and her courage failing as she thought of the hard seven months which were before her, felt herself carried away by the force of his passion.

He had changed his position as he talked, and was now on the ground at her feet, her two hands in his. The passionate love in his eyes magnetised her; she leaned back feeling almost faint against the bank which was close behind the saddle.

A sharp prick in the back made her start forward again. It broke the spell, and she turned to see what had hurt her so. The huge branching horns of an elk had been buried in the soil above her, and she had leaned against a projecting point. The pain was not great, but it served to bring back her self-command, and to recall her to a sense of her duty, for, at the same time, her promise to Stephen flashed through her mind. His face suddenly came up before her as he had looked when he bade her good-bye, and told her to be faithful to Eleanor and the boys.

"I cannot, I dare not go with you now, Phil. I promised father to stay with the boys until he came home again. Do not tempt me to break my word, Phil. He has been such a kind, good father to me, ever since he first saw and pitied me. How can I think of leaving them all while he is away?"

Philip saw it was not right, and that it would be useless to urge it, much as he hated to leave her. He now soothed and comforted her; he would come again to see her as soon as he possibly could; meanwhile she must write to him often, and when Mr. Warner got back, nothing should keep her from him any longer.

The air began to get chill, and Carita's pale face warned him at last that she ought not to stay out any longer. He kissed her lips until the rich warm colour came and stayed there, placed her on his horse and walked beside it with his arm resting on the saddle to support her better, down the gulch as near to the house as she would allow him. For his part he almost wished that Mrs. Warner might see him so that he might have the matter out with her; then he could come to see Carita openly, he thought. As it was, he could not even write to her excepting through the

Heaths, a roundabout way which was hateful to him. They parted unseen, however, and Carita went inside to prepare for the evening meal with a braver heart than she had taken out. The sore, bitter feeling had left her; Philip knew all, yet he loved her and would never forsake her. What mattered it that Eleanor was cold to her and unreasonable, and their visitor false and cruel in her judgment of her? She could work with a lighter heart now. The summer months would soon pass away, she had so many happy thoughts to comfort her. Then father would come, and Philip would persuade him to spare her. The boys would be going to school, and she would not be needed so much. Phil loved her, and that was enough for the present.

Three weeks passed away without anything serious happening to mar Carita's happiness. Her colour began to return, Mrs. Bombasin's sharp suspicious eyes could find no fault with her, watch as they might. All seemed to promise a peaceful, if busy, summer for her, as well as returning health and vigour. A change came, however, and it was wrought by the restless visitor whom Carita had distrusted since the first mention of her name.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MURIEL DALGLEISH.—At sixteen and a half years old you are far too young to be a teacher. All the same, we congratulate you on having passed through so many examinations with such success at so early an age. Doubtless you could teach what you have acquired so well, but in taking any private situation the weight and experience of an older person are considerations. There is a Kindergarten school at Manchester, kept by a Miss Snell. You would find the full address in a Manchester directory, which you could see in the Free Library.

BEGONIA.—1. There is a Reading Society, of which the secretary is Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. 2. There is also a Society for the Encouragement of Home Study; secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham.

JILL.—You will usually find the whereabouts of such places in the Post Office Guide, to be obtained at all post-offices for 6d. Half Jack, Grand Popo, Little Popo, Wyaah, etc., are all on the West Coast of Africa, and are in native possession. There is no direct packet, and the times are quite uncertain for their sailing. We have seen them advertised in the *Times*.

A SPRAY OF HONEYSUCKLE will find two excellent articles on the "Starry Skies" at pages 188 and 252, vol. ii.; and the "Midnight Sky," published at the office of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., is a delightful book, by Mr. Dunkin, F.R.S. and F.A.S., with thirty-two star maps, etc., price 7s. 6d. Whitaker's Almanack gives the number of asteroids, or small planets, up to November, 1880, as 220. Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, and Astræa, is the order in which they were discovered and named. Kent is derived from the Celtic word *ceann*, a promontory.

AN ELDEST DAUGHTER.—In "How to Improve the Education," page 795, vol. ii., you will find an exhaustive list of French books, grammars, etc. We will not forget your request.

APRON.—1. The "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would be an assistance to you. 2. Feathers are stripped from their stems and dried in paper bags in an oven.

EIGHTEEN SUMMERS.—Candidates for vacancies in the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office must be between seventeen and twenty years of age. Candidates for the Prudential Life Assurance Company, and also in the Telegraph, General Post Office, at St. Martin's-le-Grand, must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age. A small roundhand is desired, without long tails and flourishes, and the "m" and "n" not formed like a "u." Write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, in Cannon-row, S.W., for all further information.

ELLA.—1. The fees required by the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C., amount to four guineas for attendance at the lectures given daily at the office, and also to the examinations. 2. C. Swain is the author of the verses from which the quotation is taken.

STAR GAZER.—Galileo, a native of Pisa, and professor of mathematics at the university there and at Padua, was the first constructor of a telescope available for scientific purposes, by which he discovered Jupiter's satellites. He was born in the year 1564, and his first instrument was completed in 1609. His assertion of the earth's motion brought him under the censure of his church, and he was immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition for a year. He was permitted then to retire to the village of Arcetri, where he died the year that Sir Isaac Newton was born, A.D. 1642. But telescopes had been invented about a year prior to that of Galileo, by John Lipperhey and Zacharias Jansen, spectacle makers of Middleburg, and James Metius, of Alkmaer, A.D. 1608.

ART.

LUCY A. CARTER.—We should advise you to use "vitremain," or the "American patent glacier process." A row of panes of stained glass, varied with "bullseyes" or the feet of broken wineglass stems, would look very effective. Pressed ferns, or coloured pictures of knights in armour, or heraldic designs, placed between double panes, or even Japanese fans and pictures thus enclosed would serve your purpose, in reference to the window that has "the view too good to be true." For painting on terra-cotta, see page 225, vol. ii. We regret that your letter has been overlooked for so long.

EATON.—One method of tracing designs on materials is to do so first on coarse tarlatan muslin and then tack it to the material, tracing through it with a red crayon pencil. Another plan is to pick holes in the outline of your design, and, having secured it to the material, pounce the holes over with powdered pipe-clay or blue powder, and having removed the design, complete the dotted outline by means of a pen and Indian ink or water-colour paint. Transfer-paper is preferred by some to the two methods above-named.

MARY ANNE.—In painting on silk or satin with oil colours, remember that the oil is a dangerous enemy. So, begin by rubbing cake magnesia on the back of material, which can be gently brushed off afterwards, and also squeeze out the tube colours upon sheets of blotting-paper, to absorbe it. The best method of laying on the varnish is to employ a broad flat camel's hair brush, and sweep downwards all over the picture once. The second coat should be swept from side to side.

J. FOOT B.—1. You have kept your pictures in too warm a place, we imagine. You can but repaint the spots where the paint has blistered and broken away. 2. Shells are cleaned with muriatic acid. Use a camel's hair brush, and have a basin of water by you in which to immerse them frequently during the process of cleaning, lest the acid should burn too deeply. Beware of touching your eyes while so engaged.

G. A. D.—1. Painting on cambric could not be expected to wash. 2. We are sorry you have failed to preserve the ash-berries in strong brine. The fault must be your own, as we have always been successful.

LITTLE CON.—You had better procure proper clay for modelling at one of the Italian plaster cast shops. You might also get it at a "Kindergarten emporium." Never use "white lead" and putty.

TINEY.—To clean engravings, lay them on a smooth board, cover thinly with finely-powdered salt; squeeze lemon-juice on the salt, so as to dissolve a good deal of it, and raise one end of the board, making an angle of 45, and pour boiling water from a tea-kettle on the engraving to wash off the salt and lemon-juice. The engraving will then be free from stains, and must be dried gradually on the board, but neither in the sun nor by the fire, as it would turn yellow. Try this recipe on some common engraving before you clean a good one. It is said to be satisfactory, but we have not experimented with it.

DOROTHY.—Nothing needs to be done to an oak panel previous to painting on it in water-colours, excepting that it should be thoroughly cleaned with crumb of bread. While chestnut or sycamore, well seasoned, should be selected, and the water-colours mixed with Chinese-white. The subsequent varnishing of the painting is done by the application of two coats of patent white size, the second put on when the first is dry. Then, when the second is dry, apply two coats of white spirit varnish, or more, until sufficiently bright, always allowing one coat to dry before another.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLARY.—Accept our thanks for your gracious letter. Mr. Tarn will supply you with back numbers, and will inform you of the cost of all you require, postage included, if you write and ask him. Your handwriting is pretty.

SEVENTEEN need not feel uneasy, as the substance which is apt to collect round the teeth, especially inside the lower incisors, is only tartar, that ought to be removed, or the teeth will decay. See, under the word "Teeth," the references made in the indexes.

ONE TRYING TO DO RIGHT.—We are thankful to hear that our paper has "led you to think of higher things and a desire to lead a better life." No girl should go into society until she be eighteen, and is too young at sixteen to think of receiving any attentions with a view to marriage, unless under rare and very exceptional circumstances. Your writing gives good promise. Do not let it increase in size, but rather diminish it.

PETITE.—1. Try salts of lemon, or consult our recipes for removing ink stains. You will find them by reference to the index in each volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. 2. The treatment of neuralgia should not be merely local, but of the general health. The diet and whole mode of life, and the locality in which you live, as well as the spot affected, should be well considered. You should therefore consult a medical man, and by a personal interview, not merely by letter.

DAMARIS and MARGUERITE.—You would require a still for the manufacture of elder flower or rose water; but of the former, you could make a decoction like tea, which is beneficial as a lotion for the eyes.

H. E. WILLE.—The words, "Jesus only," merely form a part of a sentence; they are not given in Holy Scripture as a motto. In this special case there is no harm in adapting them to the purpose of forming a motto; but the practice of taking a portion of a sentence, without the context to explain their use and meaning, is not a desirable one. For instance, an unbeliever might make a motto out of the words "there is no God," leaving out the preceding words that explain them—"The fool hath said," etc.

A PERPLEXED IRISH GIRL.—We do not think your education, or your young brother's, sufficient to form a means of support to either of you. If you know anything of farming or a country life, why do you not endeavour to find something to do in Ireland? "Bee-keeping," dairy work, and poultry-keeping all pay, and you would both of you be more likely to succeed near home.

AVE MARIA.—Do not think too much of yourself, but make it a habit to think more of others at all times. Hold the racquet in one hand.

A PROTESTANT.—Refuse the offer in such a manner as will make it evident that you do not wish it renewed, and stay where you are. We hope you are aware that the marriages of Frenchmen in this country are illegal and void in France unless the French legal formalities be complied with. Do not, on any account, be led into a marriage unless he intends to make you his legal wife both in France and England.

YOUNG MOTHER.—There are many good methods of relieving hooping cough, but the last of which we have heard comes from Germany, and is due to Professor Rinqt, of Berlin. It is as follows:—For a child of three and a half years, oil of terebinth, ten grains; syrup altheæ, eighty grains; one teaspoonful of the mixture every three hours; the turpentine to be rubbed into the back and chest.

A LOVER OF SHADY LANES.—"Alfred" is old German, and signifies "a good counsellor;" "Frank" is only a diminutive of "Francis" (French), and means "free;" "Cecil" is from the Latin, and means "dim-sighted."

PERPLEXITY.—For removing stains of any description from every kind of material, we must henceforth refer our readers to "The Fairy of the Family;" for washing likewise.

A CONSTANT READER.—You will find no difficulty in obtaining THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in Texas, or in any part of America.

CATINA.—*R.I.P.* means *Requiescat in pace*, "sleep," or "mayest thou sleep in peace." We have frequently seen the coats-of-arms of the various colleges, and the naval and military ones, for sale at different stationers.

HEARTSEASE.—The earth itself is a great magnet, having its opposite magnetic poles in the Arctic and Antarctic regions respectively. The two end poles of a magnet leave opposite kinds of magnetism, often distinguished as north and south; and it is a law that poles of the same name repel, and poles of contrary name attract. So if a small magnet be suspended on a pivot to turn freely, as the needle in a mariner's compass, it will always be attracted by the same pole.

ONNIE.—You ask for too long a history. We cannot give such an amount of information to one correspondent. Marcus, the Triumvir, was a grandson of the orator M. Antoninus, and son of Antoninus "Cretensis," so surnamed from his wars in Crete. He was Augur and Tribune; distinguished for his ambition. When Cæsar was assassinated in the senate house, Antony made an oration over his body; ingratiated himself with the people, increased in influence, and rose till he governed with absolute power. When at last he lost the battle of Actium, fought after many others, with Octavius, he stabbed himself; and Cleopatra, whom he had followed into Egypt, killed herself by means of the bite of an asp. Antony died in his 56th year, B.C. 30.

ROSALIE should read the long directions given at page 368, vol. iii., in reply to "Juno" and others, on the subject of "curing skins" of all kinds.

EARNEST SEEKER AFTER GOOD.—No one should try to throw the burden God has seen fit to lay upon him, on the shoulders of another person, who already

has his own to bear. But each individual is quite right in trying to aid others, and to take upon himself as much as he can, so as to relieve his brother Christian. This, we hope, will explain to you the seeming contradiction which has perplexed you between the second verse of chapter four, Galatians, and the fifth verse. Your writing is pretty good, but your spelling needs attention. We thank you for your good wishes.

SNOWDROP.—The explanation of your having a birthday on leap-year only is this:—Our ordinary civil year is reckoned to consist of 365 days; but there are odd hours and minutes, excluded from the reckoning of this year, which have to be counted from time to time, and which make up an "intercalary" day, or day inserted into the year. According to a law of the ancient Romans, this intercalated day, and that preceding it, were counted as only one, and by a statute of *Henry III. they were thus* counted in our own country.

PRINCE CHARLEY.—You are only an "infant" in the eye of the law at seventeen, and so "under the teaching and authority" of your parents—a God-given authority. You have no business to take upon yourself any such vows, either unknown to them or (still worse) against their will. Read Numbers xxv. 3, 4, and 5, by which you will see that even good and holy vows are not binding, but may be broken by your father if he chooses to do so. Your engagements, therefore, with any priest, even if made on your knees in a church, are not valid in law—civil or religious. Pray God to pardon your breach of confidence and filial loyalty to your parents, and to make you more humble and diffident respecting your youthful judgment. We have no words to express our opinion of your evil adviser.

STEPHANOTIS.—Wear no more tight boots, and rest your feet by procuring a loose pair of cashmere buttoned ones, with low flat heels and very broad toes. Perhaps large joints are hereditary in your case; they may proceed from rheumatism or gout, or the wearing of pointed shoes, which must distort the foot.

FRANCES D.—The poet Dryden's master at Westminster School, Dr. Richard Busby, was born at Lutton, Northamptonshire, in 1606, and held his appointment as head-master from 1640, for fifty-five years, until his decease in 1695. He was a prebendary of Westminster, where he was buried. As a master, he was a severe disciplinarian, and was distinguished for his ability as a classical teacher.

PALE FACE.—Our magazine is not intended to deal with abstruse scientific questions; it is essentially "popular" in its construction, and designed to supply subjects of interest to the majority of readers. We cannot therefore promise "articles on scientific subjects." Your hand is not sufficiently regular.

MARIE.—The vessel that run down the *Princess Alice* in the Thames was the *Bywell Castle*, when about 700 persons were lost, September 3rd, 1878.

WILL O' THE WISP.—1. See our answer to "Lady Maud." 2. There is no absolute rule as regards the finger on which a so-called "engagement ring" is to be worn. The third finger of the right hand is generally devoted to it. It is not at all necessary that a diamond should be set in it.

BLUE CHINA.—You ought not to "form an alliance," as you call it, if you feel "no affection" for the individual in question. How could you vow to "love" him if you dare to marry without it? Wash your dog with the proper dogs' soap, to be had at any grocer's.

HONEYSUCKLE and ROSE.—Of course, it is highly improper for any girl to "pay visits" to any gentleman but her brother. She may call on his mother, but never go in if the mother be out. "Speaking through a window" would be vulgar and unseemly in the lowest position of life, unless to cry "fire!" or "murder!"

ADMIRER.—Write to the Children's Convalescent Home, The Bank, Highgate, N.; also to the Convalescent Department of the Brighton Hospital for Children, Dyke-road; also to The Downlands, Rottingdean. Address the several secretaries, and you may succeed with one of them.

A SUPPORTER (of What?).—We do not understand your question: Do you want a book on designing or one on cutting-out paper patterns? You can procure a "School Board" book on cutting out dress materials, or you could procure paper patterns at shops exclusively for the sale of them. You spell "where" as "were," and you abbreviate your words. Never write "I have" as "I've," "I am" as "I'm," nor "you will" as "you'll."

M. E. R.—There are three lions, *passant gardant, i.e.*, walking and showing the full face, in the arms of England. The first lion was that of Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and the second represented the country of Maine, which was added to Normandy; these were the two lions borne by William the Conqueror and his descendants. The third lion was added by Henry II. to represent the Duchy of Aquitaine, which he obtained through his wife Eleanor. The unicorn was substituted by James I. for the red dragon of Wales, introduced by Henry VII. It was one of the supporters of the royal arms of Scotland.

DOWNHEARTED.—Dark green and all shades of blue, unless very pale, would suit a light complexion. If ruddy, violet shades would be suitable. Your writing promises well. Copy some pretty, well-formed running hand.

CROSS-KEYS, BEATRICE, ARIADNE, A DOMESTIC SERVANT, LADY GLYNN, A TRUE ENGLISH GIRL, AND OTHERS.—To make *pot-pourri* collect rose leaves and lavender as they bloom, and place them in a jar in layers, with common or bay salt. When the leaves are dry, and you have a sufficient quantity, add to them powdered orris-root, cloves, cinnamon, cassia buds, patchouli, and any other fragrant ingredients.

E. L. PITT.—The buff leather coat of which you speak was called a "jerkin," and was worn over the "doublet," but sometimes without it, and was often confounded with it. The latter was also worn without the "jerkin," and either had sleeves tied on at the arm, or dispensed with, at the wearer's pleasure. The exact shape and style of the buff "jerkin" varied, but described by Meriton, in his Clavis (1697), as having "four skirts, or laps," meaning what we should call a "basque." They were commonly worn by the military in the 16th and 17th centuries. Read our article on the "Art of Penmanship," page 538, vol. i., and compare your writing with the rules therein given.

JANE BARROW.—We sympathise with you on the loss of your pet, but it is against our rules to give addresses. You should write to some large dealers in animals, by reference to a London Directory, and tell them exactly what you require.

DAISY.—To clean brass-work, wash it with "roche alum," previously boiled to a strong lye, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint of water. When the brass-work is dry, rub it with fine Tripoli. For cleaning common brass, make a paste compounded of two ounces of rotten-stone, half an ounce of oxalic acid, and three-quarters of an ounce of sweet oil, to be applied with a little water. But be very careful in the use of oxalic acid, as it is a dangerous poison.

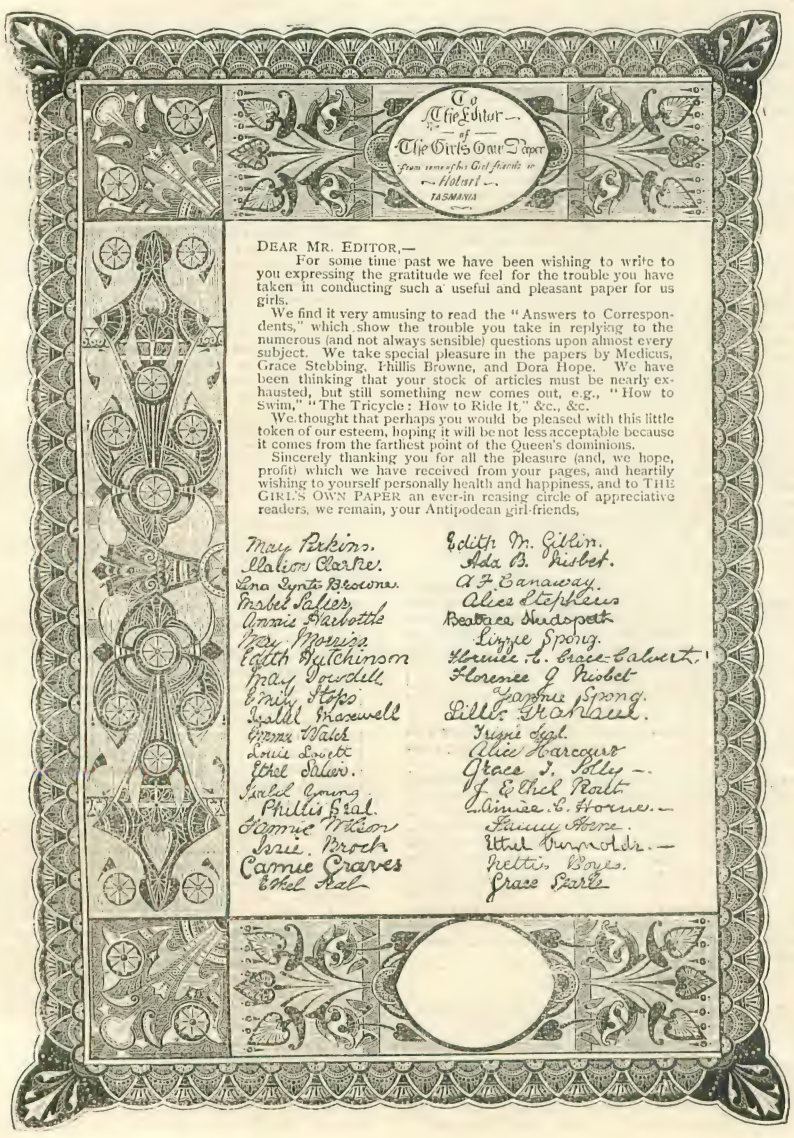
SERO, SED SERIO.—1. "El Dorado," or "golden illusion," was a land of unbounded wealth. A country answering this description was discovered, according to Orellana, a lieutenant of Pizarro, by himself in South America, between the rivers Orinoco and the Amazon. Sir Walter Raleigh visited Guiana twice, under the impression that it was the "El Dorado" in question, and wrote of its extraordinary wealth, but California subsequently appeared more worthy of the name. 2. Your quotation is incorrectly rendered, so far as we can read it.

A PRACTISER.—The use of the tepid bath in the morning and of the flesh brush at night, and warm but light underclothing, are the best means of improving the circulation. Medicus also advises a course of cod-liver oil before the winter sets in.

AN ITALIAN READER.—"Whom the Gods love die young," is from Lord Byron; the original idea was from Menander. The second quotation is from a poem called "Friends," by James Montgomery.

AN IGNORANT BAIRN.—St. Cecilia is supposed to have been a Roman lady who was martyred in the 3rd century. She is the patron saint of the blind, as she was blind; she is the patroness of musicians, and, according to Dryden, was the inventress of the organ. She was partially killed by the executioner sent to carry out her sentence of death, but his hand trembled and he gave her three wounds, from which she died after three days. The main incidents of the lives of the early Christian martyrs are founded on fact, but they are mixed up with the marvels, poetry, and allegory of tradition.

MAY PERKINS and our other ANTIPODEAN GIRL-FRIENDS.—We are extremely gratified by the illuminated address of thanks (a reduced copy of which we herewith print with much pride) which you have been so kind as to send us from your distant home. We sincerely thank you for it, and are rejoiced that our work has been acceptable to you, and that it has been so greatly blessed. We ask all our dear friends to join us in the prayer, "Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us. O prosper Thou our handiwork."

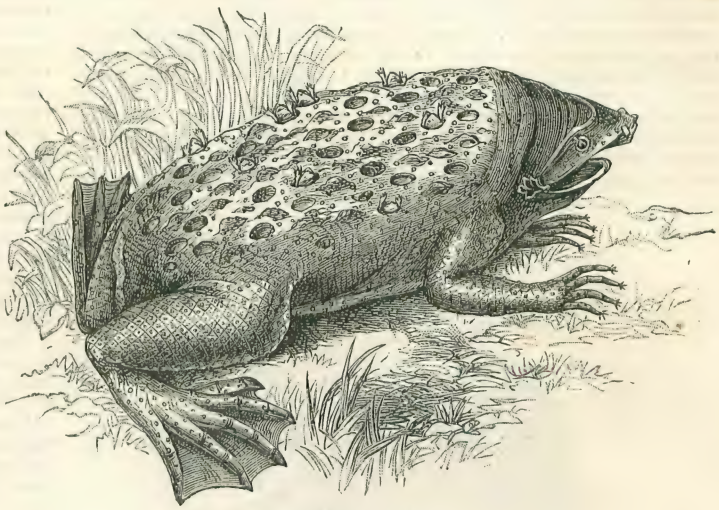


VOL. V.—NO. 211. JANUARY 12, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

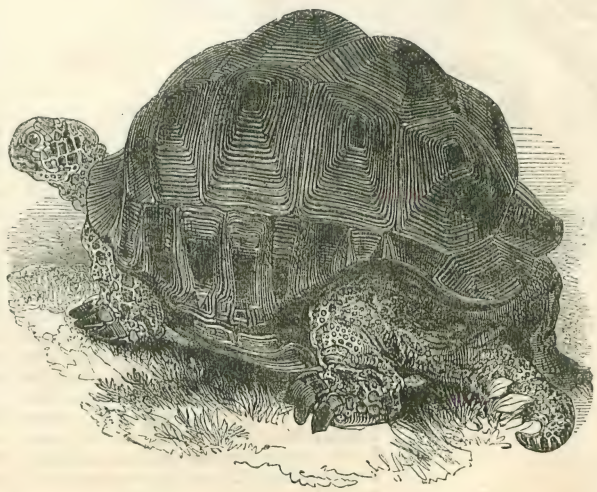
WONDERFUL REPTILES.

By FREDERICK WHYMPER.

COMMON IGUANA.



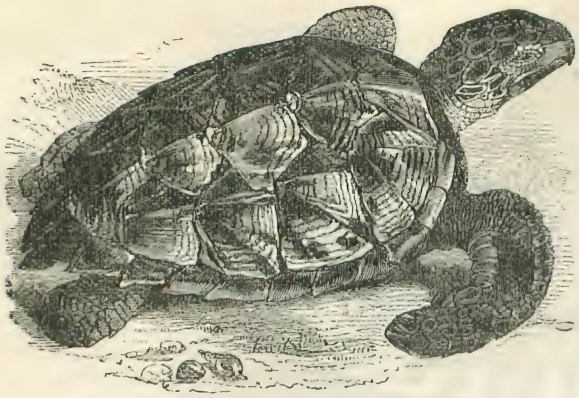
SURINAM TOAD.



ELEPHANTINE TORTOISE.

THE reptile, taking the popular sense attached to the word, is always something mean, low, vicious, and grovelling; and in a large proportion of cases that idea is correct. Regarded scientifically, however, the order "Reptilia" includes many animals almost specially harmless, and many others particularly useful to man. It is true that out of the 20,000 human beings who in densely-populated India annually lose their lives from the attacks of wild beasts and snakes, much more than three-fourths of the number are sacrificed to the appetites or poison of the latter; nevertheless the majority of snakes are perfectly innocuous. The lazy alligator is not very prone to attack man or woman unless provoked, or specially tempted by their immediate proximity when bathing in his own domain. The many varieties of lizards—some of them most graceful and beautifully-coloured creatures—are, as a rule, on perfectly good terms with us. We may shudder at a toad, but is there anything specially repulsive about the tortoise, so often made a pet, and whose shell—formerly, at all events—used to adorn (in the form of ornamental combs) the more or less luxuriant tresses of our mothers and grandmothers? Tell a greedy alderman—of the

All rights reserved.]



HAWKSBILL TURTLE.

olden time, of course: there are no such people now—that some of his favourite dishes were derived from a reptile, and he would doubt your information—or your sanity. Yet the turtle is so classed by the naturalist.

Every member of the English nation has a particular interest in the subject under notice, for did not her patron saint, the valiant St. George, struggle long with, and finally vanquish, a fearful and wonderful dragon? Alas!—and this is not so generally known—the champion succumbed to the venom of its horrid fangs not long after. Says the veracious chronicler: "The dragon's sting annoyed the good knight so much that the abominable beast being no sooner slain and weltering in its venomous gore that St. George likewise took his death wound from the deep strokes of its sting. Yet, retaining his true nobleness of mind, he valiantly returned victor to Coventry, where the whole inhabitants stood without the gates, in great splendour, to receive him; and he had no sooner arrived before the city and presented them with the dragon's head than, from the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, he was forced to yield up his breath, and the whole country, from the king to the shepherd, mourned for him for the space

FLYING DRAGON.

of a month." Dragons are extinct animals nowadays—so far as England is concerned, but if we are to believe some recent accounts they are still rampant in some parts of the world. Last autumn, a Californian hunter asserts, while pursuing a wounded buck deer, that he suddenly found himself confronted by such a monster. Fortunately for him, it turned its attention to the poor deer, and he speedily made off into the forest. He told his story that night to some brother hunters, as they sat by their lonely camp fire, but his account was hardly believed, from the confused and flurried manner in which he presented it. Later, one of the same hunters passing near a great lake in the same neighbourhood, was astonished by a fearful hissing noise, and looking in the direction from which it came, he saw a monster with horse-shaped head and scaly body, at least fifty feet in length, swimming in the water. He also was fortunate in not attracting its notice, and it speedily dived down out of sight. The latest account of a similar nature—only that the head was like a calf, and the body was sixty-five feet long—comes from the Witzenberg Mountains, South Africa, and was not unlikely circulated by the Boers to prevent emigration. What after all, are any of these creatures to the great sea-monster, derisively known as De Montfort's "Poulpe colossal"—a gigantic cuttle, which snapped off the masts of a large ship, and would have dragged it to the bottom, had not the crew lopped off its immense limbs with cutlasses and hatchets? It is said—and this part of the story is more likely to be correct than the other—that this French naturalist's propensity for writing that which was not true, culminated in his committing forgery, and that he died in the galleys.

In a period long passed away there were reptiles of a size utterly unknown in these happier days. The subject is too vast and important to be treated at this time, but one example may be permitted. For several years past scientific workmen have been unearthing extinct animals of gigantic calibre from the clay strata of the Bernissart coal mines, Belgium, and some of them have been recently "set up"—that is, the fossil bones have been put together and strung with wires, until the skeletons have been completed—at the Brussels Museum. One of the most remarkable is the giant iguanodon. The general form is that of a bird, with short legs, and head small as compared to the body. The naturalists of Belgium are agreed that it walked upright, and that its forelegs or arms were for holding or snatching operations, but not usually, at all events, for purposes of locomotion. It had a horny beak, and its jaws possessed ninety-two teeth. The actual skeleton under notice is twenty-three feet nine inches in length, and stands fourteen feet two inches high. Truly a pleasant creature to encounter, say, on a solitary moonlight ramble in the country!

Fortunately for us, the reptiles of England are neither numerous nor (excepting only the adder) at all venomous. Ignorant people in the country often kill the poor, harmless slowworm—itself a curious lizard, with its feet *within* its skin—under the impression that its bite is poisonous, but science knows better. The nonsense which has been talked about the venom of the toad would fill volumes. They are regularly imported to England from parts of the Continent for practical use in gardens and greenhouses, bringing sometimes as much as ten shillings a dozen in the market. They are distinctly inimical to spiders, gnats, and other insects, and are not pleasant things to handle, though nobody is likely to be injured by the act. There are even weak-minded people who shudder at a frog; the epicure looks at him gloatingly, knowing that his hind-legs are, when properly cooked, one of the greatest delicacies in the world, resembling the tenderest spring chicken more than anything else.

The toad—it must be confessed, wherever met and in whatever form—is a repulsive creature. The palm of hideousness would probably be given to the Surinam variety, a native of Guiana and Brazil, with its flat and triangular head, unusually short neck, and specially flat body. Its eyes are very small, and are of an olive tint, spotted with red. Yet the parental instincts of these creatures are as kind in their way as those of the most beautiful animals in creation. The female, in due course, having laid her eggs, the male toad picks them up and deposits them on her horny back, when she immediately starts for the nearest marsh, and immerses herself and the embryotic brood in the semi-liquid mud, where she remains until they are hatched.

Many and curious are the varieties of tortoises, which occasionally reach a great size. The elephantine tortoise, for example, reaches a length of three feet, and may weigh 600 lbs. or more. Its flesh is delicate eating. The mud tortoise is remarkable for finger-like appendages hanging from its skin, and for its shell, which is covered with conical bosses or knobs, not unlike limpets. The snapping turtle, so called, is a river tortoise, common in America, particularly active and vivacious in its way, and always on the look-out for fish, molluscs, worms, and more especially for young crocodiles. It is caught with hook and line, but the bait *must* be alive. To seize its victim it darts out its long neck, and snaps its beak viciously, holding on till it has at least secured a piece thereof. In this pleasant way they occasionally snap at (human) bathers, taking off their toes and fingers. But the bathers can have their revenge, for the snapping turtle is a *bonne bouche*, delicate and tender. These amiable creatures spend their days in the water, but prefer to sleep by night on logs or secluded islets. The habit sometimes leads to their destruction, especially should the log be a floating one, when the planter or settler can sometimes secure a good supply of food, and the firewood to cook it, at one and the same time.

The great freshwater tortoise, or turtle of the Amazon, as Mr. Bates tells us, is commonly fed and fattened in ponds for home consumption when other supplies fail. It is of no mean size, its back averaging about a yard long by a couple of feet wide. That distinguished naturalist, who lived some twelve years in the Amazon region, got so sick of them that he preferred at times to go half-starved. This can be well understood, for in San Francisco, where one obtains a plate of turtle soup for a fraction over sixpence and a

turtle steak for eighteenpence, which would respectively cost about five shillings and half a guinea in the City of London, few of the inhabitants will touch either. It is the foreigners, travellers, and new arrivals generally who gloat over these luxurious but rich and unwholesome dishes, and they soon tire of them if they remain in the Golden City.

The sea tortoise or turtle attains to an immense size, and its flesh is considered by many natives the most wholesome and nourishing of any of its tribe. Its great shell often serves for roofs, and is used for making troughs, children's baths, and even canoes. Its fat is regarded as a substitute for butter. An American captain recently saw—according to his own account, which was also substantiated by his crew—on the Grand Bank, off the Bahamas, a turtle of this description so large that it was at first supposed to be a vessel bottom up! His schooner passed within a few yards of this marine giant, and those on board had an opportunity of comparing its length with that of the vessel. They estimated it at forty feet in length and thirty in breadth. The story, though undoubtedly an exaggeration, is probably based on fact; there is, at all events, always the possibility of some exceptionally large specimens being in existence. The account naïvely concludes by stating that it was not deemed advisable to attempt its capture.

INDIAN BOA.

A curious creature, found in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, and which has been known to stray as far as the English and French coasts, is the corded turtle, so called because of seven deep furrows or grooves on its shell. The best tortoiseshell of commerce is derived from the hawksbill turtle, which is a native of the Indian Ocean and South American coasts, while a rarer kind is derived from the loggerhead turtle, a native of the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

The lizards would themselves take the space occupied by this article, even though described in the briefest manner; we must content ourselves here with mentioning a few only of them. Many of them are most excellent food. The gecko, a wonderful little creature, is common to many hot countries; the native Cubans worship it. It is a clever animal, and can run up a perpendicular wall with the greatest ease, owing to a peculiar conformation of the foot. It is sometimes known as the "Evening Bird," and derives its former name from the very distinct way in which it shrieks out Geck—O! the last syllable being given in a marked manner. The iguana is an active tree-climber, and has a great pouch under its chin. It is repulsive-looking, but is excellent eating; an iguana steak is a delicacy, and the eggs are nearly full of yolk. Three of the most curious of the family are the flying dragon—so called because it has membraneous wings on each side of the body, enabling it to launch itself through the air—like the flying-fish—for a distance of sixty or eighty feet; the gigantic Salamander, a native of Japan, which attains a length of four and a-half feet sometimes, and may weigh as much as 50lbs.; and the better known chameleon, which—although the fact has been doubted—*does* change its colour. One kept by the Rev. J. G. Wood went through the following changes: grey, black, zebra stripes with yellow bands, circular yellow spots, chesnut and black, brilliant green, grey with black spots, and autumnal leaf colour.

The crocodile and the alligator may both be regarded as magnified lizards. English naturalists, it is true, usually make them belong to another "order," but those of France classify them together. The alligator is to-day "going up" rapidly in the market. Within the last few years new uses have been found for its hide, and one has only to study the shop windows of the better class to verify the fact. Boots and shoes, book-binding, knife, dagger, pistol and sword-cases, and a score of other things are nowadays made from its tough, strong skin. As a reptile, although he will often take a mean advantage of a single negro in a frail canoe, or a bather in a solitary pool, he is not, as a rule, particularly prone to attack man, more especially if he can get plenty of other food, which in his usual haunts is generally abundant. His appetite, however, is an excellent one.

COBRA DI CAPELLO.

RATTLESNAKE.

An amusing story is that told of Waterton, a once celebrated traveller. The Indians on the banks of the Demerara River had baited a night-line, and when, early in the morning, they arrived on the scene, they found that a huge "cayman" or crocodile, ten and a half feet long, had been caught by it. They were in favour of shooting it, but Waterton, who had accompanied them, was determined to secure it alive. Taking out the mast of their canoe, to use in case of necessity as a weapon of defence, he ordered the natives to draw the animal out of the water, which was immediately done. By this time the cayman was within two yards of the intrepid traveller, and was viciously snapping his hideous jaws at him. Seeing plainly that it was in a state of fear and perturbation, Waterton dropped the spar, sprang forward lightly, jumped on its back, and was soon seated on a natural saddle of crocodile hide. Seizing its fore-legs, he twisted them by main force upwards and over its back, using them as a kind of bridle. The cayman now began to plunge furiously, and lashed out with its tail and hind-legs, but its rider was out of their reach. The Indians shouted and roared, and were so noisy in their demonstrations of joy that it was a long time before they could hear Waterton shouting to them to haul in the rope once more. At last they understood and obeyed him, dragging the monster and its rider some forty yards over the sand. "Should it be asked," Waterton naïvely remarks, "how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer: I hunted some year with Lord Darlington's foxhounds." Finally, after many a struggle on the part of the cayman, the rider managed, with the assistance of the Indians, to tie up its jaws and cut its throat.

In the Southern States of America the alligator has long been a source of moderate profit. A recent American writer tells us of a visit paid to the house of a cotton planter, where a billet of wood thrown into the water of a "bayou" (the swampy branch of some great river) brought perhaps as many as three hundred of all sizes to the surface, many of which struggled and fought for its possession, whilst others, probably "old hands," remained as quiescent as the veriest log. The visitor in his innocence asked whether these pests could not be frightened away. "Good lands!" replied the old planter, "but I don't want to! I want to foster them. I want 'em to thrive, and increase, and multiply until the bayou won't hold 'em. Ten, fifteen, or twenty years' hence the price of alligator hides will be four times what it is now, and then I'll turn in on 'em, and make some money. That bayou is my alligator farm. The seeds are there and the plants are growing, and when I can figure that I own 3,000 good sized alligators I shall let cotton go for one season and send alligator hides to market." The speaker averred that he would not let anyone crack away there with a rifle for any consideration whatever, as very likely they would all be scared away. "Like enough," said he, "my whole alligator farm would sail off down the river in search of a new owner." Speaking of the age to which they attained, he stated that there were examples known to his family for forty years, and that he believed that the average length of their life was from fifty to seventy years.

The serpent is a wonderful combination of beauty, hideousness, strength, meanness, and mystery, and these characteristics made it in ancient days, and still make it among some heathen peoples, an object of reverence and adoration. To us it is simply the most repulsive form of animated nature: to the poor Hindoos and other Orientals it is a scourge, a terror, a source of death and destruction.

Boa is a name largely applied to great serpents which kill by "constriction"—that is, by the action of their powerful ribs (by which all snakes and serpents progress along the ground), contracting and crushing the poor victim. Art students may see their cruel mode of operation illustrated in the grand Laocoön group of statuary. The true boa is a native principally of tropical America, the python being his representative and near relative in Asia. They feed chiefly on the smaller quadrupeds, and very frequently suspend themselves by the tail from large trees till their prey comes in close proximity below. M. de la Gironière frequently saw wild boars being gradually lifted from the ground by boa-constrictors, and then pressed against the tree-trunk with a force that crushed their bones and stifled them to death. On rare occasions they will kill man also. The same writer tells of a young man who fled from justice and hid himself in a cave, where his father brought him supplies of food. One day he found, in place of his son, an enormous boa fast asleep in the cavern. He killed it and ripped it open—to find the remains of his son, who had been surprised, crushed to death, and swallowed. A Dutch friend of Waterton's killed a boa twenty-two feet long, which had a pair of stag's horns sticking out of its mouth. It had swallowed the stag, but could not manage the antlers! They will sometimes, also, swallow each other. Thus, a python once at the Zoo, nine feet in length, killed and swallowed its companion, eight feet long.

A boa was once observed in Kalladgee, India, in the act of swallowing a poor monkey, while its frightened and indignant companions, powerless to save it, chattered and gesticulated on the neighbouring rocks. But they had their revenge, for presently the serpent, gorged with its meal, went to sleep at the foot of a small rocky bluff or cliff. Then the monkeys silently unloosened a number of rocks and boulders at its summit, and, at a given moment, sent them rolling and tumbling down on the top of their enemy, who was, of course, crushed to death.

The cobra di capello—the "hooded snake" of India—a much smaller serpent than the boa, is an infinitely more vicious animal. It inhabits every part of India, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, and causes the deaths of at least 10,000 natives annually. There is no known antidote to its poison. When in our own country a caterpillar drops from the top of a summer-house into one's strawberries and cream, or crawls into our lobster salad at a picnic, it is considered rather a nuisance: in India the caterpillar is represented by the cobra. It has appeared suddenly on and under many a dinner-table; one finds it coiled up in the wardrobe or cupboard, or in the large pockets of a dress. A doctor of reputation tells how he found one ensconced in the lining of his brougham. Although there is a Government reward for all brought in dead, only the lowest caste Hindoos will engage in the work; it is regarded with superstition, awe, and reverence, and is often petted and protected.

The number of deaths caused by the dreaded rattlesnake is as nothing compared with those due to the cobra. There is some evidence to show that unless specially aroused or frightened it would not of its own accord attack mankind. A recent American anecdote illustrates this point. Two children, one aged two and the other only three years old, were noticed by the mother of the first making feints of striking or stroking something in the grass, and after each stroke laughing gaily. She thought nothing about it, till at the end of a quarter of an hour or so, she rose and walked towards the little ones. When within a few feet of them she was horrified to find that their plaything was a large rattlesnake! There it lay, basking in the sun, making no hostile demonstration whatever, but simply raising its head when it was touched, and darting its tongue out and in. It was this that caused the children's amusement. Finally, the lady took a step forward, when the snake noticed her. Instantly its whole appearance changed. As quick as lightning it threw itself into the coil which gives it the power to make its deadly spring, and sounded its rattle. This sudden change alarmed the children, who quickly moved away. The poor distracted mother did not lose her presence of mind till she had picked up a strong stick which fortunately lay handy for her, and killed the snake with several determined blows. Then she fainted, and was found and revived some time afterwards by kindly neighbours—the dead rattlesnake by her side.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AT THE BRAMBLES.

It was a lovely evening when we arrived at Roseberry.

"We lead regular hermit lives at the Brambles, away from the haunts of men," observed Miss Ruth; but I was too much occupied to answer her. Dot and I were peeping through the windows of the little omnibus that was conveying us and our luggage to the cottage. Miss Ruth had a pretty little pony carriage for country use; but she would not have it sent to the station to meet us—the omnibus would hold us all, she said. Nurse could go outside; the other two servants who made up the modest establishment at the Brambles had arrived the previous day.

Roseberry was a struggling little place, without much pretension to gentility. A row of white lodging-houses, with green verandahs, looked over the little parade; there was a railed-in green enclosure before the houses, where a few children played.

Half a dozen bathing machines were drawn up on the beach; beyond was the Preventive station, and the little white cottages, where the Preventive men lived, with neat little gardens in front.

The town was rather like Milnethorpe, for it boasted only one long street. A few modest shops, the Blue Boar Inn, and

a bow-windowed house with "Library" painted on it in large characters, were mixed up with pleasant-looking dwelling houses. The little grey church was down a country wood, and did not look as though it belonged to the town, but the schools were in High-street. Beyond Roseberry were the great rolling downs.

We had left the tiny parade and the lodging-houses behind us, and our little omnibus seemed jolting over the heath—I believe they called it a road, but it was rough and stony, and seemed to lead to the shore. It was quite a surprise when we drove sharply round a low, rocky point, and came upon a low grey cottage, with a little garden running down to the beach. Truly a hermit's abode, the Brambles; not another house in sight; low, white chalky cliffs, with the green downs above them, and, far as we could see, a steep beach, with long fringes of yellow sands, with the grey sea breaking softly in the distance, for it was low tide, and the sun had set.

"Is this too lonely for you, Esther?" asked Miss Ruth, as we walked up the pebbly path to the porch. It was a deep stone porch with seats on either side, and its depth gave darkness to the little square hall, with its stone fireplace and oak settles.

"What a delicious place!" was my answer, as I followed her from one room into another. The cottage was a perfect nest of cosy little rooms, all very tiny, and leading into each other.

There was a snug dining-room that led into Mr. Lucas' study, and beyond that two little drawing-rooms, very small, and simply though prettily furnished. They were perfect summer rooms, with their Indian matting and muslin curtains, with wicker chairs and lounges, and brackets with Miss Ruth's favourite china.

Upstairs the arrangements were just as simple; not a carpet was to be seen, only dark polished floors and strips of Indian matting, cool chintz coverings, and furniture of the simplest maple and pine wood—a charming summer retreat, fitted up with unostentatious taste. There was a tiny garden at the back, shut in by a low chalk cliff, a rough zigzag path that goats might have climbed led to the downs, and there was a beach where we could enjoy the sweet air and wide prospect.

It was quite a cottage garden. All the old-fashioned flowers bloomed there; little pink cabbage roses, Turks-caps, lilies, lupins, and monkshood, and columbines. Everlasting peas and scarlet-runners ran along the wall, and wide-lipped convolvuli, scarlet weeds of poppies flaunted beside the delicate white harebells, sweetwilliam and gilly flowers, and humble southernwood, and homely pinks and fragrant clove carnations, and pansies of every shade in purple and golden patches.

"Oh, Essie, it reminds me of our cottage; why, there are the lilies and the beehives, and there is the porch where you said you should sit on summer evenings and mend Allan's socks." And Dot leaned on his crutches and looked round with bright wide-open eyes.

Our little dream cottage; well, it was not unlike it, only the sea and the downs and the low chalk cliffs were added. How Dot and I grew to love that garden! There was an old medlar tree, very gnarled and crooked, under which Miss Ruth used to place her little tea-table; the wicker chairs were brought out, and there we used often to spend our afternoons, with little blue butterflies hovering round us, and the bees humming among the sweet thyme and marjoram, and sometimes an adventurous sheep looking down on us from the cliff.

We led a perfect gipsy life at the Brambles; no one called on us, the vicar of Roseberry was away, and a stranger had taken his duty; no interloper from the outer world broke the peaceful monotony of our days, and the sea kept

"'WE HAVE BEEN EVER SO FAR, ESSIE,' SCREAMED DOT."

up its plaintive music day and night, and the larks sang to us, and the sweet humming of insect life made an undertone of melody, and in early mornings the little garden seemed steeped in dews and fragrance. We used to rise early, and after breakfast Flurry and I bathed. There was a little bathing-room beyond the cottage, with a sort of wooden bridge running over the beach, and there Flurry and I would disport ourselves like mermaids.

After a brisk run on the sands or over the downs we joined Miss Ruth on the beach, where we worked and talked, or helped the children build sand-castles, and deck them with stone and seaweeds. What treasures we collected for Carrie's Sunday-scholars; what stores of bright coloured seaweed—or sea flowers, as Dot persisted in calling them—and heaps of faintly-tinged shells!

Flurry's doll family had accompanied us to The Brambles. "The poor dear things wanted change of air!" Flurry had decided, and, in spite of my dissuasion, all the fair waxen creatures and their heterogeneous wardrobe had been consigned to a vast trunk.

Flurry's large family had given her infinite trouble when we settled for our mornings on the beach. She travelled up and down the long stony hillocks to the cottage until her little legs ached, to fetch the twelve dolls. When they were all deposited in their white sun-bonnets under a big umbrella, to save their complexions, which, notwithstanding, suffered severely; then and then only would Flurry join Dot on the narrow sands.

Sometimes the tide rose, or a sudden shower came on, and then great was the confusion. Once a receding wave carried out Corporal Trim, the most unlucky of dolls, to sea. Flurry wrung her hands and wept so bitterly over this disaster that Miss Ruth was quite frightened, and Flossy jumped up and licked his little mistress's face and the faces of the dolls by turns.

"Oh, the dear thing is drownded," sobbed Flurry, as Corporal Trim floundered helplessly in the surge. Dot's soft heart was so moved by her distress, that he hobbled into the water, crutches and all, to my infinite terror.

"Don't cry, Flurry, I've got him by the hair of his head," shouted Dot, valiantly shouldering the dripping doll. Flurry ran down the beach with the tears still on her cheeks, and took the wretched corporal and hugged him to her bosom.

"Oh, my poor drownded Trim," cried Flurry, tenderly, and a strange procession formed to the cottage. Flurry with the poor victim in her arms, and Flossy jumping and barking delightedly round her, and snatching at the wet rags; Dot also, wet and miserable, toiling up the beach on his crutches; Miss Ruth and I following with the eleven dolls.

The poor corporal spent the rest of the day watching his own clothes drying by the kitchen fire, where Dot kept him company; Flurry trotted in and out and petted them both. I am afraid Dot being a boy often found the dolls a nuisance, and could have dispensed with their company. There was a grand quarrel once when he flatly refused to carry one. "I can't make believe to be a girl," said Dot, curling his lip with infinite contempt.

We used to spend our afternoons in the garden. It was cooler than the beach, and the shade of the old medlar was refreshing. We sometimes read aloud to the children, but oftener they were working in their little gardens, or playing with some tame rabbits that belonged to Flurry. Dot always hobbled after Flurry wherever she went; he was her devoted slave. Flurry sometimes treated him like one of her dolls, or put on little motherly airs in imitation of Miss Ruth.

"You are tired, my dear boy; pray lean on me," we heard her once say, propping him with her childish arm. "Sit down in the shade, you must not heat yourself;" but Dot rather resented her care of him, after the fashion of boys, but on the whole they suited each other perfectly.

In the evenings we always walked over the downs or drove with Miss Ruth in her pony-carriage through the leafy lanes, or beside the yellow cornfields. The children used to gather large nosegays of poppies and cornflowers, and little pinky convolvuli. Sometimes we visited a farmhouse where some people lived whom Miss Ruth knew.

Once we stopped and had supper there, a homely meal of milk, and brown bread, and cream cheese, with a golden honeycomb to follow, which we ate in the farmyard kitchen. What an exquisite time we had there, sitting in the low window seat, looking over a bright clover field. A brood of little yellow chickens ran over the red-brick floor, a black retriever and her puppies lay before the fire—fat black puppies with blunt noses and foolish faces, turning over on their backs, and blundering under everyone's feet.

Dot and Flurry went out to see the cows milked, and came back with long stories of the dear little white, curly-tailed pigs. Flurry wrote to her father the next day, and begged that he would buy her one for a pet. Both she and Dot were indignant when we told them the little pig they admired so much would become a great ugly sow like its mother.

Mrs. Blake, the farmer's wife, took a great fancy to Dot, and begged him to come again, which both the children promised her most earnestly to do. They both carried off spoils of bright red apples to eat on the way.

It was almost dark as we drove home through the narrow lanes; the hedgerows glimmered strangely in the dusk; a fresh sea-ladened wind blew in our faces across the downs, the lights shone from the Preventive station, and across the vague mist glimmered a star or two. How fragrant and still it was, only the soft washing of the waves on the beach to break the silence!

Miss Ruth shivered a little as we rattled down the road leading to The Brambles. Dorcas, mindful of her mistress's delicacy, had lighted a little fire in the inner drawing-room, and had hot coffee waiting for us.

It looked so snug and inviting that the children left it reluctantly to go to bed; but Miss Ruth was inexorable. This was our cosy hour; all through the day we had to devote ourselves to the children—we used to enjoy this quiet time to ourselves. Sometimes I wrote to mother or Carrie, or we naturally took up our books, but oftener we sat and talked as we did on this evening, until Nurse came to remind us of the lateness of the hour.

Mr. Lucas paid us brief visits; he generally came down on Saturday evening and remained until Monday. Miss Ruth could never coax him to stay longer; I think his business distracted him, and kept his trouble at bay. In this quiet place he would have grown restless. He had bought The Brambles to please his wife, and she, and not Miss Ruth, had furnished it. They had spent happy summers there when Flurry was a baby. The little garden had been a wilderness until then; every flower had been planted by his wife, every room bore witness to her charming taste. No wonder he regarded it with such mingled feelings of pain and pleasure.

Mr. Lucas made no difference to our simple routine. Miss Ruth and Flurry used to drive to the little station to meet him, and bring him back in triumph to the seven o'clock nondescript meal, that was neither dinner nor tea nor supper, but a compound of all. I used to go up with the children after that meal, that he and Miss Ruth might enjoy their chat undisturbed. When I returned to the drawing-room Miss Ruth was invariably alone.

"Giles has gone out for a solitary prowl," she would say, and he rarely returned before we went upstairs. Miss Ruth knew his habits, and seldom waited up to say good-night to him.

"He likes better to be alone when he is in this mood," she would say sometimes. Her tact and cleverness in managing him were wonderful; she never seemed to watch him, she never let him feel that his morbid fits were noticed and humoured, but all the same she knew when to leave him alone, and when to talk to him; she could be his bright companion, or sit silently beside him for hours. On Sunday mornings Mr. Lucas always accompanied us to church, and in the afternoon he sat with the children on the beach. Dot soon got very fond of him, and would talk to him in his fearless way, about anything that came into his head; Miss Ruth sometimes joined them, but I always went apart with my book.

Mr. Lucas was so good to me that I could not bear to hamper him in the least by my presence; with grown-up people he was a little stiff and reserved, but with children he was his true self.

Flurry doted on her father, and Dot told me in confidence that "he was the nicest man he had ever known except Uncle Geoffrey."

I could not hear their talk from my nest in the cliff, but I am afraid Dot's chief occupation was to hunt the little scurrying crabs into a certain pool he had

already fringed with seaweed. I could see him and Flurry carrying the big jelly-fishes, and floating them carefully. They had left their spades and buckets at home, out of respect for the sacredness of the day; but neither Flurry's clean white frock nor Dot's new suit hindered them from scooping out the sand with their hands, and making rough and ready ramparts to keep in their prey.

Mr. Lucas used to lie on the beach with his straw hat over his eyes, and watch their play, and pet Flossy. When he was tired of inaction he used to call to the children, and walk slowly and thoughtfully on. Flurry used to run after him.

"Oh, do wait for Dot, father," she would plead; nothing would induce her to leave her infirm and halting little playfellow. One day when Mr. Lucas was impatient of his slow progress, I saw him shoulder him, crutches and all, and march off with him, Dot clapping his hands and shouting with delight. That was the only time I followed them, but I was so afraid Dot was a hindrance, and wanted to capture him, I walked quite a mile before I met them coming back.

Mr. Lucas was still carrying Dot, Flurry was trotting beside him, and pretending to use Dot's crutches.

"We have been ever so far, Essie," screamed Dot when he caught sight of me. "We have seen lots of seagulls, and a great cave where the smugglers used to hide."

"Oh, Dot, you must not let Mr. Lucas carry you," I said, holding out my arms to relieve him of his burden. "You must stay with me, and I will tell you a story.'

"He is happier up here, aren't you, Frankie boy?" returned Mr. Lucas, cheerfully."

"Oh, but he will tire you," I faltered.

"Tire me, this little bundle of bones!" peeping at Dot over his shoulder; "why, I could walk miles with him. Don't trouble yourself about him, Miss Esther. We understand each other perfectly."

And then he left me, walking with long, easy strides over the uneven ground, with Flurry running to keep up with him.

They used to go on the downs after tea, and sit on the little green beach, while Miss Ruth and I went to church.

Miss Ruth never would use her pony carriage on Sunday. A boy used to draw her in a wheel chair. She never stayed at home unless she was compelled to do so. I never knew anyone enjoy the service more, or enter more fully into it.

No matter how out of tune the singing might be, she always joined in it with a fervour that quite surprised me. "Depend upon it, Esther," she used to say, "it is not the quality of our singing that matters, but how much our heart joins with the choir. Perfect praise and perfect music cannot be expected here; but I like to think old Betty's cracked voice, when she joins in the hymns, is as sweet to angels' ears as our younger notes."

The children always waited up for us on Sunday evening, and afterwards Miss Ruth would sing with them; sometimes Mr. Lucas would walk up and down the gravel paths listening to them, but oftener I could catch the red light of his cigar from the cliff seat.

I wonder what sad thoughts came to him as the voices floated out to him, mixed up with the low ripple of waves on the sand.

"Where loyal hearts and true"—they were singing that, I remember; Flurry in her childish treble. And Flurry's mother, lying in her quiet grave—did the mother in paradise, I wonder, look down from her starry place on her little daughter singing her baby hymn, and on that lonely man, listening from the cliff seat in the darkness?

(To be continued.)

KINGLY NICKNAMES.

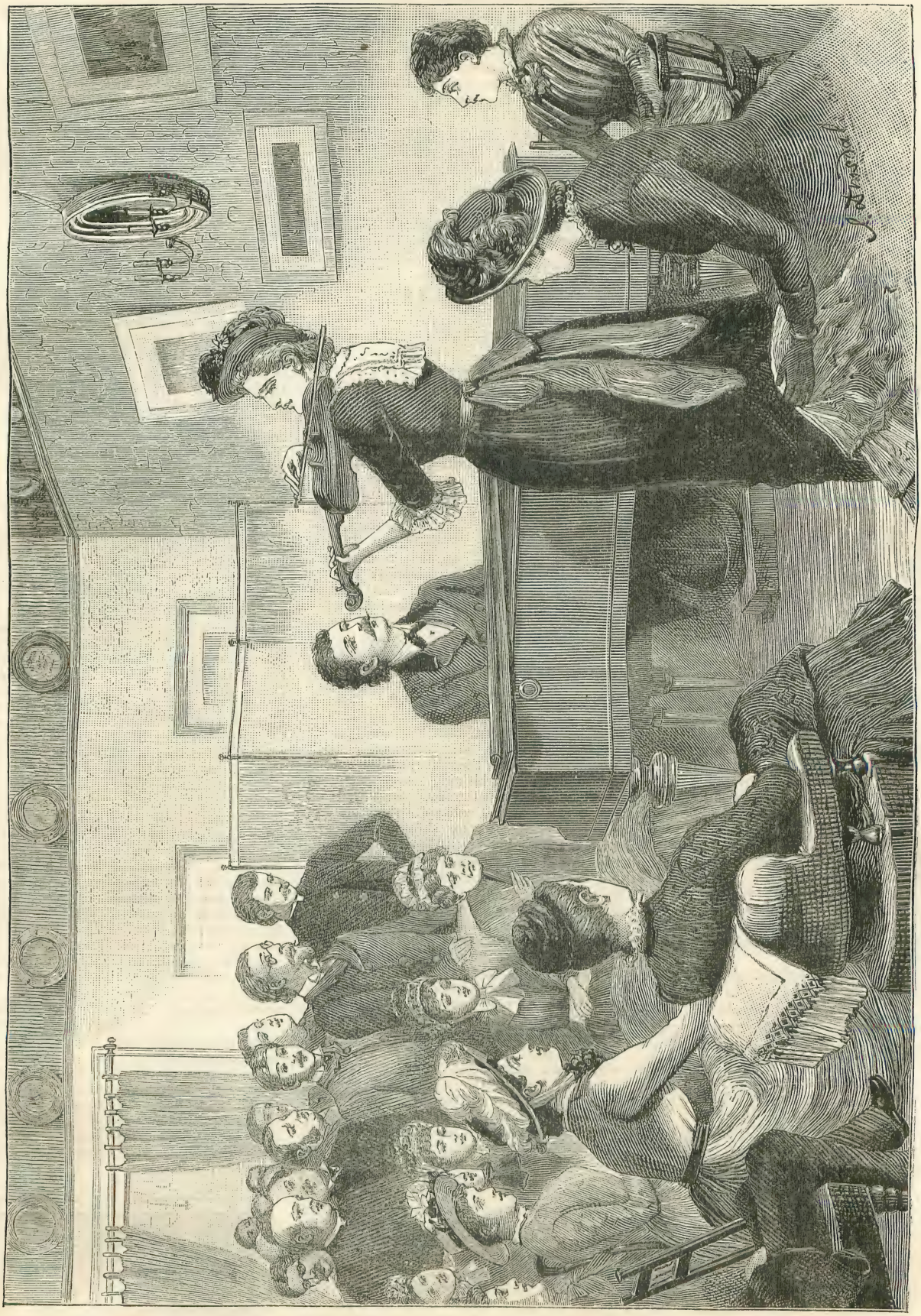
From the days when a king first reigned over men, the subjects of a monarch have been fond of attaching to his title some epithet descriptive of his appearance, disposition, or habits, complimentary, or, occasionally, the reverse. Our English royal saints are few—but two—or, to speak more accurately, one and a-half, grace all the long list of our royalty—Edmund, King of the East Angles, who died for the faith at the hands of the Norsemen; and Edward the Confessor, who ranks a grade below saintship, and has had a large amount of veneration bestowed on his memory. To this day Romanists flock around his tomb in the Abbey on his special festival, and invoke his aid. A noble epithet was that of "Truthteller," bestowed on Alfred the Great. Canute deserved his distinguishing adjective for skill in fight and council, though his physical stature belied it. The Unready and the Elder explain themselves, and the Martyr shares his title with Charles Stuart, "The White King." Emma, the Flower of Normandy, won two crowns by her beauty; the Conqueror and the Red King, Beauclerc and "the good" Queen Maud deserve their names; while Richard and John are well distinguished as Lionheart and Lackland. Eleanor the Faithful is well known as true wife and very woman, her story being one of the strands of our national history that is never dropped. We have many a "fair" queen—Isabel, whom a later age knows as "She-wolf of France"; Katherine, the Victor of Agincourt's "Sweet Kate"; Alix, the second spouse of Henry I., and Eleanor, the lovely Provençal Queen of Henry III. Elizabeth of York was another "good" lady; but Bluff King Hal was too gentle a name for the royal bluebeard, her son. Bloody Queen Mary would, perchance, never have won such a title had not fate sent her into the world three centuries too late; and "Good Queen Bess's" virtue is not dazzling when viewed close. Another English Elizabeth fairly won her sovereignty as "Queen of Hearts," though she lost her more substantial state in Bohemia. The Merry Monarch was the favourite gloss of a character that was very worthless, but lovable through all; and good Queen Anne demonstrates the power of genuine amiability, unbacked by any sort of mental power. Farmer George is kindly thought of yet among his granddaughter's subjects; and we fear we have heard an irreverent generation describe his worthy consort as "Snuffy."

In France two royal saints claim notice—St. Louis, soul of chivalry, and the gentle Ste. Jeanne de Valois, the cruelly repudiated wife of the Father of his People, Louis XII. "So ill-favoured," says a preacher at her death, "that her husband cast her off; so well-favoured that she was the bride of Christ." Charlemagne, whom the Germans equally claim as Karl der Grosse, gains French veneration even in these days; but the Gallic mind usually found more scope in terms describing the personal peculiarities rather than the moral attributes of the sovereigns, as the Fat, the Bald, the Stammerer, and occasionally the not more flattering epithets of Peevish and Simple. Louis le Grand and Louis le Bien Aimé sadly belie their names; while Louis le Juste and Jean Sans Peur are more truly represented. The Victorieux little merited a title really belonging to the Shepherdess of Domremy; and the Lion was a very mild roaring specimen of his race. Louis le Désiré was not very ardently prized when he did return; and le roi bourgeois, "Napoleon de la Paix," in spite of the boasted attachment for his subjects, ended his days as an exile at Claremont.

In Germany the cognomens of Fowler and Redbeard testified to the habits and appearance of two of the Kaisers. Maximilian, "Ritter Theurdank," was known as the Last of the Knights; and Luther's protector, the far-seeing Elector, was fitly honoured as Friedrich der Weise.

In other countries and kingdoms the habit of ticketing their lords by some easily-recognisable title was widely practised. Norway boasted a Saint, a King Blue Tooth, and a Harold the Fair-Haired; Russia, an Ivan the Terrible, a Peter the Great, and an Elizabeth the Clement; Spain, a Pedro the Cruel, an Isabel the Catholic, and a Juana la Loca; Normandy had a Fearless Duke and a Good, also a ruler whom his subjects politely termed the Devil, and a luckless lord whose want of symmetry led to his sobriquet of Courthose; Florence had its Magnificent, and Holland its Silent Prince. In Scotland, our English Saint Margaret stands pre-eminent, with her husband of the Big Head, and James II. was known as Fiery Face, from a mark on his cheek. Their descendant, first King of Great Britain, rejoiced in the designation of British Solomon. Perhaps the prettiest sobriquet ever given was that bestowed on a certain Dorothea, princess of a small German State, who was known to her people as the Darling Dorel. Hardly less flattering is the title of Smile of Italy, given to la Margherita, though her husband can scarcely be equally pleased at being distinguished as the Frown—not so flattering a distinction as the Ré Galantuomo of his father.

Of all the many epithets bestowed on royal personages it may well be said that none is more thoroughly true of its object than that given by the Poet Laureate to that true gentleman, "his own ideal knight," Albert the Good. After years will link with his the name of his loyal wife, as Model Queen and high-hearted woman, blessed through all her sorrow with the great gift of loving—a blessing greater even than to be beloved.



"THE SOFT AND GENTLE MELANCHOLY OF THE COMPOSITION FILLED FRIDA'S SOUL WITH LONGING AND REGRET."

A NEW YEAR'S WELCOME.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

To thee, dear friend—true, faithful heart,
Through smile and tear.
To thee, who never falsehood knew,
Through sun that shone, or wind that blew;
To thee, my trusty friend and true—
A glad new year!

To thee, dear maid—fair opening flower,
Tender and dear.
To thee, whose life like music flows,
Whose heart is like a folded rose,
Whose grace may cloudless time unclose—
A glad new year!

To ye, dear friends—frail withering flowers,
Whose leaves are sere.
To ye, dear friends, who slowly move
Toward the bowers that bloom above,
To bloom with those we lost and love—
A glad new year!

To ye, dear friends—bright fadeless flowers
That bloom not here.
To ye, dear friends, who lie asleep
Under the grass, where the willows weep,
And the wind blows cold, and the snow lies deep—
A glad new year!

HER VIOLIN.

A SKETCH IN SEPIA.

CHAPTER II.

It is two years later, the London season is at its height, and the usual dances, dinners, talk, worry, noise, and entertainment are all in full swing.

In the matter of concerts there has been a novelty this year; a new star has appeared, and has given the musical world matter for conversation in a more interesting fashion than artists are wont to excite. Demetri von Szantó has been playing a great deal, chiefly to the most critical and cultivated audiences. His music is pronounced to be like Wagner, Brahms, Raff, Chopin, and Scarlatti, wherefrom we may gather, perhaps, that it is original, and he is received and greatly liked in society, is found to be a charming guest, and most good-natured in the matter of helping to while away dreary hours at afternoon teas or evening receptions.

If he be found somewhat impatient of being bored with hearing bad music, and if he be pretty frequently engaged when invited to visit houses where such is heard, it only lends an additional charm to his society when he vouchsafes to be present at a gathering.

In truth, von Szantó is happy; he enjoys his life, is amused at the new phases of existence the last two years have unfolded to him, and rejoices most unfeignedly at his success, for this has enabled him to remit to Hungary sums sufficient for pressing needs. At Christmas he had visited his home and had arranged that another piece of his estate should, if possible, be sold to pay off one of his heaviest debts; this matter, however, was still unsettled.

One hot day in June he has done, as he considers, a good morning's work, having already rehearsed for a grand concert to take place at St. James's Hall at seven o'clock. He has worked hard with Abraham, the great violinist, and has been able to feel satisfied that his music will go well.

His sonata, too, the work of which he is so fond, was played as well as it had been in Paris, and one especially delicate passage for the cello, in the andante movement, had been rendered in a manner that could not be improved.

Altogether, Demetri was in a contented mood as he sauntered down to the Park to see the coaches start, and accepted, without reluctance, an offer soon made him of a seat to Sandown Park, as it was accompanied by an assurance that he would be back, without fail, for his evening engagement.

It is hot in the Park even, but it is hotter in the streets, and the dingy neighbourhood of the north side of Oxford-street is not an inviting one this sultry day. In a gloomy drawing-room of a house in Beaumont-street a girl is practising diligently, working patiently at the violin part of a quartette of Beethoven's. She is a musician, unquestionably—her crisp, firm touch, and the wonderful flexibility of her manipulation, prove that she is both gifted and industrious.

Beethoven is not her favourite composer, however; after conquering the passage which stopped her, she lays the music down, and taking the violin once more, plays without notes a spirited "Hungarian dance" of Szantó's; then parts of his sonata, and then the "nocturne" she performed with him at Weiburg.

She is a worthy object of study as she stands playing thus, and is scarcely to be recognised as the Frida Bund of former acquaintance, for these two years have done much for her in every way, and the awkward schoolgirl has developed into a woman of almost imposing presence. She is tall, and has a beautiful face; her features are large, but finely formed; and the curves of her mouth are exquisite enough to compensate for its width; she has a broad, low forehead, and the most glorious eyes shaded by long lashes. Her abundant hair, of a darkish yellow, touched here and there with red, is simply twisted into a large coil at the back of her head; and her complexion is of a clear creamy white. Standing alone, she is so well-proportioned that she does not seem to be cast in too large a mould, but when with other women it is soon seen that she is above the usual height. It has been said that her features want expression; that may be true sometimes, for Frida is so still, both by nature and habit, that as a rule her face changes but little. Now, however, when her soul is in her playing, her countenance is full of light and interest, and her great eyes are beaming with expression.

She, too, has been successful; since she played at Weiburg she has been in nearly every town of note in Germany, and has won golden opinions from audiences very much given to criticise. This is her first visit to London, and she has only been here a fortnight, her father not having been able before to make what he considered satisfactory arrangements for her appearance.

He has now agreed that she shall play at a series of evening concerts, the first of which will take place in a week, and he is half regretting this plan, as from two appearances she has made at the houses of distinguished amateurs he thinks he discovers that she will be a great success in this smoky London, and he might have stipulated for higher pay had he known how she would be appreciated. Sir Severus Bede himself has taken notice of her, and has promised to help her in her career in any way in his power.

Frida has taken up Szantó's sonata again, and is working away at a passage in the allegro movement, when she is interrupted by the announcement that a gentleman wishes to speak with her, and Sir Severus Bede is ushered in. He looks somewhat hot and flurried, and with scarcely a word of greeting dashes at once into his reasons for coming.

"Fraulein," he says, "I am charmed to find you playing that music, for I am come to you to help me out of a great difficulty. You have heard of the concert to-night?"

"Yes," returned Frida, "we go to it. I long to hear Abraham play this;" and she touched the music.

"You will not have that pleasure, at any

rate," remarked Sir Severus; "for Abraham has just met with an accident. The cab in which he was was run into by a large van, and the windows were smashed, his left hand being so severely cut that he will not be able to hold his violin for weeks to come. I heard you play some music of Szantó's awhile ago, if you remember, and I come to ask you to take Abraham's place to-night. Will you do so?"

"You ask *me* to take *his* place?" exclaimed Frida, rising in her excitement. "I dare not—I could not. What would Herr Szantó——"

"He cannot be found," said Sir Severus; "he is *gone in the country* for the day. I have sent for him, but can only learn that he does not return till the evening. He rehearsed with Abraham this morning, and it was just after separating that the accident befell. Of course it is unfortunate that you have never played with Szantó, and can have no rehearsal, but I can stay half an hour and will go over what there is time for with you. I do not want to alter the programme, and I have heard no one else in London play this music; so come, Fraulein," and the imperious conductor walked to the piano.

Frida had no choice but to take up her violin and prepare to obey, remarking as she did so, "I have once played with Herr Szantó, but it was two years ago."

"You have!" exclaimed Sir Severus; "two or ten years, it matters not, you know his style, and you take away all doubts from me. Now begin."

So they played, and greatly astonished was Herr Bund, when he came in shortly after, to find what arrangements had been made in his absence. Greatly delighted also, for he hopes that this evening will introduce Frida in a brilliant fashion that years of ordinary engagements would not have accomplished; and he is profuse in his acknowledgments to Sir Severus, his obsequious demeanour, continual bows, and constant gesticulation forming the greatest contrast imaginable to his daughter's still, reposeful manner.

Frida has but little time in which to think of the importance of this new engagement, for the hours seem to fly, and it is time to start before she has realised all it means.

The sonata, which is the first of Szantó's compositions, is the fourth piece on the programme, but Frida and her father are early at the hall, and have time to hear of the brilliant and crowded audience, and of the disappointment caused by the notification of Abraham's non-appearance.

Sir Severus comes while they are waiting, to tell Frida that Szantó is late, and he is expressing his annoyance that it should be so, as the sonata comes after the song then in progress, when Demetri appears and explains to Sir Severus his sorrow, on arriving at his lodgings, to find a note telling him of the disappointment awaiting him, and of his surprise that a substitute should have been so quickly found.

Sir Severus has barely time to take him to Frida and introduce them, before it is needful they should make their appearance. Demetri in a few hurried words expresses his thanks to her for coming, and evidently tries hard to conceal the anxiety that the change of performers causes him. Frida bows silently, and led by him makes her first appearance before a London audience. The vociferous clapping with which the English always strive to encourage a *débutante* lasts long enough for her to determine that she will deserve their applause, and as she takes one long steady look at the crowd in front of her, raising her violin in readiness for the conductor's signal, she is regarded with some astonishment by the audience, for they had only imagined a young, nervous girl would be before them; instead they see a tall, graceful woman, her calm face lighted up with expression, her slightly parted lips and flushed cheeks alone testifying to her emotion, and her glorious eyes appearing larger than usual, and beaming with light. She looks the embodiment of an ideal goddess of music, and the interest caused by her appearance is a good augury for the success of her performance.

After the first quarter of an hour there was no doubt as to this, for the sonata went perfectly, and the audience became excited and clamoured loudly for an *encore* of the last movement; this, however, was refused, on account of the length of the programme, and as Demetri led Frida away his evident delight found vent in almost extravagant expressions of gratitude.

"You see, Fraulein," he said, "I was alarmed when I found what had happened, for I have never played with a lady before, and I——"

Frida looked up at him, their eyes met, and with her glance came to him the picture of that night two years ago, and of the girl about whom he had made such a carelessly cruel remark. He stopped abruptly, and a flush of surprise and annoyance covered his face.

Frida, however, smiled brightly and said, "I had the pleasure of playing with you at Weiburg two years ago; I have studied your music much, and the delight I have in playing it always increases."

This speech set Demetri at his ease. "At least," he thought, "she bears no malice for my abominable impertinence." He plunged at once into talk, and both were surprised when they were summoned again to the orchestra.

This concert was said to be the success of the season; the Princess of Wales sent a few kind words of compliment to Frida, and the morning papers described in glowing terms the wonders of the performance. Herr Bund was charmed; offers of engagements of the best kind poured in upon him, giving him ample scope for displaying his admirable business talents, and for securing the profits which so rejoiced his mercenary soul.

For Frida, that evening opened the gate of an enchanted land; during the rest of her stay in London she seemed to breathe in an atmosphere of light and joy. Her intense delight in her art, and her happiness in exercising it, were heightened by the pleasure she gave her father and Demetri. She never recognised what made the difference when she accepted an engagement to play without Von Szantó, always thinking the audience were unappreciative, or the music badly chosen, or herself wanting in expression. But when Demetri was there, all was well; and in truth she was seldom tried by his absence, for the two performed together for the six remaining weeks of their stay in town, and were continually practising, rehearsing, walking, driving, and sightseeing in company; Herr Bund being most willing that the friendship which was so advantageous to his daughter's career should by no means be interrupted, and Demetri finding a happiness in the companionship of a woman so gifted as Frida, without pausing to ascertain what it meant, or whither this pleasant dreaming would lead him.

This could not last, however, for the season was drawing to its close, and the plans for the autumn were being discussed, and it seemed probable that Herr Bund would not be satisfied with the terms offered him for Frida's appearance in the provinces. He insisted on her return to Germany, where he believed it would be well for her to go to Homburg, Baden, and other places of the like sort. For the first time Frida found her wishes in opposition to her father's will, as she strongly desired to remain in England, and go to York and other towns where Demetri had engagements.

Affairs were in this position when Frida accompanied a great friend of hers, a Mrs. Somerset, to a house at Richmond, where there was to be a charming entertainment, to wind up with a very short concert of the choicest music. Frida had now many friends in London, and on her appearance in the garden, which sloped down to the river, she was welcomed with numerous greetings. She looked round for Demetri, but he was not to be seen, and she was soon in earnest conversation with Mrs. Somerset, who had always seemed to her the best type of an English "grande dame," and whose unfailing kindness had won her warm regard. The afternoon was lovely, and the scene a beautiful one; the trim, but not formal, grounds, the lovely trees, the glorious sun light, and the flowing river were in no way spoiled by the addition of the groups of brightly-dressed people scattered over the lawn, and unconsciously the scene photographed itself on Frida's memory before she knew how beautiful the party would prove to her.

Szantó soon arrived, and speedily found his way to Frida and Mrs. Somerset, and the trio were sorry when evening came, and with it the summons for the concert to begin. The two were to play together for the last time for the present, and their first performance was, as usual, rapturously received.

After it was over, they wandered into the garden, and leaning on the balustrade which ran along part of the terrace near the river, they enjoyed for a few minutes in silence the delicious summer evening, and the sights and sounds which seemed to harmonise with, rather than to break, the stillness.

At last Von Szantó spoke, and told Frida something of what she had made his life, and how happy he had been in the London he had so often been told was *triste*. He described to her his home in Hungary, his mother, and the sisters who were educated so strictly and stiffly, and how different their characters seemed to be from those of the English girls he had met. He told her also of his difficulties, and how he was trying to free himself from debts and money troubles; adding that he did not understand the conduct of his agent at present, for a most advantageous offer had been made for purchase of the land he was now wishing to sell, yet the man had written to him without accounting for his non-acceptance of the proposal, but saying that "it seemed too good a one."

"It is strange," said Frida, "but perhaps you will hear more soon, or shall you go and see what it means?"

"I think not," answered Szantó. "I want to work hard this year, and not leave England till I go to Paris in January. Having to pass through Germany, though, would be a great temptation."

Just then a servant came to warn them that their turn to play was approaching, and they returned to the music-room. This was, then, their last, their very last, performance together. The thought filled Frida with sadness, almost with dismay, for as she took up her violin and played the first few bars of the piece, with a sudden rush of feeling, she seemed to realise what "the last time" meant for her. This was an unpublished composition of Szantó's, a kind of song without words, and was called "A Farewell."

It was extremely touching, and the soft and gentle melancholy of the composition filled Frida's soul with *longing and regret*, which found expression in her rendering of the music. Von Szantó, too, had not guessed how much his "Farewell" said to him, and as his fingers lingered over the closing notes, he seemed suddenly to awake to the knowledge that this

might be "good-bye" to all the happy interchange of thought and feeling which had so brightened the past few weeks for him, and that in losing Frida his life would become colourless and grey.

A dead silence was the greeting for the musicians at the end of their performance, and it was not till Frida and Szantó were nearly out of the room that a burst of applause testified to them the stillness had come from sympathy, and not from lack of enthusiasm.

They went back to the terrace, and Frida, seating herself and looking across the river to the opposite bank, where the moon was just rising over the trees, said, simply—

"How lovely your music is, and how it tells my heart the sadness of 'Farewell.'"

"Frida," said Szantó, suddenly, "this shall not be farewell. Do you not feel it cannot be? I love you; why should we part? I shall be no musician now, without your inspiration. We have been so happy; let us make our lives one harmony. Think what we might do, and be, if we were together! Dear Frida, tell me you will be my wife."

Frida raised her great eyes to his; they were swimming with tears, but the happy light in them could not be hidden. No fears of the future beset either of them as they sat beside the flowing river in the still night, and talked, as lovers will, as if the world held no other hopes or joys than theirs.

The evening ended all too soon, and Mrs. Somerset seemed for the first time unpleasing, as she came to tell Frida they must go. Demetri was to see Herr Bund to-morrow morning, and no shadow of doubt arose in the girl's mind as to his reception of Von Szantó's proposal to become his son. As she drove home in the soft air, she did think with something of awe and dread of the mother and sisters in the old castle at Szantó, wondering if she should find it very hard to conquer the stiffness which she knew so well she should encounter; but would not everything be easy, for Demetri would be with her? This thought silenced all doubts, and left her to enjoy the happiness of the few hours before the time when she would see her father at breakfast, and would warn him of Von Szantó's coming.

She often remembered that night in after days; the joy of it, and the waking from short slumber with the blissful sense that something glorious had broken on her life.

At breakfast Frida appeared, looking lovelier than ever, and Herr Bund could not help silently admiring her, as she began to tell him, in her usual way, of the doings of the previous night. He was much interested apparently in his letters, and Frida found it rather hard to be sure he was attending to her sufficiently to make it possible she should mention the subject nearest her heart.

At last she told him of the "Farewell," and of the silence which the audience had kept for the few minutes at the end, and then she said, "We went out on the terrace, and Demetri——"

At this, the first time he had heard her mention Von Szantó's Christian name, Herr Bund looked up and said, "My child, you are speaking of Count von Szantó."

Frida rose, and, going to her father's side, said, softly, "He will always be 'Demetri' to me now, father. He loves me; I have promised to be his wife; he comes this morning to talk with you."

Herr Bund started from his chair, and, confronting the dismayed Frida, with rage in his countenance, exclaimed, "What! you have the assurance to tell me you mean to marry? After all I have done for you: after your education, and the never-ceasing care I have bestowed, you throw up your career, you desert me, you intend to bury yourself in a mouldy castle with a poverty-stricken slip of nobility, forsooth! and all other claims are disregarded. It shall not be!" He paused from lack of breath, and Frida, pale, trembling, and overwhelmed with the sudden outburst, revealing, as it seemed to do, a baser side to her father's character, tried in vain to calm him and to explain that they had no thought of giving up their profession, but that both would work for him, so he would find his life easier instead of more difficult. It was in vain, he had lost all self-control, and stormed and raged, overpowering Frida with his wordy wrath till they were interrupted by the arrival of Demetri, when Herr Bund was forced to become more calm and to listen to Von Szantó, who, in a few manly words, told him of his love for his daughter and of the hopes he entertained.

He, too, was unprepared for the manner in which his advances were received, for Herr Bund, speaking with a sort of calm contempt, put his proposals aside, and said he had quite other intentions as to the way in which Frida's life should be spent.

Demetri turned with a bewildered air to Frida, and asked her if she, too, agreed to dismiss him.

"No," replied she; "I have consented to nothing. I will wait; my father will change."

"Never!" said Herr Bund, brusquely; "I am determined your talent shall not be wasted thus; you shall become famous as no other woman artist has been, and rich——"

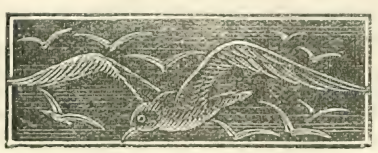
"I hope the riches will be hers even when she is my wife," interposed Demetri, "for I have this morning received a telegram from my agent saying that coal has been discovered on my estate, and begging me at once to go home and arrange about excavating it. This explains his behaviour," he continued, turning to Frida, "and I rejoice, for it relieves me from the feeling that all depended on my professional success. Coal is badly needed in our district, and the place where this is found is not so far from a railway as to make the carriage difficult. Surely, Herr Bund, this will change your determination—if I become wealthy you will alter your views?"

"No," replied the other; "this wealth is but a dream. I will hear nothing of your proposals, and I charge you, Frida, to think no more of this folly."

A painful scene ensued, but at the end Demetri was compelled to depart with very little hope that Bund would forego the handling of present gains for the hope of future happiness for his daughter; and Frida, though she would not consent to give up Demetri, was compelled to promise that she would not let his wishes interfere with her father's plans—at any rate, for the present.

Demetri was obliged to leave her, and the parting was necessarily a sad one, more so for her than for him, as he had the prospect of engrossing occupation during the time he could spare to spend in Hungary, and the consciousness that the discovery was for him a most momentous and valuable one—far more so than Bund, with his ignorance of the country, could estimate. He determined that, things once straight at Szantó, no obstacles should prevent him from bringing Frida there as his wife, and he cared very little for the opposition of the "vulgar little music-seller," as he called Herr Bund.

(To be continued.)



HIGHER THOUGHTS ON HOUSEKEEPING.

By Alice King.

As we wander through the woods on a summer evening, who has not paused to admire the little spots of gleaming light which sparkle among the long grass and soft mosses, shining as brightly as if they were stars which have been dropped from the clear blue sky above. What beautiful creatures these must be, we think, which glisten and glitter with such strange radiance; surely they must be some of the brightest-tinted insects which we see in the daytime, flashing hither and thither in the sunlight; they must be resting here after their busy wings have grown weary. We stoop down with this idea strong in our mind, we take one of the tiny lamps of harmless fire in our hand, and carry them home with us and place it carefully under a glass, expecting to-morrow morning to rejoice our eyes in the brilliancy of its hues. The sun rises; we turn, when we wake, with eager gaze towards our radiant treasure which we laid by before we slept. What do we behold? Nothing but the most sober-coloured, modest little worm that ever crept through field or hedgerow.

The girl who has a real talent for housekeeping will generally have something of the glowworm in her nature and character; she will shed around her a soft brightness which will light the whole house and family; yet it will be a brightness which shines on others, and does not make herself shine; and when we come to know her intimately, we often find that she is the quietest, most silent, retiring member of the household.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, smile a little contemptuously to hear the word "talent" applied to what seems to them such a realistic, material thing as housekeeping. We can assure them, however, that there are, among our girls, born housekeepers, just as much as there are born authoresses and born musicians. A talent for housekeeping is, to speak shortly and comprehensively, a strong development in a woman of what are called the administrative faculties. Where these exist naturally in a girl she will generally show at once an inclination and an aptitude for managing and overlooking a household and keeping the whole domestic machinery going at once briskly and smoothly.

When a girl displays decidedly this faculty to the attentive eyes of those who watch over her youth and education, everything should be done to help her to unfold it and bring it into active use. She should be early entrusted with money, and should be allowed to manage her own and perhaps her sisters' dress; she should be encouraged to take an interest in all practical matters, such as the price of various commodities of food, etc.; she should be permitted to employ her power of arranging and settling small household affairs, such as parties or excursions of pleasure, or administrating the funds of small charities; she should attend cookery classes, and be helped to make experiments in the art of cookery itself.

Our girls should not entertain the foolish, erroneous idea that the housekeeper will be the stupid girl of the family; far from that, she who will make a really good, effectual housekeeper, is usually endowed, in her quiet way, with a stock of shrewdness, and plain, practical common sense, and bright clear-sightedness. It requires no weak, scanty intellectual power to rule well the domestic affairs of even a comparatively modest household; the eyes of the mind have to be looking at least twenty ways at once, and the thoughts to be travelling in as many directions. A girl who would be a really good housekeeper must have a clear head, and must avoid

nothing so much as muddle and confusion. The untidily-kept account-book; the hazy, incorrect memory which can never remember whether the joint of beef or mutton came first into the larder; the slovenly store-room, where groceries and preserves lie huddled in grand disorder—these things most certainly do not belong to what can be called "good housekeeping."

In these days, when so many young women of gentle birth and nurture are so often in need of some means of gaining a respectable livelihood, it would be well if the prejudice could be got over among us against ladies taking situations as housekeepers in hotels or boarding-houses or large private establishments. On this point we want to do away with much false pride and much false shame; our girls should learn to feel and think that there is nothing low and degrading in such positions in life, if they are filled conscientiously and bravely, and with a high Christian sense of duty. If ladies would show themselves thorough practical workers as housekeepers, no doubt the prejudice against their occupying such situations would rapidly die out among us. It is certain that their lady's manners, and lady's feelings, and lady's culture would, in the long run, be a real help to them in such a calling; they would make them better managers of the inferior servants, would teach them that small economies are not beneath a good housekeeper's notice, would prevent their being above sometimes performing little domestic duties with their own hands. A real lady knows that she is just as much a lady when she sweeps a room as when she plays upon a piano, or sits on a sofa doing crewel work.

If our girls were taught a little more practical housekeeping in their school days, the benefit would certainly be incalculable in many a family of small means and limited income; such instruction would also greatly widen the sphere of usefulness of our girls themselves. It would be utterly ridiculous, if it were not utterly sad, as we pass down some row of houses in a country town, where our middle classes find their homes, to hear ringing forth from every window the tinkle of an inferior piano, or to enter the rooms in the same houses, and see every article of furniture in them clothed in specimens of wool-work, each more nameless and useless than its fellow; and then to reflect how much bright, healthy energy in the minds and fingers of the daughters of the family is wasted in these poor, make-believe counterfeits of real, earnest occupation. If the girl who is making indifferent, not to say bad music, was to be upstairs instead, sweeping and dusting, and making the home fresh and fair; if the girl who is sorting wools, was to be downstairs cooking the dinner, and making the family meal more wholesome and digestible, what a much more reasonable and sensible arrangement it would be, and what a much more useful and important member she would be of society.

It would be well if all those who overlook the education of our girls would impress upon them more, in their system of teaching, the dignity and beauty of all that is useful, and would make a less point of what is ornamental. As we have before said in this series of articles, when a girl has a real talent for any one art—for music, or literature, or painting—it should by all means be allowed a first place in the scheme of her education; but when no such talent exists, how far better it would be for the girl, and for all with whom she comes in contact in life, to make her at home in those branches of knowledge that would be really serviceable to herself and to those around her. We should have classes in our girls' schools for cookery, for plain needlework, for teaching household management generally; and in these such girls as have no artistic talent would soon unfold what other powers they have. If such things were more taught in our schools, and if those who excelled in them were to receive from their teachers their due meed of praise and encouragement, our girls would learn to see how foolish it is to look down on such acquirements.

Even the literary woman and the female artist need to know something of housekeeping; it is a branch of knowledge which cannot be left out of any woman's daily life unless under the most peculiar circumstances, and which, therefore, no girl's education can be complete without. The girl, then, who devotes herself to music or literature must certainly give at least a small portion of her time to the study of cookery and of household matters. It is a very wrong and false notion that a literary woman or a female artist cannot make the best of wives and mothers; there is not the smallest reason why she should not stand at the head of the list as both. She should indeed, from the extra refinement and delicacy of her feelings, exceed all other women in the way in which she holds both positions; while her greater breadth of mind should show her that it is no indignity to lay down her pen in order that she may make a pudding, or to employ the hands which have been flying over the keys in cutting out her baby's frocks.

A taste for reading is also quite compatible with being a good housekeeper; it is entirely a woman's own fault if she ever sinks into being a mere household drudge. What is there to hinder her, if she chooses it, from studying a deep book in the morning, and from preparing her husband's dinner in the afternoon? Her brains will not be one bit less clear and strong because her hands know how to be skilful and busy in their own department; she will not make a man the less intelligent and bright companion when he returns of an evening, will not discuss with him with less lively energy the leading topics of the day, because she has made half the dishes which stand between them on the table.

The art of being a good cook does more real excellent work in the world than perhaps our girls may fancy, and contributes more than they are probably aware towards the well-being of society. How many diseases are caused by constant suffering from the evil of indigestion; and even if the health is not permanently injured by it, how many tempers are spoiled by its frequent attacks, and how many lives are clouded by its persistent and relentless visits. Now, the chief cause of much of the indigestion which makes miserable so many English lives, is simply bad, unwholesome cookery. If, however, a woman is really a good, skilful cook, how easily this evil may be kept far from her family. Here is some tangible good at once which our girls may propose to themselves to do by making cookery their study.

One essential part of the duties of a good housekeeper generally consists in the management and guidance of inferiors. Our girls should keep this in mind and should strive to gain a good influence over the servants of their own family; such influence is to be won by a high Christian example, by unalterable sweetness of temper, by the tact which comes of superior mental cultivation. Our girls must strive to be the friends of the young servants of the house, while, at the same time, they must never be familiar with them, and always be leading them on to something nobler and better.

A lady who stands at the head of a large establishment has a vast and wide responsibility in her hands, responsibility which she cannot take upon herself too earnestly and solemnly. God has set her over many things, and therefore from her much will be required.

The Christian lady who is the mistress of a large establishment will always feel that the moral and spiritual condition of every servant in it, down to the very lowest, is under her care. The conduct of the servants towards each other, their regular attendance at public worship, the religious instruction of the younger ones among them—all these things come within her province. The words just used about the mistress of a large establishment, apply, of course, in equal degree to every housekeeper who has several other people under her charge, and, in some measure, her control. To the manageress of the hotel, with regard to the vast staff of under servants; to the housekeeper in the shop, who superintends the goings in and out of all the young women employed in it; to the matron in charitable institutions, who is set over all the lower dependents belonging to the place; when we look at this side of a housekeeper's duties, we feel that hers is a high office indeed. If the housekeepers of England were to do thoroughly their Christian work in this respect, there would not be so often heard throughout the length and breadth of the land the universal cry about bad servants.

We have just spoken of the most important class of duties which come to the share of a housekeeper in the work of the world; now let us glance for a moment at the mass of small things which falls to her hand to do. Let the Christian woman remember that the very meanest, the very lowest, the most commonplace among them can be gilded and glorified, till it shines like a jewel of light, if only the beams of the Gospel sun fall upon it. It is just as grand and beautiful to sweep a room or polish a saucepan in the Master's name, as it is to write a book or paint a picture, that is, if it is really done thoroughly and to the best of our powers for His dear sake. Our girls need not fear that they shall place themselves on a lower level than their sisters by making housekeeping and household work the study and object of their lives, if they undertake it in a real, conscientious, Christian spirit, resolving to do what they have taken in hand in the very best way that it can possibly be done.

There is more to be said about the smaller employments of a housekeeper than there is room for in a short paper like the present one; such employments might indeed be divided into several different chapters. We may say, however, two things with regard to them all, and these two things are, that they should all be guided by a spirit of regularity and order, and that no extreme should ever be run into in the performance of any of them. A good housekeeper will have the week's work mapped out in her head on Monday morning, as clearly as the confines of each sea and each shore are drawn out on the sailor's chart before he starts on a voyage.

As for the subject of running into extremes, a few special words should perhaps be dedicated to it, as it is an error into which young housekeepers very often fall. Our girls, when they undertake housekeeping, must be careful, above all things, to keep a middle course in all they do. There must be no waste, but there must be no niggardly narrowness. Good housekeeping does not consist in having more cooked in a day than the whole family could consume in a week; but neither does it consist in weighing out every ounce of tea and counting every lump of sugar. Everything should be made the most and best use of that it can; in this respect the English housekeeper may learn much from her French sister, who makes the very utmost that can be made out of every bone and every vegetable in the garden.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XI.

"I KNOW THEIR SORROWS."

MRS. BOMBASIN had had quite enough of life in a log cabin up in the mountains, without a single presentable specimen of the opposite sex with whom she could chat, ride, or walk. She said there was some pressing business which demanded that she should consult a lawyer at once. Her last letters from Chicago were not satisfactory, and there was no one nearer than Denver whose opinion would be in the least worth having.

"I cannot imagine why you should stay in this dull out-of-the-way place, Eleanor, whilst your husband is away so long," she said, after communicating her intention of leaving for Denver.

"What else could I do, Eliza?"

"Why, give up housekeeping, and go to board in a nice lively place, where you could send those racketing boys to school. I never would be troubled with them around all day long, as you are here."

"I should like nothing better, and the idea has come into my mind before. I thought of it when Stephen sent me word he should be away so much longer. No one could hate this lonely life more than I do."

"Then why not make up your mind to leave it and come with me now to Denver? I know a most elegant boarding house, where it would cost you really very little."

"The fact is, I have less money than you imagine; times have been hard with us here so long now."

"I can tell you just how much it would cost you. The boys' schooling you would get free, of course, and there is no better school anywhere than the High School at Denver." Mrs. Bombasin then made her reckoning. "For yourself and the three boys they would only ask twenty-five dollars a week; living is cheap there just now."

"You are forgetting Carita."

"Gracious me! you surely don't need to take Carita round everywhere you go."

"But what could she do, Eliza?"

"Why not leave her here to look after things? That high-toned friend of hers, the Heath girl, could perhaps come up and sleep with her. It would be nonsense to have her always round. Why, with the boys away at school, and you all boarding, there would be nothing for her to do."

"Stephen would never forgive me if anything happened to the girl. He cares for her as much as if she were his own daughter."

"Then he ought not to, and he has just spoilt her by making such a fuss over her. I tell you what, Nell, the people I was boarding with at Colorado Springs would give anything to get a help like she is. Let me write to them about it, and then if they want her she could stay with them whilst you go on to Denver, and earn a little to buy herself some new clothes with, into the bargain."

"SHE SAW HIM DISAPPEAR."

"Stephen would not hear of it."

"Stephen is not here, and he would know nothing about it until he came home. You could pick her up again on the way from Denver some time in October, and be all up here again, ready for your husband when he comes. I don't believe in men having all the good times, and leaving us poor women with nothing to do but to mope round by ourselves."

This idea, rejected at first, commended itself by degrees more and more to Eleanor, who was thoroughly discontented with the life on the ranche. It was not to be wondered at with her temperament; both she and Stephen had made a mistake when they took one another for better and for worse. The money her husband had sent her, together with what Sam Morris could forward from the sales of butter, etc., would be just sufficent for the expenses of living in Denver if she left Carita behind. She would talk to the girl about the plan and see how she took it. Mrs. Bombasin assured her that the people at Colorado Springs would treat her in every way as one of the family. Carita might even be glad to go for the sake of a change, and to earn some pocket-money, a luxury which she had never enjoyed so far.

At first Carita was very much upset by the idea; she had given up Philip for the present for the sake of her promise to stay with Eleanor and the boys. Now the sacrifice she was making was an unnecessary one, and she felt wounded; still she was determined not to be married until father came home; nothing should induce her to leave her post voluntarily, or to be unfaithful to her trust. If Eleanor was determined to go to Denver and could not take her, she had the alternative either to stay at Elk Lodge all alone, or to go to those strange people if they wanted her. She asked Eleanor if she might think it over, and Eleanor, only too glad to have made the proposal, and to find it received more quietly than she had expected, told her she could do so and they would talk again about it next day. In fact, she need not decide for a week yet; it would take that time for Mrs. Bombasin's letter to arrive and an answer to be received at Elk Ranche, and she and the boys would not leave until June.

Carita would have liked to consult Mrs. Heath, but a feeling of delicacy prevented her from doing so. She knew that if she told them her position the Heaths would urge her to come and live with them until Mr. Warner's return. Their cabin was already as full as it ought to be; she could not be of any service to them, and, besides that, she could not bear the thought of wounding and unsettling Joy by the sight of her own happiness. If she stayed alone up at Elk Lodge, Philip would not like it, perhaps would not hear of her doing so; he would be riding over too often, and trying to persuade her to be married at once.

If she went to Colorado Springs she would be nearer him than she was here; and then she should earn some money. Father, she knew, would buy her all she needed before she was married, but it would be very nice to have a little all her own, before she went to Phil. He would hate, though, to think of her going anywhere as a "help;" there was another difficulty.

Before she had time to write to him about it, Joyce brought her a letter from him, saying that he had news from home, which he wanted her to hear at once, and he would be at Silverdale at 3 o'clock the next afternoon. This was fortunate, for Carita felt it would be much easier to talk than to write about the new aspect of affairs.

Eleanor and her friend were taking their usual siesta when three o'clock struck, and Carita hurried up to the place of meeting. She was stronger and brighter-looking than the last time they met there, when she had trembled, as Phil said, almost like the quivering aspens above their heads, but she was very anxious again to-day, in a different way. And what would his news be, she wondered.

"Carita, darling," Philip began, almost before she was seated on the saddle, which he had placed ready for his little queen, as he had called her last time, "I have sad news for you to-day. I have had a letter from my father, the first he has written to me since I left home. It is to tell me that my dear mother is ill, dying, he fears, and she wants to see me before she dies. I cannot bear to go away so far from you, my darling, but I must go to her, she has been such a patient, loving mother always, and I have never been any comfort to her. I have only caused her sorrow and heartache for the last ten years, Carita. I thought that we should both go home together, next year, and that it would make her happy to see her worthless boy altered and to know what a dear little daughter-in-law I had brought for her; but now I fear I must hurry on alone. I shall not be away long, dearest, and after that it will be nearly time for Mr. Warner's return, and then we shall never be parted, in this life, please God, again."

Carita put aside her own affairs for a little to comfort Phil. She was tempted to keep them from him entirely, to let him go now without this new trouble and tell him by letter as soon as she got to Colorado Springs. So long as he was in England, what could it matter whether she were called a "help" at Colorado Springs or no? No one she loved would feel any differently towards her, and no one else need know anything about it. Sam Morris and his wife and the rest of the people round would think she had gone to Denver with the family.

"I can only stay for one hour, Carita," said Phil, thinking that he only and his going away were in her thoughts. "I must ride on and reach San Juan to-night, or early to-morrow morning, after a short rest at Lazy Man's Canon. I want to catch the first steamer from New York that I possibly can. Look up, darling, and tell me you will not let anything worry and make you ill whilst I am away. You must write down my home address, too; I shall want a letter from you often. I have seen Mr. Heath, and he has promised to post them to me for you."

He took a note-book out of his pocket.

"See," he said, "this is one of the last things my dear mother sent to me. I will write the address on the first leaf; you will keep it, and put down all the little things that come into your mind, to tell me in your letters. I shall picture you to myself, Carita, continually, up in the mountains here, waiting for me to come back to you."

Poor Carita! Her heart so full, and so little of it that she might tell him! For she felt sure now that if he knew he would not let her go to an unknown home with strange people in his absence, delicate as she still was. She was not quite satisfied that it was right to keep it from him; but she thought it was happier for him to go away without adding anxiety on her account to the anxiety he was in about his mother. No fear that his father might induce him to stay in England, and that he might forget or be untrue to her entered her mind. So she decided to say nothing about Mrs. Warner's intentions, although it would have eased her so much if she could have told him all, and yet have been able to do what she thought was for the best.

"I shall be able to picture you to myself better than you will me, Carita," he went on. "Everything is so different in England from anything you have seen yet. But you will go there with me some day; only for a visit, for I like this free life better than the dull English routine I was brought up in."

"I have never given you anything, Phil; I would have liked you to carry away something from me."

"Give me a bit of the ribbon that has been round your throat, Carita; I will not ask for a lock of hair; I feel superstitious about hair; I should fancy you might die whilst I was away."

A shiver passed over her; he felt it, and said, "How stupid of me to say that, darling! There, we will not talk any more, I must go soon."

How hard it was to part. She clung to him as though they were never to meet again; but he had to go at last. She saw him disappear down the steep trail between the pines, and then she lay face downwards on the turf, feeling as though her life had gone with him.

If Philip had only known what was before her, he would have carried her off in spite of her scruples; have married and taken her to England. She knew that, and the temptation was great. But she felt instinctively that he would be better received by his father if he came alone, and she thought, with the natural pride and self-respect of a good woman, that she would rather her lover told his parents, or at any rate one of them, all about her before she was taken into the family. His mother's blessing on their marriage would add so much to her happiness. On the whole she was convinced that she had acted wisely; but ah! it cost her much, this repression of self.

When the first violence of her grief

had subsided, she prayed long and earnestly. Though father and lover were taken away from her, there was One always there, to whom she might tell all her griefs; before Whom she could spread all the circumstances which perplexed and harassed her. He would not remove all the obstacles which made the six months before her seem like a hard and stony road, which she must tread with bleeding feet; but He would send the "Angel Help," of which Mr. Heath had read on that happy Sunday morning when Phil and she had listened together. An angel, such as the one who was sent to Hagar driven out by her mistress into the barren desert; one of those blessed ones, who came and strengthened our Lord Jesus in His dark and lonely hour of agony, did come to Carita, as she lay under the pines on the hillside, bidding her be of good comfort, and bringing to her mind a verse from one of Mrs. Carey's favourite hymns—

"Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way."

It was after five o'clock when Carita rose from the soft turf. How she wished that she might have lain there undisturbed, for an hour or two longer; but it could not be; hers was the double lot of working and weeping. Tom's voice, sounding clearly through the still evening air, reached her, just as she had roused herself.

"Carita, Carita! It's most supper time, and we're just awful hungry."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC

WEEKES AND CO.

Those Happy Days. Words by Mrs. Howard Watson. Music by Oliver Cramer.—An easily written and smooth song of moderate compass; not difficult for either voice or pianoforte.

REID BROTHERS.

Happy Memories. Song. By W. C. Newsam.—A fairly written composition, presenting no difficulties.

A. COX.

I love those dear old melodies. Poetry by James Simmonds. Music by Louis Honig.—A not very lively production; at the same time it is easy and singable; written in two keys, F and D.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Seguidilla. Spanish Dance. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—A very agreeable drawing-room piece; with good playing may become a favourite.

Le Printemps. Mazurka. Par Ernst J. Ruter.—A very charming mazurka, much above the average that come under our notice.

Album du Jeune Violiniste. Par Charles Dancier. Romance in C. No. 1 of twenty small melodies for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment.—A very interesting study for small players on this instrument.

R. MILLS AND SONS.

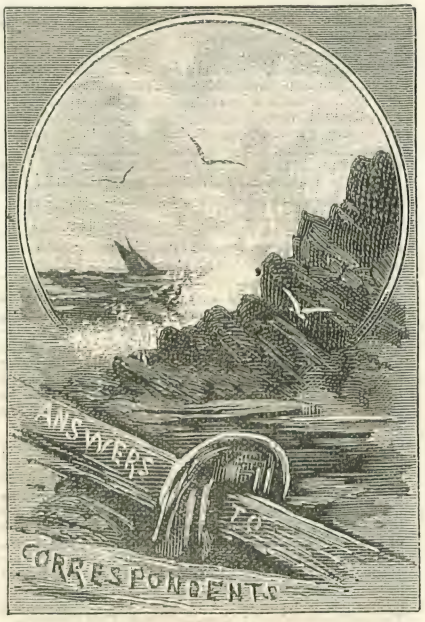
Voices of Nature. Words by Emily Bond, Music by Elizabeth Philp.—An extremely pretty song, rather in the florid style, giving ample opportunity to the vocalist to exhibit her powers of execution. At the same time the song may be sung by a less ambitious performer by omitting the variations.

Whether or No. Words by N. M. Hutchinson. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—Another simple and decidedly easy song.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Gentle Pity. Words by Maria X. Hayes. Music by Giacomo Ferraris.—An extremely pretty simple song—one we think that will please many of our young friends. We have also received from the same publishers, *At the Stile.* Waltz composed by Vassila Kollis. *My Bride.* Waltz by Alphonse Beck.—Both these compositions are beautifully illustrated; they are not very original, but will be serviceable in the ball-room. The latter has a vocal refrain.

Gentle Faces. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Theo Bonheur.—A very pretty singable song; not difficult for either voice or accompaniment.



EDUCATIONAL.

CYNTHIA.—We advise you to put yourself in communication with Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, Devon. Possibly she might take you on her staff, or put you in the way of carrying out your wishes. You must enclose a stamped envelope to her with your address, as she has so many applications, and some neglect to do so. We regret that we cannot give private answers.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Your request is quite unreasonable. Were you competing even in one of our own competitions we should decline to assist you so unfairly to the disadvantage of your fellow competitors.

NIGHTINGALE.—The address of the London Hospital is Whitechapel-road, E.

EUPHELIA.—Æolus was the fabulous god or king of the storms and winds; Æolia, now known under the general appellation of the Lipari Isles. The poetical names of the winds are Boreas, the north wind; Notus, or Auster, the south wind; Eurus, the east wind; and Zephyr, the west wind.

FLORENCE.—The last "revision" of the Authorised Version of the New Testament is not a new translation from any original MS., but is simply what is termed a "revision." We advise you to procure "The Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, price 5s., in which the whole question is dealt with. It is one far too wide in its scope to be entered upon within the brief limits which we can devote to a single correspondent. Use a better pen. Your writing is too angular.

SPIDER'S WEB.—Your letter is well deserving of our best thanks, but you broke our rules by crossing it and writing on both sides of each page. We see no reason for your changing to another school. By all means study geography and maps thoroughly. You are too young yet to think of taking a situation as a governess, and we could scarcely advise you, as we do not know what other openings there might be two or three years hence. Your mother should wear what are called "clearers," or she will soon injure her sight. An oculist (or an experienced optician) should test her sight, and discover whether any difference should be made between one eye and the other. We are much gratified by your assurance that our paper "always points you above the earth to a higher life, and rouses you to work for Christ more devotedly than before." May God bless you in such efforts as these. Bow politely, but without obliging your friend to speak to you.

NORA sends us the address of a reading society, which requires its members to read half-an-hour daily, and awards prizes in money. The hon. secretary is Miss Wyne Steel, Gold Tops, Newport, Monmouthshire. We thank her for it.

J. ALLEN.—We do not *recommend our girls to go to* foreign schools without very exceptional references, and then on the entire responsibility of their parents. But a new industrial establishment, recently opened at Dresden, appears to offer more than ordinary advantages. The education given seems to be unusually extensive in its scope and thorough in its practical application, and it has for its grand object the training of young women to be good and efficient housewives, mistresses, and mothers. The teaching is not merely theoretical, but thoroughly practical; and the students are taught to reflect and discover the principles of cause and effect, rather than to learn like parrots and work like automatons. Literature, art in all its branches, housekeeping, cookery, needlework in every department, book-keeping, etc., are included within the range of the education imparted. Foreigners are boarded on economical terms; exhibitions, testimonials, and diplomas are to be given, and the limit of age on entrance is fourteen years. For prospectuses, write to the matron, Frau Johanna Knipp, Frauen Industrie Schule, Elias Platz, No. 4, Ecke der Sachsen Allée, Zu Dresden.

MAYFLOWER.—Canadians are as eligible as home-born British subjects. You should write to Henry Bonham Carter, Esq., secretary of the Nightingale Fund, 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W., and apply to be received as a Nightingale probationer. If you get in, you will receive £10, board and lodging, and uniform during your training, for the first year. During the three years following you must take a situation as a hospital nurse, when your salary will probably commence at £20. If you desire to qualify for superior appointments, you might be trained upon payment under two scales—£30 and £52—and in this case would also be required to take a situation during three years or one year respectively after completion of the training. The salaries for these are from £35 to £60, rising to £100. In your position in life, and one so well educated, you ought to be trained for the superior appointments last named. We do not understand why your entering on a study of medicine should be "impossible."

ART.

WOULD-BE ARTIST.—1. We believe the earliest known paintings were executed under the command of Osymandyas, in Egypt, as far back as 2,100 years before the Christian era. Perhaps our own earliest Saxon painter was the historian, the "venerable Bede," who died A.D. 735; but at Rome the art of painting on canvas was known in the year A.D. 66. William Dobson was one of our earliest English painters, and he flourished between 1610 and 1646, and since his time we have been able to boast of an ever-increasing host of English masters. 2. Spitalfields derives its name from the ancient priory of St. Mary Spittle, which occupied a site in that quarter, and was dissolved in 1534. The French Protestant refugees having settled there, they established the silk manufacture in 1629.

MAUDE and LADY IDA.—1. The article of "Crystoleum" appeared in the Summer number called *Silver Sails.* "Crayonium" is quite a different thing. 2. We have not given any directions as yet for introducing beads into knitted cuffs.

"SWEET-TEMPERED GIRL."—From the description by which you mean us to know you, we should class you with those who call themselves "Sweet Seventeen," and think that "your trumpeter is not dead." We have given some suggestions respecting fancy or rustic frame-making, at page 335, vol. i.

GIPSY and JOY.—You ask us to give you directions for making what has been patented. We advise you to read our article on "Crystoleum Painting," which appeared in one of our summer numbers, called *Silver Sails.*

THEODORE (New Zealand).—We are gratified by hearing of the esteem in which our paper is held in the Colony from which you write, and while thanking you for so kind a letter, we regret we are unable to avail ourselves of your offer of designs as illustrations. To be of use, your drawings should be executed on wood ready for printing. Sketches on paper could not be used thus. Drawing on "blocks" is an art that has to be learnt, and very carefully executed, and artists who desire to dispose of their work to any illustrated paper send in a variety for selection.

KATHLEEN.—See page 373, vol. iv., for our article on "Lustra Painting."

EIN MADCHEN.—You will find the article, "How to Paint on Silk or Satin," at page 66, vol. iv. There was a topographical error, which we regret.

ZANONI.—2. For instructions on leather work, see page 261, vol. iii. 2 Your sister's habit of inhaling the steam of hot water from a sponge two or three times a day is likely to result in some terrible attack on her lungs and bronchial tubes some day. The greatly increased sensitiveness and relaxation of the throat and respiratory organs, and the liability to catch cold, are usually increased likewise. We are surprised that a girl of her age should be, at once, so wanting in common sense and so headstrong. Put a stop to it by any means you may find within your power.

TO, TOO, TWO.—*You can buy powdered* glass by the ounce for frosting the designs on your Christmas cards, and if you brush a little gum over them with a fine brush the glass powder will adhere; but beware of touching your eyes with your fingers until they be washed. You may also frost your pictures by applying a coat of gum and them sprinkling some coarse Epsom salts over it.

WORK.

DAISY and BERNICE. —What is known as "London smoke" would be a fashionable and pretty colour for your dress.

JINNIE.—We do not think you could have your umbrella re-dyed, unless you liked to try Judson's dye yourself. If that be not successful, you had better have it re-covered.

STRUTHIOCOMELUS. —You will find two articles on Christmas trees on pages 146 and 190, vol. ii. See also page 57 in the *Christmas Carillon*, and page 25 in *Christmas Roses*.

MARJORIE.—Velveteen is an excellent material for an evening dress to be worn in the winter, and it would be useful afterwards to wear on many other occasions. Dark red or black would, either of them, be suitable for you.

PANSY.—"How to Embroider in Crewels" will be found in the numbers for February 28th, March 20th, and April 24th, 1880.

M. CRAWFORD.—It is quite optional whether you embroider your first Christian name or your initials, or whether you work across the corner of your handkerchief or straight with the web.

UNDINE.—Accept our thanks for the directions you kindly send for knitting mittens with thumbs, but we have already given one. Your hand is not yet formed.

J. V.—Work the lily of the valley in shades of grey on a white ground. But why did you select this flower? This ground is not suitable for it. Trace on black velvet with white transfer-linen.

PATIENCE, and ALICE E. S.—For the "heart-shaped heel," see page 157, vol. ii. For the "Dutch heel," see page 486, vol. i.

JEANNE.—For the border and pattern of a shawl, see page 476, vol. iii.

TOPSY.—The weekly parts of the darning stitches are "Plain Darning," April 24th, 1880; "Swiss Darning," May 15th, 1880. Write for them to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

AILSA.—For "Knitted Designs," see page 596, vol. iii.

MARY.—To knit woollen doormats and rugs, you would need the largest steel needles and very coarse grey or white knitting cotton. The wool you intend to use must be cut into even lengths of two inches. Cast on as many stitches as you require for the width; knit one row plain, then, for the second row, knit one stitch plain, and then take a piece of your wool and put it in so as to knit it in with the next stitch, placing it so that one half may be in front and the other at the back. In taking the next stitch, bring the back half to the front; continue this to the end of the row. The next row is plain knitting.

WEATHERILL. — We gave you an illustration of the cloak. We do not sell, nor do we advertise "cut paper patterns" of dress. There are plenty of shops where they may be obtained, and if you show the illustration they may either supply you with a *fac simile* or else you can alter the style to the form desired. You should learn to cut out from illustrations.

ISA.—We thank you sincerely for the kind testimony you give to the spiritual usefulness of this paper, and your wishes for still further blessing on our work. May your own be prospered also—your acting as organist for your church as a free offering to God's service, and your Sunday-school teaching. It is very probable that some directions may be given on making "macramé lace."

SNOWDROP.—The salary should be from £70 to £80 per annum, if you be not free to do anything else and have no meals at the house.

AMY.—However carefully you may wash crewel embroidery, your work will be lost if the wools be not of the best quality. Prepare a bath of a gallon of boiling water poured on one pound of bran, which when left to stand, and stirred occasionally, for ten or twelve hours will be fit for use. Strain it through muslin, and use it lukewarm. Immerse your work, and squeeze the water through the linen, or crush out of it; but on no account wring it, as various colours would them be brought in too severe contact. Hang it up to drip dry in a warm room, and iron lightly before quite dry—of course, on the wrong side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADY LILIAN.—We do not see that you either break your promise or tell a falsehood by saying you knew the fact before, and if the matter be not of much importance we see no difficulty in your saying so; you promised not to tell it, and you have not done so. But if you think your knowledge of the matter is likely to make mischief or trouble, you must turn your questioner off with another question or an unexpected remark.

MURIELLE MONCRIEFFE.—The works you name (Sir W. Scott's, etc.) are amongst our English "classics," and should be read sooner or later, but the question of "when?" must be decided by individual circumstances, of age, more pressing claims of other educational literature, and the wishes of your mother, who must be your chief guide in all things. Your handwriting is not formed. Write copies daily, and consult our article on the "Art of Penmanship," in the number for August 21, 1880.

SILVIA O. (Demerara).—We are gratified by your kind assurances of the very great help you have received from the instruction and advice given in this paper. On your return to Demerara you can receive our magazine by post, as it is sent all over the world, and you have only to write on the subject to Mr. Tarn, and he will arrange the matter for you or any of your friends out there. Address him at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SIXTEEN.—The spine is often delicate after fever, and the complexion spoilt for some time, especially after scarlet fever. Try to strengthen your general health, take daily gentle exercise, eat slowly, and give an hour free to the process of digestion after dinner, keeping your head up. Wash your face in cold water (unless you suffer from any eruption), and use the soap you name. If rough and sore from cold wind or frost, use a little vaseline.

CORNCRAKE.—The bird after which you name yourself is likewise called the "land-rail," and it used to be called in old sporting phraseology in France "the king of the quails," which it resembles in colouring. The rail, like the woodcock, snipe, and quail, travels only in the night to the seashore, leaving the lands where it has passed the day in the dusk, and returning with the dawn. Not unfrequently while performing their bi-annual transit, they alight on vessels, or fall into the sea and are drowned. Enormous flights of the quail travel southwards in the autumn. We think you may confound the "land-rail" with the "water-rail," which latter, unlike the former (or "corn-crake") remains with us all the winter.

A LONELY LASSIE.—Why should you be so unhappy? Does not our Saviour say, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," "laden" with sin, as well as earthly troubles, and "weary" of an accusing conscience, that always must tell us of misdoings, omissions of duty. If you were satisfied with yourself, you would be walking on the wrong road heavenwards. Remember that "He is able to save *to the uttermost* all that come unto God by Him."

AUSTRALIS.—We sympathise deeply with you in your grief and disappointment, but we think that after all you may consider yourself fortunate in being freed from one who was evidently unlikely to make you happy, judging from his cruel and unexpected action in breaking off your engagement without either notice or reason. If you ever marry, in God's good time, you may meet some one better suited to you. Meanwhile, keep a brave heart, and find your happiness in your occupations and in your various duties. We advise you to write to the secretary of the "Women's Emigration Society," New-buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., for advice on the subject of emigration.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH. — You will find Angus' "Handbook of English Literature" and his "Specimens of English Literature" the best that have been written. The price of the first is five shillings, the second five and sixpence. Red appears to be a very fashionable colour.

DERSIE.—We do not think that Longfellow made a translation of the whole of Tegner's "Frithjofs Saga." He translated, however, his "Children of the Lord's Supper."

VENUS.—Of course, if you have "hardly a back tooth in your head," it is most essential for your health's sake to procure false ones. But we much object to the plan of wearing any sort of appliance on the front teeth to draw them together or press them inwards, as the pressure is not only likely to make them ache, but also to discolour and make them decay. We cannot give you a recommendation of a work on etiquette. See "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii.; "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," page 73, vol. ii.; "Mourning Attire," page 398, vol. ii.; "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii.; "Good Breeding in Daily Converse," page 278, vol. iii.; "The Art of Letter-writing," page 237, vol. i.; "Carving at Table," page 403, vol. iv., and "Etiquette for our Brothers," page 74, vol. iv. When you have studied these and our many replies on such subjects to correspondents, we think you will need no further information.

H. M. J.—1. The term "ex cathedrâ" had its origin in the decisions of the Pope and other high authorities. It is now in common use to signify that what is said is spoken as if with unanswerable authority. This description of unwarrantable assumption, in pronouncing private opinions, is described as speaking "ex cathedrâ." 2. What is called "imperial" is a good beverage for summer use. Make it by placing two drachms of cream of tartar, the juice of one lemon, and some of the peel very finely shredded (without any of the white inner portion, which is bitter), into a large jug, and pour on this about a quart of boiling water, stir the mixture, and cover it closely until cold, then add sugar gradually according to your taste.

ROSA.—We think that washing with oatmeal-water would be perfectly safe. You should not "rub it on dry."

A STRANGER, SCOTCH LASSIE, and JEAN M.—1. We regret not to oblige any of "our girls," but we must decline answering over and over again questions on the subject of personal blemishes, such as of the face, hands, and feet, and the treatment of the hair and skin, or any to which our readers may find the answers for themselves by referring to the index of each volume. 2. See page 352, vol. i., for "Madeira cake." It is a very unwholesome practice to eat between meals, unless in such delicate health that you can eat very little at a time. "Scotch Girl" seems to write or read too soon after meals, and her digestion is interrupted. Never stoop at all when you write. We thank "Jean M." for her kind wishes.

MAY QUEEN.—Although the name "Evelyn" is a woman's Christian name, being a variety derived from "Eve," "the mother of all living," it is also the surname of a family, and has thus been given to boys, so called after relatives, godfathers, or friends. The name "Sidney" has also been employed indiscriminately for boys and girls. See "Webster's Dictionary," where you will find no such name for men, but for women you will find it in all its varieties and derivations. "Eva," Hebrew for "Life;" "Evangeline," Greek for "bringing glad news;" "Eve," Hebrew, "the same as Eva;" "Evelina" and "Eveline," Hebrew "diminutive of Eva." Show the dictionary, and if to save any trouble, alter the spelling to "Eveline" in the Registrar's book. The child's real Christian name is that by which it was baptized. There is no difference between the sound of the "y" and the "i" in this name.

OLIVE.—The trouble of which you complain is a very common one. That you grieve over the intrusion of wicked and blasphemous thoughts into your mind, and especially when at prayer, is a sufficient evidence that it is not a wilful sin on your part, and so long as prayed against, will not be laid to your account. Ask God's grace, and that He would deliver you from this hindrance to your prayers. "He is able to save to the uttermost." Read Romans vii. from the 17th to the 20th verse. Take courage.

TIDDY and BAY and A BOTHER. — There is no "sequel" to the book you name. To cure the sting of bees and wasps, first remove the sting with a pair of tweezers. Bees almost invariably leave the sting in the skin, and wasps frequently do the same. Pressure all round the wound with the barrel of a small key will force it up. The application of the moist blue-bag, or moist snuff or tobacco, or a few drops of a solution of potash would prove a cure. Otherwise try honey, treacle, or even fresh butter. If there be much inflammation, poultice it. Cut open all stone fruits, as well as pears and apples, so as to make sure that there is no wasp in it. Death may ensue when the throat is stung inside.

EARNEST ONE.—The bodily health has much to do with the power of concentration of thought. More nutritious nourishment and avoidance of much stimulating drink, more sleep, change of scene, and complete diversion of the thoughts into new channels, are amongst the remedies to be adopted. When the health improves, select some subject for special study, and give yourself a task of copying-out a certain amount of printed matter, once or twice a day. You will gradually obtain a certain degree of self-control, and mind-power will recover. Your handwriting is not formed. Writing round-hand copies will both improve it and tend to restore your power of concentration of thought.

GWENDOLINE.—Westminster Abbey was consecrated at Christmas-time, 1065, in the presence of Queen Edgitha, Edward the Confessor being too ill then to attend, being on his death-bed. He died the next month, on the eve of "Twelfth Day," and was buried, as you know, in the Abbey.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—The first New Testament printed in English was that translated by W. Tyndale, assisted by Miles Coverdale, and was printed abroad in 1526, and most of the copies were bought up and were burnt by Sir Thomas More and Bishop Tunstal. But Tyndale and his assistants finished the whole Bible, printed and published it again abroad, and while preparing a second edition, was himself taken up and burnt in Flanders. There was no such person as "Matthews" who was a translator of the Scriptures into English. The connection of that name with one of the earliest printed copies originated thus. Tyndale's work was taken up and finished by Coverdale, and John Rogers, the superintendent of an English church in Germany, carried on the work and revised the translation. This translation was dedicated to Henry VIII., under the assumed name of "Thomas Matthews,"—hence the distinguishing name of "Matthews' Bible."

MOUSIE.—Feed the young rabbits with lettuce and dandelion leaves, milk-thistle, cabbage, and carrots. Oatmeal and bran and water may be good, but we never heard of giving them "tea-leaves."

VOL. V.—No. 212. JANUARY 19, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

All rights reserved.] "THE WIND AND WAVES ONLY EXCITED ME."

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

THE six weeks passed only too rapidly, but Dot and I were equally delighted when Miss Ruth petitioned for a longer extension of absence, to which dear mother returned a willing consent.

A little note was enclosed for me in Miss Ruth's letter.

"Make your mind quite easy, my dear child," she wrote, "we are getting on very well, and really Jack is improving, and does all sorts of little things to help me; she keeps her room tidier, and I have not had to find fault with her for a week.

"We do not see much of Carrie; she comes home looking very pale and fagged; your uncle grumbles sometimes, but I tell him words are wasted, the Smedley influence is stronger than ever.

"But you need not think I am dull, though I do miss my bright, cheery Esther, and my darling Frankie. Jack and I have nice walks, and Uncle Geoffrey takes me sometimes on his rounds, and two or three times Mr. Lucas has sent the carriage to take us into the country; he says the horses need exercise now his sister is away, but I know it is all his kindness and thought for us. I will willingly spare you a little longer, and am only thankful that the darling boy is deriving so much benefit from the sea air."

Dear, unselfish mother, always thinking first of her children's interest, and never of her own wishes; and yet I could read between the lines, and knew how she

missed us, especially Dot, who was her constant companion.

But it was really the truth that the sea air was doing Dot good. He complained less of his back, and went faster and faster on his little crutches; the cruel abscesses had not tried him for months, and now it seemed to me that the thin cheeks were rounding out a little. He looked so sunburnt and rosy, that I wished mother could have seen him. It was only the colour of a faintly-tinged rose, but all the same it was wonderful for Dot. We had had lovely weather for our holiday, but at the beginning of September came a change. About a week after mother's letter had arrived, heavy storms of wind and rain raged round the coast.

Miss Ruth and Dot were weather-bound, neither of them had strength to brave the boisterous wind; but Flurry and I would tie down our hats with our veils and run down the parade for a blow. It used to be quite empty and deserted; only in the distance we could see the shiny hat of the Preventive man, as he walked up and down with his telescope.

I used to hold Flurry tightly by the hand, for I feared she would be blown off her feet. Sometimes we were nearly drenched and blinded with the salt spray.

The sea looked so grey and sullen, with white curling waves leaping up against the sea wall; heaps of froth lay upon the parade, and even on the green enclosure in the front of the houses. People said it was the highest tide they had known for years.

Once I was afraid to take Flurry out, and ran down to the beach alone. I had to plant my feet firmly in the shingles, for I could hardly stand against the wind. What a wild, magnificent scene it was, a study in browns and greys, a strange, colourless blending of faint tints and uncertain shading.

As the waves receded there was a dark margin of heaped up seaweed along the beach, the tide swept in masses of tangled things, the surge broke along the shore with a voice like thunder, great foamy waves leaped up in curling splendour and then broke to pieces in the grey abyss. The sky was as grey as the sea; not a living thing was in sight except a lonely seagull. I could see the gleam of the firelight through one of the windows of the cottage. It looked so warm and snug. The beach was high and dry round me, but a little beyond the Brambles the tide flowed up to the low cliffs. Most people would have shivered in such a scene of desolation, for the seagull and I had it all to ourselves, but the tumult of the wind and waves only excited me. I felt wild with spirits, and could have shouted in the exuberance of my enjoyment.

I could have danced in my glee, as the foamy snowflakes fell round me, and my face grew stiff and wet with the briny air. The white manes of the sea-horses arched themselves as they swept to their destruction. How the wind whistled and raved, like a hunted thing! "They that go down to the sea in ships, and do their business in the deep waters." those words seem to flash to me across the wild tumult, and I thought of all the wonders seen by the mariners of old.

"Oh, Esther, how can you be so adventurous?" exclaimed Miss Ruth, as I thrust a laughing face and wet waterproof into the room; she and the children were sitting round the fire.

"Oh, it was delicious," I returned, "It intoxicated me like new wine; you cannot imagine the mighty duet of the sea and wind, the rolling sullen bass, and the shrill crescendo."

"It must have been horrible," she replied, with a little shiver. The wild tempestuous weather depressed her; the loud discordance of the jarring elements seemed to fret the quiet of her spirit.

"You are quite right," she said to me as we sat alone that evening, "this sort of weather disturbs my tranquillity; it makes me restless, and agitates my nerves. Last night I could not sleep; images of terror blended with my waking thoughts. I seemed to see great ships driving before the wind, and to hear the roaring of breakers and crashing of timbers against cruel rocks, and when I closed my eyes, it was only to see the whitened bones of mariners lying fathoms deep among green tangled seaweed."

"Dear Miss Ruth, no wonder you look pale and depressed after such a night. Would you like me to sleep with you, the wind seems to act on me like a lullaby? I felt cradled in comfort last night."

"You are so strong," she said, with a little sadness in her voice. "You have no nerves, no diseased sensibilities; you do not dread the evils you cannot see, the universe does not picture itself to you in dim terrors."

"Why, no," I returned, wonderingly, for such suggestions were new to me.

"Sleep your happy sleep, my dear," she said, tenderly, "and thank God for your perfect health, Esther. I dozed a little myself towards morning, before the day woke in its rage, and then I had a horrible sort of dream, a half-waking scare, bred of my night-terrors.

"I thought I was tossing like a dead leaf in the gale; the wind had broken bounds, and carried me away bodily. Now I was lying along the margin of waves, and now swept in wide circles in the air.

"The noise was maddening. The air seemed full of shrieks and cries, as though the universe were lost and bewailing itself, 'Lamentation, and mourning and woe,' seemed written upon the lurid sky and sea. I thought of those poor lovers in Dante's "Inferno," blown like spectral leaves before the infernal winds of hell, but I was alone in this tumultuous torrent.

"I felt myself sinking at last into the dim, choking surge—it was horribly real, Esther—and then someone caught me by the hair and drew me out, and the words came to me, 'for so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be.'"

"How strange!" I exclaimed in an awed tone, for Miss Ruth's face was pale, and there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"It was almost a vision of one's life," she returned, slowly, "we drift hither and thither, blown by many a gust of passion over many an unseen danger. If we be not engulped, it is because the Angel of His Providence watches over us; 'drawn out of many waters,' how many a life history can testify of that?"

"We have our smooth days as well," I returned, cheerfully, "when the sun shines, and there are only ripples on the waters."

That is in youth," she replied; "later on the storms must come, and the wise mariner will prepare himself to meet them. We must not always be expecting fair weather. Do not you remember the lines of my favourite hymn, Esther?—

"And oh, the joy upon that shore
To tell our shipwrecked voyage o'er."

Really, I think one of the great pleasures in Heaven will be telling the perils we have been through and how He has brought us home at last."

Miss Ruth would not let me sleep with her that night, but to my great relief, for her pale, weary looks made me anxious, the wind abated, and towards morning only the breaking surge was heard dashing along the shore.

"I have rested better," were the first words when we met, "but that one night's hurly burly has wrecked me a little," which meant that she was only fit for bed.

But she would not hear of giving up entirely, so I drew up her couch to the fire, and wrapped her up in shawls, and left Dot to keep her company, while Flurry and I went out. In spite of the lull, the sea was still very unquiet, and the receding tide gave us plenty of amusement, and we spent a very happy morning. In the afternoon, Miss Ruth had some errands for me to do in the town—wools to match, and books to change at the library, after which I had to replenish our exhausted store of note-paper.

It was Saturday, and we had decided the pony-carriage must go alone to the station to meet Mr. Lucas. He generally arrived a little before six, but once he had surprised us walking in with his portmanteau, just as we were starting for our afternoon's walk. Flurry begged hard to accompany me, but Miss Ruth thought she had done enough, and wished her to play with Dot in the dining-room, at some nice game. I was a little sorry at Miss Ruth's decision, for I saw Flurry was in one of her perverse moods. They occurred very seldom, but gave me a great deal of trouble to overcome them. She could be very naughty on such occasions, and do a vast amount of mischief. Flurry's break-outs, as I called them, were extremely tiresome, as Nurse Gill and I knew well. I was very disinclined to trust Dot in her company, for her naughtiness would infect him, and even the best of children can be troublesome sometimes. Flurry looked very sulky when I asked her what game they meant to play, and I augured badly from her toss of the head and brief replies. She was hugging Flossy on the window seat, and would not give me her attention, so I turned to Dot, and begged him to be a good boy and not disturb Miss Ruth, but take care of Flurry.

Dot answered amiably, and I ran off, determining to be back as soon as I could. I wished Nurse Gill could sit with the children and keep them in good temper, but she was at work in Miss Ruth's room and could not come down.

My errands took longer than I thought; wool matching is always a troublesome business, and the books Miss Ruth wanted were out, and I had to select others; it was more than an hour before I set off for home, and then I met Nurse Gill, who wanted some brass rings for the curtains she was making, and had forgotten to ask me to get them.

The wind was rising again, and I was surprised to find Miss Ruth in the porch with her handkerchief tied over her head, and Dorcas running down the garden path.

"Have you seen them, Miss Esther?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Who—what do you mean?" I inquired.

"Miss Florence and Master Dot; we have been looking for them everywhere. I was taking a cup of tea just now to mistress, and she asked me to go into the dining-room, as the children seemed so quiet; but they were not there, and Betty and I have searched the house and garden over, and we cannot find them."

"Oh, Esther, come here," exclaimed Miss Ruth in agony, for I was standing still straining my eyes over the beach to catch a glimpse of them. "I am afraid I was very wrong to send you out, and Giles will be here presently, and Dorcas says Dot's hat is missing from the peg, and Flurry's sealskin hat and jacket."

Dot out in this wind! I stood aghast at the idea, but the next moment I took Miss Ruth's cold little hands in mine.

"You must not stand here," I said, firmly; "come into the drawing-room, I will talk to you there, and you too, Dorcas. No, I have not seen them," as Miss Ruth yielded to my strong grasp, and stood shivering and miserable on the rug. "I came past the Preventive station and down the parade, and they were not there."

"Could they have followed Nurse Gill?" struck in Dorcas.

"No, for I met her just now, and she was alone. I hardly think they would go to the town. Dot never cared for the shops, or Flurry either. Perhaps they might be hidden in one of the bathing machines. Oh, Miss Ruth," with an access of anxiety in my voice, "Dot is so weakly, this strong wind will blow him down; it must be all Flurry's naughtiness, for nothing would have induced him to go out unless she made him."

"What are we to do?" she replied, helplessly. This sudden terror had taken away her strength, she looked so ill. I thought a moment before I replied.

"Let Dorcas go down to the bathing machines," I said, at last, "and she can speak to the Preventive man, and if you do not mind being alone, Miss Ruth, Betty might go into the town and find Nurse Gill. I will just run along the beach and take a look all around."

"Yes, do," she returned. "Oh my naughty, naughty Flurry," almost wringing her hands.

"Don't frighten yourself beforehand," I said, kissing her and speaking cheerfully, though I did feel in a state about Dot; and what would mother and Mr. Lucas say? "I daresay Dorcas or I will bring them back in a few minutes, and then won't they get a scolding!"

"Oh, no; I shall be too happy to scold them," she returned, with a faint smile, for my words put fresh heart in her, and she would follow us into the porch and stand looking after us.

I scrambled over the shingles as fast as I could, for the wind was rising, and I was afraid it would soon grow dusk. Nothing was in sight; the whole shore was empty and desolate—fearfully desolate, even to my eyes.

It was no use going on, I thought; they must be hiding in the bathing machines after all. And I was actually turning round when something grey on the beach attracted my attention, and I picked it up. To my horror, it was one of Dot's woollen mittens that mother had knitted for him, and which he had worn that very afternoon.

I was on their track after all. I was sure of it now; but when I lifted my eyes and saw the dreary expanse of shore before me, a blank feeling of terror took possession of me. They were not in sight! Nothing but cloudy skies and low chalky cliffs, and the surge breaking on the shingles.

All at once a thought that was almost an inspiration flashed across me—the smugglers' cave! Flurry was always talking about it; it had taken a strong hold of her imagination, and both she and Dot had been wild to explore it, only Miss Ruth had never encouraged the idea. She thought caves were damp, dreary places, and not fit for delicate children. Flurry must have tempted Dot to accompany her on this exploring expedition. I was as convinced of the fact as though I had overheard the children's conversation. She would coax and cajole him until his conscience was undermined. How could he have dragged himself so far on his crutches, for the cave was nearly half a mile away from where I stood, and the wind was rising fearfully? And now an icy chill of terror came over me from head to foot—the tide was advancing! It had already covered the narrow strip of sand; in less than an hour it would reach the cliffs, for the shore curved a little beyond the cottage, and with the exception of the beach before the Brambles, the sea covered the whole of the shingles.

I shall never to my dying day forget that moment's agony when my mind first grasped the truth of the deadly peril those thoughtless babes had incurred. Without instant help, those little creatures must be drowned, for the water flowed into the cave. Even now it might be too late. All these thoughts whirled through my brain in an instant. Only for a moment I paused and cast one despairing glance round me. The cottage was out of sight. Nurse Gill, and Dorcas, and Betty were scouring the town; no time to run back for help, no hope of making one's voice heard with the wind whistling round me.

"Oh, my God! help me to save these children!" I cried, with a sob that almost choked me. And then I dashed like a mad thing towards the shore.

My despair gave me courage, but my progress was difficult and slow. It was impossible to keep up that pace over the heavy shingles with the wind tearing round me and taking away my breath.

Several times I had to stand and collect my energies, and each time I paused I called the children's names loudly. But, alas! the wind and the sea swallowed up the sound.

How fast the tide seemed coming up! The booming of the breakers sounded close behind me. I dared not look—I dared not think. I fought and buffeted the wind, and folded my cloak round me.

"Out of the depth I have cried unto Thee." Those were the words I said over and over to myself.

I had reached the cave at last, and leant gasping and nearly faint with terror before I began searching in its dim recesses.

Great masses of slimy seaweed lay heaped up at the entrance; a faint damp odour pervaded it. The sudden roar of wind and sea echoed in dull hollowness, but here at least my voice could be heard.

"Flurry—Dot!" I screamed. I could hear my own wild shriek dying away through the cavern. To my delight, two little voices answered—

"Here we are, Esther! Come along, we are having such a game! Flurry is the smuggler and I am the Preventive man, and Flossy is my dog, and—oh, dear! what is the matter?" And Dot, who had hobbled out of a snug, dry little corner near the entrance, looked up with frightened eyes as I caught him and Flurry in my arms. I suppose my face betrayed my fears, for I could not at that moment gasp out another word.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

C. B. FREE.

Treasured Memories. Words by J. Willmot E. Page. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A simple and easy melody, without much attempt at novelty.

FREDERICK PITMAN.

A number of pianoforte pieces, styled the *Paternoster Row Edition*, consisting of Thalberg's well-known transcription of "Home, sweet home," Schumann's "Slumber Song;" also "The Merry Peasant" and Rustic Song," by the same composer; "Gipsy Rondo," by Joseph Haydn; "Melody in F," by Anton Rubinstein; "Air de Louis XIII.," gavotte by Henri Grys; "Les Cloches du Monastère," nocturne, by Lefebvre-Wely.

METZLER AND CO.

Andante by Beethoven, arranged for the American organ by Louis Engel.

Voluntary by Chopin, also by the same composer.

Intermède. Gavotte. Esquisse Symphonique. Par J. Goudereau. For Violin and Pianoforte.—An interesting, and not very difficult piece for either performer.

No. 1, Book of four pieces from the old masters by Frederic Archer.—All these studies are arranged in an easy and familiar style, and are well worthy the notice of amateurs on the American organ.

Parthenia. Waltz. By Andrew Levey.—This waltz is much above the average; the leading theme is the well-known song, "Love and Beauty," by the same composer. It is effective and melodious.

W. Morley and Co.

Sunshine. The words by M. J. Scott. Music by Thomas Hutchinson.—A very superior and melodious song. The andante movement in the second part, "Holy sunshine, smile of heav'n, In grace to weary mortals giv'n," should be rendered with great pathos and feeling. We recommend it to the notice of our girls.

The Nightless Land. The words by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone, the music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A striking and effective song. This eminent composer's compositions are generally sure to please. The accompaniment requires good playing.

Staunch and True. Song. Written by G. W. Southey. Composed by Theo. Bonheur.—A very agreeable and bold song, of moderate compass; displays good feeling.

Wood and Co.

Waldstein's Giant Note Method for the Pianoforte is one of the easiest and best methods for learning the elementary part of music that has come under our notice. There is nothing confusing about it—everything is clear, distinct, and progressive; indeed, it is really what the title-page proclaims it, as easy as A B C.

A Practical School for the Organ. By Wm. Spark, Mus. Doc., F.C.O., Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds.—This elementary and practical Tutor by Dr. Spark will, in our opinion, greatly facilitate the work of the student. The introductory explanation treats of the mechanism of the various stops, and organs generally. The exercises are progressive and examples well chosen. The direction for the feet, in the use of the pedals, is very clear, and, to our mind, superior to the former method of instruction by letters. We think the amateur will be greatly assisted by the study of this work.

Boosey and Co.

When my Jim comes home. Words by William Black. Music by Theo Marzials.—A sprightly, pleasing, and well written song; cannot fail to please when sung with a little humour.

Music. Words by Matthias Barr. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—An agreeable and refined composition; may be sung with good effect.

Years and Years. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by A. L. Mora.—A fairly good and singable song; many of our girls will be pleased with it.

T THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE EARLY GERMAN PICTURES.

In these our days, the speech of the Fairy Puck, that he would "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," seems not such a mere vain boast, after all; for what with railways, telegraphs, and telephones, distance is in a fair way to become annihilated.

Everybody nowadays goes everywhere and sees everything.

Everybody goes to London sometimes, however remote the country they may inhabit, and I think I may assume that everybody who goes to London, however ignorant of pictures, yet reckons on a walk through the National Gallery as one of the "sights of London" which they are in duty bound to see.

To the merest ignoramus such a fine gallery as we now possess, its walls covered with the rich and varied colours of the different pictures, is of itself most impressive; while to the genuine lover of art his appetite and taste will surely grow with all the beauties that it has here to feed on.

We all know the old story of "eyes and no eyes," or, to put the same truth in the words of a philosopher of our own day, "the eye sees what it brings the means of seeing."

The axiom applies in an eminent degree to great works of art, for without some acquired knowledge, some special training, the brightest intelligence and the quickest powers of observation will often be at fault.

Ordinary people may well feel disappointed, for they are apt to look for beauties which they ought not to expect, while on the other hand they fail to appreciate excellences which they have not learned to recognise.

Some general knowledge, at least, of pictorial art is necessary in order to perceive what the great painters aimed at; what difficulties they had to overcome; how far they achieved success in what they have left us; and what are the excellences of those great works of theirs which we lodge in palaces, and which kings count among their treasures.

Some knowledge, I repeat, is absolutely necessary before we can feel much real pleasure in contemplating their works, and more especially does this apply to the works of the so-called "Old Masters."

It has been wisely said, "It is not our business to love or to hate, but to understand." And Goethe, the great thinker of Germany, says truly, "To understand a thing is to love it." In this spirit, then—and do not question but it is the right one—we will approach our subject.

First, then, let us seek to understand.

As we enter the great building, the flight of stairs on our left hand conducts to the works of those English painters whose fame during life has ensured their being represented in the National Collection after death; while the stairs on our right lead up to the rooms containing the works of the great men of the various other European schools of painting.

We ascend the stairs on our right hand that we may begin with the pictures earliest in date, and enter first a room full of very early German and Flemish masters.

Meister Wilhelm, or Master William, of Cologne; Master Stephan, his equally famous pupil; the Master of Liesborn; the Master of the Lyversburg Passion; and others, are here represented.

We know them only by their Christian names, these early German painters. They appear to have lived in times when manners were so primitive that surnames were dispensed with, or I should say, rather, had not yet been invented. And the fame of that Master William, who was living and painting in Cologne from 1358 till 1378, when he died, and of that Master Stephan who was living and painting in the same place a few years later, from 1430 till 1451, have come down to posterity only by their Christian names; while that other master, who painted, in or about the year 1465, a large picture of the Crucifixion for the Abbey of the Benedictine Monks at Liesborn, near Münster, in Westphalia; as well as another painter, who painted the Passion of Christ for the Lyversburg family in Cologne, have absolutely come down to us without any name at all, and are known to us only by the names of the places their pictures have occupied, as the Master of Liesborn and the Master of the Lyversburg Passion.

We glance round the room. I fear our first impression will be, How very queer! How odd! How ugly! How unlike any modern pictures!

Well, let us look again. *Here is* a little picture, the only one we possess, by William of Cologne, of whom Wornum (in his "Epochs of Painting") says, he was the earliest distinguished master of the school of

the Lower Rhine, and the most renowned painter of his time in the North of Europe. The picture is called "The Sancta Veronica: or, Holy true Image of our Lord. St. Veronica is represented holding before her the Sudarium, a white cloth containing the miraculous portrait of the Saviour, according to the church legend." The legend runs thus: That as the Saviour was bearing His cross towards Calvary He sunk fainting under the burden; a compassionate woman ran towards Him, and wiped the dew from His face. The features of our Lord, says the legend, remained miraculously impressed upon the linen.

PORTRAITS OF "A MAN AND

Pictures of this subject, known as the Sudarium (or cloth), were often painted; they were held so sacred by the poor people, who were, we must remember, in those days not only poor, but very, very ignorant, that they worshipped them, believing that the picture was really what it represented—the image of our Lord impressed upon the cloth. In the early church councils they are mentioned more than once as "spurious portraits," accompanied with a prohibition to the people against worshipping them.

Let us look well at the little picture before us. Mark the grieved look in the sweet, sad face of the Saint Veronica, observe the reverent action of her hands, with which she holds up the cloth for our inspection; and, above all, note how grandly sad and solemn is the patient face impressed upon it. But, I ask, who would nowadays (after all our centuries of increased knowledge of the art of painting) be bold enough to attempt to pourtray that Divine countenance?

We know that we should fail. But these early painters, they were so full of their earnest, passionate religion, they felt they must paint the subjects they cared so much for. They forgot, or indeed they did not know, how little they knew of drawing, of foreshortening, of chiaroscuro, of all the technical difficulties of their art. We have to confess what very queer drawing there is in all these early works; we have to confess that there is absolutely no knowledge at all of chiaroscuro, no hint at perspective, no attempt to foreshorten the limbs; that variety of texture is a thing not dreamed of; that the figures appear to stick to the canvas as they do in Chinese plates; but the devotion is there. And the solemn feeling with which the painter approached his subject creeps over us as we gaze—even if, perhaps, we may presently smile again (though not quite so much this time)—at the queer and feeble drawing of the details. Nevertheless, primitive as these paintings look to us, hear how they were thought of in their own times! We may read in the "Annals" of the Dominicans of Frankfort thus:—"At that time (1380) there was at Cologne a most excellent painter, to whom there was not the like in his art—his name was Wilhelm; he made pictures of men, which almost appeared to live."

Here is a picture of the "Presentation in the Temple" (No. 706), by the Master of the Lyversburg Passion. How stiff are the figures, yet how full of devotional feeling! With what intense respect Simeon receives, with bowed head, the sweet, unconscious Child from the hands of his Mother. Methinks he is saying, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." While Mary's pure, unclouded face implies that her whole being is filled with the one thought, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Certainly her face is very German-looking, and Simeon is a rather odd-looking, wizened old man; and Joseph, with his funny, pointed, clogged shoes, appears too much overcome by the honorable position he finds himself in to be able either to look up or even to stand straight on his feet.

The heads have all of them the look of individuality of the most carefully-painted portraits, and the picture gives us a perfect representation of the quaint costumes of the place and time.

The gold background, which so many of these early pictures have, was used with the idea of adding richness of effect, and also of giving intrinsic value to the picture.

No. 1,083, an "Ecce Homo" (Behold the Man), our Lord wearing the crown of thorns. This is a study of the Divine head, again with the gold background, to give glory to the subject; but it is almost too painfully realistic for one to bear to look at it—the wan face, thin and suffering; the crown of thorns; the bleeding hands, with the great wounds left

HIS WIFE" (*Dutch School*).

by the nails—all the details of physical suffering realised so intensely; the painter felt so deeply the grief and pain of it all that he dared not think of the after glory.

No. 1,049. Again another picture by an unknown painter—the scene of the Crucifixion. See the pale, bleeding figure on the cross; the repulsive, writhing bodies of the two thieves; the despair of the women and St. John; the hideous, scornful faces around, many even grotesquely repulsive, yet all so full of character. How ugly are the faces, how strained are the attitudes! Yet look at the sad, tear-stained faces of the Virgin and Mary and St. John, and refuse, if we can, to sympathise with the wild grief that must have possessed that painter's mind when he set before himself the task of realising, in all its sad and terrible details, the agonising scene.

These are the aspects of the Christian history from which we turn now as better left to the imagination. But, in those early days, to arouse the utmost feelings of excitement and indignation against unbelievers, and against the enemies of Christianity, by such shockingly realistic appeals to the popular mind, was considered a desirable aim of sacred art; and in those days all art was sacred art.

Master Stephan, like Master William, his master, gives us a sweet and lovely type of a fair girlish face, the one in his St. Veronica, the other in a St. Catherine. In both pictures, the face has the same pure oval shape, the same innocent outlook of the blue eyes. One is tempted to fancy that they were painted from the same fair good young girl, dear perhaps to both artists, maybe as daughter or as wife.

In Master Stephan's picture, No. 705, she is represented as St. Catherine the Martyr, with the sign of her martyrdom, the wheel broken at her feet, standing between St. John and St. Matthew, who have each his appropriate emblem. St. John has the eagle at his feet, and holds the sacramental cup in his hand; St. Matthew has an angel beside him, and holds his Gospel in his hand. These, the recognised types and emblems of the two Evangelists, are placed beside them so that all may know and recognise them, and pay each the devotion due to him.

We can see what books these painters read; and that their library was, in all probability, limited to the Bible and some Lives of the saints. No Mudie's circulating library for them; no Scott's novels; no daily newspapers, with accounts of the doings of all the inhabited world. No, these two books were their whole literature; and the people of their own little town their only subjects from which to acquire their knowledge of humanity. So they dreamed out their realisation of the sacred scenes as best they could, and depicted them as taking place in Cologne or Bruges, or whatever place each painter inhabited; with the Scribes and Pharisees, Dives and Lazarus, dressed like the priests, nobles, and beggars they saw daily about them; and the background of Bruges or Cologne had to stand for Jerusalem or Nazareth, as the case might be.

We must remember that all these pictures were painted originally as altar-pieces for churches, and the painters of them would certainly be very sadly shocked if they could see their works hanging in a gallery of pictures, stared at by a gossiping, supercilious crowd of sightseers, or talked over by art critics from their artistic point of view, as so much fine colour or bad drawing, with all the rest of the artistic jargon of the present time.

No! To enter fairly into the spirit of these pictures we ought to imagine ourselves in the suitable surroundings for which they were really intended. Let us, for a moment, fancy ourselves in the quiet and seclusion of some village church on the Rhine, a little oil-lamp burning before the shrine throwing only a "dim religious light" around the chapel of which the half-seen picture is the treasure; a few peasants pouring out their daily troubles, and laying their sorrows and their burdens before Mary and her Babe; and as they slowly turn away, leaving the church with the feeling that somehow the picture has helped to get for them a promise that their sorrows should be healed, and their burdens made light to them.

Or, again, on some other occasion the church is ablaze with candles and torches, scarlet and white banners float down the aisle, the shine of crosiers and staves glitters in the flickering lights; "powers, princes, and potentates" are there. The warriors after battle have come to give thanks to that Prince of Peace represented by the smiling infant in His mother's arms. The kings and nobles, the rich and powerful ones of the world have come to do homage to the Babe lying in the manger, who "shall not have where to lay His head."

These early men were great teachers of Christianity—these painters who did not know how to draw a hand or a foot correctly, or how to paint a distance in perspective. These simple, half-trained artists sought to teach the great pure truths of Christianity to the multitude, and to tell the story of Christianity to the ignorant.

Let us have patience with them for their shortcomings and ignorance, for all their artistic inexperience. Nay, more, let us recognise and understand what they tried to do; let us even love their queer, quaint pictures for what to a great extent they did succeed in doing in their day and generation.

We must not leave these early German painters of the fourteenth century without a glance at the portraits. It is curious and very interesting to see how they carried their religious feeling into their everyday life.

No. 1,081 is the "portrait of a man in prayer," by an unknown painter of the early Flemish school. Notice the simple, childlike action of the two hands folded in prayer; the absolutely unconscious look of devotion in the grave face. The quiet, plain, black dress harmonises pleasantly with the blue of the distant mountains, and with the dull green of the landscape. Probably the farmhouse and the woodland scene were the man's own belongings. As a matter of taste, according to modern ideas of art, a painter would not, nowadays, have stuck the mountain exactly on the top of the man's head, and would have certainly given more aerial perspective to the whole scene. But the picture is altogether a fine, rich piece of colour, and the faults of artistic inexperience should not blind us to the great merits of this work—I mean the effect of harmonious colouring; the extremely careful and good drawing and painting of the face and hands; the well-expressed devotional piety; and the great look of character in the face, which prompts us to exclaim, "this was evidently a good likeness."

In No. 657 we find another curious instance of portrait art, "A man and his wife," by Jacob Cornellison; Dutch school. The man and his wife are represented kneeling, with their patron saints, Peter and Paul, standing beside them. St. Peter with his emblem, the keys that unlock the gates of the other world, appears a very suitable patron, for he has the air of introducing his *protégé* into heaven, which was probably the intention, thus *naïvely* expressed, of the painter. St. Paul holds his emblem, the sword, and by his protecting manner appears to be doing the same good office for the lady.

The catalogue tells us that these two pictures "were formerly the doors of a small altar-piece"—the altar-piece itself would be what is called a tryptich—that is, a centre picture with two side-wings hung on hinges, and so arranged as to fold over the centre picture like doors. On the outside of such wings was often painted the portrait of the builder of the church or of the donors of the picture; the latter would doubtless be the present case. The centre was probably some important scene in sacred history.

Again I must appeal to you to use your imagination. Let us fancy ourselves, not as standing in a London gallery, surrounded by a pleasure-seeking crowd, but in the beloved church of the pious donors, who, after giving all they could to beautify it, as a crowning glory of their lives, wished to leave the portraits of their two dear old selves to inhabit for ever the precincts they had loved so well.

Perhaps before we pass on into another room (and so into another age) you may feel inclined to say, "This is scarcely a room full of works of art, that we have been looking at." You may add, "Have we not rather been studying the manners and customs and modes of feeling of past times than looking at pictures at all? In fact, we seem to have been reading a page of history with illustrations."

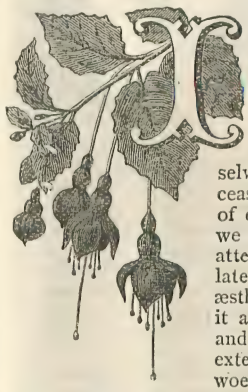
Perhaps so, I will answer; but while acknowledging that this early Art of Germany is not a full-grown, perfect Art, it *is* Art—Art in its infancy—and the full-grown Art of Germany has always retained, and still to this day retains, many of its early characteristic features.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

GIRLS' ALLOWANCES AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

COLOUR AND TEXTURE IN DRESS.

"The purest and most thoughtful minds are those that love colour the most."—*Ruskin.*



I AM quite sure that most of my readers' first glance at this saying of Ruskin's will be with a sentiment of surprise. Unhappily for ourselves, we have almost ceased to make a study of colour in dress, and we have only had our attention turned to it of late years because the æsthetic party has made it a part of their cult, and turned it into an external emblem of the woe and unhappiness which they think is the lot of mankind. But we are much indebted to them for all that, for they have brought in numbers of tones and half tones of colour, which are beautiful and becoming in their application both to dress and furniture. The shades of yellow, red, and blue, and the new possibilities of wearing green, and green and blue together, are all of them delightfully novel experiences, and few introductions in the way of colour were ever so pretty and so becoming as peacock-blue and peacock-green.

But in spite of æsthetic assistance, the majority of women and girls wear black for the greater part of the year, and seem to have taken to heart thoroughly the advice given in a popular book on dress, *i.e.*, "to endeavour to slip through life in an unobtrusive suit of black." There is no doubt but that dwellers in London, and in the other smoky towns of the British Islands, are driven in a

measure to wear black in the autumn and winter months; but there is no need to wear it when summer weather prevails, even though, until this year, we have had but little summer to boast of.

Colour, of course, affects size. Dressed in black and dark hues, stout people look smaller, both in the street and in the house; and the dimensions of small people are so decreased that they appear like fairies and dwarfs. The optical effect of white and light colours is to enlarge all objects, and make the "stout party" who dons them almost mountainous in her outlines; but she need not, for this reason, look dingy or dull, for the rich, dark hues offered to her for selection are numberless. Greens and blues, in their various shades, are better than reds, giving an effect of repose and distance.

All materials that reflect light should be avoided for the bodice, as they have no shadows, and are trying in their effects. The use of velvet, both black and coloured, for the bodice, is most becoming to both the stout and very thin, as it forms deep masses of shadow, absorbing the light, and thus effaces the outlines of both figures. In fact, the chief object of dress, rightly considered, *is to show all the outlines of the figure which are good and perfect, and conceal what is exaggerated, ungraceful, or deformed.* I have underlined this, for I hope all the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will peruse and carefully think it over. Some months ago, I went to see a young girl at school, who had arrived at that difficult period, between twelve and fourteen, when, even with the greatest attention, all girls look ungainly and awkward. My girl is no exception to the rule, for she is very tall, and, of course, looks just now more legs than body. Her dress, a large check of many colours, very short, with a gathered waist and band, added to her ungainly appearance. My idea of a pretty dress would have been a plain red or dark blue cashmere or serge, made with a flounced skirt, a polonaise, and full front; for girls of that age should have no waist, and the princesse dress or polonaise is the best thing for them.

Of course, the complexion has much to say also in deciding the choice of colours. Girls with sallow, dark faces must choose clear tints: white, light blue, violet, or black; and avoid glaring bright and undecided hues. Drab, yellow, cherry, and pale green are all unsuitable for them. Girls with clear skins and pale faces may select all shades of rose, primrose, buff, light green, lilac, brown, and violet. Dark brown or olive complexions must avoid undecided hues of all kinds, as well as very dark or very light ones; and choose clear decided tints, such as geranium, violet, and pink. Florid persons should wear the tints that subdue colour, and give the effect of distance: such as blue and green; and fair girls, with a colour, will find few shades unbecoming to them. Pale complexions must wear fresh colours, such as cherry and pink. Grey, as a rule, suits the young girl and the very old lady; but is rarely becoming to those between the two ages.

There should always be one predominating colour in dress to which all others must be subordinated. The brighter and more positive colour should have less space than the subdued neutral or semi-neutral tint. In grey and green, the grey should predominate with brown; pink and yellow, as well as red and blue, may be used as trimmings.

Colour has an influence not only over beauty, but over health. Dark colours are found to absorb and give out smells of all kinds to a greater extent than the light; and therefore nurses for the sick are not allowed to wear dark dresses. Thus, an American physician has recently advised that nurses of all kinds should avoid wearing black dresses entirely, stating that black cotton is bad, black wool worse, and black silk the most injurious of all. He even thinks that doctors should not wear black clothes when visiting patients, on account of the results to be feared. An English writer of recent date also demonstrated the fact that colour affects our warmth and comfort, as white and light-coloured fabrics reflect the heat and black and dark ones absorb it; at the same time, black throws it off sooner, and white clothing would retain the heat of the body longer than black. Of course, therefore, to be really warm we should follow the example of the Polar bears and other Polar animals, and wear white raiment in the winter. Alas! that our climate, and our foolish habit of soiling our atmosphere with the smoke that we should and could consume, prevents our following the example set by those who dwell in the spotless snowy lands, clothed suitably by an All-Wise Father.

And now a few lines must be given to the discussion of materials. The effect of velvet has just been mentioned as good in absorbing the light and massing the shadows; plush, on the contrary, is thick and ungraceful, and consequently (though probably people do not know why) rarely remains long in fashion. All rough materials add to the size and breadth of the figure, and consequently only those with a smooth surface should be chosen by the stout and tall, leaving the others for people who need both breadth and length.

Plaids and stripes should both be avoided by the tall and stout, but if stripes be worn they should be horizontal, the vertical stripes being left to the short and stout, who wish to increase their apparent height. If a figured fabric be chosen by a stout girl the figure should be large, and the same may be said of spots or of any other pattern.

With regard to the making of the dress I must say a little. There are several styles—such as the polonaise, open below the waist in front and drawn into drapery at the back—that are very becoming to stout figures. The same may be said of coat-shaped jackets with waistcoat fronts, and basque-bodices with points, much cut-up on the hips, with coat-tail back, as they are now worn.

Waistcoats and long plastrons are also becoming, as they take away the look of breadth; but an ordinary basque bodice, forming a line round the hips, should never be worn, nor should I recommend a belt, which is ruinous to any figure that has lost its proportions, whether thin or fat.

A long mantle should be chosen for out-of-door use, and perpendicular trimmings selected for it in preference to horizontal ones. No stout girl or woman should wear a plain, closely-fitting dress, which must attract attention to her deficiencies or her superfluous dimensions. One of the great secrets of reducing the appearance of size is to have the petticoats all made with well-fitting yokes, and to reduce the fulness of all garments round the waist and hips. A small dress-improver is always needed by a stout figure to take off the flatness of the back, which makes the bodice fall in in an ugly manner. A tiny cushion of horsehair is now very generally worn, which is light and cool, and supplies the want better than crinoline or wires. I hardly think that I need warn any of my girl-readers against tight-lacing, for I trust they are all of them too sensible and too well-principled to resort to such an unwholesome method of reducing their natural size; but as a temptation to try it may prove too much for my stout girls, I beg of them, especially, to refrain, as such a practice would be more suicidal to them than to anyone else, for it will ruin the complexion, give them red hands and arms, and as to their noses! . . . A well-fitting corset will give form and a decided outline to the figure, which, without it, would lack much of grace and symmetry.

In regard to bonnets, stout people must eschew both the very small and the very large, and preserve a moderate porportion in the appearance of the head.

The dressing of the hair should also be carefully attended to; girls with a high forehead should be careful to avoid drawing it from the face—it should be worn by them either in curls, or in waves over it. A thin, long face is also improved by the same treatment, especially where the cheekbones are very visible. A round, flat face requires the hair to be dressed on the forehead, and not at the sides; regular and straight features should have simple wavy hair, with the middle parting accurately made, while a beautiful head should have its outline preserved by quite smooth hair. As a rule, I think women, both married and unmarried, rush into the wearing of caps long before there is any occasion for adopting them, and while their own hair, if properly dressed, would look much more suitable and becoming.

I have thus endeavoured to give my girl-readers a few rules by which to govern themselves in the selection of their dresses, and the choice of shapes and colours. There is little to be said to the ordinary girl, who is neither thin nor fat, or indeed to the thin ones; for they have only to use what I have reprobated for the stout. An over-amount of drapery should be avoided in both cases; and simple straight lines should be chosen by all who desire to look well, in preference to trimmings "without rhyme or reason." So far as my own opinion goes, I am inclined to think that girls may wear most things, so long as they are not extreme in fashion, and so long as the dress fits well. But to take to each new colour as it comes out, merely because it is new, shows an uncultivated and uncultured mind, which has not sufficiently thought out the things becoming to itself. When once they have been considered and decided upon, it is as well to adhere to the opinions formed; a course which will simplify the question of choosing articles of dress amazingly; and will also conduce to the absolute forgetfulness of dress, when once put on, which should be the frame of mind of every well-bred woman.

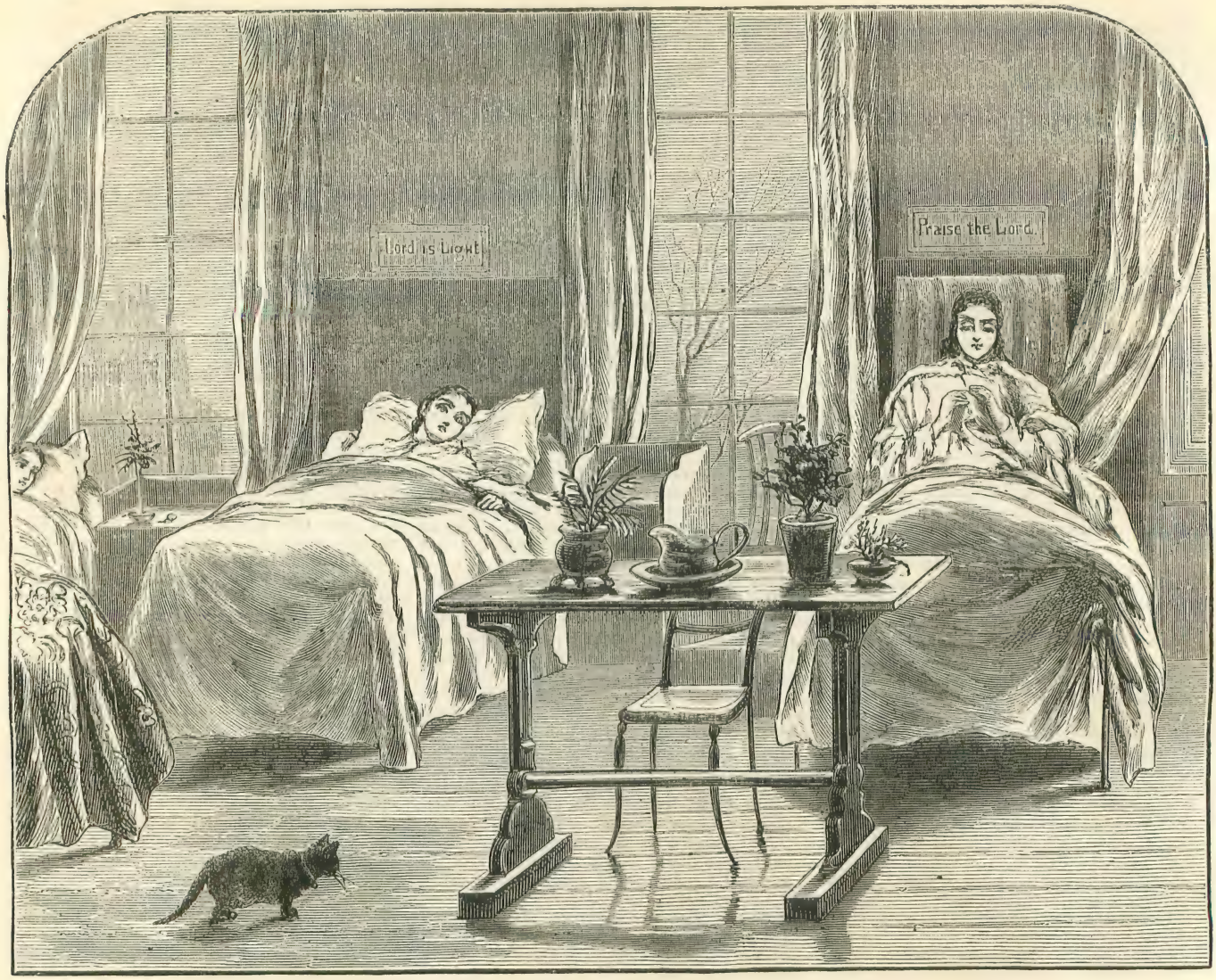
DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

USEFUL HINTS.

SPONGE CAKES.—Make a pan a little warm, put nine eggs in, and add one pound of loaf dust sugar, and beat them together with a whisk till it becomes a little thick; then add one pound of flour sifted, mix it lightly with your hand, put paper round and at bottom of the tins, with a few currants or citron on the paper at the bottom of the tins, add the mixture and put in the oven as soon as possible.

TART PASTE.—Take two pounds of flour, add three-quarters of a pound of butter, break it in pieces in the flour about the size of a nutmeg, then add the water, and mix it to the stiffness you require. Then roll it out, and fold it up one end over the other five times; let the dough lay a little while to get the toughness out of it.

HOME-MADE BREAD.—Take four pounds of flour, one ounce of German yeast; mix it in about a pint of warm water, not too warm, to scald the yeast, then pour it in the flour, and add as much more water as the flour will take, and a little salt. When the dough is made, let it lie in a pan near the fire for three-parts of an hour, then put it in tins to be baked.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

A HOSPITAL almost entirely under the management of women, and solely for the benefit of that sex, must have a special interest for those of our girls whose hearts are capable of sympathetic feeling towards the afflicted with bodily sufferings. Such an institution is that at 222, St. Marylebone-road, London, and to it I desire to call the attention of those who so often inquire where a gift of their own handiwork would prove a much-needed boon.

I have just made a little tour through the two united houses, seen the patients—consisting of both ladies and women in a humbler position—some prostrate, but others sitting up in bed and engaged in reading, writing, drawing, or working. They were, apparently, as cheerful as sufferers could be, under the thoughtful, kindly auspices of those directing the household and the nurses in personal attendance. Notwithstanding the dread of painful curative treatment, present pain, and that most weary waiting for better days, how many brave hearts—unknown to the world outside—beat time to those "songs in the night" heard only of God and the angels around them! I need not explain what songs those are, nor that they are born of that peace-giving Faith and Hope that sees in the far distance the borders of that land "where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."

I made my circuit of all the wards, the waiting, consulting, and operating rooms, the dispensary, office, etc. Some convalescent had left a pleasing memorial behind her of recovered strength, having decorated the lower panes of some of the windows with paintings of flowers representing a window-garden. Screens decorated with coloured pictures and cards on one side, and black and white ones on the other, were in great requisition; and one poor girl, who was laid up with bronchitis, actually cried because a dark, unadorned screen was placed between her and the window, and she had to be solaced with another gay with bright groups of figures, landscapes, and flowers placed on the other side of her bed. Truly nothing is a trifle when strength is wasted, nerves are weak, and "griefs are many, while joys are few!" Then,

"A little thing is but a toy—
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain!"

And the wind and rain make but doleful music outside the casement of an infirmary, when wintry weather prevails within!

A bright glow of natural sunshine does much to raise the spirits, whether you be sick or well; and in this smoky city, and at this ungenial time of the year, a little artificial

brightness should be created by those in happier circumstances. You amongst my readers to whom "the lines have fallen in pleasant places," "lend me your ears," and kindly accept a few suggestions with regard to this hospital.

As a preface to these, I must tell you of the efforts made by the ladies who hold office in this hospital, to make a Christmas for those dwelling amongst strangers as home-like as possible; and you will be glad to hear that some of our girls' deft little fingers unknowingly contributed to the brightness of the occasion, both last year and the year before. It is scarcely necessary that I should explain how you took part in this charitable work, as you all know well that the articles you send in to our needlework competitions are ultimately designed for the benefit of the needy in hospitals and homes.

In reply to my inquiries, I was told by the lady who has the chief management of the institution that, on the evening of Christmas Day, the largest of the wards is illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and gaily decked with evergreens; and that a "Father Christmas" is extemporised out of the wicker-work sides of a vapour-bath, standing about four feet high. A pole is secured in the centre of this, and a stick placed across it at the top of the wicker sides to form shoulders, from which some appearance of arms may depend. On the top a bearded and whitened head is affixed, an appropriate mask having been procured for the purpose. Drapery is hung round the lower part of the figure; and in form it resembles that of the "Green Man," or "Jack o' the Green," paraded in the streets on May Day. A hole is left in the old gentleman's back, which renders the hollow in the middle of his body available for the insertion of the various gifts, clothing, and other articles contributed by the benevolent. These are all numbered, and tickets with corresponding numbers are drawn by everyone in the house – the nursing and the nursed.

Whatever objection may reasonably be urged to the removal of certain patients from their beds upstairs, or whatever the difficulties to be encountered, when bad legs with cradles over them must be taken into consideration, the doctors' scruples and anxieties are set aside for that pleasant evening, and the promoters of the fête are willing to bear all the responsibility of danger incurred. In fact, the refreshment of the change to weary eyes, and to the brain so engrossed by one most harassing train of thought, is known to counteract many disadvantageous results, and to do more good than harm.

The grizzly old "father," attracting so much of interest in the little community, has a very capacious inside, and articles of considerable size find space within his wooden ribs. Amongst the gifts that produced the most lasting impression were some beautifully made flannel petticoats, which elicited the admiration of all, and were sent by the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, the winter before last, from the Needlework Competition of our young readers.

I inquired of the secretary what articles were the most acceptable, and she gave me the following list. Knitted woollen night-socks (very particularly), and every description of article for wear; plants (especially ferns), vases, and fancy flowerpots. These plants and vases, of course, would be placed out of sight on Christmas Day behind the old gentleman's drapery. Those of you who have read that charming Italian story, "Picciola" (the little prison flower), will understand the truth of the secretary's remark to me: "Something that is growing is always such a pleasure to the patients, and they are so interested in the springing up of the new fronds of the ferns, which thrive better than almost anything else in the wards." But any little gift would be welcomed—such as workboxes, needle-books, thimbles, scissors, packages of pencils, boxes of cottons, tapes, and pins; ribbons, spectacles ("clearers"), books (especially those illustrated), bottles of Eau de Cologne—in fact, almost anything. Bed-rests, to support the back when sitting up in bed, made of light woodwork, and also horsehair cushions, not very hard, I think would be very valuable.

I have written so far without telling my readers certain other particulars that may interest them respecting the management of this hospital, and the special claims which it has on their consideration. I said it was "almost entirely under the management of women;" for although the "general" and

A QUIET CONVERSATION.

"managing" committees are composed of both men and women, the four "visiting physicians" and the "house doctor," as well as the "dispenser," the hon. treasurer, hon. secretary, and the acting secretary and housekeeper, are all women. In fact, this is the only hospital in London thus completely "officered" by them. This is a great boon to many whose peculiar circumstances and individual feelings cause them to prefer female medical attendance, and that in a hospital where there are no male medical students.

This institution commenced with twelve beds, increased to fifteen, and now provides twenty-six. But out-patients are likewise attended to. Upwards of 2,000 patients were of this latter class during the past year, and about 200 are annually admitted as in-patients. Payment by the latter is not compulsory, for very necessitous cases are taken in free of charge; but as a general rule the patients are expected to pay from 2s. 6d. and upwards weekly. The out-patients pay an entrance fee of sixpence, and twopence for every succeeding visit.

All the nurses are taken from St. Thomas's Hospital, and the lady superintendent and secretary, Miss Hunt, was trained at the "Nightingale School," at the same hospital. At her special request, I invite any of our London readers, not too far removed from the locality, to pay a visit to the hospital. On any day, excepting Saturdays, they would be welcome between the hours of 2 and 5 p.m. Saturdays are reserved for the visits of the friends of the patients.

Lastly, this New Hospital for Women is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions, and the promoters, managers, and all the officers connected with it look forward without apprehension, not only to a continuance of support—such as that with which the good Providence of God has already blessed their labours—but to a further increase of the same. May I not cause a more widespread interest by far in commending their cause to the kindly remembrance of "Our Girls"? I appeal to that "charity," the loveliest of Christian graces, which, like mercy,

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

HER VIOLIN.

A SKETCH IN SEPIA.

CHAPTER III.

THE winter of that year passed drearily enough for Frida. Before leaving London she had told her friend Mrs. Somerset about her engagement to Demetri, and had received great help and comfort from the sympathy and counsel of that lady. She had promised, for the present, to obey her father, and had told Demetri that there could be no formal betrothal for them, but that she trusted time would change her father's ideas and that they would occasionally exchange letters. This solace she felt she must have.

She had determined to work her hardest, and to spend as little as possible, in order to save money to be invested for her father's benefit, for in this practical outcome her talks with Mrs. Somerset showed her her best help lay, and her friend, in answer to her anxious inquiries, told her that Herr Bund would be well provided for if she could earn for him about sixty thousand thalers. This seemed to Frida an overwhelming sum, as she had no idea of what her present earnings were. One day, therefore, she asked her father how much he received for each of her performances.

Herr Bund stared in astonishment at this question, as Frida had never before asked anything about the arrangements. He, however, replied promptly, "Never more than ten guineas at a time."

Poor Frida! she immediately strove to reckon how many concerts she must attend before attaining the desired sum, and was appalled at the idea that at least a thousand performances would be required; this, then, meant four years of waiting, she thought, but even that knowledge helped her, for she had something definite in her mind, and could count the days as they fled, each one bringing her nearer her goal.

She told Demetri, however, nothing of her plan, but resolved to work steadily on; and from this time she bent herself to make friends everywhere who could help her, insisting on accepting only those engagements which offered the best pay, and surprised Herr Bund by always asking him how much he received.

Meanwhile Demetri was working hard also; he, too, wanted to earn a sum sufficient to justify him in beginning to work the coal, and it grieved him greatly that he never succeeded in seeing Frida during the autumn and winter months. He had been twice in Germany, on his way home, but on neither occasion had he been able to secure a meeting.

In the old castle at Szantó things went on in much the same fashion as heretofore, except that Demetri was in a sort of disgrace with his mother, as she would by no means consent to listen to his plans, or even to believe in the reality of his intention to marry Frida. She persisted in treating him with a species of irritating forbearance whenever he mentioned the subject, explaining his ideas to her daughters as the necessary consequence of the degrading career he had adopted, and assuring them that if his affairs were arranged and he returned to the castle for good, they would hear no more of the "bourgeoise" wife.

Early in the spring of the following year Frida was again in London. She was changed, her friends said, and even Mrs. Somerset scarcely liked to own to herself what judgment told her was really the case, that the girl had lost something as a woman, whatever she had gained as a musician. She tried to make allowance for the pain caused her by the discovery of her father's mercenary ideas; for, though to all the world Herr Bund had ever been only a vulgar, odious little tradesman, yet to his daughter he had seemed "guide, philosopher, and friend," until the rupture with Von Szantó had revealed him in his true colours. Undoubtedly, however, there was now about Frida a sort of unapproachableness and hardness; she seemed to live only to play, and to play only to gain money. She never went into society if she could help it, and in her rare talks with Mrs. Somerset revealed a kind of morbid eagerness to earn, always to earn, which horrified that lady, and made her try by every means in her power to turn the girl's thoughts into more healthy channels, and to dispossess her of the idea that she would never see Demetri again until she had gained the large sum she had determined to be needful.

Thus she seemed to be dominated by two passions, devotion to her lover and a desire for gain; her loving delight in her art was exchanged for a feverish anxiety to make the most of her unusual talent, and she had no longer a pleasure in music for its own sake.

Her appearance, too, was altered: she had lost her look of brilliant health and strength, and was thin and pale, only becoming flushed with excitement when some unusual effort aroused her, and her large eyes now looked larger and darker than ever, giving out a fierce, hard light, instead of the wistful, appealing softness that had held such a charm.

One morning in May, Herr Bund had gone into the city on some pressing business, and Frida was, as usual, practising intently, when the servant brought in a note, saying the messenger awaited an answer, and that he had been told the Fraulein could reply as easily as her father if he were absent. Frida opened it and read—

"SIR,—We agree to your terms, and are willing to give your daughter one hundred guineas for the three performances, though we think it a very large amount. Let us know if the time named yesterday for the first rehearsal will suit.—Yours truly,

"B. SMITH (for Messrs. Church & Co.)."

The note fell from Frida's hand, and she felt stupefied. What did it mean? She had, however, to rouse herself, and she took an instant determination. Turning to the servant, she said, "Tell the messenger I will answer the note in person, and at once." Then, hastily throwing on cloak and hat, she set forth to see the writer of the missive, who was agent for the conductors of the concerts at which she had frequently played, and to learn—what? that this was a new and exceptional scale of pay, or that her father had been deceiving her systematically? for he had hitherto adhered to his declaration that he had never received more than ten guineas for any performance, and that any change of price meant a lesser one. Her mind was in such a chaos that it was only as she was being ushered into the presence of the gentleman of whom she was in search that she realised the difficulty of the inquiry she wished to make. This, however, was rendered easy to her, for the agent coming forward said, "I hope, Fraulein, you are satisfied that we consent, and that the time I named for rehearsal suits you?"

"Perfectly," replied Frida, her self-possession returning. "I come to thank you; but I wish to ask what you gave me last year for these concerts."

"You will remember," was the answer, "that at first you had fifteen guineas, but at the end of the season it was twenty."

"I thank you," said Frida; and turning, she departed with a sense of despairing rage in her heart, so engrossing her that she only mechanically took her way home. This, then, was her father's care! this his interest in her welfare! He had lied; he had watched her weary work and toil; he had known how to lighten it, and given no sign but a false one! As she mounted the stairs to her room, she tried in vain to think how much her earnings had really been and whether release was indeed likely to be at hand; but her brain refused to aid her, the figures she tried to reckon were meaningless, and she only felt a weary sense of the intolerable burden she had to bear, and of the disgust she could not conceal from herself at the thought of her father's conduct. For she hated lying for its own sake. But how much greater was her hatred when the lies were given her by her false, miserable father!

She went to the drawing-room at length, to find Herr Bund in his favourite chair, with a cup of coffee beside him, his pipe in his mouth, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in his hand. He looked the personification of comfort, and in Frida's distorted mental condition his very attitude and occupation were insults.

She advanced, and holding out the note received that morning, asked, "What does this mean?"

Bund was taken by surprise, and glancing at it replied, in feigned astonishment, "Ah,

this is liberal indeed! I thought we might now increase our demands, my child."

Frida's cup of wrath was full; this speech made it overflow, and she exclaimed, with an accent of scorn, "Why have you deceived me thus? You know you are not speaking truly."

"Frida," returned Bund, weakly, "I alone have a right to what you earn, and it is my place to make terms."

"Perhaps," answered she, "but at least you have no right to tell me falsehoods, and I have this morning discovered that, at all events since we came to London last year, you have constantly—misinformed me." She paused before the word, substituting it for the more forcible one which was on her lips, but the tone of contempt with which it was spoken filled up the expression.

"You are strangely forgetting yourself, Frida," said Bund, now roused to something like defiance; "you are my child, and I have the right to use what means I think best to direct your life. Your folly about Von Szantó showed me it would not be safe to let you know what you were really earning; for your own good I have withheld the truth."

"It can never be for the good of any soul that another should cheat or be untruthful," retorted Frida; "you make me despise you."

Bund was enraged at this; the veins in his forehead were swollen with passion, and his voice seemed choked with his anger. Controlling himself, however, he merely said, "You will repent to-morrow, Frida, and then I will hear your apology. I shall not dine at home to-night, as I know you are going with Mrs. Somerset to Lord Dungarvan's." And he left the room.

Frida remained standing for a few moments, then the tempest of rage, which from its unwontedness had shaken her very being all too powerfully, died away; her sense of wrong suffered gave place to her remembrance of wrong done, and bitterly repenting of her angry words, she threw herself on the sofa, sobbing as though her heart would break.

No wonder that on that evening her changed appearance attracted more attention than usual, or that Mrs. Somerset was besieged with inquiries as to the cause of the alteration in the looks of her *protégée*, as Frida was often considered.

The concerts at Dungarvan House were well known, and in the noble music-room a large and notable audience was gathered. Many of those assembled had last year shown Frida great kindness, and she had visited them in the character of guest rather than musician, but this year the subtle change which had come over her made her unsociable, and her chilling manners had alienated many who would gladly have been her friends.

To-night she was unnaturally pale; her cheeks looked thin and hollow; the large dark eyes were encircled by purple rings; her hands seemed sadly white, and the fingers too long and thin. She was dressed in very pale yellow satin, with clusters of marigolds on hair, neck, and dress, the colouring of which seemed to give her a strange, faded look.

She played first in a trio, a very difficult composition of Corelli's, and acquitted herself magnificently; but to Mrs. Somerset a great effort was apparent, and she begged Frida to go home with her at once. This, however, the girl steadily refused to do, saying that her next piece came soon, and she would rather go through with it. During the interval she sat perfectly still, her great eyes fixed on vacancy, and her hands clasped on her violin. She then had to play Scarlatti's "Devil's Tarantelle," a solo, and few who heard it will forget the painful impression her execution of that weird music gave them.

Just before its close, Mrs. Somerset was called from the room by their host, who told her he had received a message from Frida's landlady, requesting her to go home at once. On his asking why, he was abruptly told that Herr Bund had been brought home in a state of insensibility, and they feared he could not recover. He had been dining at a restaurant much frequented by foreigners, had seemed excited in a way unusual with him, and after dinner had been betrayed into angry discussion with a Frenchman, in the midst of which he had staggered, and missing the support of a chair he had tried to clutch, had fallen heavily to the ground, to all appearance dead.

The Frenchman and some others had called assistance, had discovered from his cards his residence, and had conveyed him home. He was now in the same apparently lifeless condition. Lord Dungarvan was anxious to spare Frida as much as possible the shock such news must cause her, and begged Mrs. Somerset to undertake the sad task of telling her.

As soon, therefore, as the last notes of the tarantelle were ended, Mrs. Somerset told Frida they must leave at once, as she was needed at home.

"What is it?" asked the girl, in an unnaturally calm tone. "Tell me quickly, please—something has happened to my father, is it not so?"

"Yes," replied her friend; "he has been brought home ill."

"Been brought home!" echoed Frida; "you mean, then, he is dead?"

"No, indeed," returned Mrs. Somerset, reassuringly, "it is not so; he is ill, and you must nurse him."

To this Frida replied not, but sat perfectly still as they drove rapidly through the park on their way home. She seemed frozen, as Mrs. Somerset recalled afterwards, for, happening to touch her hand, she found it as cold as ice, and it was the more strange as the night was warm and close, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the trees.

Arrived at home, Frida, in the same calm manner, replaced her evening dress by a dressing-gown before going into her father's room, and then listened quietly to the doctor's directions, sitting by the bedside and holding the sick man's hand. She scarcely spoke, and showed none of the usual signs of emotion. Mrs. Somerset learned from the doctor that he judged the patient's recovery to be hopeless, but that he believed he might regain consciousness for a short time. He promised to send a nurse if on his morning visit he found Herr Bund still living.

It was with a heavy heart that Mrs. Somerset prepared to share Frida's vigil; she felt she could not leave her thus, and dreaded the girl would utterly break down if this strange unnatural calm continued. She returned to the sick room, and told Frida she had made arrangements for remaining with her, at least for the present, and Frida roused herself sufficiently to thank her, and to beg that she would rest for awhile, promising to call her if there were need for her help.

So Frida was left alone, watching sadly, and with grief and remorse, by the still form of her father. The thought would not leave her, that if she had not made him so angry, but had been more calm and submissive, he would not have been ill, and she longed, with an intensity of feeling that swept all else away, that he would regain consciousness and that she might entreat his forgiveness. The anguish of those hours of watching she will never forget, nor will the effect of it ever entirely leave her. She remembers now the sounds of busy London life, the steps of passers-by, the rolling of carriages, the occasional barking of a dog, and especially the hoarse voice of a man calling out some extraordinary piece of news—invented, probably, for the occasion. She began her watch about half-past ten, and the weary hours struck—eleven, twelve, one, and no change was visible in the condition of the patient; he lay in a stupor, breathing heavily. Frida strove to restore him by the simple means the doctor permitted, but her efforts were of no avail until, after chafing his hands incessantly for awhile, she fancied she felt a slight return of warmth, and just as two o'clock struck from the wheezy old timekeeper on the staircase, and the clocks in the neighbouring churches were making known the hour in the still air, Bund stirred slightly and unclosed his eyes.

Frida bent over him and tried to make him drink a cordial. He swallowed a few drops, and then strove to speak. Frida said, gently, "Do not try to talk, dear father; press my hand, and I shall know that you forgive me."

The lips tried to form the words "I forgive," and a slight pressure of her hand the longing girl certainly felt, then the eyes closed again, and Mrs. Somerset entering saw the end had come. A long, quivering sigh, and poor Bund, with his visions of fame, ease, and wealth for himself and daughter, had passed beyond the veil.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

RESIGNATION.—It is the part of every good woman's religion to resign herself to God's will.—*Cumberland.*

MEALTIMES IN DAYS OF OLD.—The Anglo-Saxons had three meals in the day: the breaking of their fast (breakfast) at the third hour of the day, which answered to nine o'clock in the morning according to our reckoning; *ge-reordung* (repast) or *nôn-mete* (noon-meat) or dinner, which appears to have been held at three o'clock in the afternoon, the canonical hour of noon; and the *oefen ge-reord* (evening repast) *oefen mete* (evening meat) or supper, the hour of which is uncertain. It is probable from many circumstances that the latter was a meal not originally in use among our Saxon forefathers, perhaps their only meal at an earlier period was the dinner, which was always their principal repast.

A WINTER'S TALE.

Whilst the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that odd compound of incompatibles called "human nature." It was a Christmas Eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so "bitter cold." The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant—

"It is a terribly cold night, Scip; I am afraid my poor neighbour, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip, fill it full of wood, pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again—

"Stop, Scip; you need not go now, *the weather has moderated.*"

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—She that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with herself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world.—*Colton.*

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. 1.—PANELS FOR FRONT OF PIANO

FIG. 2.—PANELS FOR CABINET DOORS.

In fig. 1 I have given you a piano front of iris of various colours. A prettily-worked front to a piano is a pleasant change from the monotony of the old-fashioned style, and you can in most cases do one at home at little cost. The design can be worked on brown or bronze-coloured velveteen, or, indeed, on anything you like that is not too thick, and it can be all in one piece instead of in three panels. Work it solidly all in crewels, touched up with silk in the lightest part, and using finer crewel for the flowers; or it is more effective (though more expensive) to use silk entirely for the flowers. These need careful and artistic shading, as, indeed, do the leaves, threads of a light bluish colour being used to bring out the light parts. I advise you to work as much as you can from nature, or from a good coloured drawing; the increased effect will fully repay you for your trouble. A great many tall and showy flowers can be easily grouped, so as to make suitable panels for either the back or front of the piano (the backs want longer panels), and being strikingly ornamental, are well worth working; you can generally take out the framework in front of your piano, and after removing the lining, replace it by nailing in your work. Fig. 2, panels for cabinet doors, can also in many cases be done at home. I have drawn this especially for such cabinets as one often sees in old-fashioned houses, and which by this time have come out of their hiding places in lumber or school rooms. You can easily get the glass removed, and replace it with work. The design of foxglove and swamp grass is to be worked on Japanese or Roman silk. You can use oatcake cloth or crash if you prefer it; work it with fine crewel solidly, and shade carefully. As in the piano back, the foxgloves may be either purple, pale yellow, or white. Whichever colour you may choose, a good deal of pale grey and green must be worked into the unopened flowers at the tips; for the swamp grass use a good selection of dark reds, browns, and golds. Hollyhocks in different colours, various lilies, and, for smaller cabinet doors, flower-pots with well placed flowers in them, would be good to use.

Fig. 3 is another piano front, which will not be as much trouble to work as fig 1. If you do it simply in outline, use two or three shades of blue, brown, or red crewel on oatcake cloth, or crash of a rather dull

FIG. 3.—PANEL FOR FRONT OF PIANO.

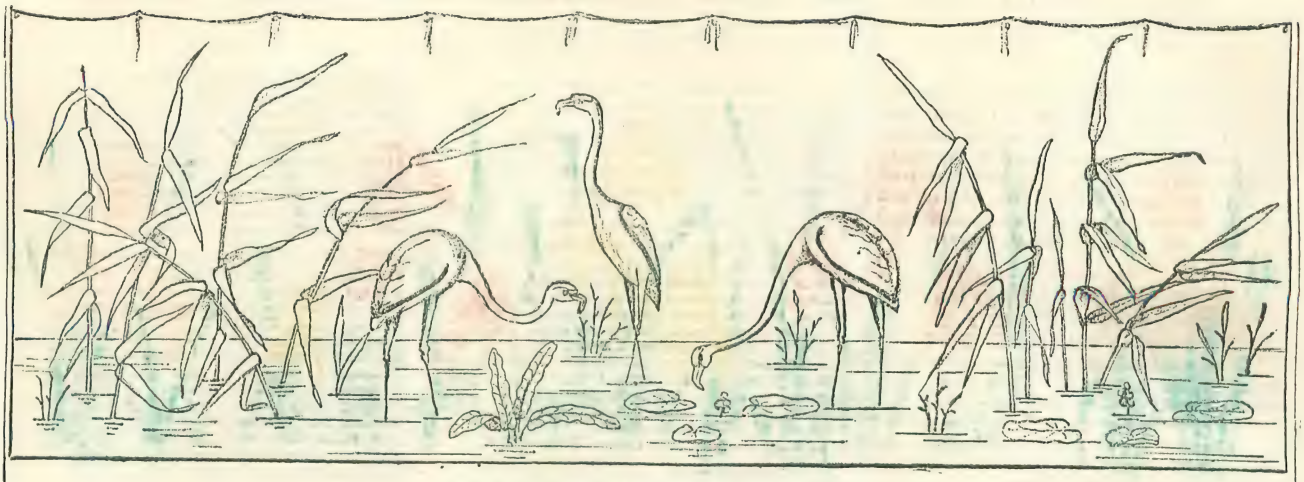


FIG. 4.—SPLASH BACK FOR WASHING-STAND.

brown colour; if you wish to make it very handsome use Japanese silk (tussore) on light-coloured Roman satin, and work it in a frame entirely with gold and silver thread. This would be very effective either for back or front of a piano, as indeed all Japanese designs are, and you can copy so many of these for yourselves in this style.

Fig. 4 is a splash back for a washing-stand. Work it in outline only on some material that will wash well, and be careful to use only fast-coloured crewels. As these articles are so likely to need washing or cleaning occasionally, you can either simply hem it or work two or three lines of crewel round, or you may ornament the edges with blanket-stitch and fasten it to the rod by means of small rings or knots of ribbon the same colour as the crewels used in working.

Fig. 5 is another design for cabinet-doors, in a less simple style than fig. 2. Work it on tussore, silk, or satin, and, if you prefer to use crewel for the leaves, the flowers and birds will be better done in silk; it should all be solidly worked. The flowers are scarlet, and a good deal of dark red and brown are needed in the shading of the leaves and stalks. The birds—Sappho or comet-tailed humming-birds—must be worked with the brightest of colours, well shaded into each other, the head and back bright green and yellow, shaded into dark peacock-blue; the lower part of the back and the breast are crimson; wing coverts black with crimson feathers; tail fiery red, with black tip to each feather; there is a patch of white about the eye, and the beak is black. The panels must be mounted very carefully, or, as you will see, the unity of the design will be spoilt. If satin be used, it should be worked entirely with silks.

Fig. 6, another splash back. I prefer designs with water for these articles, as they look cool and suitable. You can work this more solidly than the other if you like, but not entirely so, or the birds would be too heavy. Only the outline and shaded parts of these — sufficient to give them form—need be worked, but it would be more effective to work the rushes and water-plants solidly; put two or three lines of coarse crewel round in stem stitch, but beware of using colour that will wash out or run. Crash or oatcake cloth will be most suitable to work this design upon.

FIG. 5.—PANELS FOR CABINET DOORS.

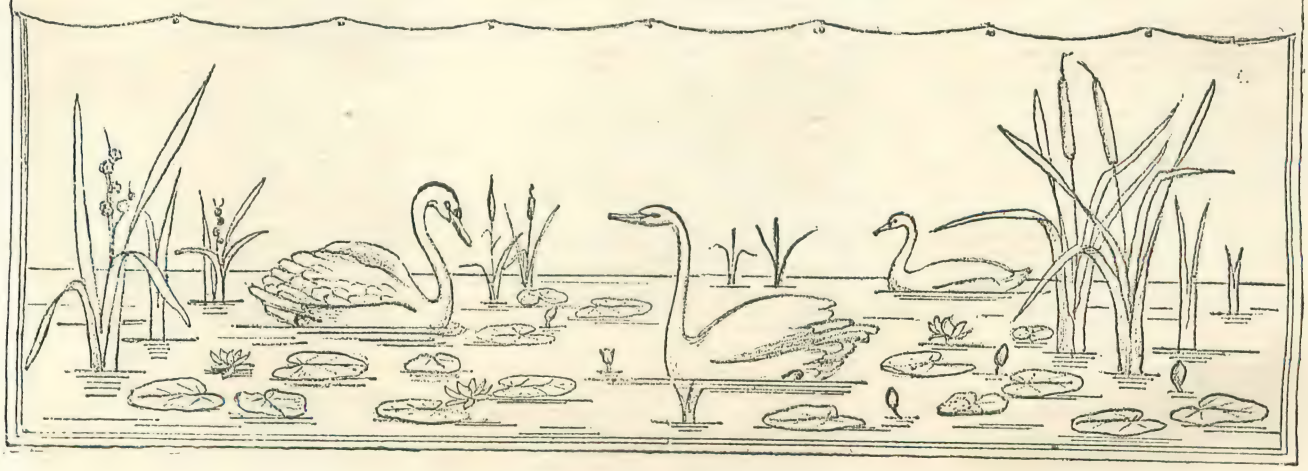


FIG. 6.—SPLASH BACK FOR WASHING-STAND.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN ENGLISH WRITING.

EXAMINER:—THE EDITOR.

THE Editor, in publishing the lists of successful competitors for the Prizes and Certificates, wishes to state his satisfaction at the religious spirit pervading the whole tone of the multitudinous essays sent in. He sincerely congratulates the successful girls here named, and begs the unsuccessful ones to take courage and study hard *with a view to future* success.

AGE TEN.

CERTIFICATE OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Hobkirk, Mary, Colesburg, South Africa.

AGE ELEVEN.

ERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Bryant, Clara Edith, Stratford.
Freeman, Mabel Louisa, Maldon.
Groves, Beatrice, Shortlands, Kent.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Gillmore, Isabel Mary, Kingston, Canada.
Campbell, Minnie, Craigmore, Bute.

AGE TWELVE.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Hughes, Millie, Rochester.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Wigg, Mary Elizabeth, Denmark Hill, S.E.
Wharton, Rosa Lily, Snettisham, King's Lynn.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Jackson, Helen Baillie, Denmark Hill, S.E.

CERTIFICATE OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Ross, Augusta, Paraclete, Melbourne, Victoria.

AGE THIRTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Lewis, Alice Mary, Arboretum, Nottingham.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Abbey, Evelyn Jane, Glaskin-road, South Hackney.
Steel, Rachel Sophia Heloïse, Norwich.
Gregory, Lila Frances, Aldershot.
Thomson, Maggie Brownlee, Kilmarnock.
Jackson, Emma Louise, Alcester.
Bloore, Elsie Marian, Fleet, Winchfield.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS

Ritchie, Susan Elizabeth, West Cowes.
Thomas, Jessie Louisa, Norley, Cheshire.
Pepper, Mary Ellen, Sheffield.
Freeman, Edith Mary, Maldon.
Hooper, Rosa, Camden-road.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Boyle, Edith Elizabeth, Hackney.
Minor, Alice Julia, Market Drayton.
Long, Mary Ann, Clementhorpe.
Booth, Harriet Edith, Dedham.

AGE FOURTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Monies, Evaline, Boston Spa.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Wilson, Edith Amy, Renley.
Rice, Mary Davenport, Sutton.
Silvers, Mabel, London, S.E.
Bigg, Jane, Messing.
Nicholls, Mary Eykyn, Brafield Grove.
Ramsay, Nora Mabel, Cheltenham.
Ensor, Henrietta Maud, Redland.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Watham, Emily Frances, Southport.
Fagge, Ada Bessie, Canterbury.
Holmes, Frances Emma, Reading.
Cooper, Nellie, Leicester.
Salmon, Fanny Margaret Walters, London, W.C.
Warren, Mary Emblin, St. John's Wood.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Howieson, Henrietta Watson, Camberwell.
Walker, Beatrice Honor Maria, Whitby.
Knobel, Henrietta, Colesburg, South Africa.
O'Brien, Alice Annie, Christ Church Vicarage.
Hicks, Frances Helena, Bradmore.
Stubbs, Phillis Maria, Bilston.
Salusbury, Ambrozine, Weymouth.
Evans, Lilian Mary, Leicester.
Clerke, Susan Eva Meredith, Skibbereen.
Wood, Julia Martha, London, E.
Hart, Florence, Brixton Rise.
Clarke, Fanny Elizabeth, Peckham Rye.

AGE FIFTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA

Lazenby, Martha Mary, Bloxwich.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Beynon, Alice Knight, Brompton.
Reid. Catherine, Dennistown.
McNalty, Ethel Elizabeth, Upper Norwood.
Charles, Jane, Hackney.
Sale, Mary Helen, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Holder, Grace Lind, Preston Park.
Stooke, Edith Mahala, Newton Abbot.
Nash, Sarah Elizabeth, St. Paul's Cray.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Neal, Amy Ethel, Lordship-lane.
Forbes, Louisa Evalien, near Maidenhead.
Abbey, Rose Bartrom, Great Berkhamsted.
Swann, Huberta Mary, Govanhill, Glasgow.
Freeman, Edith Sarah, Marylebone-road.
Dillon, Henrietta Georgina, Youghal.
Morgan, Lizzie, Carmarthen.
Fernie, Janet P., Colinsburgh.
Keeling, Amy Alice, Nottingham.
Hewett, Hilda Henrietta, Maida Vale.
Marriott, Alice Ruth, Swaffham.
Hardwick, Margaret Ann Davies, Burgess Hill.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Young, Nussie, Clifton.
Gardiner, Annie Isabella, Wimpole-street.
Nixon, Elizabeth Maria, Billingham.
Morrison, Catherine, Edinburgh.
Parnell, Sarah Cecilia, Great Cumberland-place.
Smith, Margaret, Aldershot.
Lowe, Gertrude Maria, Birmingham.
Shillingford, Emily Catherine, Peckham.
Crowther, Ellen, Quarmby.
Northwood, Sarah Ellen, Leeds.
Mellor, Minnie Taylor, Semaphore, South Australia.

AGE SIXTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Thomson, Alexandra, York.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Haverfield, Edith Dale, Carlisle.
Mulliner, Beatrice Charlotte, Birkenhead.
Evenden, Rosa Lydia, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Murgatroyd, Mary Alice, Idle.
Cheeseman, Louisa Jane, Bishopston.
Clarke, Catherine Ellen, Hackney-road.
Ashmore, Jeannie Blyton, North Shields.
Redfern, Alice Ada, Penrith.
Jackson, Ellen Mabel, Alcester.
Foxlee, Alice Mary, Acton.
Gardiner, Fanny Russell, Wimpole-street.
Wallis, Julia Kate, St. Catherines.
Langdon, Ada, Ryde.
King, Ellen Narborough, Leicester.
Johnstone, Laura A., Banff.
Dolton, Edith, Newbury.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Hewer, Elizabeth, Eastbourne
Barrow, Florence Emily, East Dulwich.
Higgs, Edith, Brixton Rise.
Cole, Alice Bertha, Sydenham Hill-road.
Pears, Amy, Camberwell.
Baker, Clara Elizabeth, Hastings.
Mitchell, Minnie, Melbourne.
Lawson, Eleanor, Aintree.
Beeching, Maud, Lausanne, Switzerland.
Handley, Francois Editha, Birmingham.
Tomlinson, May, Staffordshire.
Lyle, Agnes Kingford, Bayswater.
Mountain, Annie Emily, Manchester.
Thompson, Kate, Forest Hill.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS

Clarke, Millicent Mary, Peckham.
Ramsay, Elsie Monro, Dunfermline.
Cullard, Alice B., Elgin.
Radford, Edith, Burton-on-Trent.
Appelbee, Maria Elizabeth, Walthamstow.
Underwood, Mary E., Leicester.
Kirby, Ellen, Market Harborough.
Wright, Margaret Gertrude, Camberwell.
Little, Agnes Fanny, Witney, Oxon.
Reed, Esther, Allahabad, N.W.P. India.
Adams, Georgina, Stanton.
Dege, Ada M., Shepherd's Bush.
Scott, Izetta Eleanor, Birkenhead.
Kowin, Annie, Fore-street.
Dubois, Beatrice Elizabeth Mary, Peckham Rye.
Pounden, Betamia Octavia, Gorey, Ireland.
Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Fareham.
Price, Eleanor Mary, Rugby.

AGE SEVENTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Somerville, Henrietta, Nantwich.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

White, Mary de Lacy, Harleston.
Payne, Isabel Harriet, Wallingford.
Gowan, Henrietta Celeste, East St. Keldo, Melbourne.
Wright, Beatrice Keble, Camberwell.
Clark, Nellie, King's Lynn.
Beatson, Ada Evelyn, Heeley.
Hankey, Evelyn A., Bickley Park.
Ascough, Elizabeth Ann, Northallerton.
Hallett, Frances M., Weymouth.
Lamb, Emily Frances Edith, Dalston.
McHardy, Dora Mary, Gloucester-street.
Nunn, Mabel Persse, Clifton.
Bawden, Ethel Sansom, Truro.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Cunningham, Lillie, Battersea.
Price, Isabel Mary, Leigh.
Morgan, Rose Gertrude, Ampthill-square.
Marshall, Ada, Halifax.
Dawes, Rose, London.
Lambert, Frances Marie, Ashbourn.
Whiston, Lizzie, near Stone.
Streeter, Fannie, Billingshurst.
Wright, Annie Featherstone, Hampstead.
Mercer, Maria, Edenfield.
Bell, Edith Kate Ottilie, Fulham.
Salsbury, Alice Middleton, South Lambeth.
Curtis, Clara Jane, Heaton Chapel.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Marle, Emily, Barnsbury.
Gatehouse, Phebe Lois, Chichester.
Gray, Ada Angelina, Great Yarmouth.
Hodges, Edith Muriella, Monkstown.
Wood, Emily Stanley, Dover.
Dunlop, Augusta Lilia, Berwickshire.
Cox, Isabella, Exeter.
Clare, Annie, Wimbledon.
Kellock, Agnes G., Crosshill.
Grierson, Sarah Allan, Dumfries.
Sprague, Helen Mary, Kilburn.
Simon, Julia, Dalston.
Inglis, Julia Clara, Peckham Rye.
Bullen, Sarah Josephine, Bandon.
Elliott, Isabella, Woodford.
Roberts, Elizabeth Ellen, St. Helens.
Howsin, Elizabeth Louisa, Wetherby.
Cooke, Annie, Beaminster.

AGE EIGHTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

James, Alice, Freshwater.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Batty, Adelaide Emily, Fulham.
Bailey, Mary Elizabeth, Fort Bombay.
Armes, Edith Mary, King's Lynn.
George, Catherine Anne, Leamington.
Collins, Catherine, Huddersfield.
Powell, Mary Maddock, Liverpool,
Clough, Sarah Jane, Cleckheaton.
Maltman, Kate D., Glasgow.
Caws, Bessie, Ryde.
Tolhurst, Martha, Strand.
Lester, Mary Elizabeth, Liverpool.
Goulty, Mary Olivia, Alderley Edge.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Scrivener, Florence, Grenville-street.
Parkes, Blanch, Sheffield.
Rich, Elfleda Ethel, Alcester.
Collins, Emily Agnes, Emneth.
Watson, Emily Rowley, Bournemouth.
Joy, Gertrude Frances, Hanwell.
Crawford, Minnie Theodora, Edinburgh.
Horne, Annie Jane, Bangor.
Haughton, Nellie, Holyhead.
Hartley, Emily Jane, Selby.
Ordish, Bertha, Shepherd's Bush.
Graham, Agnes Frances, Edinburgh.
Ravenscroft, Laura Winifred, Denmark Hill.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Cathcart, Catherine, Drogheda.
Lownds, Catherine Mary, Egham Hill.
James, Ethel, Selhurst.
Clarkson, Gertrude, Leicester.
Daniel, Annie, Swindon.
Applebee, Alice Elizabeth, Warwick.
Booth, Agnes Sarah, Dedham.
Watts, Emily Jane, Windsor.
Newbold, Florence, near Guildford.
Baverstock, Mary, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.
Denroche, Barbara Charlotte, Dungarvan.
Haydon, Marian, Addlestone.
Pearson, Amy Isabel, Bedford.
Reid, Edith Margaret Helena, Dorchester.

AGE NINETEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Marshall, Margaret Eliza, Whitehall-place.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Hunter, Mary, Edinburgh.
Croall, Marian Minnie, Kelso.
Cox, Frances Elizabeth, King's Stanley.

Naish, Ethel Mary, Wilton.
Ashworth, Fannie, Bramley.
Duffett, Bessie E., Godalming.
Preston, Anne, Burnley.
Morley, Rosa, Balham.
Bannester, Elizabeth Sumner, Great Barling.
Hadley, Mary Helena, Stonehouse.
Manning, Georgina Eleanor, Dublin.
Mervyn, Mary Elizabeth, Banbridge.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Corbett, Marion Phœbe, Rathmines.
Redfern, Mary Louise, Penrith.
Duff, Harriet, St. Andrews.
Gillespy, Rose Matilda, Euston-road.
Dawson, Maud, Richmond-road.
Wright, Adeline Francesca, Langley Mill.
Madeley, Maud, Dudley.
Pollaky, Minna M. A., Paddington.
Sharp, Eva Beatrice, Forest Gate.
Compston, Catherine Emily, Taunton.
Eddowes, Florence, Derby.
Bunting, Mary Ellen, Swaffham.
Woolsey, Alice Louisa, Great Yarmouth.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Matthews, Cecilia Elizabeth, Chichester.
Porter, Ada Kathleen, West-End-lane.
Cogill, Emily, Southsea.
Brand, Ida Gertrude, Brighton.
Brown, Caroline Margaret, Malvern.
Carter, Ann Quartley, Withington.
Foreman, Alice Phillis, Great Yarmouth.
Law, Maria Jane, Padiham.
Holland, Emmie, Rochdale.
Mills, Alice Eliza, Clifton.
Byard, Amy, Lewisham.
Coates, Eleanor, Hull.
Green, Annie Henrietta, Fairfield.
Fehr, Albertina, Leytonstone.

AGE TWENTY.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Ainsworth, Lilly, South Hackney.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Robertson, Katherine Gowans, St. Heliers.
Nash, Laura, North Finchley.
Crabtree, Henrietta Annie, Leeds.
Northern, Harriett Augusta, Margate.
Pitt, Charlotte Alice, Minories.
Bacon, Catherine Alma, Beaminster.
Lellvarner, Alice Dorothy, Walsingham.
Hammon, Annie, Fulham.
Murray, Catharine Isabella, St. John's Wood.
James, Emily Charlotte, Barrie, Ontario.
Loverock, Annie Louisa, Rugby.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Thorne, Lizzie, Liskeard.
Fuge, Wilhelmina, Youghal.
Yorke, Hester Maria Julia, Christleton.
Thompson, Mabel Louisa, Marlborough-road.
Maddox, Kate Russell, Hampstead.
McGuiggan, Sarah Jane, Youghal.
Howick, Georgina, *Midhurst*.
Schofield, Juliet, Beckenham.
Elliot, Eliza, Berwick-on-Tweed.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Baker, Annie Marshall, Rutland.
Gallegher, Mary, Glasgow.
Wintle, Annie Reville, Kingsland.
Deck, Helen Mary, Halesworth.
Southwick, Mary Elizabeth, Sheffield.
Hunnybun, Florence Violet, Colchester.
Vincent, Elizabeth Ursula, Weymouth.

AGE TWENTY-ONE.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Fraser, Helen Jane, Wolverhampton.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Macdonald, Mary, Fort William.
Thompson, Sarah, Derby.
Munnings, Ada, Hertford.
Banham, Sarah, Norwich.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Ferris, Emma J., Bath.
Underdown, Florence D., Manchester.
Garland, Kate B., Chichester.
Shaw, Mary Helen, Hull.
Bathhurst, Katherine, Biggleswade.
Parkinson, Emily S., Sutton.
Guillim, Georgina, Mumbles.
Hewat, Dora Louise, South Norwood.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Leeson, Kate Elizabeth, East Dulwich.
Dumaresq-Ross, Margaret Mary, Brighton.
Andrews, Marianne Elizabeth, Upper Clapton.
Bolton, Emilie, Notting Hill.
Hicks, Caroline, Buckingham.
Harrison, Lucy Ruth, Brading.
Laud, Minnie, Peckham.
Graham, Alice, Alford.
Mulholland, Jennie H., Belfast.

AGE TWENTY-TWO.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Carrett, Alice Margaret, Kineton.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Boyd, Martha, New Ross.
Booker, Alice Mary, Leicester.
Archer, Eleanor Elizabeth, Leamington.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Adams, Susan Maria, Hathern, Longborough.
Bostans, Lilla, Dulwich.
Lever, Alice, Sheepcote Farm.
Old, Elizabeth, Ladbroke Grove.
Churchill-Longman, Ethel Mary, Westbourne.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Davis, Hester, Cardiff.
Boileau, Maria de Chal, Blackheath.
Shaw, Rosa Joyce, Hull.
Vanes, Mary, Ealing.
Odell, Marion Rose, Waterloo.
Dowdeswell, Fanny Maria, Hockley Heath.
Price, Mary Emily, Blifleterion, (?) Conway.

AGE TWENTY-THREE.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Fill, Edith, Dulwich.

CERTIFICATE OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Clarke, Mary Elizabeth, Tulse Hill.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Denroche, Bessie Lane, Dungarvan.
Buckley, Jane Hannah, Berkdale.
Ridout, Alice Maud, Dunmow.

CERTIFICATE OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Whitaker, Gertrude, Shrewsbury.

AGE TWENTY-FIVE.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Kinneir, Minnie Margaret, Swindon.
Adams, Selena Jane, Bury St. Edmunds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

HAKROU JARL. — 1. Read Macmillan's "Science Primers," price 1s. each, which are excellent on the subject of physiology. 2. The phrase, "On the spur of the moment," simply owes its origin to the use of spurs, which goad a horse suddenly forward. Thus a sudden impulse causing immediate action, the thought followed within the same moment by the deed, is very characteristically compared to the use of spurs to a horse.

F. C. J.—Every girl should be so educated as to be able to support herself if necessary. So long, however, as the necessity for your leaving home does not exist, it is your duty to endeavour to remain there, to be a comfort, as a daughter might be in a thousand little ways, to her parents. They have had the expense of your education, and of all else you have enjoyed, and to arrange to leave them the moment your schooling is over, and to make no return in those watchful loving attentions that mere gratitude demands of you, not to speak of filial affection, would be a most discreditable and undutiful act. How could you be "dull at home?" You might be engaged in perfecting your education in so many ways—in housekeeping, cookery, nursing, reading, and plain needlework. The proper place for a little girl in her "teens" is at home, when not at school. We feel sure that it was only want of due reflection—not want of natural affection, or, at least, good feeling—that made you contemplate a removal from home when your schooling shall be over. We request the attention of all our girl readers to this answer.

MAUD G.—The examinations of the Oxford Junior Local, held in June, are for girls under sixteen; for the Senior Local, for girls under eighteen; for the Higher Local, for girls over eighteen. There is no limit of age for the Edinburgh Junior and Senior Local; nor for the St. Andrew's; the Queen's University, Dublin; the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.; the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.; Trinity College, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W.; nor at the Christian Evidence Society, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C. Apply to one of these for your guidance. You will have to attend lectures, and should have a tutor to assist you and direct your studies.

WORK.

NELLIE N.—1. A felt hat, trimmed with velvet to match your ulster, would look well. 2. The picture should be mounted, and a slight gold frame, rather more decorated than what is called a "bead moulding," would suit it. Your handwriting is scarcely formed.

AKABA.—1. Mix in a good deal of dark blue satin with the black velvet bodice, and wear lace with it; or put on trimmings of it to lighten the style for dinner wear. Add blue satin also on the skirt, taking one of our recent illustrations as a suggestion. 2. The word "ibid" is a contraction of the Latin *ibidum*, meaning "in the same place." It is a note of reference, and used in lieu of repeating the name of an author or a book. Do not go near the fire when your face is cold. Girls who put their hands or feet near it when cold get chilblains.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—1. A small manual, price 1s., on knitting quilts, may be had at any fancy work shop. 2. For oatmeal cakes, see vol. i., page 525.

URSULE, COLIMACON, TODDIE, MARIE, EMILY J., SELINA D., R. C.—All these correspondents ask for long knitting recipes; but in view of the small limits of our space for answering letters, and of the number of manuals on the subject published, we recommend them to purchase one of them.

BLUE EYES.—The inside yellow stitches used in crewel-work for wild roses are done in "French knots." Full directions for this, and all other stitches required, are given in a series of articles on "How to Embroider in Crewels," in vol. i., pages 139, 189, and 264.

A. E. H.—The stitch in knitting called "purling" is also signified by the terms "back," "reversed," "ribbed," "seam," and "turn." To make it, keep the thread in front of the needle, and put the second needle into a stitch as if for "slipping" it. Then loop the thread round the second needle, from back to front, and knit the stitch out backwards. By "web-stitch," we suppose you mean what is called "Swiss darning." This was given at page 314, vol. i.

EM, E. H. R., and Others.—For a Dutch heel, see page 554, vol. i. "Em's" quotation is from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

S. E. A.—We regret that we cannot help you, as the matter is not within our province; but there is nothing like putting your own shoulder to the wheel. You live in a very rich and flourishing city, where there are many wealthy people. Try to do something with those around you.

RITA. — Six or eight of everything are very usual numbers for a *trousseau* nowadays, stockings and pocket handkerchiefs excepted. In taking up her residence in Canada, she will need very warm underclothing, dresses, and furs, as well as light summer clothing also. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will be obtained at all booksellers there. The amount of house-linen needed is given in the "Linen of the House," page 279, vol. iv. However, the bride-groom generally contributes this part of the ménage.

HEATHER BELL. — You will find a very handsome pattern for the border of a quilt on page 269, vol. iii.

WAGNER.—To clean velvet, you should take a piece of the rind of bacon and pass it lightly over the surface of the velvet, and then rub with a piece of crape. This process will restore the velvet wonderfully.

ASA.—In the Latin the word you name is spelt with an "i," viz., *inquirere*; "in" a prefix to *quærere*, to seek. In old French the word is *enquerre*; in modern French it is *enquérir*; in Provençal, *enquerer*, etc.; but in Italian (being derived from Latin), and in Spanish, an "i" is substituted for the "e." Both may be employed in English with equal propriety, but the use of the "e" is the more elegant of the two. There is the Crystal Palace Needlework Society (member's fee 6s. per annum); secretary, Miss Smart, 2, The Glen, Forest Hill. But we do not recommend you to send work to any institution of the kind, as it is far better to obtain trade orders and work for shops. You should show specimens of what you can do.

J. M. LOUTTIT.—1. If you had looked for a baby's boot in the index of vol. i., you would have found the recipe at page 207, to be executed in crochet. Also, if you had consulted the index of vol. iii., and page 159, vol. ii., you would have found recipes for knitting a baby's boot. 2. If experienced in painting on satin, and quite beyond making any failure, you might obtain screens ready mounted, and so avoid the likelihood of soiling the satin and cracking the paint under the hands of the workman who mounts it. All must depend on whether you or he are the most likely to spoil the screens. If there be any chance of failure on your own part, of course you should try your powers on a piece of satin before going to the expense of mounting.

WILD KATHLEEN. — Serge is essentially an undress morning, not evening, material. You could have a cashmere or black serge overskirt or polonaise for your black velveteen skirt.

BRECON.—You will find an article on "How Dressing-gowns are Made" at page 444, vol. ii.

PRIMROSE and Others.—The following is one recipe for making what are called "Crimean," "fisherman's," and "soldier's" helmets in knitting:—The needles required are No. 6 or 7, bell-gauge, and the wool should be a good "Scotch fingering," the usual colour selected being dark grey or pepper-and-salt. Cast on one needle 62 stitches and on two needles 30 stitches, making 92 in all. Knit two rounds plain, and then knit 40 rounds ribbed, purling 2 and knitting 2 alternately. Then take 1 stitch off one end of the needle on which there are 32, and 1 stitch off the other end of the needle, making 31 stitches on two needles and leaving 30 on the other one. Knit these two 31 stitches (*i.e.*, 62) backwards and forwards for 36 rows, ribbing 2 purl and 2 plain alternately. Then cast 15 stitches off each end, leaving 32 in the middle. (Take care that there be 2 to be knitted, or 2 purled, at each end.) Knit these 32 backwards and forwards for 20 rows; then pick up 23 stitches down one side, knitting and purling them; then knit and purl the 30 stitches left on the third needle, and pick up 23 on the other side. You now have 108 stitches on the needles. Knit 2, purl 1 for 12 rounds. Tie on a bit of coloured wool and continue for 8 rounds, and then cast off. Sew up the two

15 stitches that were cast off to the part where you knitted 20 short rows.

KATHARINE.—We have not given a recipe for knitting a knee-cap in any work article, so we are happy to supply you with the following:—The wool employed should be "fingering worsted," and the needles No. 10. Cast on 24 stitches and knit 12 rows plainly, slipping the first stitch of every row. At the 13th row, knit 8 stitches and increase 1; knit 8, increase 1; then knit 8. At the 14th row, knit all without increasing. Row 15.—Knit 8 and increase 1, knit 10 and increase 1, and then knit 8. Row 16 should be the same as row 14. Continue increasing thus, keeping the 8 edge stitches at each end until there be 48 on the needle. Then knit 20 rows without increasing, and after that reduce the number of stitches in the same way as they were increased, at every alternate row, and always at the edge of the first 8 and the last 8 stitches of the row. As soon as the number is taken in to 24 only, then knit 12 rows plainly and cast off. Sew the first and last rows together. Of course, you may employ coarser needles if you like, and substitute "Alloa worsted," or any other thick description of wool, if you desire a greater degree of warmth. Your writing promises well, but needs reduction

MUSIC.

STACCATO.—Consult our reviews of "New Music," and make the inquiry about the harp-strings of any musical instrument maker.

EIN MADCHEN.—You could have the piano repolished by a French polisher. We doubt that anything else would answer.

B. B. J.—The word *oberwerk* in German organ music means "upper work," *i.e.*, "the highest row of keys." *Rückfehr* means "return to such a place marked."

AMBITIOUS WELSH LASSIE.—Applications for the Cambridge musical classes must be made to Mrs. Peile, hon. sec., Trumpington, Cambridge. The 14th July, 1868, was a Tuesday.

IOLANTHE.—Endeavour to abstract your attention from everyone in the room, and concentrate your whole thoughts on the piece of music you have to play; your nervousness will then vanish. Your writing is not formed. Why do you say "pass your opinion?" The expression is incorrect. You should say, "Give me your opinion," or "Oblige me with your opinion." You may also "pronounce your opinion," but you never "pass" your opinion.

GWEN OWEN.—A few lessons from a good Italian master would greatly assist you, and give you more confidence in singing. We take it for granted that, although you may not have much voice, your ear is good.

IANTHE.—1. You should obtain Novello's primers on the theory of music. 2. Apply to the hon. sec. of the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W. (Charles Morley, Esq.), for a prospectus and all information you may require on the subject of examination.

VIOLET.—You ought to procure a good teacher to ground you thoroughly in the theory and rules of music. A few lessons might be sufficient. You have learnt to play mechanically without understanding the first principles of the art. We could not undertake to teach you.

SEVENTEEN (sweet or not, as the case may be).—Either apply to the secretary of the new Royal College of Music above-named (to "Ianthe"), or to the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. There is also the Harrow School of Music, on Mr. John Farmer's system. Members are entitled to examination and advice three times in the year, to attend and play occasionally at fortnightly recitals in London and Harrow, and to enjoy the use of the library. Apply to the hon. sec., Mr. Clement Templeton, Mount Vernon, Hampstead, N.W.

JULIET.—For the rules of the Musical Society for the Encouragement of Instrumental Practice, write to Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Mannington, Bradford, Yorkshire.

CECILIA.—The Tonic Sol-fa system, in which the letters d, r, m, f, s, l, t are employed instead of notes, was invented by Miss Glover, of Norwich, and improved upon by John Curwen about the year 1847. The Tonic Sol-fa College was instituted in 1876. There is a charitable society expressly for the benefit of women, established in 1839, called the Royal Society of Female Musicians. The address will be found in a London Directory, and a prospectus obtained on application. There are three or more other institutions for the assistance of musicians.

STUDENT.—1. John Sebastian Bach died in the year 1754, having been born in 1685. He had eleven sons, all musicians, four of whom were distinguished in their profession. 2. The so-called "patron saint" of music is St. Cecilia, who was said to have enticed an angel down to earth by her melodies.

CLARE TONBRIDGE.—The series entitled "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas" appeared in the numbers for October 8, November 5, December 24, 1881, and January 7, 1882.

LITTLE WORRIT.—1. We recommend you to read the series named in reply to "Clare Tonbridge." "At the age of only five-and-twenty" you certainly have not "left behind the days in which progress can be made." We recommend you strongly to treat your hands with electricity. You would find the use of a battery (applied to the wrists and joints of the fingers) of great use, both in strengthening and in reducing the swellings. 2. We do not know who the persons are represented in the picture of which you send a sketch. Mozart was very handsome, and wore his hair rather long and bushy.

OONA.—We are told by a young lady who has had much to do with teaching choirs of country lads, that she herself finds the Tonic Sol-fa the easiest and the best both for teacher and taught. Perhaps you might find the same, and so get out of your difficulty.

A VERY ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—If you write to the hon. sec. Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, W., you will obtain an answer to all your questions, and have the proper papers sent to you.

LAURA HALFPENNY.—We think that, as your fingers must be supple, having learnt to play the piano from such an early age, and being well acquainted with the theory of music, there is no reason why you should not play the violin. To give up your present appointment in the school would be, perhaps, unwise if you need pecuniary means. Could you not keep up your music at the same time? Thank you for the flower.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.—1. The "damper pedal" is that pedal in a pianoforte which raises the dampers from the strings, and allows them to vibrate fully. In pianoforte music its use is indicated by the abbreviation "ped." 2. We fail to see your difficulty about the apparently superfluous letter "l" before the word "on," in French. It is added for the sake of euphony, and a little practice in conversing with a native would soon enable you to place it correctly.

EDWINTINE CROSSLEY inquires how many years of study in Germany it would take to make her sing

HEALTHY EXERCISE.

"not like a common stage-singer, but a grand one like Madame Patti." If you "studied in Germany" for the whole course of your natural life, it is not at all likely that you would ever sing like her, because, although you would learn the method of using your voice, you could not give yourself a fine organ; the quality of the tone, the extent of the natural compass, and the power are all gifts born with the possessor of the voice. A drummer may know his art thoroughly, but give him an old tin kettle to play upon, and it will never be anything else than an old tin kettle. For all purposes of home recreation, or in private society, a feeble voice of small compass might be so well trained as to afford much pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEATON.—1. Sir Walter Scott wrote the whole series of his novels anonymously, and the knowledge of their authorship was kept a secret for many years, and about twelve were taken up in writing them, viz., from 1814 to 1826. His "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" preceded his "Waverley Novels," having appeared in 1802. His "Life of Napoleon," "Demonology," "History of Scotland," etc., were commenced in 1826. The commercial crisis which ruined the publishing firms of Constable and Ballantyne, ruined him, rendering him liable for upwards of £140,000. He greatly reduced his debts in his lifetime by the works last named, and they were subsequently completely liquidated by them. 2. The motto you quote is improperly rendered, and thus has no meaning as a phrase. "Deus" means "God," and "rex," "king." There is no such word as "des" in Latin.

AN INQUIRER actually asks us to reply to eleven questions, instead of the "two" to which they should by our rules be limited! Some knowledge of arithmetic would certainly be required in a shop-assistant. Telegraphy is more difficult of acquirement than the amount of education requisite for an ordinary shop-assistant, for it takes three years of daily training. See our article in vol. iv., page 663, entitled "Female Clerkships." There are also female "letter sorters" now employed in the General Post Office. See our article on "How to Earn One's Living," page 74, vol. i.

GEORGIE.—Perhaps your gold fish may be suffering from want of air which kills them. An aquarium well stocked with plants should have the water changed three times in the year, and should be re-planted once only. On these occasions clean the glass and stones with salt to remove what is injurious. As to food, small earth-worms should be given, three or four daily if able to procure them. Also a scrap, of about the size of a pea, of arrowroot biscuit daily between four fish will be sufficient; do not give more.

YOUNG NURSE.—For infantile diarrhœa, give from half a drachm to a drachm of camomile tea to an infant under a year old, and double the quantity to older children, two or three times a day, as may be required. Our authority for this prescription is Dr. Christopher Ellicott. As to cholera, we believe that Dr. Rubini's method, which is in the main the same that is employed in Bengal in the malignant type prevalent in the East, is as follows, and is stated to be universally successful. Dissolve as much powdered camphor in rectified spirits of wine (rectified to 40 or 45 degrees) as it will hold in solution; cork well and shake often. As a preservative method, take five drops in the morning on a piece of sugar, five at noon shortly before a meal, and five at night. As a curative measure, when first attacked, lie down and cover yourself with a blanket, and take five drops every quarter of an hour, until perspiring freely, when the doses should be diminished in frequency. In a severe attack take the doses every five minutes, increasing them up to fifteen or twenty drops every five minutes. A flannel bandage should be worn round the lower part of the body, and friction employed all over the chest, stomach, and back with camphor.

ROSIE "wishes to know whether any amateur may write to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and if so, whether the contribution must be voluntary?" We fail to understand what she means. Is it a conundrum? And are any contributions ever sent to us involuntarily?

PETITE EVE.—On the subject of friendship you will find some such verses as those you require in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Write a neater and smaller round-hand; your own lacks regularity.

ROYAL DUMPLING.—Do not feel troubled about the silly personal remarks which ill-bred people make. Be thankful that you *assimilate*, and thrive upon your food, and have any fat that you could spare should you go through the ordeal of wasting from fever. You are as God made you; be satisfied with the casing in which you are enclosed for a time, and play no dangerous tricks with yourself.

TEETOTUM.—We think that your children's clothes would be very acceptable at the "St. Michael's Home for Motherless Girls," at Shalbourne, near Hungerford, Berkshire; hon. secretary, Rev. G. R. Davies-Cooke. If you wish to dispose of them so as to obtain the means of buying more material, you should do so by putting them into some bazaar. You might write to the lady superintendent of the institution above-named.

GIRAFFE.—It would be difficult to decide what the average heights of English men and women are, because it varies in town and country, in the northern and southern counties, and in the upper and lower ranks of society. In all countries the population in large cities and manufacturing districts is stunted, while amongst the yeomanry of the northern agricultural districts and the aristocracy you find a *finer* race of both men and women. We should say that, taken altogether, the men we usually meet average about 5 feet 7 or 8, and the women vary from 5 feet 3 to 5 feet 4.

ALICE.—We are very glad that you gained a first-class certificate. No amount of "contempt" shown by your fellow workers should cause you to swerve one hair's-breadth from what you know to be the path of rectitude and honest dealing towards those who pay for your labour and who confide in your honour. Remember the words, "Thou, God, seest me." Read the 139th psalm.

ODI PROFANUM.—If such a state of things exists, it is clearly not the fault of the clergyman; therefore, telling him would only give pain to one who is probably serving God, and doing his duty where God has placed him. Nor do we think the person who could send an anonymous letter is in a better frame of mind than the foolish thoughtless girls she finds fault with. Why should you "do evil?" So far as your own personal influence and example go, use them on your friend, and discourage scandal and evil speaking by always finding something kind to say of the absent of whom the evil is spoken. Anonymous letters are equal to a cowardly stab in the dark; the people who send them would not dare to say openly what they say anonymously.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 213. JANUARY 26, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LONG NIGHT.

"WHAT is the matter, Essie?" cried Dot, piteously, as I held him in that tight embrace without speaking. "We were naughty to come, yes, I know, but you said I was to take care of Flurry, and she would come. I did not like it, for the wind was so cold and rough, and I fell twice on the shingles; but it is nice here, and we were having such a famous game."

"Esther is going to be cross and horrid because we ran away, but father will only laugh," exclaimed Flurry, with the remains of a frown on her face. She knew she was in the wrong, and meant to brave it out.

Oh, the poor babes, playing their innocent games, with Death waiting for them outside!

"Come, there is not an instant to lose," I exclaimed, catching up Dot in my arms; he was very little and light, and I thought we could get on faster so, and perhaps if the sea overtook us they would see us and put out a boat from the Preventive station. "Come, come," I repeated, snatching Flurry's hand, for she resisted a little; but when I reached the mouth of the cave she uttered a loud cry, and tugged fiercely at my hand to get free.

"Oh, the sea, the dreadful sea!" she exclaimed, hiding her face; "it is coming up! Look at the waves—we shall be drowned!"

I could feel Dot shiver in

All rights reserved.]

"AND THEN I LIFTED HIM UP.'

my arms, but he did not speak, only his little hands clung round my neck convulsively. Poor children! their punishment had already begun.

"We shall be drowned if you don't make haste," I returned, trying to speak carefully, but my teeth chattered in spite of myself. "Come, Flurry, let us run a race with the waves; take hold of my cloak, for I want my hands free for Dot." I had dropped his crutches in the cave; they were no use to him—he could not have moved a step in the teeth of this wind.

Poor Flurry began to cry bitterly, but she had confidence in my judgment, and an instinct of obedience made her grasp my cloak, and so we commenced our dangerous pilgrimage. I could only move slowly with Dot; the wind was behind us, but it was terribly fierce. Flurry fell twice, and picked herself up sobbing; the horrors of the scene utterly broke down her courage, and she threw her arms round me frantically and prayed me to go back.

"The waves are nearly touching us," she shrieked, and then Dot, infected by her terrors, began to cry loudly too. "We shall be drownded, all of us, and it is getting dark, and I won't go, I won't go," screamed the poor child, trying to push me back with her feeble force.

Then despair took possession of me; we might have done it if Flurry had not lost all courage; the water would not have been high enough to drown us; we could have waded through it, and they would have seen us from the cottage and come to our help. I would have saved them; I knew I could; but in Flurry's frantic state it was impossible. Her eyes were dilated with terror, a convulsive trembling seized her. Must we go back to the cave and be drowned like rats in a hole. The idea was horrible, and yet it went far back; perhaps there was some corner or ledge of rock where we might be safe; but to spend the night in such a place! the idea made me almost as frantic as Flurry; still, it was our only chance, and we retraced our steps, but still so slowly and painfully that the spray of the advancing waves wetted our faces, and beyond—ah!—I shut my eyes and struggled on, while Flurry hid her head in the folds of my cloak.

We gained the cave, and then I put down Dot, and bade him pick up his crutches and follow me close, while I explored the cave. It was very dark, and Flurry began to cry afresh, and would not let go of my hand; but Dot shouldered his crutches, and walked behind us as well as he could.

At each instant my terror grew. It was a large winding cave, but the heaps of seaweed everywhere, up to the very walls, proved that the water filled the cavern. I became hysterical, too. I would not stay to be drowned there, I muttered, between my chattering teeth; drowned in the dark, and choked with all that rotten garbage; better take the children in either hand, and go out and meet our fate boldly! I felt my brain turning with the horror, when all at once I caught sight of a rough broken ledge of rock, rising gradually from the back of the cave. Seaweed hung in parts high up, but it seemed to me in the dim twilight there was a portion of the rock bare; if so, the sea did not cover it—we might find a dry foothold.

"Let go my hand a moment, Flurry," I implored; "I think I see a little place where we may be safe; I will be back in a moment, dear." But nothing could induce her to relax her agonised grasp of my cloak. I had to argue the point. "The water comes all up here, wherever the seaweed is," I explained. "You think we are safe, Flurry, but we can be drowned where we stand; the sea fills the cave." But at this statement Flurry only screamed the louder and clung closer. Poor child! she was beside herself with fright.

So I said to Dot—

"My darling is a boy, and boys are not so frightened as girls; so you will stay here quietly, while Flurry and I climb up there, and Flossy shall keep you company."

"Don't be long," he implored, but he did not say another word. Dear, brave little heart, Dot behaved like a hero that day. He then stooped down and held Flossy, who whined to follow us. I think the poor animal knew our danger, for he shivered and cowered down in evident alarm, and I could hear Dot coaxing him.

It was very slippery and steep, and I crawled up with difficulty, with Flurry clambering after me, and holding tightly to my dress. Dot watched us wistfully as we went higher and higher, leaving him and Flossy behind. The seaweed impeded us, but after a little while we came to a bare piece of rock, jutting out over the cave, with a scooped-out corner where all of us could huddle, and it seemed to me as though the shelf went on for a yard or two beyond it. We were above water-mark there; we should be quite safe, and a delicious glimmer of hope came over me.

I had great difficulty in inducing Flurry to stay behind while I crawled down for Dot. She was afraid to be alone in that dark place, with the hollow booming of wind and waves echoing round her; but I told her sternly that Dot and Flossy would be drowned, and then she let me go.

Dot was overjoyed to welcome me back, and then I lifted him up, and bade him crawl slowly on his hands and knees, while I followed with his crutches, and Flossy crept after us, shivering and whining for us to take him up. As we toiled up the broken ledge it seemed to grow darker, and we could hardly see each other's faces if we tried, only the splash of the first entering wave warned me that the sea would soon have been upon us.

I was giddy and breathless by the time we reached the nook where Flurry was, and then we crept into the corner, the children clasping each other across me, and Flossy on my lap licking our faces alternately. Saved from a horrible death! For a little while I could do nothing but weep helplessly over the children, and thank God for a merciful deliverance.

As soon as the first hysterical outburst of emotion was over, I did my best to make the children as comfortable as I could under such forlorn circumstances. I knew Flurry's terror of darkness, and I could well imagine how horribly the water would foam and splash beneath us, and I must try and prevent them from seeing it.

I made Dot climb into my lap, for I thought the hard rock would make his poor back ache, and I could keep him from being chilled; and then I induced Flurry to creep under my heavy waterproof cloak. How thankful I was! I put it on, and I told her to hold Flossy in her arms, for the little creature's soft fur would be warm and comfortable; and then I fastened the cloak together, buttoning it until it formed a little tent above them. Flurry curled her feet into my dress and put her head on my shoulder, and she and Dot held each other fast across me, and Flossy rolled himself up into a warm ball and went to sleep. Poor little creatures! They began to forget their sorrows a little, until Flurry suddenly recollected that it was tea-time, and her father had arrived, and then she began crying again softly.

"I am so hungry," she sobbed; "aren't you, Dot?"

"Yes, but I don't mean to mind it," returned Dot, manfully. "Essie is hungry, too." And he put up his hand and stroked my neck softly. The darling, he knew how I suffered, and would not add to my pain by complaining.

I heard him say to Flurry in a whisper, "It is all our fault; we ought to be punished for running away; but Essie has done nothing wrong. I thought God meant to drown us as He did the disobedient people." But this awful reminder of her small sins was too much for Flurry.

"I did not mean to be wicked," she wailed. "I thought it would be such fun to play at smugglers in the cave, and Aunt Ruth and Esther never would let me."

"Yes, and I begged you not to run away, and you would," retorted Dot, in an admonishing tone. "I did not want to come, too, because it was so cold, and the wind blew so; but I promised Essie to take care of you, so I went. I think you were quite as bad as the people whom God drowned, because they would not be good and mind Noah."

"But I don't want to be drowned," responded Flurry, tearfully. "Oh, dear Dot, don't say such dreadful things! I am good now, and I will never, never disobey Aunt Ruth again. Shall we say our prayers, Dot, and ask God not to be so very angry, and then perhaps He will send someone to take us out of this dark, dreadful place?"

Dot approved of this idea, and they began repeating their childish petitions together, but my mind strayed away when I tried to join them.

Oh, how dark and desolate it was! I shivered and clasped the children closer to me as the hollow moaning of the waves reverberated through the cavern. Every minute the water was rising; by-and-by the spray must wet us even in our

sheltered corner. Would the children believe me when I told them we were safe? Would not Flurry's terrors return at the first touch of the cold spray? The darkness and the noise and the horror were almost enough to turn her childish brain; they were too much for my endurance. "Oh, heavens!" I cried to myself, "must we really spend a long hideous night in this place? We were safe, safe," I repeated, but still it was too horrible to think of wearing out the long, slow hours in such misery.

It was six now, the tide would not turn until three in the morning; it had been rising for three hours now; it would not be possible to leave the cave and make our way by the cliff for an hour after that. Ten hours, ten long crawling hours to pass in this cramped position! I thought of dear mother's horror if she knew of our peril, and then I thought of Allan, and a lump came in my throat.

Mr. Lucas would be scouring the coast in search of us. What a night for the agonised father to pass! And poor fragile Miss Ruth, how would she endure such hours of anxiety? I could have wrung my hands and moaned aloud at the thought of their anguish, but for the children—the poor children who were whispering their baby prayers together; that kept me still. Perhaps they might be even now at the mouth of the cave, seeking and calling to us. A dozen times I imagined I could hear the splash of oars and the hoarse cries of the sailors; but how could our feeble voices reach them in the face of the shrieking wind. No one would think of the smugglers' cave, for it was but one of many hollowed out in the cliff. They would search for us, but very soon they would abandon it in despair; they knew I had gone to seek the children; most likely I had been too late, and the rising tide had engulfed us, and swept us far out to sea. Miss Ruth would think of her dreams and tremble, and the wretched father would sit by her stunned and helpless, waiting for the morning to break and bring him proof of his despair.

The tears ran down my cheeks as these sad thoughts passed through my mind, and a strong inward cry for deliverance, for endurance, for some present comfort in this awful misery, shook my frame with convulsive shudders. Dot felt them, and clasped me tighter, and Flurry trembled in sympathy; my paroxysm disturbed them, but my prayer was heard, and the brief agony passed.

I thought of Jeremiah in his dungeon, of Daniel in the lions' den, of the three children in the fiery furnace, and the Form that was like the Son of God walking with them in the midst of the flames, and I knew and felt that we were as safe on that rocky shelf with the dark raging waters below us, as though we were by our own bright hearth fire at home; then my trembling ceased, and I recovered voice to talk to the children.

I wanted them to go to sleep, but Flurry said, in a lamentable voice, that she was too hungry, and the sea made such a noise, so I told them about Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego; and after I had finished that, all the Bible stories I could remember of wonderful deliverance, and by-and-by we came to the storm on the Galilean lake.

Flurry leant heavily against me. "It is getting colder," she gasped; "Flossy keeps my hands warm and the cloak is thick, and yet I can't help shivering." And I could feel Dot shiver, too. "The water seems very near us," she whispered, after another minute, but I pretended not to hear her.

"Yes, it is cold, but not so cold as those disciples must have felt," I returned; "they were in a little open boat, Flurry, and the water dashed right over them, and the vessel rocked dreadfully"—here I paused—"and it was dark, for Jesus was not yet come to them."

"I wish He would come now," whispered Dot.

"That is what the disciples wished, and all the time they little knew that He was on his way to them, and watching them toiling against the tide, and that very soon the wind would cease, and they would be safe on the shore. We do not like being in this dark cave, do we, Flurry darling? And the sea keeps us awake, but He knows that, and He is watching us; and by-and-by, when the morning comes, we shall have light and go home."

Flurry said "yes," sleepily, for, in spite of the cold and hunger, she was growing drowsy; it must have been long past her bedtime. We had sat on our dreary perch three hours, and there were six more to wait. I noticed that the sound of my voice tranquillized the children, so I repeated hymns slowly and monotonously until they nodded against me, and fell into weary slumbers. "Thank God," I murmured when I perceived this, and I leant back against the rock, and tried to close my eyes, but they would keep opening and staring into the darkness. It was not black darkness—I do not think I could have borne that; a sort of murky half-light seemed reflected from the water, or from somewhere, and glimmered strangely from a background of inky blackness.

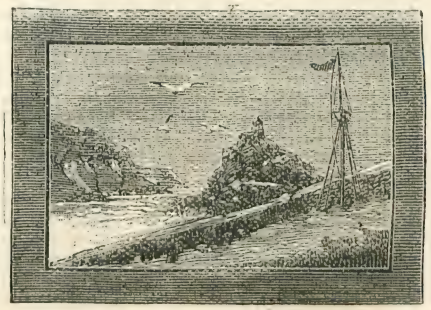
It was bitterly cold now; my feet felt numbed, and the spray wetted and chilled my face. I dare not move my arm from Dot, he leant so heavily against it, and Flurry's head was against him. She had curled herself up like Flossy, and I had one hand free, only I could not disentangle it from the cloak. I dared not change my cramped position, for fear of waking them. I was too thankful for their brief oblivion; if I could only doze for a few moments; if I could only shut out the black water for a minute! The tumults of my thoughts were indescribable; my whole life seemed to pass before me; every childish folly, every girlish error and sin seemed to rise up before me; conversations I had forgotten, little incidents of family life, dull or otherwise; speeches I had made and repented, till my head seemed whirling. It must be midnight now, I thought. If I could only dare, but a new terror kept me wide awake. In spite of my protecting arms, would not Dot suffer from the damp chilliness? He shivered in his sleep, and Flurry moaned and half woke, and them slept again. I was growing so numbed and cramped that I doubted my endurance for much longer. Dot seemed growing heavier, and there was the weight of Flurry and Flossy. If I could only stretch myself; and then I nearly cried out, for a sudden flash seemed to light the cavern. One instant and it was gone, but that second showed a gruesome scene—damp, black walls, with a frothing turbulous water beneath them, and hanging arches exuding moisture. Darkness again. From whence had that light flashed. As I asked myself the question, it came again, startling me with its sudden brilliancy; and this time it was certainly from some aperture overhead, and a little beyond where we sat.

Gone again, and this time utterly, but not before I caught a glimpse of the broad rocky shelf beyond us. The light had flashed down not a dozen yards from where we stood; it must have been a lantern; if so, they were still seeking us, this time on the cliffs. It was only midnight, and there were still four weary hours to wait, and every moment I was growing more chilled and numbed. I began to dread the consequences to myself as well as to the children. If I could only crawl along the shelf and explore, perhaps there might be some opening to the cliff. I had not thought of this before, until the light brought the idea to my mind.

I perceived, too, that the glimmering half-light came from above, and not from the mouth of the cave. For a moment the fear of losing my balance and falling back into the water daunted me, and kept me from moving, but the next minute I felt I must attempt it. I unfastened my cloak and woke Dot softly, and then whispered to him that I was cramped and in pain and must move up and down the platform, and he understood me, and crawled sleepily off my lap; then I lifted Flurry with difficulty, for she moaned and whimpered at my touch.

My numbness was so great, I could hardly move my limbs, but I crawled across Flurry somehow, and saw Dot creep into my place, and covered them with my cloak, and then I commenced to move slowly and carefully on my hands and knees up the rocky path.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE THINGS.

Oh ! never lose the solemn thought,
That trifling actions will
Affect ourselves and those around
For future good or ill.

And hesitate before you drop
Cross words, however few,
Because you cannot guess the harm
Such little words may do,

No more than you can calculate
The power there lies for good
In kindly deed, and loving smile,
With gentle, tender mood.

And never argue that your work
Is worthless and confined,
But bring to it a willing heart,
And bright, contented mind.

From trifling deeds results may rise
Beyond all power to tell,
So do not scorn "the little thing,"
But do that little well.

HER VIOLIN.

A SKETCH IN SEPIA.

CHAPTER IV.

About a week later Von Szantó was hurrying to the railway station in Pesth *en route* for Paris.

He had been staying at the little village near which his coal mine was—had been very busy superintending the works then in progress, and had heard with satisfaction that the newly-discovered seam was one of the richest in Hungary.

The morning was a lovely one, and Demetri was possessed by a delightful sense of exhilaration as he drove rapidly along in the crisp air. The old city was looking its best, and every object seemed to the traveller bathed in rosy light.

He felt successful—a famous musician, a happy lover, and now on the road to become wealthy. A glorious sense of health and power combined made mere existence for him a delight. What wonder, then, that on this morning life wore for him its most attractive aspect, and if every feature of the journey to Vienna (always a lovely one) seemed now doubly beautiful!

Arrived at his hotel, he strolled into the reading-room, and looked for the English papers, for his mind was filled with thoughts of Frida, and of the happiness in store for both, as he was determined to go over from Paris at once, and by his persuasions and entreaties make her promise to be his wife without more delay.

The reading-room at the Kaiserhof was almost untenanted, and Demetri took up the first English journal he saw, which happened to be one of the so-called "Society" papers. He skimmed it leisurely, seeing abuse of the ministers, items of foreign news, a long article about domestic servants, and then his eye was caught by this paragraph :—"We regret that the latest news of the distinguished violinist is extremely bad. Small hopes are entertained of her recovery, for the great shock of her father's sudden death, coming in the midst of her unprecedentedly hard work, has proved too much for Fraulein Bund's health, and the state of prostration in which she remains causes the doctors the gravest anxiety."

The paper fell from Von Szantó's grasp. He sprang up, and searching for a time-table, found there was a train for Paris in an hour; he feared the worst, and the sudden change from his happy frame of mind in the morning was indeed a sad one. He looked through the papers and found the bare announcement of the death of Bund, and of the severe illness of his daughter, but could glean nothing to allay his anxiety ; and it was in a condition of feverish haste and unrest that he snatched some refreshment, and started on the weary night journey for Paris.

It was not until late in the evening of the next day that he reached Beaumont-street, where he found Mrs. Somerset, who told him all about Frida's illness. She heard from Demetri that the letters he received from her had been very few; that she scarcely told him anything of her doings, and never mentioned her father. He had once heard from an English lady whom he met at Munich that she was working very hard and had grown avaricious; this latter of course he disbelieved, but had written to beg her not to overtask herself in any way, and to let him hear of her more fully and more often. To this letter he had had no reply, and the startling announcement in the paper had been the only news he had received for three weeks.

Mrs. Somerset told him of Frida's morbid state, and explained how serious her present condition was. She seemed to be possessed by the idea that she had caused the death of her father, and the nervous fever from which she was suffering had reached its height. Sometimes she was delirious, and reproached herself in the saddest way, or else sang snatches of music; then she would fall into a condition of weakness pitiable to behold; and though conscious, she was too feeble to speak. Mrs. Somerset said she was in great grief about her own helplessness, as she would be compelled to leave London early in the following week to accompany a sick niece to Switzerland; she felt, therefore, specially glad that Demetri was come, as he would be able to send her news of the patient. She promised that as soon as the doctors gave permission Frida should be told of his coming, and with this he was obliged to be content and to depart. Then began for him a sad time of anxiety and heartbreaking fears; for after Mrs. Somerset left London Frida grew worse; the loss of her friend's care seemed to tell upon her in her weak condition, and Demetri was not allowed to see her, nor did she even know of his presence in town. He haunted the house and besought the doctors to allow him just to see Frida, and so wrought upon one of the nurses by his prayers and entreaties that she promised at length to allow him to go into the room while Frida slept, "Just to look at her once more," as she sadly phrased it.

One afternoon, therefore, after he had waited in the dull sitting-room for more than an hour, the nurse came gently in, and beckoned him to follow her. With beating heart and cautious footsteps he went up the staircase and entered the sick room.

Frida was lying on a small low bed, propped up by pillows; her glorious hair had all been cut off, and the thick close crop of curls left gave her a strangely youthful look; but the features were pinched and sharpened, and she appeared like a lovely statue, the only colour her face retained being given by the long eyelashes and delicately-pencilled eyebrows.

Demetri felt almost as if he were in the sacred presence of Death. Was this, then, Frida, his Frida? the glorious being whom he had last seen so full of health and strength, and with every nerve and fibre of her body instinct with love of life, music, art? What availed him if he was successful—strong—powerful? Nay, he was as helpless as an infant in this awful strait. Involuntarily he clenched his hands, and a smothered sob of agony broke from his lips. Instantly Frida opened her eyes. The nurse in dismay made gesture that he should go, but Demetri was spell-bound. First there was a look of dreamy unconsciousness in those dear eyes, but quickly it changed to one of recognition, and the lips parted in effort to speak.

Demetri knelt beside the girl and, after an earnest prayer for her recovery, said in his softest, gentlest tones, controlling his emotion by a noble effort, "Darling, I am here; you will soon be well now. Will you not?"

Frida only answered by a long look, full of love and peace, and a sigh as if of heart-content.

Then Demetri went; but after this he insisted on seeing her daily, and announced to doctors and nurses that he would take the responsibility of so doing.

Contrary to their predictions, his presence seemed the one remedy needed for Frida; and from the moment she opened her eyes and saw him stand beside her, she seemed to turn from the dread portals which had appeared unclosing to receive her.

Her recovery was slow and tedious, but it was certain, and as her strength returned she talked freely to Von Szantó, and he tried hard to combat the morbid feelings which had taken possession of her. For though she grew strong in body, she had a strange belief that she was unworthy to live, and she repeatedly declared she would never be Von Szantó's wife. To Demetri, the exaggerated idea she had of the wickedness of her behaviour to her father would have had something ludicrous in it if the consequences had been of less moment to him. He welcomed with the greatest delight the return of Mrs. Somerset to London, and persuaded Frida to accept her kind invitation to stay with her at her pretty house in Kent. Thither, therefore, the invalid was taken late in July, when the country was full of summer glory, and the lovely gardens and mossy lawns at Old Court were in their best beauty. Frida's mind did not, however, recover its tone so soon as her anxious friends hoped, and Mrs. Somerset

"IN THE OLD CASTLE."

and Demetri had many talks and consultations about it. The girl never asked for her violin, never seemed really bright and cheerful, and in her unreserved conversations with Mrs. Somerset persisted that she was unworthy to be the wife of Von Szantó, and that she never would consent to keep her promise to him unless his mother, being told everything, asked her to be her daughter. This last determination of Frida's struck her friend with dismay, as she thought it most improbable that the countess should request the girl to become the wife of her son after hearing of the "quarrels" of the musicseller and his daughter, as she would be sure to term the occurrences which seemed to Frida so tragic.

Affairs were in this rather hopeless condition when one day Demetri arrived, and joining the ladies under the lovely chestnut trees on the lawn, which was their favourite resting-place on the sunny afternoons, produced a packet of letters, that morning received, and proceeded to read part of their contents aloud. These were more interesting than usual, for a long letter from his mother told how a certain Count Heradius von Heidenluft had proposed for the hand of his youngest sister, and set forth the suitor's many perfections and excellent qualifications for the honour of becoming connected with the house of Von Szantó. Amongst these excellences, however, that of possessing wealth could not be reckoned, and the countess wrote pathetically to her son, lamenting this, and explaining how necessary it was that a suitable dowry should be forthcoming, in order that such an alliance should not be lost to the family.

As he read, a happy thought struck Mrs. Somerset, and calling him to the library as he was leaving the house, she said, "Forgive me for the suggestion I am about to make, but I think I see a way to help us through one of our difficulties with Frida."

"In that case there can be no need to ask forgiveness," replied Demetri, "whatever you may be about to say."

"Your mother is anxious that your sister's marriage should take place, is she not?" questioned Mrs. Somerset.

"Very much so indeed," answered Demetri. "We have known Von Heidenluft many years, and his family is one with which my mother has always wished to be connected."

"It seems to me," continued the lady, "that this question of dowry is an important one in your mother's opinion?"

"It undoubtedly is," said Von Szantó; "those matters are arranged by the parents of the contracting persons in a very business-like fashion, and I have no doubt that the old Count Heidenluft has named a sum, without which he will not be willing to allow his son to marry. I gather that it is a somewhat large one, but my mother carefully abstains from mentioning it, and only begs that I will go home at once."

"It has occurred to me," continued Mrs. Somerset, "that we have an opportunity for making a bold stroke. Cannot you refuse to be amiable in the matter of your sister's settlements unless the countess writes herself to Frida, saying she will be glad to receive her as a daughter?"

Von Szantó was somewhat astonished at the bargain proposed to him, but could not help acknowledging its advantages; he thanked Mrs. Somerset for the suggestion, but added that he thought it might make his mother more determined against Frida than she was now, especially as the girl had always said she should write to the countess herself, and say how wicked she had been, first in ceasing to love her music for anything but the gain it brought, and then for her rage with her father when she found he had not told her the truth. "And," continued he, "I fancy that the way she will state things will give a stranger the impression that she is a miser and a murderess."

"We must risk something," returned Mrs. Somerset, "and this plan if it fail will leave us in no worse position than our present one."

"True," replied Demetri; "so let it be. I will write to my mother at once if you will encourage Frida to do the same, and I shall live in the hope of having good news shortly."

"Another thing," continued Mrs. Somerset, "has lately occurred to give me more belief that Frida may be restored to a healthy frame of mind—it is this, money was needed, and although of course I am delighted to be Frida's banker, she wished to understand her affairs, and for that purpose opened a desk that had belonged to her father, which contained all his papers. Amongst these she found a book in which was set down regularly all the amounts received for her playing, beginning, I think, three or four years ago. It was only yesterday afternoon this happened; the sums mentioned seemed larger than she had any idea of, and she fairly broke down and sobbed over the list, saying, sadly, between her tears, 'How could he have deceived me so! it was cruel, cruel.' And though the discovery that the deception or concealment was of such long standing and so deliberate, will not, to her sensitive mind, excuse her rash speeches, yet the knowledge of his really despicable behaviour will perhaps make her feel less guilty for feeling so enraged."

"Anyone else would have said a thousand times more, and felt no pang of remorse," answered Demetri, "but my darling is so good, and so gently made, that she can bear to criticise no one but herself."

Mrs. Somerset persuaded Frida to yield to Demetri's wishes, and no longer to postpone her letter to his mother. The next day this was accordingly written, and a more touching epistle than the girl penned it was impossible to imagine, and Mrs. Somerset privately thought that the countess must have a heart of stone if she did not send her a warm and motherly invitation to Szantó at once.

Demetri came and went almost daily, but the subject of the marriage was not mentioned again, and the peaceful days passed until in a week the postman brought for Frida a huge envelope, addressed in a beautifully neat style, all over flourishes, and with "To the highly well-born Fraulein," &c., duly set forth on the thick cover. Frida trembled visibly as she broke the seal, and a flush of pleasure and surprise covered her face as, handing the sheet to Mrs. Somerset, she said—

"This is indeed different from my expectations!"

The letter merely said—

"Fraulein, my son loves you. I dearly, dearly love him; make him happy, and come and be a daughter to

"Hildegarde von Armintz von Szantó."

Whether wrung from the said Hildegarde by Demetri's politely-worded bargain, or spontaneously offered on receipt of Frida's letter, it mattered not; the result was the same; and when Demetri appeared that afternoon it was to find his Frida her happy self again, with a look of peace and content on her sweet face that had been lost to it for months. She had asked for her violin, and when he came to the resting-place under the chestnut tree the sweet sound of the tarantella they had first played together at Weiburg greeted his ears.

Very soon a happy little party assembled at Old Court to wish the bride and bridegroom health and happiness as they left the quiet, lovely spot for their journey to Szantó, and in the old castle now there is a different *régime* from that which obtained at the opening of our tale, as the countess went with her eldest daughter to live in the dower-house, and Frida and Demetri reign supreme at Szantó, whose old walls echo to lovely music and still more lovely childish laughter, while the count seems to have no shadow on his lot, or thought of care in his mind.

If Frida's exquisite features always bear a trace of sadness, and she has an almost exaggerated fear of hasty words and reckless speeches, yet the content she feels and the happiness she makes and shares are too great and obvious for her friends to doubt that for her the past has lost its sting and the future holds no terror.

GOOD BREEDING AS SHOWN IN GIVING HOSPITALITY.

THE terms host and hospitaller are derived from the Latin word *hospes*, which means "a guest." The host is one who entertains, the hospitaller one who keeps a house of entertainment, such as the old hostelries and inns; and the entertainment itself, in board and lodging, is aptly described as hospitality, from the Latin word *hospitium*. The distinguished order of knights in the Middle Ages who bore the name of "hospitallers" made it their duty to provide for the lodging, feeding, and protection of sick pilgrims. The earliest and most renowned institution of the kind was that in the Holy Land; and these charitable, though warlike "hospitallers," were originally designated the "Knights of St. John, of Jerusalem," for in that city a church dedicated to St. John was built for the sick Christian pilgrims. These knights were subsequently known as "of Rhodes," having possessed themselves of that island in 1310; but expelled thence by the Turks, 1523, they established themselves at Malta, whence their third and last name was taken. After this explanation of the term used in the title of this little article, I will suppose that my reader is in a position to invite guests to stay in her house.

In the first place, beware of expressing yourself in any equivocal manner; let your guests thoroughly understand what you mean. This is essential for their convenience, as well as for your own. They will then be able to arrange for all the changes of clothing to be brought with them, and for their subsequent plans on leaving. If you invite them "for a few days," you should add, "We hope your arrangements will allow you to give us the pleasure of your company at least till the end of the week;" or, "that you can remain with us over" (such and such a day). When this point has been settled, although you are at liberty—as the visit draws to a close—to say, "Do you think you could give us another day, without too much disarranging your plans? It would afford us so much pleasure," never press it, if difficulties be raised and excuses made. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Write full directions, in the first instance, on receipt of their reply to your invitation, as to trains and other conveyances. If you have a carriage to send for them to the station, do so; and if they have more luggage than it will take, arrange to send for it by cart or otherwise. On their arrival, the degree of intimacy between you, and the circumstance of the house being a town or a country one, must decide the point as to where you are to receive them. In some cases you might go to the station, or meet them on the road, at the garden-gate, in the hall, or in the ante or

drawing room. One rule could not hold good under every circumstance. Direct your servants (if not fully trained) to take all their things to their rooms, unstrap the trunks, and leave hot water for them. Also, let tea be served at once, that they may have some refreshment on their first arrival; but do not detain them a moment after they have had it, as they must wish to disencumber themselves of bonnets and wraps, being tired after a journey, unwilling to acknowledge the existence of a headache, and uncomfortable in outdoor dress. Under these circumstances, to be put through a long series of questions—however kindly meant—becomes even more trying to the human sufferer than "the last straw" to the less nervously sensitive camel.

And here I may observe, *en passant*, that when giving your friends tea or coffee, do not say, "Do you take sugar and cream?" but send the tea without either, and the cream and sugar on a small salver, that they may help themselves as they please.

Immediately that they have finished their refreshments, lead the way for them to the rooms which you have prepared for their reception; look carefully round to see that all be right, and offer them the assistance of a maid to unpack, and to dress them. Tell them also at what hour you dine, whether any bell or gong will give due notice of the time for dressing, and how long they will then have before returning to the drawing-room; and also whether other guests have been invited to meet them.

When your guests are all assembled, carry out your previously considered arrangements in the matter of pairing them according to the best of your ability. Having sent down the lady of the highest rank with your husband, father, or brother, ask the gentleman of the second highest position (whether of rank or age) to take down "Lady," or "Mrs. So-and-So," and as each pair files off, call the next, reserving the chief male guest for yourself when you "bring up the rear."

I have already given you an article in a previous series on "Dinners in Society," so I will not enter into any detail of what follows the descent to the dining-room. But lest I should have omitted to tell you one or two little items in the etiquette to be observed on such occasions, I will name them here.

A man must give his right arm to his partner, and place her on his right hand at table. This is the ordinary rule. But other circumstances may interfere with it, and, if the balusters be on the right in descending, he must change the arm; passing round behind her, to place her next the wall. Then, again, the hostess may have been unable to invite a sufficient number of gentlemen for the lady-guests; disappointments occur, and where this is the case, gentlemen have sometimes to resign their places, so as to be placed between two ladies, as a joint cavalier of both.

Another point to be remembered is this. When your husband, or the host, in whatever relation he may stand to you, has taken down the lady of highest consideration (rank or age), the gentleman of second highest position is to follow next to him, with the lady of second highest rank. But in this little matter again a difficulty may arise, for if these two persons chance to be either a husband and a wife, or a brother and sister, the hostess should divide them; and give the lady of second rank to the gentleman of third rank, who should take her down immediately after the host, and place her on the left hand of the latter; he himself taking the place on the other side, so having her (as I before observed) on his own right. Precedence has to be conceded to the lady rather than the gentleman, who, being as in the case supposed, her equal in point of honour, should have taken her down; and, for her sake, he must follow third in order, escorting the lady whose natural place was that of third rank amongst the guests. The gentleman of the first rank remains till all have left with their partners, being specially honoured as being reserved for attendance on his hostess. The direction of the guests to their several places is very commonly effected by the use of cards bearing their names, but in the highest circles of society they have never been adopted, it being the butler's duty to assist the host in guiding them all aright.

After returning to the drawing-room, you, as hostess, will have much to do, especially should any guests come for the evening only, and professional people likewise to assist in their entertainment. If you play any musical instrument yourself, and you have no hired musicians, you should play the first piece, for two reasons—you invited your guests to entertain them, not that they should entertain you, nor that you might make use of them, as many hostesses only too obviously do. Secondly, you thereby give courage to those who are shy and nervous, and would not like to open the musical programme.

Endeavour to form little sympathetic coteries in different parts of the room, supplying games to some, engravings and photos to others, and be specially courteous towards your paid musicians, thanking them as if the performance were gratuitous, and seeing that they take part in the refreshments provided, the ices, &c., brought up to the drawing-room, or the supper at the conclusion of the entertainment.

When guests come to dinner, you should tell your servants for what hour the carriages are to be ordered, as also for any that come in the evening. These friends should be met at the door of the drawing or ante room, or even outside on the landing, for you must leave your dinner guests to show attention to those who have kindly come for the evening only.

As regards the introduction of one guest to another, of course it must be done when a lady has to be taken down to dinner, but otherwise it is not necessary, because the invitation to meet each other as guests of a mutual friend is sufficient guarantee for position in society and personal character, and thus all may converse together freely.

When the last carriage has left at night, invite those staying with you to retire; accompany them to their rooms, and tell them the breakfast hour, inquiring at what time they wish to be called, and whether they will have tea or coffee sent to their rooms in the early morning.

After breakfast next day, tell of any project in view for the afternoon; any invitations received, in which they may participate; at what hour the carriage will be at the door, and what engagements you may have yourself, asking them to excuse your absence, if unable to accompany them (which absence, however, you should avoid, if possible, in the afternoon). Luncheon hour named, and with the assurance that they may select to go out, remain at home, walk or drive, as they please, you should leave them to their own devices, while you go to your own household duties, which, however numerous your retinue of servants, must demand much careful thought in every department. You also have your letters to write, and, possibly, your nursery to visit; and politeness does not oblige you to return to your guests until an hour before luncheon, at 1 (or 1.30) o'clock; but the length of time is optional.

If you have little children, be very careful that they do not prove tiresome to your guests. Never allow them to hang about and lean upon them; nor to fiddle with their watch-chains and other jewellery, opening lockets and asking undesirable questions, such as, whose hair or likeness you wear, or teasing you to "tell them stories." The *enfant terrible* is no myth of the Middle Ages. How often some of us have been asked in loud, painfully distinct tones, how long we were going to stay (as a visitor), when we did not know ourselves! Or the children, who have been learning to play the piano, have insisted on showing what primitive tunes they could accomplish, and each in turn has pounded out her several contributions towards starting us with a headache for the rest of the day! Oh, that merciless stopping and breaking the time to correct each mistake on these occasions, showing a degree of conscientious feeling quite above our powers of appreciation! As to pet dogs and cats, they may tend to destroy all the pleasure of a visit by putting their heads on our lap, pawing, and tormenting us to give them food, walking over the skirts of our dresses, wetting and staining them with the dripping from their mouths (if big dogs especially), jumping on us with their dirty paws, scraping the silk and tearing lace, and making us feel nervous, it may be—for to many their attentions are very undesirable. You invite your friends just as they are, with all their little predilections and prejudices. Respect them, like a kind and courteous lady—one to whom that pretty (but now much vulgarised) title is applicable in its ancient and truest sense. What are your dogs and cats as compared to them and their enjoyment during the few days that they are dependent on you for every comfort and necessary of life? Remember that they are bound by all the laws of good breeding to find fault with nothing, and to be silent, whatever the little annoyances which they may have to endure, so long as under the shelter of your roof.

If you take them to any exhibition and you do not go in your own carriage, pay for the conveyance and the tickets yourself. Say gently that "they must kindly excuse it, but that all has been settled, and that they are your guests for the time being." Of course, if they order a conveyance and go anywhere without you, and on their own business, they should pay for themselves.

Again, there are few rules not subject to exceptional, and very proper, infringement; and were the hostess a daughter or niece of a guest, or a comparatively poor person, it would be quite out of the question for her to insist on paying for carriages, exhibitions, or admission tickets of any kind, and she need not feel at all mean in not offering to do so.

When the day arrives for the departure of your guests, let their conveyance be at the door punctually, and their luggage properly labelled and placed upon it (if not previously despatched), so that the travellers may feel no anxiety as to the possibility of their missing the train selected. Allow a good margin as to time, rather than oblige them to hurry at the last, and so to feel nervous and uncomfortable. Lastly, do not let them depart without expressing a hope that they will be able to repeat their visit before very long. Do not allow them to fancy that you have had enough of their company, and that, notwithstanding all your polite smiles of farewell, you are glad, *au fond*, that the visit is well over, and that you will breathe a sigh of relief when they are lost to sight and the sound of their wheels dies away in the widening distance.

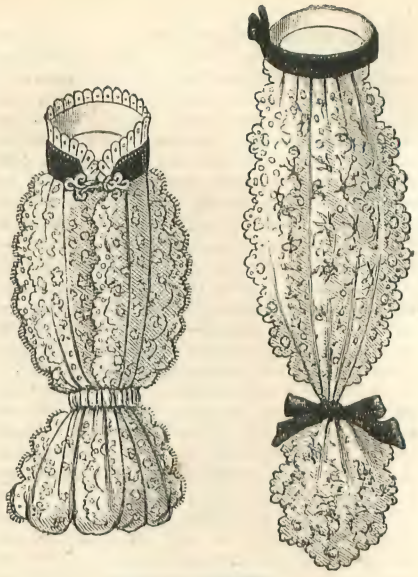
S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER.

"The fur that warms a monarch,
Warm'd a bear."
—*Pope's "Essay on Man."*

FUR certainly is one of the *idées fixés* (as our neighbours the French would say) of this winter season; sable, if we be rich, and expensive dress nothing to us; raccoon, dyed and undyed, bear, beaver, otter, and sealskin, if we be less endowed with this world's goods. I must not forget, however, in justice to sable, to say that it is a fur of wonderfully good wearing qualities—better, almost, than any other. Sealskin this winter is not the rich dark fur we have hitherto known it, but it is left undyed, and is thus the true colour of the fur in its natural state, of a greenish hue, with no brown about it. Mantles and jackets will be but little seen on girls this winter, as fur capes are large and ample, and fur cuffs are much worn, so that no other covering is needful. Sable and marten are used for capes for the first time this winter, but the other furs — mink, bear, skunk, and opossum — are quite as popular and almost as handsome.



LACE PLASTRONS.

WINTER WALKING COSTUMES.

Feather borders are nearly as fashionable as fur, and besides marabout and ostrich, cock's feathers and chicken's plumage dyed are both sewn on a foundation, and used as trimmings. The last I do not admire, for it has a rough, odd look, suggestive of a fowl standing on one leg, with ruffled feathers, on a cold winter's morning.

In the last number, as well as in the present, I have illustrated the short, tight-fitting jackets so much worn out of doors, but which are quite as short and in every way similar to the bodices hitherto worn indoors. They are trimmed with fur or feather ruching, and are made single, double, and cross-breasted, with fur collars and cuffs. Vests of fur are also worn with them, made of black or white astrachan lamb, seal, and beaver. Skirts of the new red cloth are made for young girls, and of habit-cloth, in brown, green, or blue, the skirt being either quite plain or else with very slightly pleated box-pleats. In the large illustration of this month I have given a short fur-edged jacket and cloth skirt, the over-skirt being of silk, velvet, or cloth. This figure also wears one of the new large hats of velvet edged with fur, to match the trimming on the jacket. The large cloak of the figure with her back turned to us is made of tweed or cloth. The two figures in the background show the new way of making-up out-of-door polonaises and plain serge dresses for home or school wear.

NEW COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

The last figure illustrated wears a charming dress of velvet and plaid, the skirt being of velvet in plain folds, the jacket-bodice and over-skirt of plaid with velvet trimmings. The new "Fedora" plastron, which has a puff half-way, and another at the points of the bodice, will show my readers how capital an idea it forms for doing up an old or half-worn bodice. These plastrons and the tight-fitting vest are seen on nearly all dresses, which are generally draped at the sides *en panier;* the backs being made in very plain folds, and not in the puffs and draperies to which we have been accustomed for so long. Jacket-bodices are worn at all times of the day and evening, and are used in any material. All of them are made short on the hips and in front. Belted bodices are as much worn by young girls as by old ones, provided that they be becoming, which is not always the case. Great care must therefore be taken in selecting them, for, as a rule, they suit thin people better than stout ones, and people with short waists better than those with long. Tunics are made very full indeed, and require some skill and experience to arrange them gracefully, and to prevent their being clumsy and bunchy-looking.

Velvet and velveteen are in such high favour that the "Fedora," or baggy plastron, is added to outdoor jackets of plain cloth for young girls, which will be found an excellent method of reviving an old jacket which has grown threadbare in front, and the buttonholes untidy and worn. "Newmarkets" still survive in a changed form, but they have full pleats at the back to supply space for the "crinolette;" and all of them have capes and large loose sleeves. So far as mantles are concerned, there is but little novelty to record about them, save as regards the large red cloaks with "dolman" backs, trimmed with feather trimmings to match them in colour. Very bright contrasting linings are used for some of these cloaks. For instance, a grey or slate-coloured cloth, with darker crescents on its surface of the same colour, would be lined with bright copper-colour or tomato-red, with dark grey velvet facings. Redingotes are trimmed with feather-fur bands, and have a fur-edged cape; and a muff should

SILK FEDORA PLASTRON.

CHILDREN'S GREENAWAY DRESSES.

be worn to match. Many of these are dark red in colour, and others are of green and dark blue, with bands of feather-fur to suit the colour, whatever it may be. Astrachan, in black, grey, and white is immensely popular as a trimming; and so is chenille, but the wearing qualities of the latter leave much to be desired.

I also illustrate three plastrons of the "Fedora" or "Molière" shape; two of lace, and one of figured silk. The latter may be made of a fancy handkerchief, in check or plaid; or one of the plain Indian ones, in bright colours. It will form a useful addition to the wardrobe, and will turn a black dress into a *demi-toilette* one, without much trouble or expense. The bands across are of black velvet, and the foundation used is stiff net or muslin, on which the lace or silk is lightly and deftly arranged, so as to hold firmly enough. Many girls just now have had evening bodices made of black velvet, pointed at the waist, at back and front; and, while meeting at the throat, have a three-cornered piece cut out below, which is simply piped round, or in some cases trimmed with very narrow quilling or lace.

Many dresses are seen trimmed with narrow braid laid on in flat straight rows of a contrasting colour with the material, such as yellow or silver on green, gold colour on grey and slate, bright red on Navy blue. Cashmere, serges, and tweeds are trimmed in this manner. Plain skirts are increasing in popularity, some of them being only corded at the edge, or having a plain band of velvet or fur as a trimming. Dresses for walking or morning wear are always of woollen, not of silk nor velvet.

Children's fashions have not been alluded to for some time in these columns, and I propose devoting a short space to them this month, supplied with a couple of illustrations to give the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a clear idea of the reigning styles. Many little girls continue to be dressed *à la* "Greenaway," and the other day I saw in the park a small maiden clothed in black velvet, bonnet and cloak completely in this style.

As the patterns for making all the frocks, mantles, and pinafores can now be purchased at all of the American pattern shops, there is nothing to prevent any mamma from adopting it for a change. I may also observe that it has the advantage of being extremely warm, in addition to being picturesque. Of course, any of the "Greenaway" books furnish models of how the dress is worn, and they are so simple in cut and manufacture that they can be quite well accomplished at home. Some softly falling material is selected—serge, Indian cashmere, flannel, and that soft make of fine thin cloth, also a cashmere, to which extra warmth is given by a thick lining throughout. The outer pelisses are generally made of velvet, but may be of tweed or cloth, or if desired to be more expressive in quality, may be of plush.

The little bonnets can be made at home. There are three shapes now used for little girls—the drawn bonnet, the smooth-fronted and high crowned Puritan shape, and the "poke" bonnet of the Salvation Army. The latter is used for girls of twelve and fourteen; the two former for children under six, who at that age always wear bonnets, never hats. The fronts are small, the crowns very full and high.

The new winter fashion is to have a dark velvet bonnet lined with silk of the same colour of a light hue—red lined with pink, blue with light blue, and brown with a primrose shade. Fur and feather trimmings are used to border bonnets also, and quite little girls wear fur and feather capes like their elders, with muffs to match. All kinds of out-of-door garments have fur collar and cuffs, and the *paletôts* of "the year that's fled" are made fashionable again with a fur cape and cuffs.

Little babies' pelisses are nearly always now made in the princesse shape, the general colour being a deep red. Cloth and cashmere are trimmed with deep velvet bands on the skirt, and velvet or fur-trimmed capes. For those who can afford it, nothing is so much worn this year on babies as white fur, real white astrachan lamb being preferred to other sorts.

Children's stockings as a rule should match their frocks in colour, but black stockings are admissible in all cases, and so are black gloves to be worn with them. Very large collars are more popular than any other kind. They are now made of muslin and lace, and are so extensive that they cover the shoulders.

The ordinary costumes illustrated for children's use consist of a simple style of frock, made with a princesse top, and a kilted flounce for a boy of three or four. The material is serge or velvet. The little girl of the same age is shown both in front and at the back; the material employed is a spotted serge, the trimmings being of either plain serge or velvet, put on full round the little princesse dress and strapped across; a large bow of velvet trims the back and a pleated plastron the front. The little maiden who has not long found her feet, wears a warm pelisse of cloth, trimmed with grey fur, and a grey fur cape. The hood is of the same material, or of velvet, and is trimmed with the same fur. Warm gaiters of whitey-grey cloth are worn on the legs, and thus equipped her small ladyship looks made-up to face any amount of cold. Children are nowadays much more carefully protected against the cold than they were, and in consequence they escape winter evils the more frequently.

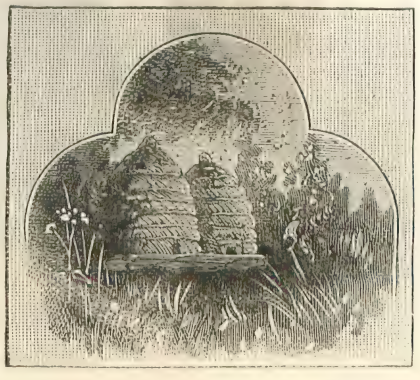
Great interest is now being manifested in the subject of the physical training of girls, and the papers have contained long accounts of entertainments and exhibitions in different parts of the metropolis, where performances have been given of female athletics. The young lady pupils wear short skirts of blue serge, blue jerseys, short trousers, long stockings, and scarlet scarves, and look both graceful and pretty while pursuing these endeavours to improve their muscular development. Several of the lady speakers on the subject go too far in their enthusiastic advocacy of the cause, and speak of the "frequency of liver complaint, and the general condition of ill-health in which women live." But the newspapers, in taking up the subject, consider that this picture is over-drawn, and that the bilious, nervous young Englishwoman is not often found in the hosts of bright girls who play lawn-tennis, boat, walk, ride, and drive; and those of them who fish and shoot as well, and accompany their male relatives on all descriptions of walking tours in almost every part of the globe.

But the movement in physical education is an excellent one, and we must each learn to sift out the tares from the wheat, and to apply what is good in the movement to our own needs. An early training in the proper performance of these exercises would be of incalculable value to everyone, and would enable them to carry out, during the whole course of their lives, a plan for regular exercise in the morning, which I have known practised for years by many ladies, without trouble to themselves or those about them, for five or ten minutes, immediately after the daily bath in the morning, before the stays are put on, and while under the shelter of a warm dressing-gown or light ulster. These exercises may be performed with dumb-bells, clubs, "Indian sceptres," or the "chest expander." They may otherwise be those called "free" or "extension" or "chest" exercises, without the use of any apparatus whatever. The few moments given to them in the morning, in this manner, will be found of incalculable benefit to the general health throughout life, even to advanced age. I have known a man of eighty years old to preserve his beautiful upright figure and youthful walk and carriage by means of the short morning exercises and the refreshment of his daily bath.

I am glad to say that the editor intends to give some space to the consideration of these valuable exercises, giving illustrations, so that my readers may acquire a knowledge of them by a little study of our directions, and perseverance in carrying them out.

As usual, I have something to conclude with, which I have culled from the varied literature of the day, and it seems in the present instance such a useful warning, that I trust my readers will take a note of it. I see that the mackintoshes in question, under various names, are very much used, and attention to the paragraph will probably save the reader many a cold.

"The season has set in for wearing mackintoshes. A caution may be therefore not unnecessary, and let us hope, not unheeded, as to the use and abuse of this serviceable, but when improperly employed, dangerous, article of clothing. When once a mackintosh is put on to defend the body from wet, it should on no account be taken off until the wearer has not only taken shelter, but is in a position to change his clothes. What a covering of oiled skin does for a wet rag in the surgery—viz., convert it into a poultice—the mackintosh does for the clothes of its wearer. The insensible perspiration which finds a way of escape through ordinary clothing is kept in by the waterproof, and the clothes are saturated with moisture. A very few minutes will suffice to render the underclothing 'damp' under a mackintosh, particularly if either the wearer perspires freely, or the weather be what is called 'muggy' as well as wet. When, therefore, the wearer of a mackintosh takes off that article of clothing because it has ceased to rain, he is in the position of a person who has damp clothes on, and if he sits in the saddle, or walks home, or rides in an open trap, he is more likely to take cold than if he had not used the mackintosh at all. If, therefore, we say, a mackintosh is once put on, it should on no account be removed until the clothes can be changed or dried by a fire without reduction of bodily temperature. The use of a mackintosh is to protect a man from a severe storm of rain. His clothes *must* be damp if he wears one of these protectors. The sole gain from using it is to render the moisture warm instead of cold, and to prevent loss of heat by evaporation. If the mackintosh be removed, evaporation commences immediately, with all the consequent risks of that process."—*Lancet.*



GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

THE establishment at Spike House was increased about this time by the addition of a boy, though what position he would fill did not at first appear.

His advent occurred in this way. Narcissa, who was hardly yet reconciled to school life, the rules and regulations of which were a constant trial to her after the free life she had led, was one day sitting at her bedroom window, gazing dreamily at the canal which lay about a quarter of a mile away. Her attention was presently attracted by a coal-barge, creeping slowly along, drawn by a decrepit old horse, harnessed with a rope to a short mast on the barge. His pace was exceedingly slow but steady, and Narcissa thought the presence of the very ragged, barefooted boy at his side hardly necessary to goad him on, for the poor beast seemed like a machine which, being wound up, would continue to work without any attention. The boy evidently found his calling rather dull, for he was seeking desperately for amusement in various ways. At last Narcissa saw him, with a hasty backward glance at the barge, scramble up on to the horse's back, where, after a series of futile and ludicrous attempts, he succeeded in gaining his feet and standing erect. He had probably seen the performance of some travelling circus recently, for he next attempted the tip-toe, butterfly poise, which so wins the heart of youth when performed by the fair equestrienne of the circus. The result was hardly so fascinating when the actor was a particularly dirty and clumsy boy, and as he stood jerking one disreputable leg in the air, and kissing his hands to an imaginary audience, the effect was so utterly ridiculous that Narcissa laughed aloud.

The old blind horse, with swollen knees and starting ribs, bore it patiently enough; but even a worm will turn, and when the performer, growing bold with success, began dancing a hornpipe, the animal thought it time to rid himself of the too troublesome mosquito playing such pranks upon his back, and gave a sudden little jump and shake. This remonstrance of the long-suffering steed was so unexpected that the boy lost his balance and fell heavily upon a heap of stones by the side of the towing-path. Narcissa's diversion was changed to anxiety as she saw him lie motionless, whilst the horse went limping on as before. A man who sprawled lazily smoking on the pile of coals in the barge, took his pipe from his mouth, the better to stare at the prostrate figure past which they were slowly moving, but made no movement towards stopping the boat, and before Narcissa could believe in his heartless indifference, the whole affair, horse, barge, and all had disappeared round a wooded bend of the canal.

Narcissa ran to her aunt, and at her desire guided Green, the old coachman, to the spot where the boy still lay unconscious, and between them they carried him to the house. Miss Gwen, who always knew what to do in an emergency, applied remedies which soon restored consciousness, and then, examining a bad cut on the boy's head, and various smaller ones, said with decision, "There is nothing here that we cannot cure ourselves without a doctor. Green, carry him into the little basement bedroom, and I will soon shave and plaster his head."

"You're never going to have him in the house and nurse him yerself, m'm! Why, them canal boys is the worst little limbs as is, and I should have thought that last youngster as you took without a character, and turned out a bad 'un, would have learnt you a lesson, m'm."

Green had served Miss Gwen for many years, and felt at liberty to speak his mind freely to her; but their differences of opinion always ended amicably in the mistress having her own way; and before long the bewildered boy found himself for the first time in his life in a clean bed, with most of his matted hair cut off, and himself washed clean, a condition which, being unparalleled in his history, was rather uncomfortable.

"Where are your parents, James?" asked Miss Gwen of the waif she had rescued, as soon as he was well enough to talk.

"I dunno," he said, indifferently, "I never 'ad any real father and mother, not as I ever heard of, but I 'ad a step-father once, in the hawking line, and we got along pooty comf'table, till he went and hooked it."

"Did what, James?"

"Oh, took hisself off, yer know. I ain't see'd 'im since."

Miss Gwen talked for some time to the boy, and thought she saw, beneath a very rough exterior, signs of a good disposition. She found, too, that he was very unwilling to return to his hard life on the canal, so after a good deal of questioning, she asked—

"Would you like to stay here for a time, and help my man in the garden and stable? I will give you good clothes, and board and lodging, and after a while, if you behave well, you shall have wages."

Jim did not take long to decide, but emphatically assured Miss Gwen that he would like it very much indeed, and gladly agreed to do his best to give up all the low language he indulged in, and to cultivate a more respectful manner of addressing his betters. And so he came to be a permanent addition to the staff at Spike House, and before long, so satisfactory were his efforts to please, that he was promoted to indoor work.

Miss Gwen was always trying to do good in some way, and encouraged the girls to think of and relieve the sick and poor. She would sometimes take one of them with her to visit sick people, and would talk over with them the best way of relieving their misery.

To make the girls the better able to help the poor, they had occasional lessons in economical cookery for the poor, and the making of nourishing dishes for the sick.

They had, for instance, lectures on economical stews, ekeing out a small quantity of meat, with various vegetables, either lentils, peas, rice, haricot beans, or potatoes—all these being both cheap and nourishing. But as rice, as well as potatoes, carrots, and other roots contain very little nitrogen, which is the tissue-forming element in food, it is necessary, in order to provide a strengthening as well as palatable dish, to mix these with some of the leguminous seeds—lentils, peas, or beans—which have an excess of this element. They were taught, therefore, to use rice with haricot beans, lentils with carrots, and so on, the variety making the dish more palatable, digestible, and nutritious. The lentils and beans were well washed, then soaked all night, and boiled in the same water as they were soaked in. They were then further cooked, with a small quantity of meat cut into small pieces, and any other vegetables, in a Bain Marie, an excellent contrivance for preventing the stew from ever reaching boiling point, which is the condition most carefully to be avoided.

But as Miss Gwen's object was to enable the girls to teach the poor themselves, who would certainly not possess anything but the most ordinary cooking utensils, she let them devise all kinds of make-shift stewing pans. These were generally a large jug, or jar, or pudding basin, in a saucepan of water, care being taken that the jar was not of too thick earthenware, so that the heat may get through to the contents—the meat and vegetables being in the jar, while the water in the saucepan was kept boiling; the contents of the jar being kept below that of the water by the evaporation which is always going on. The one main principle which was impressed upon the girls' minds in connection with stewing, was that the temperature during cooking should never exceed 140 degrees, nor be less than 130; for the reason that, as they had learnt in their lectures on soup-making, the albumen of the meat hardens when the water is too hot, as is the case with the white of an egg; this is to be avoided, as it makes the meat hard, and does not allow the juices of the meat to mix with the vegetables and make good gravy. On the other hand, if the water is so cool that all the albumen is allowed to dissolve, the gravy becomes strong, but the meat itself remains tasteless and insipid. It is important, therefore, to keep the stew just so hot that the albumen is beginning slightly to coagulate, not sufficiently to harden it, but only enough to prevent its too free escape. Shin of beef and other coarse parts of the meat are quite as nutritious as the most expensive joints, but owing to their coarseness are tough and hard. Cooked in this way, however, they are tender and easily digestible.

Sometimes these stews were made stronger by cooking the vegetables in weak stock instead of water. Bones were bought for the purpose, and after being broken up as small as possible were stewed for some hours and then carefully strained out, as little pieces of bone are dangerous amongst the meat. Additional flavouring was given by a sprinkling of sweet herbs, and a little onion and carrots or turnips cut in slices and fried, with any other vegetables that happened to be plentiful—celery, mushrooms, greens of all kinds, or tomatoes, tinned or fresh.

There was a constant demand for these appetising stews from the parish visitors in the neighbouring town, and the little pony-carriage rarely made a journey without leaving a jar of some savoury stews for the hungry or nourishing broth for the sick at some address which had been sent them for the purpose.

For their own home-cookery, Miss Gwen was almost as particular about the manner of serving as of cooking a dish, and nothing was allowed to pass without reproof that did not look as well as taste as nice as possible. Meat pies, for instance, were always ornamented with a little bunch of parsley in the hole at the top; cabbages were chopped up and pressed into small moulds, each large enough for a single helping, so that a dish would hold five or six pretty shapes of cabbage. Stewed Normandy pippins and baked pears were ornamented with very thin strips of lemon-peel laid crosswise on each piece. The dishes containing joints of meat were ornamented in the German fashion, with slices of turnip, carrot, or beetroot, with a touch of white of egg to secure them, and prevent them falling into the gravy. Fowls, in addition to the ordinary forcemeat balls and bacon, had round the dish slices of hard-boiled eggs, the white and yolk separated, and the white coloured by dipping into the juice of stewed beetroot. Great care was always taken that the dishes were not too full, so as to spill, or make the dish look untidy by

overflowing on to the rim. By attention to all such trifles, the table was made to look attractive and the dishes appetising; and Miss Gwen bestowed unbounded praise on any girl who invented for herself a new style of serving or garnishing a dish. She had a great objection to the use of steel knives for anything but meat, and always used silver for cutting all kinds of pastry.

Narcissa had heard a good deal of the occasional little parties, or social evenings, given at Spike House, and looked forward with interest to the first to be given after her arrival.

The girls did not all join them at once, but the elder ones were invited in rotation, a few at a time. The new-comers rather dreaded these occasions, but the more experienced ones looked forward to them as a pleasant break in the monotony of school life.

"It is really very pleasant, when you are used to it," said Minnie Selby to Narcissa, who was chatting with a few of her favourites amongst the elder girls; "but, you know, Miss Gwen leaves it nearly all to us—the entertaining and managing, I mean. Of course, she is always there, and I expect she really keeps an eye on everything, though she pretends not to; but it is a great anxiety for us." And Minnie threw herself back in her chair with a tragic air of being weighed down with her cares. But no amount of groaning could make her merry face look careworn, and she went on: "We have to sing, or play, just when there seems to be a suitable moment, and that is the point that most weighs me down—when *is* a suitable moment? I always give Miss Gwen a sort of a look when I think the entertainment is flagging, and she gives me a sort of a look back, which I have to interpret into either "play," or "sing," or "don't do anything," as the case may be. Oh! this is an anxious world!" and, with another groan, she subsided into temporary silence.

"Yes, Miss Gwen has these evenings, she says, to make us get out of awkward ways in company, and get accustomed to entertaining people, which I suppose girls cannot do by nature," chimed in Ruth Stanley. "But she is very angry if she thinks we put ourselves forward too much. She always says we had better be too bashful than too bold, but she expects us to hit the happy medium. As I am the eldest girl, I have to take care of the new ones who come in, and we always have one fresh girl each time, so that they get used to it by degrees."

Narcissa privately wondered if the guests did not rather object to being experimented on in this way; but when the evening came she changed her opinion, so pleasantly did the time pass. Miss Gwen had a large circle of friends, and she knew how to select those who would be pleased to meet, and would have some common objects of interest. The girls were told beforehand something of the guests who were expected, and had to provide a supply of suitable books, music, or pictures for their entertainment.

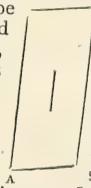
It was by no means a large party, for Miss Gwen would have been very sorry to begin introducing the girls to the gay society which, as she said, so soon rubs off the bloom of girlish modesty.

There was a little music, in which both hostesses and visitors joined, a good deal of it part-singing, with plenty of lively conversation, and some games amongst the younger guests. The girls were not permitted to stand in groups talking together, but were directed to move about amongst the visitors, forgetting themselves and thinking of others' comfort and amusement.

Two of the elder girls were always deputed to arrange the tea which was handed in the evening, and they were responsible for its being served properly; and they had to call two or three girls quietly to help them in handing the cups and cakes, with only slight assistance from the servants. A small table was laid at one end of the drawing-room, with tea, coffee, bread-and-butter, and cakes. On this occasion the girls in charge had exercised their ingenuity in making new cakes. The two most successful attempts were two German varieties, which Narcissa had suggested. The recipe for the first, "almond cakes," was as follows:—

"Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into ten ounces of flour; add ten ounces of white sugar, and two ounces of almonds (blanched and chopped). Beat up two eggs, add to them twenty drops of essence of almond, and mix with the flour into a soft dough, adding a very little milk if necessary. Roll in the hand, and cut into small round cakes, flatten slightly, dip in white sugar, and bake lightly in a rather quick oven on flowered tins, not letting the cakes touch one another."

The other cakes, which are known in Germany as "Schürz-Küchen," are very quickly made, and most delicious. The ingredients are 4 teacupfuls of the best flour, 1 teacupful of cream, and 1 of fresh butter melted, 6 eggs (yolks and whites), well beaten, sugar to taste, not too much. The ingredients must be thoroughly well mixed, and the paste rolled out to the thickness of a florin. No butter must be used in the rolling out, and as little flour as may be to prevent sticking. Then with a spur paste-cutter cut the paste in strips of about three inches long, and cut with the spur a slit in the middle of the strip, something in this shape



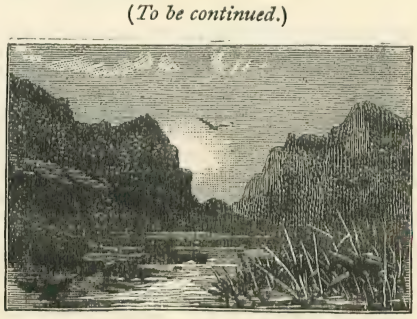
Take up one corner, "a," and draw it gently through the slit, forming a sort of loose knot, as our grandmothers used to draw their trains through the pocket holes of their dresses, which is probably the origin of the names of the cakes. Have ready in a saucepan boiling lard of depth sufficient to float a light object. The lard must be thoroughly hot, or the cakes will be spoilt. Throw one in, and if it rises almost immediately to the surface, the temperature of the lard is right; if not, the lard is not hot enough. The cakes must boil in the lard till they are of a light golden brown; they require but a few minutes. Take them out, lay them on a sieve to drain, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar, and serve as hot as possible.

It was Narcissa's duty to instruct James in his duties on this evening, which was his first appearance before company as an indoor servant, and in his new "Buttons" suit, his excitement and importance were great. He handed the trays of cups very quickly and well, and when this light repast was over, he whispered to Narcissa:

"Is that all, miss?"

"Yes; you have done very nicely, and can go for the present, James." But her dismay was great when she saw him, having removed all the tea-things, come back into the room and sit down amongst the guests, settling himself with folded arms to enjoy a duet just then being sung!

(*To be continued.*)



A PLEA FOR MUSIC.

By Clara A. Macirone, late Professor in the Royal Academy of Music.

SECOND LETTER.

My dear Mr. Editor,—I broke off in my former letter to you, on the above subject, with the thought that the principle of "a life for others" might have something to say upon this music question.

I think we may take for proved that it is a great power for good, and that it has been so used in the most remarkable manner throughout all the ages of the world—of which I gave a few instances in my former letter. There remains to be seen, firstly, whether its power be not needed now as much as ever, and, secondly, whether it is now an integral part and parcel of the education of the young as it ought to be.

On the first question, I know many opinions so much more deserving of a hearing than my own that perhaps your readers will forgive me for quoting a few, in case they may not have met with them, from the writings of men of the present day, whose testimony is valuable both from their knowledge of the power of music and of the present need of its influence.

If we refer to an article in the *Quarterly Review* on music, it tells us, "Music excites, represses, regulates, and relieves the life of emotion. These are its functions, and these are its uses. Life is rich, almost in proportion to its emotional activity. As a physical fact, music recreates exhausted emotion by nerve-currents generated through direct vibration of the nervous tissues; and by the same means music arouses and cultivates emotion with its highest activity. Again, life is noble, almost in proportion to the strength and balance of emotion, while control of emotional activity is as essential to worthy life as abundance of emotion." Now, if we appeal to the feeling and cultured opinion in America we can see what Boston has to say to us on the same subject. It speaks very much in the same tone and with still stronger emphasis.

"The very idea of a university is incomplete if it do not include music in its full circle of the elements of culture, and count it as one of the humanities. For music is a science, and music is a language, and on these grounds at least it claims a place among the branches of literature and science. The more prosaic and sordid a man's daily occupation, the more he needs outlooks and leadings to a higher life. The more he dwells among things, the greater his need of contact with a spirit greater than mere things; the material life must touch the immaterial; the body must have an indwelling soul with aspirations and affinities, with a life above and beyond the daily needs of this world. After the instincts of self-preservation, the strongest motives spring from the emotional nature; all that is best and most inspiring claims kinship with it. To the purest element in that emotional nature music appeals, always soothing if it cannot solace, rousing always the higher, never the lower, nature; it is a subtle, potent influence, moulding not only individual but national character."

Nor, if we turn to another side of the same subject, are the writers less united and strenuous in their opinions. In a remarkable article in *Good Words*, Mr. Haweis writes:—

"Music will one day become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic; and it is one

especially appropriate to this excited age. Half our diseases—some physicians say all our diseases—come from diseases of the nerves. How many ills of the mind precede ills of the body! Boredom makes more patients than fever; want of interest and excitement, stagnation of the emotional life, or the fatigue of overwrought emotion, lies at the root of half the ill health of our young men and women. Can we doubt the power of music to break up that stagnation? or, again, can we doubt its power to soothe, to recreate an overstrained emotional life, by bending the bow the other way? There are moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music . . . will soothe, and, if I may use the word, lubricate the worn ways of the nervous centres; there are cases—chiefly connected with disorders of the spine—cases of apathy, when music is almost the only thing which seems to stir the torpid nerves, and set up a commotion, quickening the heart and flushing the cheek. Then, I say, let music open the shut gate, and let health come in that way—*celestis janita aube*. Have you ever thought of that? You have played casually to the weary, the idle, or even the sick, but you have not with reflection played to refresh, to stimulate, or to soothe. . . . I have known cases where an hour of this treatment did more good than bottlefuls of bark, or pailfuls of globules. . . . How many a girl might turn her at-present-uncared-for, and generally useless musical abilities to this gentle and tender human use." And if we turn to a beautiful work older than *Good Words*, we find something of the same spirit, in yet stronger language. Shakespeare tell us of this view of music—

" Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care or grief of heart."

And an old physician in a celebrated work on "Medicina Musica," says:—"It is certain that music may very much contribute to the cure of many diseases, but I shall only recommend it in such as more immediately depend upon the spirits, for, as by the energy of musick, the spirits may be either roused or calmed according to the different modulation of the sounds, its use in nervous diseases does, I think, evidently enough appear, especially in those which discover a dependence upon the mind, such as spleen, vapours, melancholy, and madness."

Indeed, we may return to our article in the *Quarterly*, by Mr. Haweis, for a sort of summary of the work which music achieves in this direction.

"Like a good physician, like a tender friend, music comes to the aid of all classes, a gentle minister of consolation—sweeping clear the sky, and showing the blue beyond, making grief bearable and loss tolerable. Music soothes the fever-heat of the sick man, and ministers strangely to the disordered mind when other means fail . . . it enables the soldier to accomplish forced marches . . . and fight battles at the end of them. It draws the bonds of social family life more closely together, it recreates the wearied professional man, it kindles new fervour in the sluggish soul, and is moreover ready to bear on high the inarticulate aspirations of many a toiling, careworn spirit." Milton calls music "sounds which might create a soul, under the ribs of Death;" and we need not wonder at this, if we believe, as the old writers say, "Music is the voice of God, and poetry is His language."

But how does this bear upon the education of our girls? I shall refer again to the writings of Mr. Haweis, though in another, the *Contemporary Review*, when, writing of women and music, he says: "The emotional force in women is usually stronger, and almost always more delicate than in men. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the lightest touch. Women are the great listeners, not only to eloquence, but also to music. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as a woman's soul. In listening to music, her face is often lighted up with tenderness, with mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the truest, because the most natural dramatic feeling. The woman's temperament is naturally artistic, not in a creative, but in a receptive sense . . . many a woman, though capable of so much, is frequently called upon to do in the best years of her life but little; and at all times society imposes upon her a strict reticence as to her real feelings. What is she to do? . . . To set women to do the things which some people suppose are the only things fit for them to do, is like setting the steam hammer to knock pins into a board: the skilful and ingenious operation leaves them dissatisfied or listless, or makes them by a kind of reaction wicked and exaggerated caricatures of what God intends them to be. Control is good, but at a certain point control becomes very like paralysis. The steam hammer, as it contemplates the everlasting pin's head, cannot help feeling that if, some day, when the steam was on, it might give one good smashing blow, it would feel all the better for it.

"To women—and how many there are in our placid modern drawing-rooms—who feel like this, music comes with a power of relief, and a gentle grace of ministration little short of supernatural.

"That girl who sings to herself her favourite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song—it is her own plaint of suffering, floating away on the wings of melody. That poor lonely little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird nocturno of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah! what heavy burden seems lifted up and borne away in the dusk. Her eyes are half closed, her heart is far away; she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west, and the wet vine leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds; the angel of music has come down, she has poured into her ear the tale which she will confide to no one else, and the restless, unsatisfied longing has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What, if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the commonplaceness and dulness of life—from the old books in the study, the familiar faces in the schoolroom, and the people in the streets; she has been alone with herself—but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself, and the minstrel spirit. Blessed recreation that brings back freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the weary heart! Happy rain of tears and stormy wind of sighs sweeping the sky clear, and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond. Let no one say that the moral effects of music are small or insignificant. That domestic and long-suffering instrument, the cottage piano, has probably done more to sweeten existence and bring peace and happiness to families in general, and to young women in particular, than all the homilies on the domestic virtues ever penned. . . . It is as though a traveller, grown weary in a winter's walk, were suddenly to be lifted up and borne along upon wings without word or action of his own, what time the land grew warm with sunlight, the air scented with flowers and full of angel voices. When the times of refreshing are past, he finds himself again upon the earth, but all his fatigue has vanished, and he is now able to go on his journey with renewed life, and compassed about with songs of rejoicing."

We may turn to another writer, once more on the American side of the world, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who, writing on the personal influence and ennobling power of music, will tell us that "Nothing does more for culture than the personal presence, the magnetic spur, as it were, which one in whom the spirit and result of higher culture are embodied, bears about with him. The presence of *good music* is the presence of a good spirit; the presence of deep and earnest music is essentially the presence of the deep and earnest spirit who composed it—a presence felt more surely than his looks or words could be. There is frivolous, idle music, and there is pedantic music; but there is also music more than one mind may compass, which is altogether the outpouring of the hopes, the prayers, the faith, the very lives of men like Handel, Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. . . . Music has an atmospheric influence—in earliest childhood such influence is felt; the very infant is affected by it, if we care not that he understand, or even seem to heed or listen. And each composer's music is a peculiar atmosphere—as much so as the atmosphere of pine woods or fresh fields. The sensibilities, the character, the tone of feeling, the aspirations, the habitual consciousness of the child will be affected by it, and all his after life will be redolent of it. Beethoven or Mozart may be introduced as an invisible presiding genius over his earliest education before other teachers can begin to teach him, or any thoughts shall have begun to shape themselves in his unconscious mind.

"Let me remind you that not half enough has been said of the *discipline* of *emotion*, a function exercised in the highest degree by music. Upon this very quality of discipline, nobility, and truth of emotional expression, turns the distinction between the modern German and the modern Italian schools, as schools. I say modern Italian, because the old church schools of Pergolesi and Stradella were severe, beautiful, and sublime compared to the modern Italian opera and romance . . . the secret of a good school of music is that it is a real exponent and a sound discipliner of the emotions. Listening to a symphony or a sonata of Beethoven's is not a joke: it is a study, an emotional training. You are put through a whole system of feeling not of your own choosing; you are not allowed to choose; you are to control yourself here and expand there, and at last after due exercise you are landed on the composer's own platform, chastened, exercised, refreshed, and elevated."

I could quote more largely and more freely, but perhaps I am better justified in leaving my dear readers who care to pursue this subject, to their own further researches in this very rich and fertile field of inquiry, and return to my own small path from whence I diverged for illustrations of my subject by better pens than my own, and to my opening sentence, "A life for others," and how a girl's education should bear upon that. And here, also, I may turn to better knowledge than my own as to the chief central point of all education—home. In a most excellent work on "The Home, and its Relation to Men and to Society," the Rev. Baldwyn Brown observes: "Home is the school in which God educates men and women by a great trust—the greatest which He can ever repose in a being whom He regards as not His creature but His child—and trust is redeeming to all but the most abandoned men." "There is something quite awful, when you come to measure it, in the trust which God reposes in

us, when He sets us in homes in which we are able to make so much joy or sorrow in other lives—lives, be it remembered, which are lived in the Great Home, and in which His interest as the God and Father of all is supreme. . . . But here as elsewhere men will have the crown without the cross, and end by missing it. It is the deep secret of misery in homes; men and women will clasp at the fruit without the culture, the strength without the patience, the joy without the benison, the crown without the cross, of love. They reckon that *they* have the right to so much service, love, and tenderness from those who love them, instead of asking how much service, love, and tenderness they can bestow." "And if you search at the root of that development of which a Christian home is the fruit, you will find that it is self-control, self-denial, self-sacrifice. That home is the brightest in which love reigns most perfectly, and the love which blesses homes is the love that seeketh not her own, but is ever on the watch, at the cost of self, to minister to the husband's, the wife's, the brother's, the sister's, the children's good. Remember, you girls and mothers, the brightness of the home is your charge . . . remember, that while the men are responsible for winning the bread, you are responsible for the beauty and brightness of the home. Cultivate your faculties sedulously, and perfect your accomplishments. There are few sadder things in our times than the dulness and wretchedness of the homes of our poor. . . . And there is a moral dulness and squalor quite as ghastly to be seen constantly in rich and cultivated homes. It drives the men out for a little society and cheerfulness, and lays the foundations of habits which end in many a terrible wreck. There is that which, for want of a more definite name, I have called 'stupidity,' which is weighing like a nightmare on our lives. I know the utter, dreary aimlessness of much of our social intercourse, our amusements, our work, and our play. We need to have society lifted up bodily to a higher level of interest, in things worthy of interest." And music is in its very nature a power which lifts into a higher atmosphere the souls possessed by its influence. Two and three hundred years ago it was so used in all England, as may be seen in the records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when, as may be read in Thomas Morley's "Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music" (A.D. 1597), he says—

"Supper being ended, and musick bookes (according to custom) being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when after many excuses I pretended unfainedly that I could not, everyone began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others demanding how I was brought up, so that upon showing mine ignorance, I go now to seek mine old friend, Master Gervinus, to make myself his scholar."

How many people meeting by chance in the present time, sitting round a supper table, would be expected to sing at first sight such music as the madrigals of that day—Wilbye, Gibbons, Dowland, Byrd?

Pepys tells us in his diary that when a new housemaid was to be engaged for their household, part of her examination as to her fitness for the post lay in trying her powers of reading music at sight, and a very pretty and clever girl was rejected solely because she could not take part in the evening family music. Nay, in the beautiful gardens of that day, guests were expected to bring their own instruments, the light small musical instruments in use anyone can see now in groups at the South Kensington Museum, so that—like the pages in *As You Like It*—they could make an impromptu concert, sitting in the shade and singing or playing together, making the time very musical. Think of the pictures of those old times one may see now in any gallery, the bowery gardens with their sunlight on the grass and flowers, and in the green shade, sitting on the grass, groups of happy singers and players, making the hours fly with music on their wings. Imagine the relief from the strain of overwork and the pressure of anxieties, from the tedium of *ennui* or the aching of loneliness. In such gatherings think of the difficulty which exists everywhere, and at all times, of uniting pleasantly and gaily, various people of differing pursuits, different positions and characters, interests and passions, in an excitement which should refresh and stimulate, while it sheds a mantle of kindly sympathy, like that fervent charity which covers a multitude of sins; on differences and jarring interests which throb into heartache, wearily sometimes, when the love and grace of art is not invoked to neutralise the work-a-day ills that flesh is heir to. Amidst the noise and hurry and struggle of daily life, is it not perfectly true to say, that in poor homes (and there are many such in handsome and comfortable-looking houses) many who feel the stings of real poverty, and strain by hard self-denial to keep up appearances, need most bitterly sometimes the warm glowing atmosphere of heavenly music to "smoothe the raven down of darkness till it smiles." It was a mere ordinary everyday occurrence which was told me by a loving mother, of the power which her little child had used, when one day the father came home worn and jaded with fatigue, and harassed with such misery as even merchant princes know at times, when business anxieties gather into storms ahead—storms in which the best loved homes may go down into ruin, through no fault of their own. The child watched the pale, worn face of the father she loved so well, and gliding to the piano, there softly rose on the ear a lovely old chant, so consoling in its heavenly beauty, so strengthening and inspiring in its divine fervour, that the worn nerves relaxed, the soothed and softened spirit melted into tears; the small musician had done her work, and her father's hand rested in love and blessing on the soft curls of the little head which had thought and loved so well. No first-class certificate of Oxford or Cambridge could have carried the message of a noble art and a nobler consolation as those golden notes did.

I reserve until a future occasion some consideration of the practical difficulties attending a sufficient study of the best sort of music in the present day, in answer to the question with which I started, "Whether music is now an integral part and parcel of the education of the young, as it ought to be? and if not, why not?"

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Charlotte, 2s. 6d.; A. G. B., 1s.; Miss Dorcas Upfold, 1s.; A Young Girl, 1s.; Collected by Miss A. Brooks, 13s.; Collected by Miss Mary G. Crone, 7s.; Ada L., 2s.; Two Friends, 2s.; Julia, 1s.; Annie, 1s.; Two Sisters, 5s.; Collected by Miss L. Ethel Webber, 8s.; Collected by Miss H. M. Burnside, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss M. C. Elvin, 11s.; The Misses Smith, £1 2s.; Collected by Miss E. M. Goodhev, £1 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Lucy Maplesden, 11s. 4d.; Collected by Miss Eva F. Burrows, 5s.; One Who Wishes it were More, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Florence Jeans, 6s.; Collected by Miss E. Gamble, 11s.; Collected by Miss Jennie Edden, 4s.; Collected by Miss E. Curteis, 6d.; Sophia, 3s.; Collected by Miss E. A. Stanley, 6s.; M. S. R. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Tryon, 1s.; Miss Grace Lloyd, 2s. 6d.; Romola, 1s.; Miss M. A. Skinner, 4s.; Collected by Miss S. Wellby, £2; Nelly, 1s.; Collected by Miss M. F. Greening, 7s. 6d.; M. and E. C., 2s.; Collected by Miss MaHome, 3s. 2d.; Katharine, 10s.; Mrs. Knight, 5s.; Canary Profit, 10s.; Maiden, 8d.; A Housemaid, 1s. 6d.; E. W. L., 2s. 6d.; Two Who Shift for Ourselves, 5s.; Mistletoe, 1s.; E. D. S. 1s.; Peggy and Polly, 2s.; Collingrove, 2s. 6d.; A Theorist, 2s. 6d.; Lancelot Rover, 2s. 6d.; Rather an old Girl, 6d.; A Mite for the Girl's Own Home, 2s.; Two Sisters, 2s.; P. T., 1s.; A Yorkshire Lassie, 2s.; Collected by Miss Ball, £1 1s.; A. M., 2s. 6d.; A Welsh Girl, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Charles, 5s.; Kathleen, 5s.; L. T., 1s. 6d.; Kate G., 1s.; Sarah, 10s.; The Firs, 2s.; Gratitude, 1s.; Collected by M. C. E. Rathmines, 8s.; Collected by Miss Gertrude Langton, £1 5s.; Carlotta, 2s. 6d.; Anna, 1s.; Collected by Miss Carrie Kent, £1; H. A. T., 1s.; C. and D., 2s.; Collected as Musical Fines, 3s.; Margery Daw, £1; Stella, 1s.; C. and L. M., 4s. Total amount received to November 30, 1883, £652 16s. 8d.

THE OBSERVER.

THERE are many signs of coming weather which even the little ones may notice. The sunrise is late, and the sunset early, enough now for most of them to look at, and judge for themselves of the truth of such old rhymes as—

"Red at night is the shepherd's delight;
Red in the morning is the shepherd's warning."

There are many other rhymes and proverbial sayings about the weather, most of which have some measure of truth in them, though they are not all to be depended upon. The best way is to watch the signs of the weather, and make rules for one's self, as the signs of change vary in different localities, owing to differences in the nature of the country, whether there is much water, or smoke of towns, or whether it is hilly or well wooded. Even in watching for yourself, there is always a little danger of being misled by coincidences which have no foundation in fact. For instance, an old dame who had excellent opportunities for watching the weather, once said to me, "I've often noticed, miss, that the weather always changes on a Friday. Whatever it has been through the week, it is sure to be different then." My own observations, however, had not led to that conclusion.

There are numbers of weather sayings about the moon, many of them, unfortunately, quite contradictory. One of them is that if the new moon lies on her back—that is to say, with the points of the crescent upwards, like a boat, or, as the weather prophets describe it, "so that it will hold water"—it is sure to be a stormy month. In other parts of the country this is supposed to foretell fine weather, and it is when the crescent moon is upright, so as to spill the water out, that bad weather will follow. Another sure sign of a wet month, with some people, is to see "the old moon in

the young moon's arms," that is to say, a faint shadow of the whole moon beyond the bright crescent; the dimmer part of the moon's face being really, in this case, illuminated by earth-shine, while only the bright crescent catches the stronger sunshine.

The weather is popularly supposed to change when the moon quarters, but it does not always keep to the rules laid down for it. The turn of the tide, also, is thought by people living on the coast to be a critical time, and they consider that bad weather invariably follows the appearance of a halo round the moon (commonly so called), but the prophets usually mean a lunar corona.

Another often-quoted axiom is that—

> "If the oak is out before the ash,
> The earth will only get a splash;
> If the ash is out before the oak,
> Then the earth will get a soak."

Unfortunately for the truth of this sign, the situation of particular trees affect them so much that while an ash tree may be out first in one district an oak may have a long start of them in another.

But although these popular sayings are not all trustworthy, it is a very good thing to notice them, and to get into a habit of comparing the signs with the changes in the weather.

For practical use, however, except for very experienced weather prophets, a safer guide is to be had in a home-made barometer, a very simple contrivance which any child can make and understand, and which foretells changes as rapidly and accurately as the most expensive barometer. Get a wide-mouthed pickle bottle, and fill it rather more than three parts full of water. Then take a Florence oil flask, such as the common salad oil is generally sold in, covered with wicker work. Take off the wicker, and wash the bottle clean, and invert it in the pickle bottle, so that the neck of the oil flask goes some distance into the water, the bulb of the flask resting on the neck of the bottle. This is all that is necessary; but it is easier to observe the changes, if a few drops of Judson's dye are put into the water, so as to colour it, and, if inches and half inches are marked on the neck of the oil flask by small lines of oil paint. Before bright, fine weather, the water rises slowly up the neck of the flask; a very rapid rise generally indicates unsettled weather. Before sudden storms it falls rapidly, till it is below the level of the water in the bottle; for settled rain and damp weather it falls slowly. Occasionally a little fresh water must be added, to make up for evaporation; and as the sides of the oil flasks are very uneven, it is generally necessary to fix little pieces of cork or wood to the sides of the bottle to keep it upright. The correctness of a weather-glass of this kind can be ascertained by comparing its movement with the weather reports in the daily papers.

Before the leaves come out on the trees, all children should have shown to them the many interesting points in a horse chestnut tree. In the autumn, as each leaf fell, it left on the shoot a sort of scar. On each of these scars can be seen seven black dots, like the nails in a horse's shoe, from which it is supposed the name horse chestnut is derived. The leaf of the tree is composed of seven small leaflets, the midribs of which are bound up together in the stalk, and the seven dots left when the leaf falls are really the ends of the midribs broken off when the leaf died. If you look at the ends of the shoots of a horse chestnut tree, you will see on each a bud, covered with brown gummy scales. Most children know Grimm's fairy tale of the prince who drew twenty ells of cloth out of a millet seed; but the contents of one of the sticky horse chestnut buds is almost as wonderful. One of these, not larger than a pea, was carefully examined by a celebrated German naturalist with a powerful microscope. He found first seventeen outer scales overlapping, and, as it were, gummed together to protect the tender bud from the frost. Underneath were four perfect leaves, round a flower-spike, which was so perfectly formed that he was able to count sixty-eight flowers, each complete, with even the pollen on their stamens clearly distinguishable.

In the spring the brown scales fall off, leaving a ring-like mark on the shoot, and the length of time the shoots have taken to grow can be easily reckoned by counting the spaces between these rings left by the winter scales, each of which represents one year's growth. These rings are much more distinct on some trees than others.

DORA HOPE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

JOSEPHINE.—1. In accordance with the Copyright Act, no copyright song may be sung, nor any instrumental piece performed, in public without the permission of the owner of the said copyright, whether the right be vested in the composer or the publisher. Almost all modern music, however, bears this permission printed upon its title-page. 2. A "monochord" is an instrument having one string, employed in elucidating the doctrine of intervals in music.

JUBAL.—The phrase you quote, "the music of the spheres," was that of Pythagoras, a philosopher of Samos, the son of a sculptor named Mnesarchus. He was the founder of the Italic sect of philosophy, as Thales, of Miletas, was of the Ionic. He maintained that "the motions of the twelve spheres must produce delightful sounds, inaudible to mortal ears," and these he called "the music of the spheres." He flourished about 555 years before Christ.

L'AINEE.—1. The abbreviation "op." stands for "opus." 2. See our article "How to Improve the Education," page 794, vol. ii. Messrs. Novello or any other music publisher would supply you with a first instruction book for the children; and Mrs. Frederick Inman's "Plan for Teaching Music to a Child" (published by Simpkin and Marshall, price 1s. 6d.) will give you good suggestions and advice in the art of teaching.

YNNAEJ and MINNE-HA-HA.—We could not form any idea of what you might make by copying music. Were you able to transpose it to suit special voices, you might make something. But then you should advertise your so doing, and get permission at some of the musicsellers to hang up, or leave in their windows, a notice of your taking in music for that purpose. If a good pianist or singer, you might put up a notice that you would attend at private parties to assist in conducting the music at so much a night. 2. The address of the Society for the Employment of Women is 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street; secretaries, the Misses King and Lewin; office hours, from 11 to 5. You might write on your card that you are a teacher of music, and also attend evening parties as a pianist, or to play accompaniments for singing; and enclose them in envelopes to send round to any houses where the proprietors are known to entertain or have young children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Be careful in your diet; avoid raw fruit and vegetables, drink abstemiously, beware of tight-lacing, and take a little ginger (as a dose) in a wineglass of very hot water, adding a little bi-carbonate of potash when in pain. A little ground ginger in your tea might be of use; but your digestive organs are out of order, and advice from a doctor is desirable.

MOPSEY.—The address of the United Bible Reading Society is the Rev. E. Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—If your parents wish you to remain at home, of course you must do so.

PEACHY BLOSSOM and META ALLEN.—Absurd as it is, there is a sort of fashion connected with the colour of the hair and complexion, and if there be anyone so unkind—not to say rude and coarse—as to make comments on the natural colour of either which God gave you, at least we can inform them that at the present time fair hair and complexion are quite "out of fashion," having given place to the dark. If you hold yourself well, walk well, and are courteous in manner, studying to look pleasant, instead of shy or morose, you may defy all ill-natured comments. Use glycerine and water to your hands, and wear chamois-leather gloves at night; take special care of your nails, and wear gloves during the day when you can. We sympathise with you. Do not resent hard words, but meet them with gentleness and good temper.

A YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED GERMAN.—Your letter in English does you the greatest credit, more especially as the composition of one who is self-taught. Only in one seatence is there a transposition of words which is un-English, and only one wrong word ("apologise" for apology). We are unable to recommend anything of the kind you require; there are plenty of small shilling, or even penny, Reciters out of which you could procure something amusing, and you could easily devise the accessories for yourself.

TOM MOLLOY, DICK, and FISH.—Never do anything in an underhand and sly way. Tell your mother that you and your friend wish to "keep company," and be guided by her wishes and better judgment. The second specimen of writing is better than the first.

HOPEFUL.—The sizes of books are described in the way you name, and the terms employed are abbreviations of Latin words. In a *folio* there are two leaves, making four pages. 4to means *quarto*, or four leaves, making eight pages. 8vo means *octavo*, or eight leaves, making sixteen pages. 12mo means *duodecimo*, or twelve leaves, making twenty-four pages; and 18mo means *octodecimo*, or eighteen leaves, making thirty-six pages. The several sizes of the type employed in printing are likewise distinguished by various terms. 2. You should read our article on "Punctuation." "!" is a note of admiration, indicating surprise; and "?" is a note of interrogation, or a query.

CURIOUS NELL.—The Vinegar Bible was a certain edition published at Oxford A.D. 1717, in which a misprint occurred in the headline over St. Luke xxii., "vinegar" being substituted for "vineyard."

M. A. P.—The 22nd of December, 1851, was a Monday. We sympathise with you in your now helpless condition from over-taxing your mental and physical powers; and we are glad to receive your testimony to the value to be attached to a periodical of sound religious principles that supplies moral stories, regarded by you in the light of "a tonic to a brain over-burdened with business." In reference to your recipe for "softening water for making tea," we are glad to give it to our readers. "Put a lump of sugar in with the tea," hard water will then be corrected, and suitable for the purpose. May you be supported under your trials.

SCOTCH THISTLE.—We are shocked to hear that you "never wash your face with soap!" The sooner you begin to do so, the better. Use soft water, or put some bran in it. Employ a mild, unscented soap at night, and then apply a little glycerine and water before drying it, or else, after drying, a little vaseline. In the morning you need only bathe your face with cold water, as it will then be clean. It is the nature of some skins to shine. Wear a veil.

ELINORAC and IDA.—1. You might wear one of the new full fichus of cream-coloured lace frilling; would be very suitable to wear *over your broché bodice*. 2. Send to Mr. Tarn for the covers, indexes, and set of coloured pictures, price 2s., and any bookbinder will bind them at 2s. a volume or less.

C. A. T.—You had better read the series of articles called "The Fairy of the Family," which gives all necessary directions on the cleansing of materials of every kind, and removal of spots and stains. Possibly you might clean the soiled part of the white satin by rubbing it gently with some clean flour.

TRIM.—Real nervousness arises from a certain delicacy of constitution. Go to bed early, take daily out-door exercise, without fatigue, and take light, nourishing food. Think much about those around you, and try to forget yourself.

CRIB inquires "which is the best way of entering a room," but she has not named any of the ways to which she refers and from which we are to choose. There are, however, only two, generally speaking, by the door or the window, unless there be a trap-door in the ceiling, or she include a descent down the chimney. We should recommend her to make an entrance by the door as by far the most suitable, excepting only in case of fire, when a window might prove a valuable substitute.

NANCY R., BP. A.—You should first ascertain, without doubt, that your attacks are really indicative of a tendency to epilepsy. If so, a light diet of a non-stimulating kind is desirable. Some say abstinence from meat, such as beef, mutton, veal, and pork. Regular and gentle exercise should be taken, and suitable medicine prescribed by a doctor; into any further particulars of the possible cause and remedies to be adopted we cannot enter in a magazine like this. 2. There is true poetic feeling in your verses, but you must count the number of feet in each line of the first verse of a poem, and when you have also decided on the syllable on which the beat or emphasis should fall, you must make every other verse to correspond with it exactly.

G. H.—We thank you for your nice letter, and for the information that "if sweet oil be mixed with the mustard, mustard plasters become perfectly painless." December 30, 1863, was a Wednesday.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.—We have seen spinning-wheels for sale at secondhand furniture shops, and also at high art fancy needlework shops.

WINNEFRED.—We think tea and coffee are very good substitutes for stimulants. Cold tea *is a good drink*, also lemonade and ginger beer. If you drink water, it should be boiled and then filtered.

A LITTLE FARMER, A YOUNG SCARECROW, LILLAH, A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P.," AND OTHERS write to us for two very opposite reasons. The former want to be thin, the latter want to be fat, so we may answer them all in one; and in telling the first what is bad for her the second will find out what is good for her case. Indulgence in beer, wine, stout, and spirits, the use of sugar and drinking too much water have all a tendency to increase the accumulation of fat. In Mr. Banting's dietary the forbidden articles were the oily fishes, salmon, eels, and bread and butter, milk, sugar, all farinaceous vegetables, such as potatoes. Over indulgence in bed is also bad for the stout. But the sudden reduction of flesh is very bad, and any reduction at all must be very gradual to be safe. Exercise will retard the accumulation of fat, but will not reduce it alone without other means. The best assistance to the "Young Scarecrow" in becoming fat will be the cultivation of a quiet and contented spirit.

DU PONT.—1. "Oke" is the name of a Turkish and Eastern European measure of weight, equal to about two and three-quarter pounds. 2. The name which you interpret as denoting a Russian peat bog, "tundra," is that of a belt of level country, of about 200 miles in average width, stretching along the northern margin of Siberia, between the last trees at the outskirts of the forest region, and the icy shore of the Arctic Sea. The soil is frozen to a great depth, only partially thawed through in the summer, when much of it is covered with lichens and peat mosses, which supply food to innumerable herds of reindeer that migrate there from the forests on the breaking-up of winter. A belt of precisely similar land extends along the margin of the Arctic regions of North America.

FLORENCE A.—In reference to the ancient manuscripts of the New Testament, we recommend you to get "The Bible Handbook," by Dr. Joseph Angus, D.D., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

JANEY.—You confound "Victoria" and "Victoria Land." The former is a great province of Australia, the latter a great tract of country, due south of New Zealand, within the antarctic circle. It consists of grand mountain peaks, some covered with glaciers descending to their base and stretching out for many miles into the ocean, while others are volcanoes which are in continual and magnificent eruption, amongst which is the celebrated Mount "Erebus." In fact the rocks that rise in perpendicular precipices, or jut out from their eternal mantle of snow and ice, are all volcanic, showing only black lava and basalt. No animal inhabits those lands excepting the seal, but there are albatrosses, penguins, and petrels.

INDIVR AND ROMANI.—See "How I Learned to Play Lawn Tennis," pages 9 and 25, in number for November, 1882. Your handwriting would be good were it sloped a little more, the "r's" particularly and the "g's" formed more completely. The "v" also is a poor performance. We are glad that our paper gives you so much pleasure in your far-off home in Africa.

BEATRICE.—A "bisque" is one stroke which may be claimed by the receiver of the odds at any time during a set, but with the following exceptions. It may not be taken after the "service" has been delivered. The server may not take a "bisque" after a fault, but the striker out may do so. One or more "bisques" may be given in augmentation or diminution of other odds.

GERRY FITZ G.—1. Pronounce the words you quote as "sib-yl," "sion," and "zion," as they are respectively spelt; "pi-on-eer" likewise as spelt; "etiquette," as if written "etty-ket;" "recipe," if in reference to a medical prescription, as if a word of three syllables, viz., as "res-sip-pe," otherwise as "re-ceep," or in common parlance not really so correct as "re-ceet." 2. There is no change in the style of riding-habits since we illustrated our article on riding.

WOULD-BE WORKER.—Inquire of your clergyman whether there be any charitable society in which other ladies are engaged, for the benefit of the parish, as, for instance, a "clothing club," or a "lying-in charity." If not, you might try to inaugurate "bee meetings," say once a week, to be held alternately at your own and at your friends' houses, for making baby-clothing or other articles, while one of the party reads aloud some new book of travels or natural history, or other work, the reader relieved by some instrumental or vocal performance; and a light repast might conclude the evening's reunion; this latter should be very simple, so as not to be a tax on others not as well-off as yourself.

DANEFIELD.—You have delayed too long by several years already. Your younger sister is too old likewise. Endeavour to persuade your mother to allow you both to prepare at once. It should be done very prayerfully, and you know you will have taken a step in the right direction.

SENGA.—1. It is impossible to convey the sound of all French syllables by the use of English letters, the French letters "u" and "n" in conjunction with some others producing very different sounds from those in our alphabet. "Du-gues-clin" is the way that name should be divided. The "u" in the first syllable should be sounded as a Devonshire or Sussex peasant would pronounce it. Whereas we should sound "du," as "doo," viz., "rule," or "juvenile," "truth," or else as "de-you," viz., "duty," "super-excellent," "numerals," etc. The last syllable "clin" is nasal in sound, and should be pronounced as the French word "vin." 2. May 1, 1865, was a Monday, November 29, 1866, was a Thursday.

'HOPE DEFERRED"——
"HURRAH! HERE IT COMES—OUR *dear* G.O.P.!"

MARIE.—We are grateful for your encouraging assurances of the spiritual benefit derived by you from our teaching, as well as for your good wishes and prayers on our behalf. Your writing is not sufficiently regular; you need careful practice. 2. Your sister should consult all we have said on the subject of her query by reference to our indexes.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Use tepid water in your morning's bath, and you may take a glass of cold water after you are dressed and warm. Also, if you be thirsty, on going to bed. Some people would find it too heating to take oatmeal porridge every day, but if you find it to agree with you, why make any change? People say "laugh, and grow fat!" Supplement this prescription with a good allowance of milk cream, butter, and other nourishing food, take gentle outdoor exercise, and nine hours of rest at night. This may serve to fatten you a little.

JULIA B.—The origin of our giving New Year's gifts may be traced back to the Roman *strenæ*, from which term the French term *étrennes* is derived. Perhaps the first historical record of the existence of the custom in Britain is connected with Alfred the Great, for he gave to Asser an abbey in Wiltshire, believed to be that of Amesbury; one at Barnwell, in Somersetshire, a valuable silk pall, and as much incense as a strong man could carry on his shoulder, as a New Year's gift. Although these and Christmas boxes were habitually given and received by our early sovereigns since the Conquest, the custom was organised into a regular system in the reign of Henry VII., as it was regulated according to the rank of the several parties exchanging them, and everyone knew how much value to give and what he would receive. This regulation gave a new character to the attentions paid, and turned a free and spontaneous token of personal love or regard into a general and merely fashionable tax.

MILDRED HAZEL.—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr, A.D. 304, suffered for her faith at the early age of thirteen. It is recorded that on her declining to marry the son of a Roman Prefect, because she had devoted her life entirely to the service of God, he denounced her as a Christian, in revenge. She then refused to sacrifice to the heathen gods, and was cruelly tortured in consequence; but on being thrown on a pile of burning faggots the flames went out without having injured her, and her persecutors ended her sufferings by beheading her. It is said that as her parents knelt in prayer together at the young martyr's grave, she appeared to them with a glorified aspect, and bade them "dry their tears, as she was united for ever to her Saviour in heaven." You write a pretty and legible hand.

ADA SWAINSON.—Write to Mr. Tarn for the index, title-page, and pictures. Your handwriting is not formed and you do not write straight.

TAMBOURINE.—1. The census is taken every ten years. 2. We have already told all about St. Pancras. He was a noble Roman youth of only fourteen years of age when he became a martyr for the Christian faith, under Diocletian, A.D. 304. The first heathen temple in England that St. Augustine consecrated for Christian worship he dedicated to him, and he was subsequently regarded as the patron saint of children. Besides this, St. Augustine was prior of the monastery built on the estate which anciently belonged to the family of Pancras, on the Cœlean Mountain, one of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

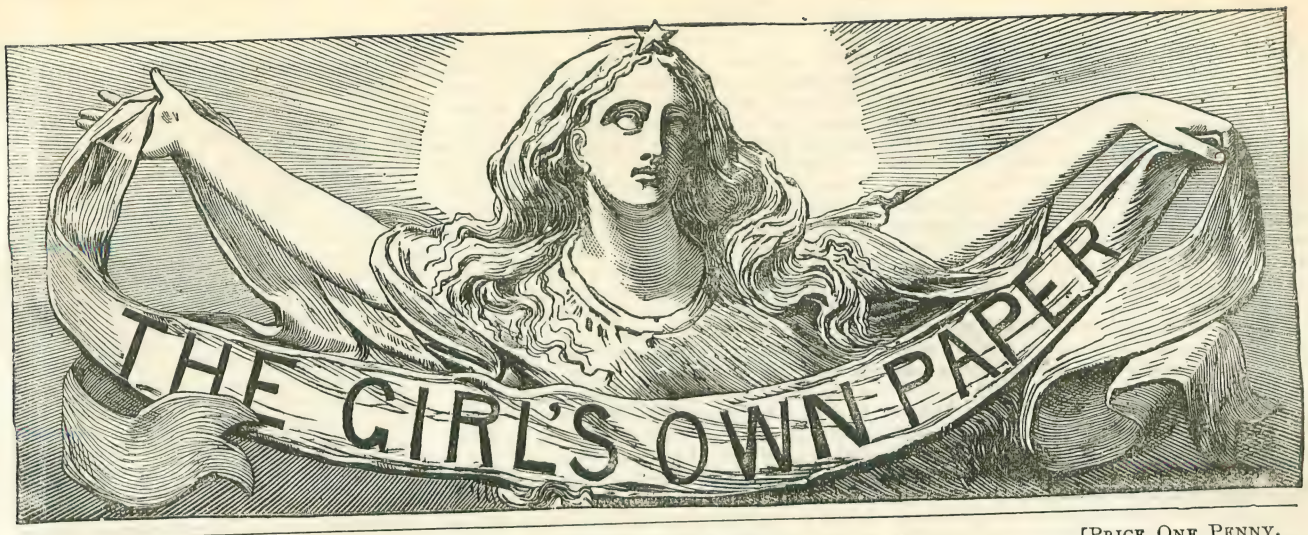
ONE WANTING TO KNOW.—The proportion of boys to girls born into the world, in the average of all Europe, is stated to be 106 boys to 100 girls. It is highest in Russia, where the average is 108 boys to 91 girls. It is the lowest in Great Britain and Sweden, viz., 104 to 107 boys to 100 girls. But then very many more boys die in infancy and early childhood, up to five years old. We thank you for your kind letter.

TEMPERANCE.—It is calculated that one-eighth of the deaths in London arise from immoderate drinking of spirituous liquors.

ADA BARNES.—1. There are words, and modes of pronouncing others, in most, if not in all, languages for the sake of euphony. For example, in French you say *un bon homme*, instead of *bon homme*. Thus it would be very unpleasing to the ear to use the article "an" before the word "useful," as we run one word into another, and this would transform the latter word into "nuseful." The lack of ear for what is a euphonious combination of words is painfully shown in ordinary versification, and destroys all claim to classification as poetry. 2. Much depends on the natural taste that children evince for music. We greatly object to burdening them with many lessons at an early age. Amongst ordinary children nine would be quite early enough for learning music.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We could not give the private address of any of our contributors.

L. A. CLARKE.—Grease may be removed from the leaves of a book by sponging the part with ether or benzine, and then placing it between two sheets of blotting-paper, and quickly and lightly passing a hot flat-iron over it.



VOL. V.—NO. 214. FEBRUARY 2, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"FOR EVER."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE hospital at Collmer was a pleasant-looking red-brick building, with high pointed gables and large windows faced with stone. It stood back from the road in its own grounds, with a broad sweep of lawn and gravel path in front, so that even if Collmer had been a busy bustling place, which it was not, the inmates of the hospital would have been secured from noise and disturbance. The building itself, which was a comparatively new one, was on the most approved principles,

"THE WIFE LOOKED UP IN HIS FACE WITH A SMILE OF CONTENT."

All rights reserved.]

and fitted up within with everything that could conduce to the comfort of the patients.

The bright rays of the June sun were shining full upon it, and trying their best to make their way in through the closed Venetian blinds of the women's ward, as if they thought their presence must impart additional cheerfulness to the invalids there, and as a rule they would have been welcomed; but this afternoon was so hot a one that the softened light was more pleasant than the blaze of sunshine, and gave an appearance of coolness even if not the reality.

It was a large, spacious room, with plenty of windows to admit light and air, whilst everything was beautifully fresh and clean and cheerful-looking.

This afternoon they had just brought in a fresh case, whom they had placed on the bed allotted to her in a corner of the ward.

The new patient was an elderly woman with grey hair, surmounted by a spotless cap with a crimped border, which formed a framework for a face that was sweet and comely-looking in spite of certain lines which pain and languor had traced upon it of late.

As they laid her down she gave a little involuntary groan, from either pain or weakness; but it was immediately succeeded by a smile as she gently thanked her bearers.

Then, looking up brightly into the face of the matron, who was standing beside her, she exclaimed, after casting an admiring glance around—

"This is a beautiful place, ma'am! So cool and shady, and so large and lofty! And then those flowers! Why, they seem to be smiling a welcome at me, for we've got some of the very same growing in our little garden at home. Why, this place seems fit for a queen, instead of the likes of us!"

"I am glad you think it so pleasant, and I hope you will soon get better here."

"Thank you, ma'am. Yes, I think I shall get better here; there seems more fresh air to breathe than in the small rooms of a little cottage."

"Not that I'd exchange our cottage for the finest palace in the world," she added, later on in the evening, when she had been making the same remark to her husband, who had come in to see her. "Our little home is dearer to us than any other place in the world could ever be, isn't it, John?"

"Ay, that it is—at any rate, to me. No other place could ever be like it, for it is there we have spent so many happy years jogging along side by side through life. What that life would have been without you, Mary, I don't like to think."

His wife laid her hand caressingly on his.

"You've been a faithful, loving husband to me through it all, John; such a one as, I'm afraid, doesn't fall to the lot of many women. 'Midst all our ups and downs, however hard the times might be, or however often I fell short of what I ought to be, you've never given me a sharp or rough word—you've always been patient and kind and good to your old wife."

John Kent had to clear his throat before he spoke again, and when he did so it was in a husky voice.

"Patient!" he said, echoing her words. "I haven't had much call for patience with the wife who has been the making of me, and always kept the home so bright and pleasant that there was never any temptation to wander from it. I might say a good deal, but it isn't *words* that are wanted between you and me, are they, old woman? We have tried and proved one another too long for that."

His wife nodded, as she gave back an answering smile.

John Kent was a fine specimen of an English labouring man, with a strong well-built frame and an honest open face, bronzed from exposure to weather, and lined and furrowed by a life of hard toil, but with such a pleasant smile and straightforward expression, that a glance was enough to inspire anyone with confidence in him.

His home was in the pretty village of Oxley, about three miles from the town of Collmer. And now, after his hard day's labour, he had walked in all that distance to see his wife in her new quarters, and to satisfy himself with his own eyes that she was comfortable and in want of nothing.

It had been a trial to part with her and send her away from him to the hospital; whilst it was an equally great trial to her to leave home and husband. But she had for some time been getting worse and worse, until they had come to see plainly that better skill and nursing than she could have at Oxley were needed to restore to health the suffering body and enfeebled frame. Having arrived at that conclusion, both set themselves to face bravely the separation, and to accept with thankfulness the offer of admission to the hospital, with all its advantages, and the many comforts and luxuries unattainable at home.

It was always Mary Kent's way to look on the sunny cheerful side of everything; and though John was by nature of a more desponding temperament, he had imbibed much of her bright thankful spirit, so that he now let her go without a murmur, as soon as he was satisfied that it would really be for her good.

"I'm right glad to find you so comfortable, and to see how well you will be looked after," he said, as he at length rose to leave. "But I shall miss you sorely, Mary; the old home will seem strange without you in it."

A tender, wistful look crept over the wife's face.

"Ay, it will be terribly lonesome for you, I'm afraid. I can't bear to think of your going back with no one to greet you and hold out a light for you; no one to speak to you or get your bit of supper, or look after you. It doesn't seem right," she added, with a perplexed expression, "for me to be having all the care and tending and you none. I wish it could be the other way."

"Ay, I know you do, and I half fear it has been too much that way all these years. You've never given any thought to yourself, but all your care has been for me, and the little ones as long as we had them, and they never grew up to pay it back to you. But now I'm right glad to think you will be cared for, and tended, and waited on, ay, just like a lady."

The wife looked up in his face with a smile of content.

"The best thing you can do for me, Mary, is to lie quietly there and make haste and get better. There's no need for you to fret or worry after me, for that will keep you back, and don't you see it's all along of your spoiling me, so that I feel it strange to be without you. For you've never been a woman to go off taking your pleasure, and leaving me whilst you made holiday, so I've had no chance of getting accustomed to doing without you. Not one night have we spent apart all our married life."

He tried to speak cheerily, and conjured up a smile to hide his heart-ache as he noted her pale, wasted, wearied looks.

"I hope, please God, I shall soon be better and able to come back to you again. It will be a joyful day when I can walk up the little garden path once more. But meantime, John, we will both try and be patient and willing to bide God's time, won't we?"

"Ay, ay," he responded.

"And the best of it is," she continued, "we can both of us have His company, even though for a bit we are parted from one another; but we are not parted from Him. Ah, that is a comfort! and as I lie here I shall ask that you may have more of His blessed company to-night than you have ever had before: that He will come in and sit beside you as you eat your lonely supper. It is only what He says He will do. 'If any man will open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' He will come and set the Bread of Life before you, and you will feed on that. For you are not the one to bar the door against Him, and I think, maybe, it is going to be opened wider than ever to-night. Just the miss of me will make you feel you must have more than ever of Him."

"We'll ask this for us both," said John, in a low voice. "Bless you, Mary; you've always been a true helpmeet to me."

Stooping down, he imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, and then in silence left the ward.

* * * * *

The next morning John Kent rose betimes, even before his customary hour, early though that was.

The sun was shining brightly, which was cheering, and the birds were holding their morning concert in the trees which stood round about the cottage. But, in spite of all this, John heaved more than one deep sigh as he went through the business of dressing, and then set himself to tidy up his room, as well as the kitchen below.

He was a little clumsy over his work, whilst he found his knees stiff and rheumatic when it came to kneeling on the brick floor to light the fire to boil his kettle. But he had refused all offers of help. His wife had wanted to arrange with some neighbour to come in and clean up for him each day and prepare his meals, but he had declared he preferred doing for himself.

"It would seem so strange to have other women folk about," he said, "and he would rather be left alone to go his own ways. He should get along well enough until his Mary came back to him, which he hoped would not be long. He knew he should never like other people's ways of doing things after hers."

There was much truth in what he said, for she had always kept their little cottage the cleanest and neatest looking in the village.

Hastily snatching a mouthful of breakfast, he hurriedly left the house and took the road to Collmer. As the clock struck six he presented himself at the door of the hospital. "Come to inquire how his missus had passed the night," he explained to the maid, who came in answer to the bell.

The matron was passing by at the moment, and, hearing his voice, called him in. The old couple had interested her greatly the night before, and now she felt much touched by the husband's devotion, in undertaking a walk of six miles to and fro before his hard day's work, for the sake of getting tidings of the invalid. She could not send him away without a glimpse of his wife, so she led him into the ward.

The radiant look which lighted up the old woman's face as she caught sight of her husband in the doorway made it quite beautiful, and amply rewarded the latter for coming, even though she scolded him in her gentle way for having done so.

"It's no use, Mary, to say a word against it, for I mean to do it every morning and evening whilst you are here. It won't take half as much out of me as fretting to know how you are, and thinking maybe you are pining after your old man, and wondering how he is getting on. The matron has given me leave, and so I mean to come. And you ust let me have my way. For, Mary, I couldn't get through the day nohow without a sight of you to cheer me on."

The wife did not answer. Her eyes, which

were looking up into his, were shining softly through a mist of tears. He saw the deep love in them, and was satisfied.

And after he was gone she lay with the same happy smile lingering on her face, making her look like a pleasant gleam of sunshine in her corner of the ward.

John and Mary Kent were much respected in Oxley, where they had lived all their lives. Mary, when a bright, strong, young girl, had been taken into service at the Hall as kitchen-maid, and was in a fair way to become a first-rate cook, when John Kent stepped in and persuaded her that to share his humble home, enriched by his honest, manly love, presented a surer prospect of happiness, and was altogether more to be desired, than the fulfilment of the dreams in which she had indulged of some day occupying such a post as that held by Mrs. White, the housekeeper at the Hall. Such had at one time been her ambition, but John Kent knocked all that on the head, and led her off in triumph to the little village church, where they became man and wife.

That had been nearly forty years ago. They were a young, good-looking couple then. But many a wave of sorrow had passed over them since, only, however, cementing the two hearts more closely together. They had laid three dearly loved children in the grave; besides the often repeated trial of weeks, sometimes even months, in the winter without work. Through all, however, they had held fast to their principles, enduring any hardships—nay, even actual want—rather than owe any man anything.

Honest and upright, kind-hearted and neighbourly, and always ready to do one another a good turn, there were scarcely any two people in Oxley so respected and esteemed.

Partly owing to her former connection with the Hall, Mary and her husband were great favourites with Mr. and Mrs. Temple; whilst little Miss Lily, their only remaining child, and the pet not only of the Hall but the whole village, was a frequent visitor at the Kents' cottage, which lay very near the park gates.

Thus old John, as he sat with the door wide open for the sake of coolness, eating his solitary dinner, was not very much surprised on looking up to see what it was casting a shadow along the floor, to perceive a well-known little figure standing in the doorway; her bright-golden hair falling about her shoulders made in the sunshine a sort of glory round the fair, artless face.

"May I come in, John?"

"Ay, to be sure, Miss Lily. To think of your asking such a question!"

"But you are at your dinner," she said, hesitatingly, feeling a little delicacy lest she should be intruding.

"That don't matter, miss, unless you mind," he said, as he rose to place her a chair. "It isn't very grand fare I have to-day," he continued, "for, you see, my missus is away, so I have to make shift for myself. But that don't matter, for I'm strong and hearty, and I hope she is having some nice, dainty little morsel that will tempt her appetite, which has been getting so bad of late."

"Poor John!" said Lily, with a pitying look in her blue eyes. "How dreadfully you must miss your wife; you must be so lonely without her."

"I shall be right glad when I get her back again," he responded. "Yes, it is a bit lonesome without her, for you see, Miss Lily, she and I have never been separated for nigh upon forty years, so we ain't used to being apart."

"Forty years!" echoed Lily. "What a very long time! And yet," she added, after a pause, "for ever and ever is longer than that, isn't it?"

"Ay, to be sure," said John, though not at once seeing her drift.

"And you and she will be together for ever and ever in heaven, won't you?"

"Ay, through God's mercy," rejoined Kent, with a brightening look, as he gazed into the sweet, serious face of his little comforter. "So we needn't grumble at this separation, when it's only for such a little while compared to 'for ever and ever.' I won't go heaving no more sighs like I did this morning, when the place felt so silent with nobody to speak to, and I so awkward, too, over the work. But I won't be so thankless any more. Thank you, Miss Lily, for that 'for ever and ever.'"

"Couldn't I help tidy up the place for you?" asked the little girl. "Do let me try," she added, fearing that the look of amusement which overspread John's face meant a refusal of her offer. "I am so fond of putting things to rights and being useful."

"Thank you, kindly, missie; but it wouldn't do for such as you to be righting up an old man's cottage."

And John could not forbear a laugh at the mere thought of the little lady from the Hall, the heiress of many a broad acre in Oxley, soiling her hands with such work.

"It is enough for you," he pursued, "to brighten up the old man with the sight of your bonnie face. It was just like yourself to come in to cheer him up now the wife is away."

"Mamma and I both thought you would be lonely, so she said I might run down and try to catch you as you came in to dinner. And we want to know how your wife is, and how she likes the hospital."

"She's mightily pleased with everything there; and it's a fine place sure enough. She thinks she will soon get better there."

"I hope she will. Won't it be nice to have her come back well and strong?"

"Well, darling, did you find old John at home?" asked Mrs. Temple, as she met her little girl at their own gate, and turned to walk with her up the carriage drive leading to the house.

"Yes, mamma; and he looked so sad and lonely when I went in."

"I daresay he was glad to see you."

"Yes; at least he said he was. He was at dinner, but it was not at all a nice dinner, mamma; and he had had to cook it all himself."

"Poor old man! Suppose, dear, you were to take him some dinner to-morrow—something nice already cooked. Should you like to do that?"

"Yes, indeed I should, mamma. And mayn't I do it every day?"

"We will see, dear."

"Do say yes, please, mamma. Because he misses his wife so, and there is nobody to do anything for him. And don't you think it would make Mrs. Kent happier to know he was being taken care of whilst she is away from him? And it is only a few minutes' walk to their cottage."

"Very well, dear; I think we must try to carry out your nice little plan," said Mrs. Temple, stooping to kiss the eager upturned face. "I am so glad my child has early learnt to care for those around her. It is what I want her to do all through life—to seek to brighten the lives of others. Now run away, dearest, and get ready for luncheon, or you will be late."

(*To be continued.*)

FACTS AND FALLACIES ABOUT FOOD AND PHYSIC.

By MEDICUS.

FACTS and fallacies about food and physic!" I think I hear some girl exclaim, as her eyes glance over the heading of this paper. "What an exceedingly dry title, to be sure. And what an absurd lot of f's in it!"

Yes, reader, there are, and if I had spelt the word *physic* as phonographists do, thus, "fizik," there would have been one more f, would there not? Yet notwithstanding my somewhat harsh and alliterative title, I believe that in this article, if you only condescend to read it, you will find something to interest you and instruct you as well.

I must make one confession, however, before I go any further, and then I will have the pleasure of starting with an easy mind. It is not, then, young girls alone that I have in view while I sit here to-day, but girls of all ages, young and——not to call young. My audience will therefore be a somewhat mixed one, and if there be many invalids among them, so much the better, in a professional point of view, though the invalids themselves might prefer it otherwise.

Healthy strong girls may read this paper if they choose, and even their brothers may look over their shoulders; but if, on the other hand, they do not choose, why, they can turn the leaf, and they will be sure to find something far more entertaining.

I have mentioned the word "invalids." Of these there are many different sorts and degrees. There is, for example, the invalid who has never all her life been strong, who has been born constitutionally weak. There is the invalid who has inherited some kind of trouble or is the child of parents who have died of some ailment that usually descends in families. There is the invalid who has had the misfortune to come by some accident, or receive some shock to the system, although well and strong previously. There is the invalid who has gone through some severe illness, febrile or otherwise, and who has never rightly recovered therefrom. And last, but not least to be pitied, there is the nervous invalid. Among these there are, of course, various degrees of invalidity, and these degrees vary with each individual invalid at different times, according perhaps to the state of the atmosphere, but more commonly I am bound to say according to the state of the digestion. But there are invalids who are constantly confined to one position; these everyone must pity and perforce be kind to, for their very helplessness appeals to the best feelings of our human nature. And on the other hand, there are invalids who are seldom or never ill enough to be confined to their beds, but go about their duties all day, almost mechanically, but with little heart or will, who have many and many a miserable moment, many and many an ache and pain they say nothing about, lest their best friends should tire listening to their complaints, who have often to feign an interest in matters in which they feel none, who have often to smile when they would rather weep, who pass nights of sleepless pain or "dream perturbed sleep," and who waken unrefreshed and still a-weary, whose very hearts

"—— are tired of their own sad beat,
Which finds no echo in this busy world,
That cannot pause to answer."

Now, sufferers from ill health, taken as a

body, are easily divisible into three great classes. First, those who may be called acutely ill, who are labouring under some definite malady, which must run a certain course, and end either in recovery, partial or complete, or in death. These must be treated by a visible medical practitioner, who will do his best to guide the disease to a successful termination, and it is needless to say that such persons can gain no good end by reading medical papers in a magazine. Secondly, there are the convalescents; they are, as a rule, the happiest of all sick people, for they have little else to do but get well, and then, glorious thought, begin life anew again. As convalescence is through many causes sometimes delayed, I may at some future day address a paper to this class. Thirdly, we have the chronically ill, in other words, the confirmed invalid.

Since I wrote the last word I have been thinking—thinking for fully five minutes, thinking and trying to remember if there can be any case of invalidity the sufferings of which it is impossible to alleviate—and I have come to the conclusion that there is not. Well, now, to each individual invalid the act of dwelling upon his own symptoms, or pondering over his case, has a peculiar charm. He is constantly wondering whether this, that, or the other plan of treatment, this, that, or the other kind of medicine, might not effect a cure, or make him better at least, for every invalid is more or less nervous. Probably some who read these lines may have given up taking medical advice of any kind, as nothing seemed to do them any or much good, and they may now be treating themselves or undergoing no treatment at all. But they cannot have given up all interest in themselves, and most, if not all, of them are ready enough to jump at any hope that may be held out to them.

Alas! and alas! how often does this hope not come in the form of some vile quack medicine—pill or potion bitter, or drop—they may see advertised in the daily papers. Better, ten thousand times better, they should never see a newspaper at all, and never know how the world wags beyond their own parish, than that they should be deluded by such wills-o'-the-wisp. For if the indiscriminate use of physics that are pure and of proved efficacy is to be decried as dangerous, how much more so the use and abuse of compounds of which nothing is known for certain, except the fact they are advertised by individuals solely with a view of making money; individuals who fatten on the sorrows of those they profess to benefit, who, vampire-like, live by sucking the very life-blood of their deluded victims.

It is no exaggeration to say that tens of thousands of individuals are annually hurried to their graves by remedies advertised in a taking way in the columns of our leading newspapers. Knowing as I do how vast is the extent of the circulation of our GIRL'S OWN PAPER, knowing that the sun never sets on our columns, for they are read in every country and every clime, in lordly hall and humble cot, by peeress and peasant, I deem it a very great privilege, indeed, to be able to lift up my voice—and that I do so earnestly, heaven bears witness—and warn my readers, young and old, against the use of the medicines they see so cunningly advertised in the journals of the day. And please remember this, that the longer the advertisement, and the more insinuating the wording thereof, the more dangerous is the article advertised likely to prove.

On the other hand, a large number of invalids are very fond of reading popular medical works, and of prescribing for themselves. Well, these books are generally written with an honest purpose, and no doubt do a great deal of good, especially in districts when the services of a medical man are not easily procured. But it is in cases of acute illness where they are likely to be of most service: they then supply the stitch in time that saves nine. An invalid will often, however, receive some benefit, either fancied or real, from some particular medicine or compound of several medicines, and henceforth and for ever pins his faith to it, making very practical use of this faith by taking the medicine almost constantly. A greater mistake, or a more dangerous one, could not easily be made.

The very fact that after a time this drug or physic has to be taken in increased doses ought to prove to the recipient thereof that it is in some way or other interfering with the laws and economy of Nature, and therefore is dangerous in the extreme.

The abuse of medicine is very much to be deprecated; the "British Pharmacopœia" has no business in the hands of any girl, whether her years number fifteen or fifty, and prescriptions that have done good some time or other, or to somebody or other, ought either to be torn up and put in the fire, or left to take the dry rot on the file of the chemist who compounded them.

If my readers only knew what a fearfully and wonderfully complex thing the digestive canal is, they would tremble to swallow the simplest pill lest mechanism so delicate and beautiful should be deranged irremediably. We sometimes hear the process of digestion talked about as simple. Simple, indeed! Why, it is a multiple of many processes. There is not a force in nature—mechanical, chemical, or electric—that is not called upon to assist in the magic art of blood-making. We must not call it simple.

Aperient medicines are much abused. Except in rare cases, the body can be kept cool without remedies of this class—by exercise of an exhilarating nature taken in the open air, or exercise taken even in the house by those who feel themselves unable to stand the weather. The worst of aperient medicines is that if one begins to take them habitually, alterations of structure in the digestive canal take place, Nature endeavours to accommodate herself to the strain caused by such medicine, and it is not easy to give up the use of them. But I can assure you, my readers, pill-taking is a most absurd practice, and one likely to lead to chronic and incurable illnesses. I have no wish to frighten anyone, but it is my duty to say that I have known cases of malignant and incurable tumours which I believe I could trace to the pill-taking habit I am talking about. Aperients are all very well in their way, but should only be taken in extreme cases, and when other and simpler means fail to cool the blood and body, such as eating oranges or ripe fruit in the morning, the use of the bath, exercise in the forenoon, and plenty of well-boiled green vegetables to dinner.

Many girls rush to tonics, iron, iron and quinine, bitter tonics, or acid tonics, when they think they are out of sorts or want strengthening. Well, in certain cases this may be all very well, but recourse should not be had to these even until regulation in diet, drink, and exercise has been adopted. Though bitter infusions with a little aromatic sulphuric acid, or dilute phosphoric, or nitro-hydrochloric acid, and tincture of oranges make a healthful and appetising tonic if taken before meals, be warned, for if tonics are continued long they may give rise to serious liver disturbance, which might terminate in dangerous congestion or death.

Some of my invalid readers who have followed me thus far may now well say, "Surely 'Medicus' objects to physic in any form?" I do not. I but caution you against the abuse thereof, and I give you this golden rule to go by in prescribing for yourself, if prescribe for yourself you will and must. Never continue the use of any medicine for any length of time. Omit it for days and weeks, give Nature a chance of trying her own unaided strength. She may, perchance, do better without your dosing at all.

Cordials are medicines which some of you who are not young may need at times. Of course, they are in reality stimulants, and as such useful in moderation; but the same golden rule I give above should apply to them likewise.

Sleep-producing draughts or pills should be taken by no one unless prescribed by the family physician; they are highly dangerous.

But the greatest benefit accrues to invalids, not from medicine-taking, but from judicious method and plan in dieting oneself.

The fallacy on which many invalids trip and stumble is that of believing that they must be constantly eating with a view to keep the strength up. It is a dangerous and often fatal blunder; it is one, to say the very least, that leads to extreme discomfort during the day and to restless nights, and militates very much against the chance of speedy recovery.

I know a lady at the present moment who is an invalid and likely to remain so. She seldom moves off the chair or sofa, though she could if she liked, and takes no exercise, although her limbs are wasting for the want of it. She has got an absurd notion that she must support nature, as she terms it, by constantly eating all kinds of strong but curiously cooked foods, *soups, jellies, delicate entrees* and what-nots. By the term what-not, I do not mean that airy piece of furniture you hold music, etc., in, though it might be as well for the lady in question if she did eat this what-not and be done with it—that would be a quicker way out of her misery. Well, when she finds she has no appetite she conjures one up by the aid of cordials and more what-nots, and thus she spends the day. Good sleep after all this is of course out of the question, so she has to call in the aid of a sleeping draught. This lady is not very exceedingly young, she confesses to forty. Well, but she might be fat and fair at that, were she to live and move in more rational way.

Yes, it is a very great fallacy for anyone, whether ill or not, to eat more than they can comfortably digest. We might well take a lesson from the lower animals. When one of these, be it beast or bird, feels itself ailing, what does it do? Why, seeks out a quiet corner where it can rest unmolested for many hours, and during this time it takes no food of any kind.

"Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis Heaven directs, in that 'tis man."

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU BRAVE GIRL."

THEY told me afterwards that this was a daring feat, and fraught with awful peril, for in that painful groping in the darkness I might have lost my balance and fallen back into the water.

I was conscious of this at the time, but we cannot die until our hour is come, and in youth one's faith is more simple and trusting; to pray is to be heard, to grasp more tightly by the mantle of His Providence, so I committed myself to Heaven and crept slowly along the face of the rock. In two or three minutes I felt cold air blowing down upon my face, and, raising myself cautiously, I found I was standing under an aperture, large enough for me to crawl through, which led to the downs. For one moment I breathed the fresh night air and caught the glimmer of starlight, and then I crept back to the children.

Flurry was awake and weeping piteously, and Dot was trying to comfort her in a sleepy voice, but she was quiet the moment I told them about the hole.

"I must leave you behind, Dot," I said sorrowfully, "and take Flurry first," and the brave little fellow said—

"All right, Essie," and held back the dog, who was whining to follow.

I put my arm round Flurry and made her promise not to lose hold of the rock. The poor child was dreadfully frightened, and stopped every now and then, crying out in horror that she was falling into the water, but I held her fast and coaxed

"'HUSH, GILES, WE MUST KEEP HER QUIET,' ADMONISHED HIS SISTER."

her to go on again; and all the time the clammy dews of terror stood on my forehead. Never to my dying day shall I forget those terrible moments.

But we were mercifully preserved, and to my joy I felt the winds of heaven blowing round us, and in another moment Flurry had crawled through the hole in the rock, and was sitting shivering on the grass.

"Now I must go back for Dot and Flossy," I exclaimed; but as I spoke and tried to disengage myself from Flurry's nervous grasp, I heard a little voice below.

"I am here, Essie, and I have got Flossy all safe. Just stoop down and take him, and then I shall clamber up all right."

"Oh, my darling, how could you?" The courageous child had actually dragged himself with the dog under one arm all along the dangerous path, to spare me another journey.

I could scarcely speak, but I covered his cold little face with kisses as he tottered painfully into my arms—my precious boy, my brave unselfish Dot!

"I could not bring the crutches or the cloak, Essie," he whispered.

"Never mind them," I replied, with a catch in my voice. "You are safe; we are all safe—that is all I can take in. I must carry you, Dot, and Flurry shall hold my dress, and we shall soon be home."

"Where is your hat, Essie?" he asked, putting up his hand to my hair. It was true I was bareheaded, and yet I had never missed it. My cloak lay below in the cavern. What a strange sight I must have presented if anyone could have seen us! My hair was blowing loosely about my face; my dress seemed to cling round my feet.

How awfully dark and desolate the downs looked under that dim starry light. Only the uncertain glimmer enabled me to keep from the cliffs or discern the right path. The heavy booming of the sea and the wind together drowned our voices. When it lulled I could hear Flurry sobbing to herself in the darkness, and Flossy whining for company, as he followed us closely. Poor Dot was spent and weary, and lay heavily against my shoulder. Every now and then I had to stop and gather strength, for I felt strangely weak, and there was an odd beating at my heart. Dot must have heard my panting breath, for he begged me more than once to put him down and leave him, but I would not.

My strength was nearly gone when we reached the shelving path leading down to the cottage, but I still dragged on. A stream of light came full upon us as we turned the corner; it came from the cottage. The door was wide open, and the parlour blinds were raised, and the ruddy gleam of lamplight and firelight streamed full on our faces.

No one saw us as we toiled up the pebbled path; no one waited for us in the porch. I have a faint recollection that I stood in the hall, looking round me for a moment in a dazed fashion; that Flossy barked, and a door burst open; there was a wave of light, and a man's voice saying something. I felt myself swaying with Dot in my arms; but someone must have caught us, for when I came to myself I was lying on the couch by the drawing-room fire, and Miss Ruth was kneeling beside me raining tears over my face.

"And Dot!" I tried to move and could not, and fell back on my pillow. "The children!" I gasped, and there was a sudden movement in the room, and Mr. Lucas stood over me with his child in his arms. Was it my fancy, or were there tears in his eyes, too?

"They are here, Esther," he said, in a soothing voice. "Nurse is taking care of your boy." And then he burst out, "Oh, you brave girl! you noble girl!" in a voice of strong emotion, and turned away.

"Hush, Giles, we must keep her quiet," admonished his sister. "We do not know what the poor thing has been through, but she is as cold as ice. And feel how soaking her hair is!"

Had it rained? I suppose it had, but then the children must be wet too!

Miss Ruth must have noticed my anxious look, for she kissed me, and whispered—

"Don't worry, Esther; we have fires and hot baths ready. Nurse and the others will attend to the children; they will soon be warmed and in bed. Let me dry your hair and rub your cold hands; and drink this, and you will soon be able to move."

The cordial and food they gave me revived my numb faculties, and in a little while I was able, with assistance, to go to my room. Miss Ruth followed me, and tenderly helped me to remove my damp things; but I would not lie down in my warm bed until I had seen with my own eyes that Flurry was already soundly asleep and Dot ready to follow her example.

"Isn't it delicious!" he whispered, drowsily, as I kissed him, and then Miss Ruth led me back to my room, and tucked me up and sat down beside me.

"Now tell me all about it," she said, "and then you will be able to sleep." For a strong excitement had succeeded the faintness, and in spite of my aching limbs and weariness I had a sensation as though I could fly.

But when I told her she only shuddered and wept, and before I had half narrated the history of those dismal hours she was down on her knees beside the bed, kissing my hands.

"Do let me," she sobbed, as I remonstrated. "Oh, Esther, how I love you! How I must always love you for this. No, I am not Miss Ruth any longer; I am Ruth. I am your own friend and sister, who would do anything to show her gratitude. You dear girl!—you brave girl!—as Giles called you."

This brought to my lips the question, "How had Mr. Lucas borne this dreadful suspense?"

"As badly as possible," she answered, drying her eyes. "Oh, Esther! what we have all been through. Giles came in half an hour after you left to search the shore. He was in a dreadful state, as you may imagine. He sent down to the Preventive station at once, and there was a boat got ready, and he went with the men. They pulled up and down for an hour or two, but could find no trace of you."

"We were in the cavern all the time," I murmured.

"That was the strangest part of all," she returned. "Giles remembered the cavern, and they went right into the mouth, and called as loudly as they could.

"We did not hear them; the wind was making such a noise, and it was so dark."

"The men gave up all hope at last, and Giles was obliged to come back. He walked into the house looking as white as death. 'It is all over,' he said; 'the tide has overtaken them and that girl is drowned with them.' And then he gave a sort of sob, and buried his face in his hands. I turned so faint that for a little time he was obliged to attend to me, but when I was better he got up and left the house. It did not seem as though he could rest from the search, and yet he had not the faintest glimmer of hope. He would have the cottage illuminated and the door left open, and then he lighted his lantern and walked up and down the cliffs, and every time he came back his poor face looked whiter and more drawn. I had got hold of his hand, and was trying to keep him from wandering out again, when all at once we heard Flossy bark. Giles burst open the door, and then he gave a great cry, for there you were, my poor Esther, standing under the hall lamp, with your hair streaming over your shoulders and Dot in your arms, and Flurry holding your dress, and you looked at us and did not seem to see us, and Giles was just in time to catch you as you were reeling. He had you all in his arms at once," finished Miss Ruth, with another sob, "till I took our darling Flurry from him, and then he laid you down and carried Dot to the fire."

"If I could not have saved them I would have died with them; you knew that, Miss Ruth."

"Ruth," she corrected. "Yes, I knew that, and so did Giles. He said once or twice, 'She is strong enough or sensible enough to save them if it were possible, but no one can fight against fate.' Now I must go down to him, for he is waiting to hear all about it, and you must go to sleep, Esther, for your eyes are far too bright."

But, greatly to her surprise and distress, I resisted this advice and broke out into frightened sobs. The sea was in my ears, I said, when I tried to close my eyes, and my arms felt empty without Dot, and I could not believe he was safe, though she told me so over and over again.

I was greatly amazed at my own want of control, but nothing could lessen this nervous excitement until Mr. Lucas came up to the door, and Miss Ruth went out to him in sore perplexity.

"What am I to do, Giles? I cannot soothe her in the least."

"Let her have the child," he returned, in his deep voice; "she will sleep then." And he actually fetched poor little Dot and put him in Miss Ruth's arms.

"Isn't it nice, Essie!" he muttered sleepily as he nestled against me.

It was strange, but the moment my arm was round him and I felt his soft breathing against my shoulder, my eyelids closed of their own accord, and a sense of weariness and security came over me.

Before many minutes were over I had fallen into a deep sleep, and Miss Ruth was free to seek her brother and give him the information for which he was longing.

It was nearly five in the morning when I closed my eyes, and it was exactly the same time on the following afternoon when I opened them.

My first look was for Dot, but he was gone, the sun was streaming in at the window, a bright fire burnt in the grate, and Nurse Gill was sitting knitting in the sunshine.

She looked up with a pleasant smile on her homely face as I called to her rather feebly.

"How you have slept, to be sure, Miss Esther—a good twelve hours. But I always say nature is a safe nurse, and to be trusted. There's Master Dot has been up and dressed these three hours and more, and Miss Flurry too."

"Oh, Nurse Gill, are you sure they are all right?" I asked, for it was almost too good news to be true.

"Master Dot is as right as possible, though he is a little palish, and complains of his back and legs, which is only to be expected if they do ache a bit. Miss Flurry has a cold, but we could not induce her to lie in bed; she is sitting by the fire now on her father's knee, and Master Dot is with them; but there, Miss Ruth said she was to be called as soon as you woke, Miss Esther, though I did beg her not to put herself about, and her head so terribly bad as it has been all day."

"Oh, nurse, don't disturb her," I pleaded, eagerly. "I am quite well, there is nothing the matter with me. I want to get up this moment and dress myself," for a great longing came over me to join the little group downstairs.

"Not so fast, Miss Esther," she returned, good humouredly. "You've had a fine sleep, to be sure, and young things will stand a mortal amount of fatigue; but there isn't a speck of colour in your face, my poor lamb. Well, well," as I showed signs of impatience—"I won't disturb Miss Ruth, but I will fetch you some coffee, and bread-and-butter, and then we will see how you will feel then."

Mrs. Gill was a dragon in her way, so I resigned myself to her peremptory kindness. When she trotted off on her charitable errand, I leaned on my elbow and looked out of the window. It was Sunday evening, I remembered, and the quiet peacefulness of the scene was in strangest contrast to the horrors of yesterday; the wind had lulled, and the big curling waves ceased to look terrible in the sunlight; the white spray tossed lightly hither and thither, and the long line of dark seaweed showed prettily along the yellow sands. The bitter war of winds and waves was over, and the defeated enemy had retired with spent fury, and sunk into silence. Could it be a dream? had we really lived through that dreadful nightmare? But at this moment Nurse Gill interrupted the painful retrospect by placing the fragrant coffee and brown bread-and-butter before me.

I ate and drank eagerly, to please myself as well as her, and then I reiterated my intention to get up. It cost me something, however, to persevere in my resolution. My limbs trembled under me, and seemed to refuse their support in the strangest way, and the sight of my pale face almost frightened me, and I was grateful to Nurse Gill when she took the brush out of my shaking hand and proceeded to manipulate the long tangled locks.

"You are no more fit than a baby to dress yourself, Miss Esther," said the good old creature, in a vexed voice. "And to think of drowning all this beautiful hair. Why, there is seaweed in it I do declare, like a mermaid."

"The rocks were covered with it," I returned, in a weary indifferent voice; for Mrs. Gill's officiousness tired me, and I longed to free myself from her kindly hands.

When I was dressed, I crept very slowly downstairs. My courage was oozing away fast, and I rather dreaded all the kind inquiries that awaited me. But I need not have been afraid.

Dot clapped his hands when he saw me, and Mr. Lucas put down Flurry and came to meet me.

"You ought not to have exerted yourself," he said, reproachfully, as soon as he looked at me; and then he took hold of me and placed me in the armchair, and Flurry brought me a footstool and sat down on it, Dot climbed up on the arm of the chair and propped himself against me, and Miss Ruth rose softly from her couch and came across the room and kissed me.

"Oh, Esther, how pale you look!" she said, anxiously.

"She will soon have her colour back again," returned Mr. Lucas, looking at me kindly. I think he wanted to say something, but the sight of my weakness deterred him. I could not have borne a word. The tears were very near the surface now, so near that I could only close my eyes and lean my head against Dot; and, seeing this, they very wisely left me alone. I recovered myself by-and-by, and was able to listen to the talk that went on around me. The children's tongues were busy as usual; Flurry had gone back to her father, and she and Dot were keeping up a brisk fire of conversation across the hearth-rug. I could not see Mr. Lucas's face, as he had moved to a dark corner, but Miss Ruth's couch was drawn full into the firelight, and I could see the tears glistening on her cheek.

"Don't talk any more about it, my darlings," she said at last. "I feel as though I should never sleep again, and I am sure it is bad for Esther."

"It does not hurt me," I returned, softly. "I suppose shipwrecked sailors like to talk over the dangers they escape; somehow everything seems so far away and strange to-night, as though it had happened months ago." But though I said this I could not help the nervous thrill that seemed to pass over me now and then.

"Shall I read to you a little?" interrupted Mr. Lucas, quietly. "The children's talk tires your head," and, without waiting for an answer, he commenced reading some of my favourite hymns and a lovely poem, in a low mellow voice that was very pleasant and soothing.

Nurse came to fetch Flurry, and then Dot went too, but Mr. Lucas did not put down the book for a long time. I had ceased to follow the words; the flicker of the firelight played fitfully before my eyes. The quiet room, the shaded lamplight, the measured cadence of the reader's voice, now rising, now falling, lulled me most pleasantly. I must have fallen asleep at last, for Flossy woke me by pushing his black nose into my hand; for when I sat up and rubbed my eyes Mr. Lucas was gone, and only Miss Ruth was laughing softly as she watched me.

"Giles went away half an hour ago," she said, amused at my perplexed face. He was so pleased when he looked up and found you were asleep. I believe your pale face frightened him, but I shall tell him you look much better now."

"My head feels less bewildered," was my answer.

"You are beginning to recover yourself," she returned, decidedly; "now you must be a good child and go to bed," and I rose at once.

As I opened the drawing-room door, Mr. Lucas came out from his study.

"Were you going to give me the slip?" he said, pleasantly. "I wanted to bid you good-bye, as I shall be off in the morning before you are awake."

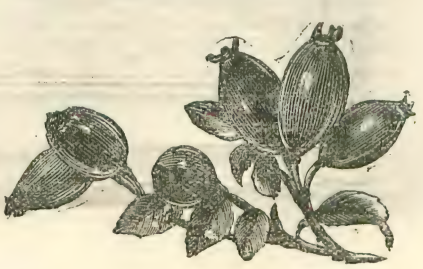
"Good-bye," I returned, rather shyly, holding out my hand; but he kept it a moment longer than usual.

"Esther, you must let me thank you," he said, abruptly. "I know but for you I must have lost my child. A man's gratitude for such a mercy is a strong thing, and you may count me your friend as long as I live."

"You are very good," I stammered, "but I have done nothing, and there was Dot, you know." I am afraid I was very awkward, but I dreaded his speaking to me so, and the repressed emotion of his face and voice almost frightened me.

"There, I have made you quite pale again," he said, regretfully. "Your nerves have not recovered from the shock. Well, we will speak of this again; good-night, my child, and sleep well," and with another kind smile he left me.

(*To be continued.*)



THE SWALLOW'S STORY.

THE SWALLOW'S STORY.

By CECILIA HAVERGAL.

THE Swallow told me a story,
On my window-sill to-night;
He thought I needed comfort,
So he came with wings so light!
He twittered: "Over yonder,
Above the blue, blue sky,
They are always bright and happy,
Knowing never sin nor sigh!

I have caught the distant echoes
In my flight above the cloud,
Of those beauteous Seraph voices,
Singing anthems clear and loud;
And my little wings have flutter'd,
Listening with a mute delight,
To such music I had never
Heard in any earthward flight!

I have tried to find the entrance
To that wondrous, blest abode,
But a glistening angel whisper'd,
Go and cheer earth's lonely road!
So I came upon my mission,
And I want to tell you now,
That our God in Heaven loves you,
Heeds your every prayer and vow.

He has watch'd you on your journey,
All along earth's rugged way;
And He knows you're often weary,
But He leads to Heaven's Day!

He is wanting you to trust Him,
Even where you cannot trace:
or remember—Every good thing
Comes from Him, the God of Grace!

He will not one moment longer
Keep from you your heart's desire,
Than he sees that you are needing
To be purified by fire.
Once His Image in you shineth,
With a clear, transparent light;
He, affliction's test will lessen,
He will make your darkness—light!

Till then, wait upon Him bravely,
With unceasing, earnest prayer;
Look above to Heaven's treasures,
Set your heart's desires up there!
And before I go I'll tell you,
Though I'm but a little bird:
God will never, never leave you,
This He promised in His Word."

Then the little songster bade me
With a loving chirp—"Good-night!"
And I watched him swiftly flying,
Far away on pinions bright!
But I thank God for the message,
And I hope in His great might,
Henceforth, like the happy swallow,
Faith's bright wings will out-soar sight.

MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA.

By FRANCES E. HOGGAN, M.D., Member of the King and Queen's College of Physicians.

THE women of India are in great part shut out from the ministrations of medical men by the custom of secluding them which prevails over great part of the country. According to the last census, India contains more than 118 millions of women. Of these, fewer than 24 millions and a half are Mohammedans; but the originally Mohammedan custom of shutting up women in the zenana has been adopted by the higher caste Hindus, and forms a very important element in their social life. It has to be considered in all schemes for the improvement of female education, and it is a serious obstacle to anything like friendly intercourse between Anglo-Indians and native families. All those who, from various motives, wished to establish intimate and cordial relations with Indian women (educational and missionary societies especially), found that they were unapproachable by men, and they were therefore obliged to resort to the help of women to effect their purpose. Thus a body of trained women have gone forth to work and teach in the zenanas, to supplement the too limited education which little Indian girls can acquire at school, before their marriage, at an age when they are yet mere children, puts an end to their school career. Those who have penetrated into Indian homes, and become thus acquainted with the lives of the women, give us touching pictures of the monotony and dead level of uniformity of their existence, of their gentleness, sensitiveness, and other endearing qualities; of their aptness to learn, and, alas! also of the many, prolonged, and great physical sufferings they endure, for want of such medical help as their customs and traditions enable them to accept.

These sufferings have at length found voice, and the cry of Indian women themselves has reached our ears. At first it was inarticulate and incoherent, and heard chiefly through missionary reports or journals. "We die like oxen, and no one cares," was the bitter cry of a poor native woman who lay dying untended in the dark corner of a zenana into which a kind-hearted English lady had made her way. Then came the well-known appeal of the Maharanee of Punna, through Miss Beilby, to the Queen, to relieve the cruel sufferings of the sick women in the zenanas, by providing them with doctors of their own sex. Pundita Rama Bai, a learned Brahmin widow now in England, and Mrs. F. Sorabjee, the superintendent of the Victoria High School in Poona, gave, some months ago, very clear and definite expression, before the Education Commission at Poona, to the need experienced by their countrywomen for skilled female medical attendants. Mrs. Sorabjee says: "A branch of female education, other than those already referred to, which urgently calls for Government attention, is the training of women as doctors and medical attendants."

Rama Bai, in her evidence, says: "Another suggestion I would make is with regard to lady-doctors. The women of this country are more reserved than in other countries, and most of them would rather die than speak of their ailments to a man. The want of lady-doctors is therefore the cause of hundreds of thousands of women dying premature deaths. I would therefore earnestly entreat of our Government to make provision for the study of medicine by women, and thus save the lives of those multitudes. The want of lady-doctors is one very much felt, and is a great defect in the education of the women of this country."

Miss Collett, Superintendent of the Female Training School at Ahmedabad, and who also superintends, having deputy-inspector's powers, two large grant-in-aid schools in that

city, made the following remarks in her evidence before the Education Commission in Gujerat: "Though I am not quite sure that it comes within the province of the commission, still great good may be done by calling the attention of Government to the matter. What I refer to is the great necessity which exists in India for the establishment of dispensaries for women and children in all the large towns. Native women have, as a rule, a great objection to going themselves or to taking their children to public hospitals for treatment; but I have found by experience that they will gladly go to a European lady for advice, and willingly take whatever medicine she prescribes, and I am convinced that the establishment of dispensaries under European lady-doctors, and having a staff of native trained nurses attached to them, would be one of the most popular and beneficial measures which Government could adopt. Medicine and out-door attendance should be given free to the poor, and a fee charged in the cases of the rich. The introduction of these institutions would be the means of saving many thousands of lives yearly."

The testimony of these ladies has been confirmed by persons of varied experience. It is endorsed by medical men of high position now practising or having practised in India, who have written forcibly on the subject. Dr. Francis, late Principal of the Calcutta Medical College, has expressed himself as follows:—"I am delighted to see what the National Indian Association has in contemplation with regard to the women of India. . . . The subject interests me much. . . . The necessity of skilled medical women for India is an acknowledged fact, and it is, therefore, matter for surprise that any one at all familiar with the country should think otherwise. . . . Whatever be the motive that induces medical women to go to India—whether it be missionary zeal, simple philanthropy, or the hope of personal advancement—it is evident that their professional qualifications must be of the highest order. The qualifications that will lead to the best results, as well for the practitioner as for the people, are obstetrical and surgical skill, and a thorough knowledge of hygiene. Hygiene, or preventive medicine, is utterly unknown. Some idea of the gross ignorance that prevails may be formed when one hears that the women's apartments, in which many pairs of lungs are at work, represent at night a miniature Black Hole of Calcutta, and that the accumulated house-filth of every description is purposely deposited in the immediate neighbourhood of the dwelling. That medical women will, in course of time, be provided by the Government for the benefit of its female subjects in India, I have not the smallest doubt, but public opinion in England and India must first be unmistakably expressed in favour of it."

One of the professors of the Calcutta College, who is also the medical head of the Eden Hospital for Women, and can therefore speak with authority, Dr. Robert Harvey, writes thus, in reference to the need of women doctors: "Personally I am a strong advocate for the right of women to study medicine if they please, but if they are to do so it must be on equal terms with men. A fair field and no favour has all along been the claim of those who think that many women are fit to fill with credit many positions once the exclusive property of man.

"It is said that female medical practitioners are not required, and that native ladies are becoming accustomed to call in male practitioners when seriously ill. The latter statement is to some extent true, but I have constant sad experience that it is too often the case that they refuse to do so, until it is beyond the power of anyone to do good, and I know that many, indeed the vast majority, would rather die than submit to examination by a male practitioner."

Miss Dora White, a Licentiate of the Madras Medical College, in practice at Hyderabad, where she holds a Government appointment, wrote only a few months ago: "The women are fearfully ill-treated by their native *dhais* and Zunani physicians. . . . I hope for a better state of things in the future, for I find that once a lady feels the benefit of European medicine, she generally seeks it for herself and her family. In considering the question of lucrative practice here, one must take into consideration the difficulty of recovering fees, a difficulty every medical practitioner in Hyderabad complains of; and medical women find the difficulty greater, as female life is held very cheap in India.

"As a last word, I would say that if ladies would come out, resolved to work and wait, not with the intention of making fortunes, but with the desire to spread the blessings of European medicine amongst their suffering sisters, they would confer a great blessing on the country.

"Those who have lived long in India will understand me when I say that a great part of the vice, the misery, the moral and physical degradation of the people can be traced to the health of the women, and it is this source of misery which will be laid open to the skill and kindness of English medical ladies. The only thing I would strongly advise is that these ladies do not come out without an income sufficient to live on, either in the shape of a Government grant or salary, or a private income. Without this they will be disheartened and disgusted with the poor practice and many non-paying patients; with it they will find it easy to wait and help the poor creatures who are so often harshly treated when ill."

Mrs. Heckford speaks strongly from medical experience at Bhopal, and in other parts of India, of the sensitiveness and the sufferings of Indian women.

"It would be impossible," she says, "to describe the terrible scenes I have witnessed, owing to the want of proper medical aid for the native women; no one who has seen the need but must earnestly desire that such aid should be forthcoming; but, for the present, at least, I fear that if aid is to be given, it must be subsidized by the English Government, for I feel convinced that few Indians will pay any remunerative fees for the treatment of their women; they account them as of too little value. . . . My heart was absolutely rent by the scenes of misery among the female population, which came under my notice, through the want of female medical attendants. It seems most sensible that Indian women should themselves step forward to meet the want and to fill the gap, for nothing could be so satisfactory as that an Indian woman should be attended by one of her own sex. I am convinced that the Indian race is far more sensitive than the English, and many things which would not hurt an English woman would be felt very acutely by an Indian."

The above testimony, drawn from so many sources, may serve to show conclusively that women doctors are urgently needed in India. In one of the native papers lately, the following forcible statement appeared: "There is hardly an Indian of any respectability who does not feel the want of trained medical women in India," and many native gentlemen have expressed their feelings on the subject in almost identical language.

The want having been demonstrated, let us pass on to the consideration of the steps which have been taken to meet it. The first to recognise the great amount of suffering from preventible causes endured by Indian women, without having recourse to male doctors, were the missionaries, and they set themselves the task of ministering to the sickness of the body as a means of facilitating mission work. A large number of female medical missionaries have been sent out to India. Their work has been variously estimated. Most of them were imperfectly trained, although the American Board of Missionary Physicians sent out regularly-educated women doctors to India and China; and during the last few years two or three qualified English ladies have been sent out to India by missionary societies at home. Miss Beilby's successor at the Lucknow Hospital, for instance, is a lady who has gone through the full curriculum of medical study, and is the holder of a British diploma; and there is an able and qualified medical missionary at Calcutta. One thing is certain, the medical missionaries have got into the homes in a way medical men never could, and have succeeded in establishing very friendly relations with the women they visit.

The natural repugnance felt by women in India to be medically treated by men, strengthened by the caste customs, which require the higher class women to maintain strict seclusion from the other sex, constituted from the first an impassable barrier between male doctors and women patients. As a consequence we find—not, indeed, that women do not go to the hospitals, for low caste women have no special scruples of the kind to overcome, and, as we have seen, local circumstances modify in some parts of India the general feeling on this subject, but that they go in comparatively small numbers, taking even into account the preference shown by natives for their own practitioners and system of medicine. Notwithstanding contrary statements put forward from time to time by medical men in this country, it has all along been recognized by doctors practising in India, and in the yearly administration and progress reports made to Government, that the numbers of women patients treated were so small that means ought to be considered for increasing their attendance.

Accordingly, it is not surprising that the Medical Women for India Movement should have originated in India itself. The establishment of hospitals and dispensaries in Bengal dates back beyond 1849, and very shortly afterwards the need of women to attend on women appears to have been felt by Indian medical officials. For the past thirty years much attention has been given in Madras to the training of nurses, with marked good results. Surgeon-General Cornish states, in his annual report to Government:—"In 1879 the cases of women attended in their own homes were 992. In 1880 the numbers had increased to 2,120. This is entirely due to the extension of the practice of employing nurses in connection with Mofussil dispensaries."

The report from the Punjab for 1879, and from the Central Provinces for 1880, also make mention of the satisfactory results of training women as nurses; and from private sources I learn that nurses who have been trained at Calcutta are doing good service, and succeeding well in the country districts.

Ten years ago Surgeon-General E. Balfour, at that time the official head of the Madras Medical Department, conceived the plan of educating women doctors at the Madras Medical College. He hoped, by obtaining the sanction of Government to such a course, to help, in the most acceptable and efficient way, to relieve the sufferings of native women, of whom, to quote his own words, "a great part were prevented by their religion and social customs from being attended by medical men;" and further, to open up a new,

honourable, and useful career to Indian women.

When a man has made history, as Dr. Balfour has done, it becomes the duty of any chronicler of the Medical Women for India Movement to do justice to his far-seeing policy and his generous and sturdy advocacy of the cause of medical women in India, and as the history of the opening of the Madras College has been ably written within the year by himself, I will give it in his own terse and well-considered words:—

"In 1868 the Madras Government wished to have women trained for the general nursing of all classes of the community, and a scheme which I submitted for giving effect to that wish was sanctioned by Government on the 31st May, 1871, during the administration of his Excellency Lord Napier and Ettrick. A constant succession of nurse-pupils has since been under training.

"About the same time there had sprung up a desire on the part of several women in this country to be allowed to study medicine at the colleges of Europe, and in 1867, Dr. Corbyn, of the Bengal Army, had started a medical school at Bareilly for teaching native girls. That medical institution came under the care of Drs. Tomkyns and Lock, of the Bengal Army, and in 1871 it was doing good work. In a letter of the 16th April, 1872, I submitted this information to Government, and asked the expression of their wishes as to throwing open the Madras Medical College to lady students. I recommended the educating in medicine of women who could apply to their sisters in their need the benefits of European medical science. There was really no order prohibiting the entry of women students into the School of Medicine, but it was a proposal to change from what had been customary, and it was prudent to obtain the orders of Government on the subject, seeing that different opinions prevailed as to the advisability of permitting the innovation. I laid before Government two alternative plans for their orders, for Government had asked whether arrangements could be made for the tuition of a ladies' class separately from the male students; and on the 26th of October, 1874, Government gave their sanction to the less expensive of the two plans submitted by me, and left the subsidiary arrangements to be carried out by me in communication with Surgeon-Major Furnell, the acting principal of the Medical College.

"Formal sanction having thus been given in 1874 to the admission of lady students to the Madras Medical College, under special regulations, early in 1875 the desire was expressed by the Madras Government that every encouragement should be given to ladies to study for a degree, in which case they must attend the full curriculum of prescribed studies."

This opening of the Madras Medical College to women, nine years ago, must be regarded as the real starting-point of the whole movement, and it is noteworthy that it was initiated by the chief medical official in the Presidency and fostered by Government, which in India initiates or promotes most, if not all, successful reforms. Quietly and unobtrusively the work at Madras went on under the kindly guidance of Dr. Furnell, the principal of the college. The first class of lady students having completed satisfactorily their course, it was brought forward by some as an objection that, when qualified to practise, "there was no rush to secure their services." But if inquiry is made where those ladies are now, it appears that two out of the four hold Government appointments in native States, and that a third, Mrs. Scharlieb, now practising at Madras, and for whom a hospital appointment is in contemplation, is the lady who carried off the highest honours at the University of London last year, distancing all competitors at the first final examination for a medical degree in which women were qualified to compete, and who left this country, bearing with her the warmest good wishes (expressed to her in a personal interview) of her Majesty the Queen, as well as the hearty good-will and prognostications of success of the justly revered Florence Nightingale.

It is a matter of no surprise that the first women who availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them chose the second, or, as it is sometimes called, the subordinate course, which enabled them at once to enter upon professional study. Preliminary education has been a great difficulty to all the pioneer medical women, and in India, of course, the general educational advantages enjoyed by women were meagre and scattered. When it was known that medical education was offered gratuitously to women at Madras, the number of applicants was considerable; many young women from various parts of India would have joined the classes, but no provision having been made for the maintenance of such students as were unable to pay for their own board and lodging (as is done throughout India in the case of men), the majority of applicants turned disappointed away, and only the fortunate few possessed of means were able to profit by the good intentions of the Madras Government and the Medical College.

The success of the Madras experiment of medical education for women and of mixed classes did not, as might have been anticipated, lead to immediate similar action being taken in the other Presidencies. For this tardiness there were perhaps many reasons. The failure of the ladies to conciliate the professors and maintain their position in Edinburgh had its *contre-coup* in India. Nothing was done until the year 1882 to extend medical education for women, although in the meantime their general education had been making rapid strides, and women were even admitted to matriculation at the universities.

The Maharanee of Paneah's message to the Queen was brought over by Miss Beilby in 1881. In the same year articles on Medical Women for India were written for the Journal of the National Indian Association, by Mrs. Heckford and myself. In December of the same year, an important letter from Dr. Acland appeared in the *Times*, embodying the views of no less a man than the late Sir Salar Jung, of Dr. Macdougal, Bishop of Labuan, and of others. Sir Salar Jung was of opinion "that it would be a great benefit to India—a benefit which could not be exaggerated—if English medical women, completely educated in England, could settle in the chief towns."

Here again we trace the influence of the same vigorous mind and unwearying labours. Simultaneously with the great work of opening the Madras Medical School to women, Surgeon-General Balfour secured for a qualified lady, Dr. Nancy Monelle, an able American physician, a good appointment under the Government of Hyderabad, and he obtained leave from the Madras Government to escort her thither and to introduce her officially. This journey of the lady to her post of duty and medical ministration in a native Indian State, escorted by her venerable champion and friend, together with her subsequent ceremonious presentation to the ruler under whom she was to serve, and to the notables of the country, and the account she gives of her exquisitely furnished house, her verandah filled with rare Persian roses and choice plants, her Arab horses and princely mode of life, even with its accompaniments of pestilence stalking abroad, hand-in-hand with famine and drought, and heartrending scenes from which there was no escape, has in it a flavour of chivalry and romance which seems to take one back to the cavalcades and processions of the Middle Ages, or to the fair Una, shielded and protected from harm by the lion. Would that the British lion, at home and abroad, were ever as prompt to guard the right of women to honourable and useful employment!

Dr. Nancy Monelle attended, in the years 1866–77, without any assistant, 10,031 patients, whom, she says, she thoroughly examined and prescribed for separately.

She was succeeded, on her retirement from her post, by Miss Dora White, one of the first women students at Madras, a lady who justified Dr. Balfour's confidence in the capabilities of her sex by passing the best examination of all the students, male and female, of her year. She still holds that post, and is doing good work at Hyderabad. When, therefore, Sir Salar Jung spoke of medical women as a great benefit to India, and one that could not be exaggerated, he spoke from personal experience of their value, and not from hypothetical imaginings of what they might be expected to do.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

Poor Jews' Relief Fund.

Miss Finn begs to acknowledge with grateful thanks the receipt of the following sums, from September 20th, and will be most thankful for further donations for relief of other pressing cases of distress:—Mrs. Bradford, £5; Mrs. A., £20; Miss Cobon, 5s.; Miss G. Thomson, 10s.; Mrs. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; Postmark, London, N.W., 3s.; Postmark, London, E.C., 5s.; Poor Gentile (St. Leonards), 2s. 6d.; Kate Spencer, 10s.; G. E. (Rye), 4s.; Miss Chandler, 2s. 6d.; A Drop in the Ocean, 2s.; Irish Girl, 1s.; Sister in Israel, 1s.; C. Phillipps, 2s.; M. H. Seddon, 5s.; Anon. (Hanwell), 2s. 6d.; F. Warter, 4s.; Anon. (Windsor), 2s. 6d.; J. Marshall, 10s.; M. G. C., £1; Miss Bluett, 10s.; E. A., 5s.; M. L. S., 1s.; Ellie Fletcher, 6s.; Miss McKechnie, 3s. 6d.; Miss Hart, 1s. 6d.; Kathleen, 1s.; Miss M. Sherson, £5; Limerick, 2s. 6d.; A Reader (Richmond), 1s.; Whitehaven, 2s. 6d.; Miss Cobon, 10s.; A. Finn, Esq., 10s.; Mrs. L. A. Forbes £2 2s.; E. A. R. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Mills, 5s.; For Modern Jews, 2s.; For Poor Jews, 1s.; For Poor Jews, 1s.; A Reader, 2s. Total, £40 4s.

Amused with Trifles.—Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—*Goldsmith.*

An Aim in Life.—The formation and steady pursuit of some particular plan in life has justly been considered as one of the most permanent sources of happiness.—*Malthus.*

Gratitude to the Ungrateful.—Nothing weighs so heavily as gratitude when one owes it to the ungrateful.—*Marmontel.*

The Serpent and the Dove.—When a woman is made up wholly of the simplicity of the dove, without the least grain of the wisdom of the serpent in her disposition, she becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits her best actions. —*Addison.*

Pleasures True and False.—All pleasure must be bought at the expense of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true, is just this:—for the *true* the price is paid before you enjoy it, for the *false* afterwards.

DON'T.

UNDER the above title an American has published a small work intended to supply hints for the guidance of those wishing to be correct in matters social. The book ends with a chapter addressed to women, which, as our girls may be interested in reading it, we herewith reprint for their edification or amusement.

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO WOMANKIND.

Don't over-trim your gowns or other articles of apparel. The excess in trimmings on women's garments, now so common, is a taste little less than barbaric, and evinces ignorance of the first principles of beauty, which always involve simplicity as a cardinal virtue. Apparel piled with furbelows or similar adjuncts, covered with ornaments, and garnished up and down with ribbons, is simply made monstrous thereby, and is not of a nature to please the eyes of gods or men. Leave excesses of all kinds to the vulgar.

Don't use the word *dress* for your outside garment. This is American-English, and, common as it is, has not the sanction of correct speakers or writers. Fortunately the good old word *gown* is again coming into vogue; indeed, its use is now considered the sign of high-breeding.

Don't submit servilely to fashion. Believe in your own instincts and the looking-glass rather than the *dicta* of the mantua-makers, and modify modes to suit your personal peculiarities. How is it possible for a tall woman and a short woman to wear garments of the same style without one or the other being sacrificed?

Don't forget that no face can be lovely when exposed to the full glare of the sun. A bonnet should be so constructed as to cast the features partially in shade, for the delicate half-shadows that play in the eyes and come and go on the cheek give to woman's beauty one of its greatest charms. When fashion thrusts the bonnet on the back of the head, defy it; when it orders the bonnet to be perched on the nose, refuse to be a victim of its tyranny.

Don't wear at home faded or spotted gowns, or soiled finery, or anything that is not neat and appropriate. Appear at the breakfast table in some perfectly pure and delicate attire—fresh, cool, and delicious, like a newly plucked flower. Dress for the pleasure and admiration of your family.

Don't cover your fingers with finger-rings. A few well-chosen rings give elegance and beauty to the hand; a great number disfigure it, while the ostentation of such a display is peculiarly vulgar. And what are we to say when many ringed fingers show a neglect of the wash-basin?

Don't wear ear-rings that draw down the lobe of the ear. A well-shaped ear is a handsome feature; but an ear misshapen by the weight of its trinkets is a thing not pleasant to behold.

Don't wear diamonds in the morning, or to any extent except upon dress occasions. Don't wear too many trinkets of any kind.

Don't supplement the charms of nature by the use of the colour-box. Fresh air, exercise, the morning bath, and proper food will give to the cheek nature's own tints, and no other have any true beauty.

Don't indulge in confections or other sweets. It must be said that American women devour an immense deal of rubbish. If they would banish from the table pickles, preserves, pastry, cakes, and similar indigestible articles, and never touch candy, their appetite for wholesome food would be greatly increased, and as a consequence we should see their cheeks blooming like the rose.

Don't permit your voice to be high and shrill. Cultivate those low and soft tones which in the judgment of all ages and all countries constitute one of the charms of woman.

Don't give yourself wholly to the reading of novels. An excess of this kind of reading is the great vice of womankind. Good novels are good things, but how can women hope to occupy an equal place with men if their intellectual life is given to one branch of literature solely?

Don't publicly kiss every time you come together or part. Consider the aggravation to men, and the waste—and remember that public displays of affection are in questionable taste.

Don't use terms of endearment when you do not mean them. The word *dear* in the mouths of women is often nothing more than a feminine way of spelling *detestable*.

Don't, on making a call, keep talking about your departure, proposing to go and not going. When you are ready to go, say so, and then depart.

Don't make endless adieux in leaving friends. The woman who begins at the top of the stairs, and overflows with farewells and parting admonitions every step on the way down, and repeats them a hundred times at the door, simply maddens the man who is her escort, be he her husband or lover. Be persuaded, ladies, to say "good-bye" once or twice, and have done with it.

Don't forget to thank the man who surrenders his seat in the car or omnibus, or who politely passes up your fare. Sweet thanks from a woman are ample compensation for any sacrifice a man may make in such cases, or any trouble to which he may be put.

Don't carry your parasol or umbrella when closed so as to endanger the eyes of every one who comes near you. Don't, when in a public vehicle, thrust those articles across the passage so as to trip up the heedless or entangle the unwary.

Don't be loud of voice in public places. A retiring modest demeanour may have ceased to be fashionable, but it is as much a charm in women to-day as it ever was.

Don't nag. The amiability of woman, in view of all they are subjected to from unsympathetic and brutal man, deserves great praise, but sometimes ——Let it not be written!

Don't, young ladies, giggle, or affect merriment when you feel none. If you reward a *bon mot* with a smile, it is sufficient. There are young woman who every time they laugh cover their faces with their hands, or indulge in some other violent demonstration—to whom we say *don't*.

Don't doubt the compiler's admiration for women. Very few, indeed, are the social shortcomings of women compared with those of men, but the few injunctions here set down may not be unprofitable, and are given with entire respect and good-will.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XII.

"MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."

MRS. WARNER would scarcely have had sufficient energy to carry out the plan of going to Denver with her three boys, without the knowledge of her husband, had Mrs. Bombasin not been there to urge and hurry her on with the necessary preparation, and to accompany her there.

So restless and indefatigable was this "daughter of the horseleach"—may I be forgiven for calling her so ugly a name—that a letter having been received in due course from Mrs. Johnson, the enterprising landlady of the boarding-house known as the Temple of Health, at Colorado Springs, saying that she should be very glad to secure the services of the young lady of whom Mrs. Bombasin wrote, and for which she would pay sixteen dollars a month, the family were on their way to San Juan a fortnight after Philip Emerson bade Carita good-bye.

She wrote a long letter to him, telling him of her position; making the best of it, poor child, lest he should be troubled on her account, and giving him the address of the house to which she was going. Then she made a great mistake, which brought sorrow to both. Instead of giving her letter to Mr. Heath, whom Philip had requested to re-address, stamp, and despatch all her letters, she took it with her, in order to post it herself down at San Juan.

Mrs. Warner had given her five dollars as pocket-money, to begin with, in her new position, and it pleased the poor girl to think that the first little portion of it she should use would be to pay for this, her first letter to Philip. The letter never reached him; the reason why, I will tell you later on. She carried it carefully enough down the mountains, putting her hand often to the safe place where it lay, as they jolted along in the large waggon. It gave her pleasure to feel it, and to wonder how soon she would have one from Phil again. He ought to receive hers, of course, a fortnight after his own arrival at home; his first letter to her could not reach Colorado Springs for five weeks yet; it would have to come to Mr. Heath's first and then be re-posted. She had told him not to write until he landed in England; after that she was to have a letter once a fortnight until he returned.

"A CLEVER LITTLE WAITER AT TABLE."

The party rested for the night at San Juan, Mrs. Warner and her cousin, with Tom and Alick, at the Wilson's; Carita and Ronald, to the great comfort of the former, at Mr. Grahame's.

The clergyman and his wife disapproved much of Mrs. Warner's arrangements.

"It is perfectly shameful that Carita should be sent to work among strangers in her weak state of health," said Mrs. Grahame, whilst Carita had run over to see Mr. and Mrs. Carey. "I have had a long talk with the poor child, and I very much fear that long fever she had has left heart disease behind."

"I thought so myself, Mary; but what can we do for her?"

"Keep her here with us, John."

"Where would she sleep, wife?"

The little church in San Juan was poor, and the minister had only a small income and a four-roomed house, including the kitchen and his study.

"It would only be for a few months, John; she is really not fit for much work, and still less for the bustle and worry of a full boarding house, during the busiest months of the year. I could make the parlour couch into a comfortable bed for her; there is still your study as a sitting room, in case she should be ill."

"Then let her stay, by all means; here she comes, looking white and tired after the long day's ride; you must send her to bed soon."

Carita and Ronald were to sleep on shake-downs in the study that night.

Mrs. Grahame's proposal brought tears of grateful affection into the lonely girl's eyes. What a haven of rest this home with the good minister and his loving wife seemed to her! How glad Phil would be if he knew she was staying with them here! and father, she knew, would like it far better for her than the strange boarding house. But she had made up her mind to go to the latter; she had accepted Mrs. Johnson's offer, had accustomed herself to the idea, and posted her letter telling Phil all about it. Besides which, she knew that the Grahames were poor; she would put them to some extra expense, and, like the Heaths, they needed no

help from her. She had been so accustomed to work, that the idea of four months of idleness, as it seemed to her, appeared quite out of the question.

So she thanked Mrs. Grahame over and over again in her gratitude, but told her that she would rather go, now it was all arranged.

"Just fancy," she added, "I am to get sixteen dollars a month!" Then she told her friend about Philip and their plans for the future.

"My poor little lamb," said the motherly woman, folding her in her arms as though she were still a child; "but suppose you get ill at this place to which you are going."

"I have thought of that, dear; sometimes I do feel so weak and tired, but I am getting stronger, and if I found it too much for me——"

"You would come back to us at once, Carita."

"No, dear," she answered, sadly, but firmly, "you would take me in, I know, and I should feel like the dove coming back to the ark, but I have written to Hephzibah Flanigan; you remember Hephzibah, our old help? She and Denis live not far from the Springs; they are doing very well there. She was always fond of me, and often helped me in the old school-days, so I have asked her to come and see me soon; then, if I get weaker again, I can go and stay with her until they all go home."

Neither Mrs. Grahame nor her husband could turn Carita from her purpose; finding that, they wisely tried to encourage and strengthen her, and many a little article which they thought might be of use to her was slipped into her trunk before she left their house.

When Mrs. Warner's plans had been difinitely settled, Carita had gone down to Mr. Heath's to tell them where she was going and to give her address to Joy. As she went down the hill the fact of her want of a second name recurred to her mind most painfully. How should her letter be addressed? With the San Juan people she had always been "Warner's Carita," with the Grahames and the Careys simply Carita. So far she had needed no other name, but now she was going out into the world, it was a different matter. She confided her trouble to Mrs. Heath and Joy.

"Really, mother, it was too thoughtless of Mr. Warner, was it not? giving her just the one name and nothing more. Fancy addressing a letter, "Carita, at Mrs. Johnson's," like they used to address one of our maids in Liverpool, sometimes."

"It was a mistake, dear; your father shall go and talk to Mrs. Warner about it; she will take it from him better than from me."

He went up to Elk Lodge the same evening, and spoke his mind very freely to Eleanor.

"If you are determined to send the girl out into the world whilst your husband is away, you might at least let her have the shelter of his name," he said.

Eleanor inwardly resented his interference, but she admitted the reasonableness of what he said, and told Carita that henceforth she must call herself by their family name. So when they arrived at Maniton, the depôt for Colorado Springs, Mrs. Bombasin introduced her to Mrs. Johnson, who came to meet them there, as Carita Warner, which saved Carita any after embarrassment on this point.

Ronnie clung about her neck at parting, quite inconsolable; he had always been loving with her. Alick's attention was diverted by a lad who came round the cars with strawberries and ice cream. Tom insisted on going outside the depôt to see Carita safely inside Mrs. Johnson's buggy, which that lady pointed out to them with some pride, although the conductor threatened to leave him behind if he did so.

Mrs. Warner kissed her adopted daughter, for the second time that Carita could remember; her trunk was given into the care of the express man, and she found herself seated beside Mrs. Johnson, driving rapidly to the Temple of Health.

It was really a very pleasant-looking abode, this temple, with broad verandas all round, and a garden which would some day be very pretty in front; on the whole, too, she was favourably impressed by her new friend's appearance. Like most women who have had a hard struggle of it in the west for some years, she was hard-featured and plain-looking, as though she had had her face sharply set to the wind for a long time; but there was no unkindness in the lines about the eyes and mouth. That she was now a prosperous lady of "means," her handsome dress and smart new buggy showed.

"Take off your hat quickly, and don't stop to prink," she said, as soon as they alighted; "it's most dinner-time, and you must sit next to me to-night."

As Mrs. Bombasin had said, Carita was treated like one of the family, and no more menial work was expected of her than Mrs. Johnson did herself. Ah Sing did all the cooking, assisted by a small Chinese boy, called Ah Fat, who made a very clever little waiter at table.

Carita's duties were chiefly to keep an eye on Ah Fat, to attend to the bedrooms, assisted by an Irish girl; to look after the comforts of the invalid boarders, and to take charge of the linen and plate.

It was a very strange life to her at first, and she felt very bewildered by the many faces round her. The ladies seemed, to her unsophisticated nature, most of them, foolish and unnatural in their manners. They amazed her by the different way in which they talked to and of one another, and their behaviour towards the gentlemen was curious to her, inexperienced as she was in the arts of "civilised" society. These latter were most uninteresting in her opinion, with the exception of one poor fellow who had come from England, far gone in consumption. With him she talked frankly and freely, whenever she had time, without noting or heeding the heartless and stupid insinuations of some of the ladies.

Her thoughtful little acts of kindness were as water in a thirsty land to Edward Arundel, and they raised up for her a new friend who was destined perhaps to influence Carita's future somewhat.

This was Doctor Starkwetter, once the leading physician in San Francisco, whom, fortunately for Colorado, the quest of personal health had now drawn to the Maniton region.

Meeting the young Irish "help," Bridget, who was a recent importation from the old country, down by the road one morning, the doctor asked her what she meant, strong and sturdy as she was, by allowing Miss Warner to lift and carry the heavy baskets of household linen from room to room, as he had observed she did.

"Faith, an' it's herself ye'll have to be sayin' that same to, docther. It's wearin' herself out entirely, she is, wid lookin' afther them two haythens, Ah Sing and Ah Fat. Saints presarve us! but wasn't it me own self caught them sitting on that same linen to-day."

"Not on the sheets, Bridget," said the doctor, laughing.

"Faith, and 'twas worsed then, docther, for 'twas on the misthress's best white gown."

Bridget was a good-natured girl, and taking the doctor's injunctions to heart, she spared Carita henceforth all the labour she could. The time might have passed pleasantly enough, on the whole, had it not been for that longing for news of Philip. Week after passed by and no letter came. At last she summoned up courage to write and tell her anxieties to her friends on Pepper-box Flat, and soon she received a letter from Joy, saying that they were wondering that there was not one to send on to her, but mother said she must not be anxious or distressed, for Mrs. Emerson might be dying when he arrived, and Philip have omitted to post his letter, or it might have been lost on the way, as several of theirs had been since they came. When, however, another fortnight passed, and still no word came from him who was night and day in her thoughts, poor Carita's heart sank within her, sick with the sore sickness of hope deferred. She had written three times herself—twice since coming to the Springs, in the first letter giving her lover so cheery an account of herself and her surroundings that she felt sure he would not be anxious about her health or annoyed about her position. What could have happened? If he had not arrived safely, surely his people at home would have written to Mr. Heath. Then the belief that his father and mother had urged him to give her up began to force itself on her poor loving heart. They would be sure to wish him to stay in England, and she, the portionless Mexican, Carita, was not a suitable wife for him.

If she could only hide her wound and be quiet, she thought, away from the talk and bustle of all these people, in some sheltered spot where she could rest until father came.

The memory of those hours under the aspens by the stream came back again and again, their sweetness mingled with such bitter pain.

She had heard no news of Mr. Warner either. Eleanor had only written two short notes; she was absorbed in the distractions of Denver life, and said that as they would so soon be all together at home again, there was no need to write more. She would write again to tell her when to join them at the Maniton depôt.

Carita had never written to Stephen, Mrs. Warner not having encouraged her to do it, so she did not think of doing so now; besides, it would be too late—he might have left those islands by this time.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

WHITE BROTHERS.

The Path by the Mill. Song. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Frank Swift.—A lively and joyous song.

Forget Me Not. Waltz. By Karl Muscat.—Is well marked and favourable for dancing.

Sweet May, by the same composer, is an easy arrangement for small fingers.

Romanze für Violine oder Violoncello, mit Begleitung des Pianoforte von Karl Muscat.—A pleasing and effective production.

Miranda. Mazurka. Composed by E. M. Bray.—Combines brightness and simplicity, which is a great recommendation.

Marche Hilarité. Composed by F. Croft.—A well marked and easily attained pianoforte piece.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Danse Bohémienne and *Alpine Bells.* By Etienne Claudet.—Two short and easy drawing-room pieces, fresh and effective, without any difficulties.

Forward. March. By E. H. Sugg.—An excellent march, in three parts, prefaced by a short introduction. The piece presents no difficulty of execution, and is likely to become popular as a good composition.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO. AND ERNEST KÖHLER AND SON.

La Marguérite. Polka. Composed by J. Petres Geoghegan.—As pleasant to dance to as any we know.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

May Breezes. Canzonette. Words translated from the German by Anna Boyd.

Autumn. Words from the German.

Call me over the mountains, Love.

The above three songs, composed by B. Lütgen, are remarkable for refinement and grace; they are full of feeling, and we can recommend them with pleasure to our young friends.

Les Guerrilas. Grand Marche pour piano à quatre mains. Par Henri Logé.—A very effective composition.

REID BROTHERS.

Thy dear Face.
The only Life for Me.
We'll meet, dear Love, again.

The words of the above three songs are by M. E. Winchester; the music by Sydney Hardcastle. They are a very fair specimen of the drawing-room ballad of the present day—pleasing and agreeable in character.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Saltarella. Composed by C. T. Speer.—A bright and sparkling piece, similar in movement to the "Tarantella." We recommend it to our young musical friends as likely to become a favourite in the drawing-room.

Romance, by the same composer, is a very pleasing *morceau de salon.*

Polonaise, also by the same author, is a much more ambitious piece, and would require a more advanced performer to give it the proper effect.

CRAMER AND CO.

The Warrior's March. By Frederick Croft.

SPENCER AND CO.

The March of the Masons. By F. Julian Croger.

COMPOSERS' PUBLISHING CO.

The Egyptian Patrol. By Chevalier F. de Tregoyti.

Three good, stirring marches. The last-named will doubtless be appreciated by some of our brave soldiers who have been in that country.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

A Little Present. Sketch for pianoforte by Joseph Sherwood.—An easy and simple piece for small hands.

BANKS AND SON.

The Richmond Hill Polka. By the same composer.—A very good one, introducing the old song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Caprice and March. For the pianoforte. Composed by George C. Richardson, aged 15.—We have particular pleasure in noticing this caprice and march, the production of a really talented young musician just entering, as we hope, on a career of distinction. The theme of the caprice is graceful, and the arrangement superior. The march is spirited and well marked.

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

Message d'Amour. Melodie pour piano. Par François Behr.—A smooth, singing theme, and nicely arranged; quickly learnt, and easily played by a moderately advanced performer on the pianoforte.

La Légère. Morceau de Salon. By the same composer. Written in the key of C and in three-quarter time.—Both these pieces will be found suitable, and agreeable additions to the stock of "memory music" for our young friends.

Maréchal Niel. Waltz. By Enos Andrew.—A collection of four easy waltzes, with an andante introduction. Good in time, and honoured by being played at Her Majesty's State Ball, Buckingham Palace. The bouquet on the title page represents the sweet, perfumed rose.

Bon Jour. Polka. By Enos Andrew.—A very easy polka to play and dance to.

Auburn. Waltz. By J. M. Markham.—Another easy waltz added to the light recreation pieces, necessary as a distraction from too continuous study of more real and classical music.

Toujours Galant. Polka. By Philipp Tahrbach, junior.—A short and easy polka, with quaint frontispiece, for our young learners of pianoforte.

Stefanie. Polka. By the same composer. Is another suitable polka for young performers.

Im Herzen Tonstuck and *Sunday Morning.* By Gustav Lange.—Are two very pleasing pieces of moderate difficulty and length, that will repay the learning by heart, and playing with care.

Liebesfrühling. By Alban Förster.—A short and expressive little composition, without any difficulties to a moderate pianoforte learner.

Glörkchenspiel Clavierstück. By F. Baumfelder.—A nice pianoforte piece, requiring good and careful playing, attending to the different marks of expression and touch, but not at all difficult to read.

A. COX.

Air à la Gavotte. By G. J. Rubini.—Suitable for small hands and young performers. Carefully marked and fingered.

La Villanelle. By Giacomo Ferraris.—A pleasing piece for acquiring a smooth and even touch, and at the same time gratifying the ear.

Les Echoes des Bois, by the same composer, is equally useful, with rather more difficulty. Both pieces are good as pleasant studies.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Starlight. Waltz. Dedicated to the Countess of Limerick. By Ernest Birch.—Very easy for players and dancers, with a starlight view for its title-page.

Con Amore. Waltz. By Otto Roeder.—Simple waltzes, written in easy keys, with a "pretty picture" to tempt, in a heart-shaped setting.

Me Voilà! Polka. By Josef Meissler.—On the frontispiece is seen a merry brown-eyed face, bursting through a tambourine, making one almost hear the words, "Me voilà!" The music is easy and light.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MENDE.—We think that, as your education has been so completely neglected that you cannot spell nor express yourself in good English, and apparently (from writing "as" for "has") drop your h's also, you ought to hire a visiting governess, and learn in private. If "a lady," and "not young," you would be, under such circumstances, an object of painful remark were you to attend any class.

ONE WHO WOULD WORK.—A system of education carried on by means of correspondence is under the direction of the Council of Newnham College, Cambridge. The fee amounts to four guineas for one year's course in the subject you name—harmony, counter-point, musical terms, and composition, both elementary and advanced. Address Miss Oliveria Prescott, 13, Oxford-square, London, W. 2. We are not acquainted with any charitable institution for the sale of ladies' work in or near Lancashire. Take it to a shop. We can scarcely read your writing, as the letters are so disconnected one with another, and the t's not crossed.

CATHERINE M. HEAD.—A thoroughly good knowledge of arithmetic is essential for a book-keeper, and vulgar and decimal fractions are included. We thank you for your very gracious letter.

ROY'S WIFE.—The St. John's Ambulance Association holds separate classes for the instruction of men and women; the lectures are given by medical men, and the number in each class limited to twenty-five. The fees are low.

EMIGRATION.

M. FRANCIS, GANYMEDE, LITTLE AND GOOD, and AN EARLY FRIEND.—We advise all of our girls who wish to emigrate to consult the Women's Emigration Society before doing so. The secretary is Miss Clune, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. Every information and assistance will be given to those who desire to emigrate in a sensible fashion to make their living in a new country.

FARMER'S WIFE.—The spring is the time for emigration to Canada. Many have returned home in a miserable condition, having gone out in the autumn, when the work of the farms, if not completed for the season, was being accomplished by hands already hired. No one should attempt to go out as a settler who has not got a certain amount of capital that will help them over the losses of a bad season (or more than one such), and who cannot begin with laying in a good store of potatoes, flour, bacon, and meat that will be preserved frozen through the winter; also a good quantity of wood ready for use, and a supply of thick, warm clothing.

WORK.

ETHEL.—There is a mistake in the writing-out of the pattern of the "Child's Crochet Gaiter," at page 516, vol. ii. The seventeen rows ought to be seven only. The pattern would stand thus: Make a chain of forty stitches, and work nineteen rows in ordinary tricot. Then work thirteen rows, diminishing one stitch at the beginning and end of each row. At the fourteenth row do not diminish at all. If you have

worked this correctly, you should now have diminished by thirty-four stitches, and you should have twenty-six left—twelve for the front and seven on each side for the back. You could have found this out yourself by counting the stitches in the design of the gaiter, as they are clearly marked.

OCHONE.—Ammonia is said to take out the marks of tracing, but you had better try a piece before touching the work; it is always difficult to take out. The ordinary dresses worn in England in the autumn months would be suitable for the South of France.

BLACKMORE and KAFFIR.—See "Socks and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

PETITE.—To trace crewel work, see page 189, vol. i. To enlarge a design, see page 3, vol. i.

JULIA.—The best wool for the knitting of ordinary stockings and socks is a good "Scotch fingering."

ART.

LEBEWOHL.—1. The last process by which photographs may be so coloured as to look like oil paintings has been described in an article called "Canvasine," at page 190, vol. v. 2. Both "George Sand" and "Ouida" are merely pseudonyms taken by women. Your pen and ink sketch does you credit, but your writing slopes the wrong way.

WOODPECKER.—A private class for wood engraving is held at 3, East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars-street, E.C., on Mondays and Thursdays, from 2 to 3 o'clock. We do not advise you to do such work at night, as you may injure your eyes. See "Art," under the heading "Work for All," page 179, vol. v., where you will find all information you require.

SWEETBRIAR.—If you can draw pretty and original designs for birthday or Easter cards, you might show them to the London publishers and obtain orders for them; otherwise, you might give lessons in drawing. We thank you for your good wishes, and offer you our own.

COOKERY.

RUBY.—See "Creams," page 442, vol. iii. The 3rd of April, 1868, was a Friday.

A PATENT COOK.—Was that meant for "A Patient Cook"? You will find every information in the article on "Home-Made Jams," page 526, vol. iv. "Those Evening Bells" is a delightful composition, no doubt, but we fear the majority of our readers would think it lacking in novelty for our columns.

ROSA A. R.—To make rice biscuits, see page 480, vol. ii.

SPRUG and JULIAN PARTRIDGE.—You will find a recipe for chocolate caramels at page 291, vol. iv.

SEASIDE JELLY will find a recipe for "griddle cakes" at page 291, vol. iv.; also "creams," page 442, vol. iii.

THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS will find a recipe for cocoanut rock at page 399, vol. iii.

MOLLY BAWN.—The following recipe for a nice pudding, to be eaten cold, has been sent us by "Scarlet Runner":—Cut six or eight slices of bread-and-butter, and spread them thickly with marmalade. Butter a pie-dish well, and turn the bread-and-buttered slices downwards in it, pouring over each layer the following custard:—Two eggs, one pint of milk, four teaspoonfuls of moist sugar, and Vanilla flavouring to taste. Let the pudding stand half an hour before baking; when cold, turn out into a glass dish and serve.

MAVIS and KIDDY U.—To crystallise fruit, see page 92, vol. iii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Editor heartily thanks the undermentioned girl-friends for their kindness in sending Christmas cards:—Tomboy, An Ivy Leaf, E. M. D., A Reader at Norbiton, A Lover of Sgodyns, Thin Long Legs, Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock, P. E. R., R. C. R. (France), Daisy (France), Maud Dewar, Rosy Dewar, Edith, Mary, Leonie, Bessie Wills, Fannie Wilson, A Little Irish Girl, Two Sisters, A Scotch Lassie, One of the Many Macs, Roumania, Sprooks or an English Rosebud, Sarah, Mary, Morgiana, Sent from Coventry, Rosie Cohen, An Exile of Erin, Louie, Holly, Christmas Rose, Maida Vale, Moonlight, Annie Newcastle, Stray Lamb, Holly, Bride Madren (for Editor), Bride Madren (for Medicus), Clare, Bertha, Scotch Laddie's Lassie, Clarice, Christmas Rose, A Loving Lassie, and Aggie J. C. Shaw.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—We will consider your kind suggestion.

ST. CECILIA.—The *Sunday at Home* for January has a paper on "Sunday Evening Music," by Charles Peters, which might be of use to you and answer your questions.

M. M.—We gladly retain the articles, thinking they may be useful to help in furnishing the Girl's Own Home.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Your query did not require an answer, as you had only to refer to the index of vol. i. to see that the question had been already answered at pages 80 and 111; also in vol. ii., page 704.

MIA.—1. Try pouring a boiling solution of soda and water on the stains of oil on the bricks. 2. We recommend temperance as one of the Christian virtues enumerated in the Epistle to the Galatians, verses 22 and 23. Secondhand is to be seen on endless open stalls in the streets.

HONEYSUCKLE.—1. The 18th of January, 1866, was a Thursday. 2. The street to which you refer must be a very narrow one for you to be placed in a position necessitating your bowing to a gentleman on the other side of the road. There is no occasion for seeing people so far off.

E. J. E.—Strictly speaking, gold and silver jewellery, such as chains, bracelets, and brooches, are not worn with deep mourning; but it is very observable that people do not abide very strictly by this rule, and if you like to wear silver bangles you have no one's permission to ask but your mother's. In reference to the scar, which is still red, you should consult a surgeon. We should not like to give you a prescription which we have. Try a little alum and water to your book where stained.

YE MASHER.—The word "drawing-room" is abbreviated from "withdrawing room," the apartment to which the ladies withdrew from the hall, which was the usual living and dining-room. The custom of withdrawing after dinner is very ancient, and is derived from the Norsemen, for the Vikings always dismissed all women from their boisterous drinking parties, in which dismissal they showed much good-feeling and sense.

A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN HOUSEKEEPER.—You seem to us to be spending too much on your servant and governess, *i.e.*, £90 out of your income of £169, leaving only £79 for food and clothing—the food of six people, if your governess live in the house. If you make everything in the way of clothes yourself, you might manage on £40 for the four at £10 each. This, you see, would only leave £39 for food. We have no doubt you have found this out for yourself by this time. You may have your name on your father's card, or else a card of your own; but having sisters, it had better be "The Misses Brown." We thank you for your kind letter and the good wishes, which we reciprocate on your behalf.

NORTH-WEST SOUND, N. S.—Gold is employed for the hooks and rings of ear-rings for the simple reason that gold does not rust like iron or tin, nor acquire a deposit of verdigris like copper. Apart from the reason that the wearer is thus preserved from all risk of blood poisoning, it is also clear that as ear-rings are worn as a decoration, to wear them of iron or tin instead of gold would defeat the main object desired. The writing is like that of "a girl of ten," and the query might have been answered by the silly individual who professed to write for her and only exposed him or herself to ridicule by so doing.

G. M. HALL—1. Your friend could prepare himself for the ministry by reading with some clergyman who was beneficed and could give him a title for deacon's orders. Of course he ought to be well versed in the Greek Testament, at least, to be qualified to take orders. Ill-educated men should not be admitted to such an office, but it is not essential to take a university degree. 2. A companion to a lady should be able to make herself both useful and agreeable in every imaginable way, as a reader, needlewoman, musician, amanuensis, entertainer of guests and visitors, courier, etc. She should be gifted with great tact and inexhaustible patience. To speak French, German, or Italian most desirable, and to understand housekeeping and nursing equally so. But, of course, in many situations the knowledge of languages might not be required.

MAB H.—In its wild state the dormouse eats nuts, acorns, and haws, and drinks water. Use wool or flannel.

LIMENA.—You will find Rawlinson's "Origin of Nations" an excellent book on the subject, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 4s. 6d.

ROSE DOUGLAS.—You had better consult a doctor, and use oil to rub with.

NAOMI.—You will be sure to find some verses to suit you in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The verses you enclose are very fair, and promise, perhaps, that the writer may do better some day.

SNOWDROP.—Oak staining fluid can be purchased at any oil-shop by the quart. It requires dilution with water, and you had better try a little place on the floor to determine the right colour. Then proceed to brush the floor over with the stain, and afterwards polish with beeswax or varnish. The floor must be well scrubbed first. Many thanks for your kind letter.

JEANIE DEANS.—Queen Victoria's coronation dress is fully described in "Old Court Customs," pages 355 and 569, vol. iii. In the last article you will find a full account of the coronation also.

STATIRA.—The subject was fully entered on in our paper long ago, in "My District," page 59, vol. ii.; the "Girl's Own Club," page 564, vol. ii.; and "Mothers' Meetings," page 84, vol. iii.

TIRED ONE.—Hold the body as erect as possible when standing. Treat the spine as the mast of a ship. If allowed to lean over on one side, there would be an unequal strain on the rigging; and, moreover, your mast having a heavy weight at the extreme summit, if not kept perpendicular must suffer a terrible strain upon it, as well as on the muscles and tendons that act as rigging. When you sit, rest the body against the back of the chair; and if the back be weak, lie down as flatly as possible on the back for an hour, if you can (half an hour at a time, if more convenient), in the day, and train yourself to use but one pillow at night. Accustom yourself also to lie part of the night on one side and part on the other, as lying always on one side only sometimes produces adhesions of the internal organs to the side lain upon.

A CONSTANT READER, RIP VAN WINKLE, LILY OF THE VALLEY, AND OTHERS.—Mulberry leaves are the best food for silkworms. The eggs must be kept during the winter in a cool dry place, and they should be kept cool as late as possible in the spring, to allow their food to be ready, as the mulberry is not early in England.

MIRIAM.—Eiderdown petticoats had better be sent to a good cleaner's when they are soiled.

ELEANOR.—The title "lady" was anciently written "hleafdian," then contracted into "lafdy," and then "lady." The name "hláf" or "laf," meant "loaf," or bread food; and "dian," "to serve." Thus the title signifies "bread-server." The feudal lord provided the food, and the lady attended to its proper serving and distribution, whether in the household to the guests, or to the poor at the gate. Ladies used to carve for the table.

UNE AMIE.—The order of the several courses at dinner is as follows:—Soup, fish, *entremets*, joints and poultry, game, puddings, pastry, jellies, etc. Then ices and dessert.

A CANTAB.—1. Say in reply, "With pleasure," or "I shall be very happy." 2. Bathe your eyes with a weak solution of vinegar and cold water night and morning, and it may strengthen them much. If otherwise, obtain a doctor's advice.

CLYTIE.—Your question does not come within the scope of our answers, but you can easily obtain what you want at any good bookseller's, or be directed to another. We are glad that you find our cookery recipes so satisfactory.

JERRY B.—1. As soon as the young rabbits begin to eat, ground oats should be given to them; beware of giving them much green stuff at first. Fresh clean dry hay should be supplied them for bedding as soon as old enough to begin leaving the nest. While the mother is suckling her litter you should give her plenty of corn, and as much green stuff, of a succulent kind, as she will eat. She may also have meal, boiled potatoes, and fragments of bread mixed together, such as you should give to poultry, boiled potato parings included, and well tinctured with "Thorley's Food," which acts as a tonic, and keeps rabbits in good health. 2. Perhaps your fowl-house has no sun to dry and warm it. Cold, dark, dank corners should never be selected for them. The house and run should be kept very clean or the poultry will become diseased and infested with vermin, and then the hens of course will not lay. Give them a nice run on clean soft gravel, and a good deal of fine dry sand, where they can roll and clean themselves in the sunshine. If you do not attend to these directions you will lose them all.

KITTY R.—Try pouring boiling water and soda on the stones defaced with spots of grease. It may remove them. Write a little smaller, and accept our thanks for the roses.

WILFIE.—1. Sprinkle some "insecticide" over the hearth, and all round the skirting boards near it, at night, and this will soon free you from the crickets. You can get the powder at any chemist's. 2. To make sauce of tomatoes, see our answer to "Meta Milver," page 207, vol. ii.

IDA MAY.—Your quotation is incorrectly rendered. You might improve both your writing and spelling at any age, and you are still quite young. Do as you must observe we recommend perpetually—write small round-hand copies daily.

UNDERGRADUATE.—The London Schools Swimming Club for Girls is in King-street, St. Pancras, and 2, Queen's-road, Bayswater. Classes are held at the baths. Your hand is good, though you write backwards.

GRATITUDE.—1. The word "friz" means to crisp or curl in a woolly style. To "frizzle" is also employed in reference to the burning of hair or wool. "Fizz" has reference to a sound, and applied to the hissing of effervescing liquids when escaping through a small aperture, as of a partially drawn cork, or to gunpowder made up in paper coverings as fireworks, when just about to explode or give forth a shower of sparks. 2. It is exceedingly incorrect to say, "I will write her." "Write her" what? Add "a letter," or else say, "write to her."

AN ENGLISH MOTHER (in Ireland).—We thank you most warmly for the testimony you have given to "the influence of our magazine in helping our girls to follow after holiness." We are grateful for your prayers for our success, and that "many more mothers may rejoice" through our means, and we congratulate you on the effect produced on your own dear children.

LITTLE SNOWDROP, and LITTLE DEWDROP.—The 8th of October, 1868, was a Thursday. The line "All things come round to him who waits," is an old proverb. We hope you both had a pleasant birthday, and will enjoy your visit to the Isle of Wight. We think you both write very well for your age.

VIOLINA.—The title "Laureate," is derived from the ancient custom which obtained in our universities of presenting a wreath of laurels to graduates in poetry and rhetoric. In France authors are still "crowned" thus. We have had twelve Poets Laureate during the last two centuries, Alfred (now Baron) Tennyson having been raised to the dignity in 1850. See page 232, vol. i., where you will find an article by Lady Lindsay, entitled "How to Play the Violin." If you have not got that vol., write for the number for April 10, 1880, and perhaps Mr. Tarn may have it still in stock. You write very well.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—No. 215. FEBRUARY 9, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

I WAS so young and healthy that I soon recovered from the shock, and in a few days I had regained strength and colour. Mr. Lucas had gone to see mother, and the day after his visit she wrote a fond incoherent letter, full of praises of my supposed heroism. Allan, to whom I had narrated everything fully, wrote more quietly, but the underlying tenderness breathed in every word for Dot and me touched me greatly. Dot had not suffered much; he was a little more lame and his back ached more constantly. But it was Flurry who came off worst; her cold was on her chest, and when she threw it off she had a bad cough, and began to grow pale and thin; she was nervous, too, and woke every night calling out to me or Dot, and before many days were over Miss Ruth wrote to her brother and told him that Flurry would be better at home.

We were waiting for his answer, when Miss Ruth brought a letter to my bedside from mother, and sat down, as usual, to hear the contents, for I used to read her little bits from my home correspondence, and she wanted to know what Uncle Geoffrey thought about Flurry. My sudden exclamation frightened her.

"What is wrong, Esther? It is nothing about Giles?"

"Oh, no!" I returned, the tears starting to my eyes, "but I must go home at once; Carrie is very ill, they are afraid it is rheumatic fever. Mother writes in such distress, and there is a message from Uncle Geoffrey, asking me to pack up and come to them without delay. There is something about Flurry, too; perhaps you had better read it."

All rights reserved.]

"'AND YOU WILL LET ME HELP YOU?' I RETURNED, EAGERLY."

"I will take the letter away with me. Don't hurry too much, Esther; we will talk it over at breakfast, and there is no train now before eleven, and nurse will help you to pack." That was just like Miss Ruth—no fuss, no unnecessary words, no adding to my trouble by selfish regrets at my absence. She was like a man in that, she never troubled herself about petty details as most women do, but just looked straight at the point in question.

Her calmness reassured me, and by breakfast-time I was able to discuss matters quietly.

"I have sent nurse to your room, Esther," she said, as she poured out the coffee; "the children have had their bread and milk and have gone out to play; it is so warm and sunny, it will not hurt Flurry. The pony carriage will be round here at half-past ten, so you will have plenty of time, and I mean to drive you to the station myself."

"You think of everything," I returned, gratefully. "Have you read the letter? Does it strike you that Carrie is so very ill?"

"I am afraid so," she admitted, reluctantly; "your mother says she has been ailing some time, only she would not take care of herself, and then she got wet, and took her class in her damp things. I am afraid you have a long spell of nursing before you; rheumatic fever sometimes lasts a long time. Your uncle says something about a touch of pleurisy as well."

I pushed away my plate, for I could not eat. I am ashamed to say a strong feeling of indignation took possession of me.

"She would not give up," I burst out, angrily; "she would not come here to rest and recruit herself, although she owned she felt ill; she has just gone on until her strength was exhausted and she was not in a state for anything, and now all this trouble and anxiety must come on mother, and she is not fit for it."

"Hush, Esther; you must not feel like this," she returned, gently. "Poor Carrie will purchase wisdom dearly; depend upon it, the knowledge that she has brought on this illness through her own self-will will be the sharpest pang of all. You must go home and be a comfort to them all as you have been our comfort," she added, sweetly; "and, Esther; I have been thinking over things, and you must trust Dot to me. We shall all return to the Cedars, most likely to-morrow, and I will promise you not to let him out of my sight." And as I regarded her dubiously, she went on still more eagerly—

"You must let me keep him, Esther. Flurry is so poorly, and she will fret over the loss of her little companion; and with such serious illness in the house, he would only be an additional care to you." And as she seemed so much in earnest, I consented reluctantly to wait for mother's decision; for, after all, the child would be dull and neglected, with Jack at school, and mother and me shut up in Carrie's sick room. So in that, as in all else, Miss Ruth was right.

Dot cried a little when I said good-bye to him; he did not like seeing me go away, and the notion of Carrie's illness distressed him, and Flurry cried too, because he did, and then Miss Ruth laughed at them both.

"You silly children," she said, "when we are all going home to-morrow, and you can walk over and see Esther every day, and take her flowers and nice things for Carrie." Which view of the case cheered them immensely, and we left them with their heads very close together, evidently planning all sorts of surprises for Carrie and me.

Miss Ruth talked very cheerfully up to the last moment, and then she grew a little silent and tearful.

"I shall miss you so, Esther, both here and at the Cedars," she said, tenderly. "I feel it may be a long time before you come to us again; but there, I mean to see plenty of you," she went on, recovering herself. "I shall bring Dot every day, if it be only for a few minutes." And so she sent me away half comforted.

It was a dreary journey, and I was thankful when it was over; no one met me at the station, so I took one of the huge lumbering flies, and a sleepy old horse dragged me reluctantly up the steep Milnthorpe streets.

It was an odd coincidence, but as we passed the bank and I looked out of the window half absently, Mr. Lucas came down the steps and saw me, and motioned to the driver to stop.

"I am very sorry to see you here," he said, gravely; "I met Dr. Cameron just now, and he told me your mother had written to recall you."

"Did he say how Carrie was?" I interrupted, anxiously.

"She is no better, and in a state of great suffering; it seems she has been imprudent, and taken a severe chill; but don't let me keep you, if you are anxious to go on." But I detained him a moment.

"Flurry seems better this morning," I observed; "her cough is less hard." He looked relieved at that.

"I have written for them to come home to-morrow, and to bring Dot, too; we will take care of him for you and make him happy amongst us, and you will have enough on your hands." And then he drew back, and we went slowly down High-street, but the encounter had cheered me; I was beginning to look on Mr. Lucas as an old friend.

Uncle Geoffrey was on the door-steps as I drove up, and we entered the house together.

"This is a bad business, I am afraid," he said, in a subdued voice, as he closed the parlour door; "it goes to one's heart to see that pretty creature suffer. I am glad, for all our sakes, that Allan will be here next week." And then I remembered all at once that the year was out, and that Allan was coming home to live; but he had said so little about it in his last letters that I was afraid of some postponement.

"He is really coming, then?" I exclaimed, in joyful surprise; this was good news.

"Yes, next Thursday, and I shall be glad of the boy's help," he replied, gruffly; and then he sat down and told me about Carrie.

Foolish girl, her zeal had indeed bordered upon madness. It seems Uncle Geoffrey had taxed her with illness a fortnight ago, and she had not denied it; she had even consented to take the remedies prescribed her in the way of medicine, but nothing would induce her to rest. The illness had culminated last Sunday; she had been caught in a heavy rain, and her thin summer walking dress had been drenched, and yet she had spent the afternoon as usual at the schools. A shivering fit that evening had been the result.

"She has gradually got worse and worse," continued Uncle Geoffrey; "it is not ordinary rheumatic fever; there is certainly sciatica, and a touch of pleurisy; the chill on her enfeebled, worn-out frame has been deadly, and there is no knowing the mischief that may follow. I would not have you told before this, for, after a nasty accident like yours, a person is not fit for much. Let me look at you, child. I must own you don't seem much amiss. Now listen to me, Esther. I have elected Deborah head-nurse, and you must work under her orders. Bless me," catching a glimpse of a crimson disappointed face, for I certainly felt crestfallen at this, "a chit like you cannot be expected to know everything. Deb is a splendid nurse; she has a head on her shoulders, that woman," with a little chuckle; "she has just put your mother out of the room, because she says she is no more use than a baby, so you will have to wheedle yourself into her good graces if you expect to nurse Carrie."

"Why did you send for me, if you expect me to be of no use?" I returned, with decided temper, for this remark chafed me; but he only chuckled again.

"Deborah sent for you, not I," he said, in an amused voice. "'Couldn't we have Miss Esther home?' she asked; 'she has wits about her,' which I am afraid was a hit at somebody."

This soothed me down a little, for my dignity was sadly affronted that Deborah should be mistress of the sick-room. I am afraid after all that I was not different from other girls, and had not yet outgrown what mother called the "porcupine stage" of girlhood, when one bristles all over at every supposed slight, armed at every point with minor prejudices, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Uncle Geoffrey bade me run along, for he was busy, so I went upstairs swallowing discontent with every step, until I looked up and saw mother's pale sad face watching me from a doorway, and then every unworthy feeling vanished.

"Oh, my darling, thank heaven I have you again!" she murmured, folding me in her loving arms; "my dear child, who has never given me a moment's anxiety." And then I knew how heavily Carrie's wilfulness had weighed on that patient heart.

She drew me half weeping into Carrie's little room, and we sat down together, hand in hand. The invalid had been moved into mother's room, as it was

large and sunny, and I could hear Deborah moving quietly as I passed the door.

Mother would not speak about Carrie at first; she asked after Dot, and was full of gratitude to Miss Ruth for taking care of him; and then the dear soul cried over me, and said she had nearly lost us both, and that but for me her darling boy would have been drowned. Mr. Lucas had told her so.

"He was full of your praises, Esther," she went on, drying her eyes; "he says he and Miss Ruth will be your fast friends through life; that there is nothing he would not do to show his gratitude; it made me so proud to hear it."

"It makes me proud, too, mother; but I cannot have you talking about me, when I am longing to hear about Carrie."

Mother sighed and shook her head, and then it was I noticed a tremulous movement about her head, and, oh! how grey her hair was, almost white under her widow's cap.

"There is not much to say," she said, despondently; "your uncle will not tell me if she be in actual danger, but he looks graver every day. Her sufferings are terrible; just now Deborah would not let me remain, because I fretted so, as though a mother can help grieving over her child's agony. It is all her own fault, Esther, and that makes it all the harder to bear."

I acquiesced silently, and then I told mother that I had come home to spare her, and do all I could for Carrie, as much as Deborah would allow.

"You must be very prudent, then," she replied, "for Deborah is very jealous, and yet so devoted, that one cannot find fault with her. Perhaps she is right, and I am too weak to be of much use, but I should like you to be with your sister as much as possible."

I promised to be cautious, and after a little more talk with mother I laid aside my travelling things and stole gently into the sick-room.

Deborah met me on the threshold with uplifted finger and a resolute "Hush!" on her lips. She looked more erect and angular than ever, and there was a stern forbidding expression on her face; but I would not be daunted.

I caught her by both her hands, and drew her, against her will, to the door.

"I want to speak to you," I whispered, and when I had her outside, I looked straight into her eyes. "Oh, Deb," I cried, "is it not dreadful for all of us? and I have been in such peril, too. What should we do without you when you know all about nursing, and understand a sick-room so well? You are everything to us, Deborah, and we are so grateful, and now you must let me help you a little, and spare you fatigue. I daresay there are many little things you could find for me to do."

I do not know about the innocence of the dove, but certainly the wisdom of the serpent was in my speech; my humility made Deborah throw down her arms at once. "Any little thing that I can do," I pleaded, and her face relaxed and her hard grey eyes softened.

"You are always ready to help a body, Miss Esther, I will say that, and I don't deny that I am nearly ready to drop with fatigue through not having my clothes off these three nights. The mistress is no more help than a baby, not being able to lift or to leave off crying."

"And you will let me help you?" I returned, eagerly, a little too eagerly, for she drew herself up.

"I won't make any promises, Miss Esther," she said, rather stiffly; "the master said I must have help, and I am willing to try what you can do, though you are young and not used to the ways of a sick-room," finished the provoking creature; but I restrained my impatience.

"Any little thing that I can do," I repeated, humbly; and my forbearance had its reward, for Deborah drew aside to let me pass into the room, only telling me, rather sharply, to say as little as possible and keep my thoughts to myself. Deborah's robust treatment was certainly bracing, and it gave me a sort of desperate courage; but the first shock of seeing Carrie was dreadful.

The poor girl lay swathed in bandages, and as I entered the room her piteous moanings almost broke my heart. Burning with fever, and racked by pain, she could find no ease or rest. As I kissed her she shuddered, and her eyes looked at me with a terrible sadness in them.

"Oh, my poor dear, how sorry I am!" I whispered. I dared not say more with Deborah hovering jealously in the background.

"Don't be sorry," she groaned; "I have deserved it—I deserve it all." And then she turned away her face, and her fair hair shaded it from me. Did I hear it aright? and was it a whispered prayer for patience that caught my ear as she turned away?

Deborah would not let me stay long. She sent me down to have tea and talk to mother, but she promised that I should come up again by-and-by. I was surprised as I opened the parlour door to find Mr. Lucas talking to Uncle Geoffrey and mother, with Jack looking up at him with awe-struck eyes. He came forward with an amused smile as he noticed my astonished pause.

"You did not expect to see me here," he said, in his most friendly manner; "but I wanted to inquire after your sister. Mrs. Cameron has been so good as to promise me a cup of tea, so you must make it."

That Mr. Lucas should be drinking tea at mother's table! somehow, I could not get over my surprise. I had never seen him in our house before, and yet in the old times both he and his wife had been frequent visitors. Certainly, he seemed quite at home.

Mother had lighted her pretty china lamp, and Uncle Geoffrey had thrown a log on the fire, and the parlours looked bright and cosy, and even Jack's hair was brushed and her collar for once not awry. I suppose Mr. Lucas found it pleasant, for he stayed quite late, and I wondered how he could keep his dinner waiting so long; but then Uncle Geoffrey was such a clever man, and could talk so well. I thought I should have to leave them at last, for it was nearly the time that Deborah wanted me; but just then Mr. Lucas looked across at me and noticed something in my face.

"You want to be with your sister," he said, suddenly interpreting my thoughts, "and I am reducing my cook to despair. Good-bye, Mrs. Cameron. Many thanks for a pleasant hour." And then he shook hands with us all, and left the room with Uncle Geoffrey.

"What an agreeable, well-bred man," observed mother. "I like him exceedingly, and yet people call him proud and reserved."

"He is not a bit," I returned, indignantly; and then I kissed mother, and ran upstairs.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Foolish Fancy.

In West Cornwall, a tea-leaf floating in the cup is considered a sure sign of a visitor. If two or more leaves float, then there will be two or more visitors. If the leaf is hard, the visitor will be a gentleman: if soft, a lady.

The leaf on being taken from the cup is placed on the back of the left hand, and struck with the lower side of the right fist, the striker repeating at each stroke the words, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc. The day, the name of which is repeated when first the leaf adheres to the right hand, is that on which the visitor may be expected.

Finding Fault.—Before we allow ourselves to find fault with any person behind her back, we should ask ourselves three questions. 1. Is it true? 2. Is it kind? 3. Is it necessary?

Who Signed Magna Charta?—At a school examination in Scotland one of the questions asked was, "Who signed Magna Charta?" No reply being given, the question was repeated. Still there was no answer; when the examiner sternly demanded for the third time, "Who signed Magna Charta?" Upon this a little girl meekly called out, "Please, sir, it wasna' me."

The Use of Wealth.—Wealth is like a viper, which is harmless if a man knows how to take hold of it; but if he does not, it will twine around his hand and bite him.

St. Clement.

Needful Preparation.—It is impossible to do anything well without preparation.

The Art of Teaching.—The teacher must know what she is to teach. This requires her to know a great deal more than she expects actually to impart. To give a little well, a teacher must know a great deal.

Spinning Spinsters.—Among our industrious and frugal forefathers it was a maxim that a young woman should never marry until she had spun enough linen to furnish her house, and from this custom all unmarried women were called "spinsters," an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

As Others Do.—"We must do as others do" is a most foolish and pernicious maxim.

Helping Each Other.—The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

OLD ENGLISH TREES AND WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN.

By ANNA J. BUCKLAND.

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.

"And ever 'gainst that blessed night,
Those snowy blossoms, pure and white,
Puts forth St. Joseph's holy thorn,
To mark the day our Lord was born.
By all who list, this may be seen,
In that far valley, fair and green
Of Avalon, where Arthur lies,
The stainless knight who never dies."

Caerlyon.

No other natural objects can gather around them so many solemn and tender thoughts as trees, for there are none which have been so closely associated with the history of nations, or with the lives of those individuals whom we hold in reverence, and for whose sake we cherish every trifle which has any connection with their history. There are some trees, the very name of which calls up the remembrance of persons and events of the deepest and most enduring interest. Such are the oak tree of Mamre, the olive trees of Gethsemane, the elm tree at Worms, the oak upon the battle-field of Lutzen, and many others. But leaving those associated with events which have occurred in other lands, we may find in our own country a number of trees which have been connected with some of the most important events in its history, or with some of the best and greatest of England's heroes and heroines. It would be very interesting to visit these, and to conjure up the bygone scenes of which the old trees have been the witnesses, or if we could only make them tell their own stories, what a valuable record we might add to history and biography. But perhaps we are obliged to stay at home and be satisfied with what others have to tell us of the old trees of England, and the parts they have played in the past.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

The Glastonbury thorn must be among the first to be introduced, because the story it has to tell relates to a very early period in the history of our country. It is necessary to say, however, that too much credit must not be given to its stories as actual facts; they belong rather to the world of poetry and legend than so history; yet a legend, though false as a fact, may be true in the witness it bears to the beauty of self-sacrifice, the joy of victory over evil, to the nobleness of steadfast work done for the good of others, to the power of truth and right, and the sweetness of gentleness and purity. These are things which are true in every age, and they need again and again to rise to life and teach their lessons to the world. To this class of legends belong those of King Arthur and his knights, and the old poets who just told them felt something of this when they used to conclude the stories of Arthur by saying that their hero, the ideal of noble manhood, could not die, but only passed away, and came back again whenever the world needed to be reminded of a higher life than that which is spent in material enjoyment and selfish cares. Thus we find our most earnest and thoughtful poets have turned in different ages to the legends of King Arthur when they desired to set before the world the high ideal of nobleness of character and life. Spenser chose Arthur when he wished to represent a hero in whom every virtue found its place, in its due balance and measure, and whose life was devoted to the glory of God. Milton, whilst seeking his work—"by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases"—thought first of making Arthur the subject of a great spiritual poem! And in our own day, Arthur has risen to life again to teach the same old lessons to the world in Tennyson's Idylls, calling on men

"To reverence their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To go abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

For the foundation of the Arthurian legends it is not necessary here to search; they all point to a time, soon after Christianity was first introduced into Britain, and while as yet a large portion of the country was still under the power of heathen chiefs. The first idea of a nobler character, more pure and self-devoted than ordinary humanity, was no doubt derived from the teaching of the Gospels, and from the impression produced when first the sublimer character and life of our highest and best example, the Lord Jesus Christ, was made known to the people in this island. All the legends also of Arthur, both of earlier and later date, have much in them that is intentionally allegorical, so that the facts of his history are still matters of question.

The legend of the Glastonbury thorn dates from a period shortly preceding the coming of Arthur. The story runs thus. Joseph of Aramathea, being in constant danger of his life from the enmity of the Jewish priests, on account of his testimony to the resurrection of Christ, was advised by St. Philip to take refuge in the island of Britain, then one of the most distant parts of the Roman empire, and where the Gospel might be more freely preached. Joseph of Arimathea therefore set sail for Britain, accompanied by some of his friends, who had become Christians; they landed on what was then the Island of Avalon, off the coast of Somersetshire. This is now the valley formed by the Avalonian hills, but it is said that at that time the sea ran up into the land, and at high tides surrounded the elevated portion. Remains of an embankment still exist, which in the ancient map is called the sea wall. On ascending the hill Joseph of Arimathea, it is said, stuck his staff into the ground, as a sign of his having claimed the country for the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The staff, which was a thorn stock, took root, and ever afterwards when Christmastide drew nigh, and the birth of the Saviour was commemorated, the Glastonbury thorn put forth blossoms. These first preachers of the Gospel in Britain were favourably received by the king or chief of that part of the country. They were allowed to teach the people, and to build on the island of Avalon a little chapel for the worship of God. This was said to be the first Christian place of worship erected in Britain. From the island of Avalon Joseph and his companions crossed frequently to the surrounding country, and the legend tells us that many of the Britons from the hills of Mune-depe, or Mendip, were converted to the Christian faith. On the death of Joseph, he was buried in the little chapel he had built, and on this spot was afterwards erected the Abbey of Glastonbury, where there was a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph, and a splendid tomb raised over his grave.

From this legend we can only receive as thoroughly reliable the facts that a thorn, brought from some southern climate at a very remote period, was planted on one of the Avalonian hills called Wirral Hill, close to Glastonbury, and that this kind of thorn has the peculiarity of blossoming in the winter. The stump of the original old tree was visible as late as 1750, it having been cut down in

the reign of Charles I.; but a cutting taken from it was planted in 1600, near St. John's Church, where it still stands and continues to blossom, if the weather be not very severe, about the time of Christmas. Another fact seems probable, and that is that Christianity was introduced at a very early period into the secluded island of Avalon. In all the old legends Avalon is referred to as a land of rest and joy; its culture at that time seemed almost the operation of magic to the barbarous Britons, and so must also have appeared to these wild savages, those fruits of the Spirit which the Gospel called forth on its inhabitants;—love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Shut out from the world, a small community of Christians may have long made this sequestered valley, with its great natural beauty and rich fertility, as a kind of Eden in the savage waste of Western Briton, and vague stories about its peace and beauty would reach the bards, and become introduced into their songs. The superstition which was afterwards built upon the truth, so as to hide and crush it, had not then been accumulated, and the doctrines by which these first believers in Christianity lived would be those of the Gospel in its first freshness and purity. Whoever may have planted the southern thorn on the Avolonian Hill, its association with the introduction of a religion so full of blessed fruits and glorious hopes would cause it to be regarded with a tender, though not superstitious, reverence, as coming from that land in which Christ the Saviour lived and died.

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.

The legend of Arthur relates that after the departure of the Romans from Britain, when the laws which they introduced and upheld no longer were maintained in the country, a fearful time of savage lawlessness followed; hordes of the northern barbarians overran the country, and heathenism again was everywhere triumphant. All order and civilisation were broken up, the chiefs "fought like wild beasts among themselves, so that the realm had gone to wrack." Then Arthur appeared, coming no one knew from whence, and, gathering around him, by the force of his great and noble nature, all the well-disposed of his people, he, in twelve great battles, defeated the heathen chiefs, united the kingdom under one ruler, made the religion of Christ the foundation of his government, and strove with the earnestness of a single aim to lead those around him to a better and nobler life. At the revival of the Arthurian legends in the twelfth century, the chivalric ideal of the period was expressed in the stories of Arthur's knights and their adventures. The legend of the Sangrail was also added, as suggesting the higher sacrifice of a nobler love in the Cross of Jesus Christ when He laid down his life for His enemies.

All the legends of King Arthur unite in describing the pathetic disappointment of his high designs and earnest efforts to regenerate his realm at last. He fails to realise his pure and lofty ideal of life through the shortcomings and sinfulness of human nature; and they teach most strikingly the great ever-living truth that man's moral nature is only reached and governed through his spiritual nature, and not through his imagination. The love of beauty and admiration for the ideal of goodness is not strong enough as a principle through which to resist the impulses and temptations to sin; it may raise the character and life for a while, but when the struggle comes religion only has by God's grace the courage and the strength to "fight the good fight of faith." The followers of Arthur are represented as wearying of the attempt to live up to his ideal, however much they admired it at first; some fall away, and others keep up the appearance only before his eyes. At last the end comes. Deceived by his queen and most trusted friend, deserted by his knights, and crushed by the discovery that what he believed to be sound and fair around him was but a hollow mockery of the goodness he had striven to realise in his knights, he goes forth to his last battle, fighting against his own people, who have arisen against him under his nephew, Modred. The "last, dim, weird battle of the West" was fought on the shores of Cornwall, on the day of longest darkness in the year, and there fell one by one King Arthur's knights, and the fair dream of his life was ended. Here he himself received his mortal wound, and was taken from thence by water round the coast to the Island of Avalon.

As Arthur passes from the shore, Tennyson makes him utter, in his farewell to his last remaining knight, noble words, such as every true man might feel on seeing the breaking-up of institutions in which he had trusted, or the failure of his own schemes to benefit mankind. Arthur's work is over, and he has not realised the ideal which he was striving after; but he merges himself and his individual endeavour in the general good, holding fast to the faith that God is ruling the world with a wisdom beyond that of man, and his bringing His purposes to pass out of the darkness and confusion.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils, Himself, in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself. What comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure. But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
To the island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows, crown'd with summer sea."

In the church said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, Arthur was buried, within sight of the thorn tree on Wirral Hill. It had always been said that Arthur would pass away to the island of Avalon, and in the olden times, when it was known to be simply a community of Christians, happy in the blessings which the Gospel brings, it may have been the often-expressed wish of Arthur to end his days in the peaceful seclusion of this fruitful valley, or to be interred in this sacred spot; and the more ancient songs of the British bards recorded the fact of his burial in the church on the island of Avalon; but after the death of Arthur the Saxons came over to England in stronger force, the British chiefs were divided against themselves, and Britain was conquered by the Teutonic tribes, while the ancient Celtic inhabitants took refuge among the mountains of Wales, or in the distant wilds of Cornwall, and many crossed the seas and settled on the coast of France, in what was afterwards called Brittany. The marshes around the Island of Avalon were drained, the sea had receded from the land, so that the Avalonian hills no longer formed an island, a monastery was built there, and soon a town sprang up around it. The Saxons called it Gloston, from "glos" (water) and "ton" (a dwelling). The monastery became celebrated, and in the days of the Saxon kings the famous St. Dunstan was its abbot. Later the town became a borough and took the name of Glastonbury. Only the thorn tree remained the same, and still put forth its blossoms at Christmas-tide, in remembrance of the flowering time in its southern native land. It was now regarded with veneration as a sacred tree; for people had begun to pay more regard to the outside things associated with religion than to religion itself, and were more anxious to see with their bodily eyes any wonder regarded as miraculous than to fix the eye of faith on Jesus Christ, their Saviour. The name of Avalon had now passed away, and no one remembered that this was what the valley had formerly been called. When the Saxon gleemen and Norman minstrels used to sing the legends of King Arthur, they used to conclude their songs by telling how Arthur, after the last fatal battle on the Cornish coast, had been carried by magic to the fairy island of Avalon, for they thought there never had been such a place on earth, and they sang that Arthur still lived in fairy-land, and would come back again to England some day, when the world had grown purer and wiser, and he could do his work in it.

This was how the legends of Arthur ended, until the time of Henry II., and then, as the king was going to Ireland, he passed through Wales, and the Welsh bards came before him to sing the stories of their race, when Great Britain belonged to them. They sang of Arthur and his death, and in their songs the place of his burial was so exactly described—between two pyramids, near the altar, in an abbey church—that Henry recognised it at once as Glastonbury. On his return home he told the Abbot of Glastonbury what he had heard, and a search was made for the tomb. One of our old chroniclers, Giraldus Cambrensis, describes himself as an eye-witness of the discovery of Arthur's grave. "Seven feet below the surface a huge, broad stone was found, with a small plate of lead in the form of a cross upon it, and bearing, in very rude letters and barbarous style, the inscription in Latin, 'Hic jacet sepultus Inclytus Rex Arturias in Insula Avalonia'—'Here in the island of Avalon lies buried the glorious King Arthur.' Nine feet deeper was found, in the hollowed trunk of a tree, the remains of Arthur himself, and by his side lay those of his queen Guinevere. The bones of the king were of extraordinary size; the skull was covered with wounds; ten distinct fractures were counted, one of great size, apparently the effect of the fatal blow. The queen's body was strangely perfect; the hair was neatly plaited, and of the colour of burnished gold, but when touched it fell suddenly to dust."

Edward I. had so great a desire to see the body of the British hero that he came to Glastonbury with his queen Eleanor, and had the tomb of Arthur opened again. The skulls of the king and queen were set up in the treasury of the monastery, and Edward caused a splendid monument to be erected over Arthur's grave. This was destroyed at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. One of the sculptured lions, however, which were placed at each angle of the tomb was discovered in 1825 in the crypt of St. Joseph's chapel, and is still preserved. This is the only tangible relic connected with that hero whose character and exploits have fired the love of moral beauty in the heart of almost every English poet, from the days of the Romance singers to the time of our own Poet Laureate, and whose name has been the theme of song beyond that of any other in the world. The Glastonbury thorn still blossoms,

"'Gainst that season comes,
At which our Saviour's birth is celebrated,"

and reminds us of the time when the light of Christ's Gospel was first brought to this island, and of how its rich blessings have spread over the land, so that not in one small, secluded valley only, but throughout the length and breadth of the country, we now enjoy a state of happiness, peace, and prosperity far beyond all that the poets sang of the wonderful Isle of Avalon.

HOME IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

By Dora Hope.

"This way to the exhibition," shouted a boy just in my ear. "Admission on'y sixpence, and child'en 'alf price."

He was an unauthorised showman, and had no business to be disturbing the neighbourhood by his cries; but being exceedingly anxious that there should be a large gathering to see him receive a prize, he had taken upon himself to announce it to the world in this way. He was successful, too, for we should have passed by the place without noticing it, had not our attention been thus called to the doorway wreathed with flags.

"Oh, auntie, do let us go in," begged a little nephew who accompanied me. "Look at the flags; and I can go half price, you know."

It was not an expensive entertainment, and I reflected that he deserved a reward for having, twice over during our walk, gone out of his way to avoid pools of mud, a principle I had long been trying to instil into his mind; so we went in, preceded by the irrepressible boy, who was so elated by victory that he was compelled to use up a little of his superfluous energy by turning a Catherine wheel along the path in front of us, a performance which so filled little Jack with admiration and envy that he produced from the depths of his pocket his best top, which he offered to the youth as a bribe, if he would only teach him how to do it. He reluctantly desisted when I pointed out that if he got his clothes muddy he would have to go ignominiously home again without seeing the exhibition. But little Jack has a secret affinity for street Arabs, and such an accomplished one as this was not to be slighted, so he hovered near us for the rest of the afternoon, and I occasionally overheard scraps of conversation, such as:

"I say, my name's Jack; what's yours?"

"My name's Joe; leastways it ain't; but there's such lots of Bills down our way, so they calls me Joe."

"I have a rocking-horse at home; have you got one?"

"Don't know what that is, but I've got a 'ganier.'"

"What's a 'ganier?'"

"Why, one of them red flowers what grows in pots in the winder; but that's for the next show, that is. We always has a show in the summer for flowers and sech things; and that there set o' furniture's mine, you know. What! not seed it? Here, I'll show it to yer; this way." And he began to elbow his way through the throng who crowded the entrance of the Board school, the use of which had been granted for the show. With such a determined leader we soon reached the part of the room devoted to models, where the boy pointed exultantly to a tiny suite of furniture cleverly carved from old corks.

"Look! William Dubbin! that's me," he explained, pointing out the card marked "First Prize," which was placed in front of the model.

Having duly admired his handiwork, and had all its beauties pointed out, Jack and I proceeded to make a tour of the room, and inspect the very miscellaneous collection of objects displayed there. Behind the first table we stopped at was a placard, inscribed "Class six. Adults. Carpentering for home use." The exhibitors had displayed their skill in carpentering in a great variety of ways. The first prize had been awarded for a three-legged table, made by exhibitor; the second for a pair of engravings cut from some illustrated paper, neatly framed in deal, stained, and varnished. There were a large number of other exhibits, more or less neatly made; a tea-caddy; a pair of footstools; a box-seat, made of a packing case, padded and covered with chintz, and the lid opening with hinges; some fretwork brackets, and many other things.

Adjoining these were the exhibits of the same description, made by children under fifteen. These included a hanging book-case; plain deal footstools; salt and knife boxes; window boxes for flowers; solid wooden brackets, and money boxes; and one ambitious youth had made a very substantial substitute for a perambulator, with a carefully planed wooden box, mounted on four wheels (bought at a second-hand dealer's), and drawn by means of a long wooden handle.

Then came tables for the display of useful needlework. One prize had been offered for the most neatly-darned stocking; another for button-holes; for a boy's shirt, both the cut and sewing to be taken into account; for knitted stockings, socks, and comforters, with still another prize for any kind of work the exhibitor might choose to send in.

Adjoining this were the competitions for the cookery prizes. These had been offered

for the best and most economical stew; for the best soup made of lentils or haricot beans, without meat; for plain suet pudding, with several other plain and nourishing dishes. Only small plates of these had been sent in as samples.

My young companion, however, found these exhibits rather uninteresting, so we hurried past the table for patchwork, all made by competitors over seventy years of age, with its companion one for children under ten, as well as the children's exhibits of needlework and cookery. I was anxious to stay and examine a large table of drawings and maps; but these reminded Jackie so painfully of his lessons, for which he had a particular aversion, that we hurried on.

The crowd of people soon began to move towards another room, where we found the prizes were about to be distributed by a benevolent gentleman, who addressed a few words of friendly counsel to the exhibitors before calling up the prize winners.

The first prizes to be distributed were books, for the best essays on kindness to animals, on bringing up children, and on spending money. Then followed prizes in kind—teapots, coal-scuttles, materials for dresses, packets of groceries, and other useful presents for adult competitors.

At last Joe's turn came, and he marched proudly up to the table to receive the first prize for models by children—five bright new shillings. The applause which greeted each prize winner was vigorously assisted by little Jack as his new acquaintance passed us with a grin of triumphant recognition, on his way out to make room for others. Jackie's interest in the proceedings having come to an end, we followed Joe out, and found him gazing with affectionate admiration at his cork furniture.

"What shall you do with your money, Joe?" I asked.

"Don't exackly know," he replied. "Wants a new suit o'clothes werry bad. But there," he added after a moment's reflection, and gazing down at his dilapidated garments, "it ain't so cold as wot it was, and p'raps they'll do till the summer."

I felt considerable doubts about them holding together myself, but would not hurt his feelings by saying so, and he went on—

"You see, we ain't on'y got one chair, and it's werry illconwenient when father and mother both wants to sit down at once; and my boots is pretty well wore out, so I think I'll 'ave a pair o' boots and a chair."

I felt Jackie pulling at my sleeve while we were talking, and when I turned, he whispered eagerly, "Auntie, do let me give him that pair of boots I kicked a hole in the other day."

So, taking the boy's address, we promised that Jackie and I would go and call on him some day, and take him the pair of boots, and see his "ganier," which he was hoping to nurse through the winter, and to win a prize with at the summer flower show.

Here Jackie's interest in the "Home Improvement Society" ended; but mine was only beginning, and I took an early opportunity of calling on a friend whom I knew to be interested in the society, to get some further information in order to begin a similar exhibition in my own neighbourhood. She gave me sundry pieces of good advice, which I will repeat as far as I can remember them, for the benefit of others who wish to get up similar exhibitions.

Two shows are held during the year—a winter and a summer one. The neighbourhood is mapped out into districts, and a lady or gentleman undertakes the post of visitor to each. This duty involves distributing notices of the show some months beforehand, with the lists of prizes offered; and an occasional visit afterwards to encourage or advise the would-be competitors; and on the last visit, a printed copy of the "Regulations for the Show" should be left at each house. These "regulations," state the place and time of the exhibition, the time at which exhibits are to be brought (usually the day before the show), and when removed, and whether or not the exhibits may be marked for sale; with any other particulars which circumstances may suggest. One invariable rule is that each exhibit must be plainly marked with the name and address, and, in children's competitions, with the age of exhibitor.

The committee and visitors usually act as judges, sometimes, if their number contains no one competent for the task, inviting professional carpenters, gardeners, and others to assist them. The judges should meet early in the morning of the show, divide the work amongst them, and then, before beginning, they should walk round the whole exhibition, so as to get a general idea of the degree of merit to expect, and should talk over their different standards of excellence, so that the prizes may be fairly awarded in each class. There is sure to be *some* grumbling, however carefully the judges have performed their task; they should be careful, therefore, to notice, and be able to point out to disappointed exhibitors, the special blemishes which have prevented their work from winning a prize.

New members must give in their names to one of the visitors of the society, not less than two months before the show at which they intend to compete; this precaution is necessary to ensure the exhibits being really their own work, and not bought or hired for the occasion. On payment of the entrance-fee (generally twopence or threepence), a card of membership is given, which holds good, without further payment, for all subsequent shows, and their names are enrolled in the books of the society, as well as in that of the visitor in whose district they reside, and who is responsible for them, receiving any notices which may be issued. To avoid any possible mistake, it is usual to have both prize lists and members' tickets for adults a different colour from those for the children. It is found advisable that numerous small prizes should be given for children's competitions, rather than few and valuable ones, as a reward, however insignificant, encourages them to try again.

In populous neighbourhoods, where there are many Board or Ragged schools, prizes are sometimes offered for class singing, in which the various schools compete together.

In addition to the judges at the exhibition, a number of gentlemen should be requested to act as stewards, to keep order, marshal the prize-winners to their places, answer inquiries, and do anything else that is required of them. They should always wear some distinguishing badge, that everyone may see to whom to apply in any difficulty.

These were the principal points of my friend's advice. The details of management must vary according to the neighbourhood and class of people amongst whom the work would be started. It can be undertaken without any difficulty, provided always an energetic manager can be found, with a few sensible people to form a committee. The expenses are, of necessity, rather large, as, in addition to the printing of prize-lists, tickets, and the various notices, a good deal has to be spent in prizes; but it is generally found that many tradesmen in the neighbourhood who do not care to subscribe in money, are willing to give presents in kind suitable for prizes.

We hear a great deal lately about the poor and how to improve them. There is an old saying that God helps those who help themselves, and a society of this kind just steps in to teach and encourage the poor to help themselves. A great deal depends upon the tact of the visitors, who should suggest work suitable to each member, if, as is often the case, they have no ideas of their own; and if energetically and sensibly carried out, it may be made a powerful aid in raising the condition of the poor. Comfortable homes, and something wherewith to occupy themselves there would do more to close the public-houses than any amount of talking; the object, therefore, to be aimed at by this society is to induce the women, by improvement in needlework and cookery, to make their homes more attractive than the public-houses, and to persuade the men to add to the comforts of their homes, and provide themselves with amusement in the evenings by carpentering, or any other useful employment they may fancy.

If in addition to the regular work of the society, classes can be raised for cookery, carpentering, fretwork, brasswork, sewing, or any other kind of useful and practical work, an enormous amount of good may be done, and one answer be found to the oft-repeated question, "What can he done to help the poor?"

NEW MUSIC.

JOHN B. GALBRAITH.

It was but a Milkmaid's Song. Words by Sarah Doudney. Music by Allan Macbeth.—Pretty verses, attached to a charming and appropriate melody; needs only to be heard to become a favourite.

Also by the same composer. Words by G. Clifton Bingham—

The Voice of the Waters.

Only You.

Morning Land.

Old Antwerp Town. Words by Claxon Bellamy.

The melodies are expressive and varied, and the accompaniments, though not difficult, are appropriate and masterly.

Sir George on the Storming of "Old Gib." Written by W. D. Boston, B.A. Music by James McHardy.—A patriotic song, written in a vigorous and tuneful style; rather above the average of this type of composition. It is in two keys—E flat and G.

Intermezzo. "Forget me not." Composed for string orchestra, and arranged for pianoforte by Allan Macbeth.—An interesting piece; the effect greatly increased with orchestral accompaniment.

Dorina Valse. By Carl Volti.

Colinette Valse. By M. Nalla.

These waltzes, although not very original, are good as exercises.

Two Characteristic Pieces. By Peter W. Cassels. No. 1, March. No. 2, Gavotte.—Easily arranged; highly satisfactory compositions.

ALPHONSE BERTINI.

To-day and To-morrow. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Arthur W. Marchant. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*).—A sentimental song, but words and music in good taste, and with the harmonium accompaniment is sure to be appreciated.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Old Flag in the Abbey Nave. Words and music by J. Barrett Browne.—A patriotic song, words and music well expressed.

JOSEPH BISHOP AND CO.

Gavotte. For the pianoforte. By A. W. Sebastian Hoare. Worthy of recommendation; well written and tuneful.

BANKS AND SON.

Genevieve. Minuet. By George H. Smith, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A graceful and tuneful composition, well worthy of notice.

MIDNIGHT.

HUSH ! 'tis the midnight hour, when Nature steeps
The eyelids of the weary in repose—
Save where some watcher by the bedside weeps,
Where wings a spirit from this world of woes.

The weary seamstress at her needle plies
And works, red-eyed, throughout the chilly night ;
Creeping to bed when morning gilds the skies :
Poor—yet content, if God will spare her sight.

The exile dreams of home, and marks each spot
Dear to his memory by a thousand ties ;
Grasps each good friend, his friend who ne'er forgot,
And steals upon the loved ones by surprise.

Eternal Father ! may I learn of such
As happy die, how sweet is serving Thee ;
Nor set my heart on things of Earth too much,
But buy with Time a blest Eternity.

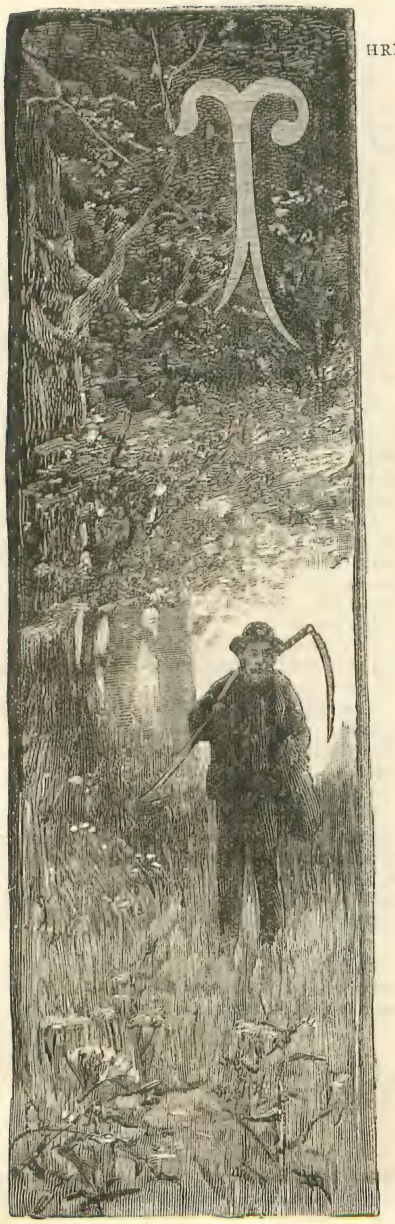
Like the poor seamstress let me earn my crust,
And like an exile, sigh for that dear home—
That happy land where thieves steal not, nor rust
Nor moth consumes, nor sorrow e'er shall come.

Teach me each day to bear the cross I'm given—
Patiently bear it—till my spirit soar
Beyond yon star-gemmed canopy of heaven,
To Thy sweet presence—Thine for evermore !

E. IRWIN.

"FOR EVER."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," etc.



CHAPTER II.

THREE or four weeks passed by, during which each morning and evening found faithful John trudging along the road leading to Collmer to pay his customary visit to his wife, whilst every day at his dinner-hour Lily presented herself, carrying a basket in which was something nice for the old man.

He felt grateful for the kindness which thus took thought for him, but the best part of it all to him was the presence of his young visitor, who at his invitation generally remained a little while with him, chatting to him in her simple, artless way, or else reading to him in her clear, soft voice some favourite passages out of the large Bible which the old man would lift down from the shelf and place before her.

He had happened to remark one day how he missed his wife, who was accustomed to read aloud to him night and morning, as she was so much more of a scholar than he, and, moreover, had better sight—"Whilst I take so long to spell out the words that I lose the meaning of them," he had added.

Lily, with her longing to be of use and do what she could for those with whom she came in contact, immediately volunteered to read to him whilst he ate his dinner. The offer was gladly accepted, and dearly the old man loved to listen to the words of life from the lips of the fair young child.

And when, the little act of ministry over, she ran off with a light heart and happy looks to meet her mother, who was generally waiting for her at their own gate, which was almost within a stone's-throw of the cottage, the old man's blessing followed her, and many a hearty prayer did he put up that God would ever keep and guard her, and shower down His best and choicest blessings upon her.

Meanwhile Mary Kent was making progress towards recovery; slowly, it is true—more slowly than they had at first anticipated—but still, she was now so decidedly better that they began to talk of her coming home.

"But she had better remain a little longer," said the doctor, "that she may get up her strength still more before going out."

So it was decided that she should stay on for another fortnight.

Rather more than a week before the day fixed for her coming home, John presented himself at the door of the workhouse at Easton, asking to speak to Hannah Grant. An elderly woman, with such a strong likeness to Mary Kent that no one could doubt their being sisters, soon appeared in answer to the summons. She gave her brother-in-law a hearty welcome.

"Well, John, how are you? It's always a pleasure to see you, and this time it is a surprise as well. But you haven't got Mary with you. How is she? I hope nothing is the matter."

"It is about her that I've come to talk to you," said John, "so sit you down, and listen to what I have to say."

Hannah, when a younger woman, had, like Mary, been strong and active, and had proved herself a most valuable servant in all her places. Not that she had had many of them, for she had remained so long in each—sixteen years in the last. Then her health had given way, and what is commonly called "bad legs" had at length rendered her unfit for service any longer.

The people with whom she had been living all these years, and whom she had so faithfully served, though truly attached to her, were not in a position to pension her off, or even to help towards her support. They had a large family, and often found it difficult to make both ends meet.

So, though they mourned over losing her, and heartily wished they were rich enough to keep her on even though unable to work any longer, they saw no way of doing so, even if Hannah would have suffered it. But that was the very last thing she would ever have agreed to. She could never have endured being a burden upon others.

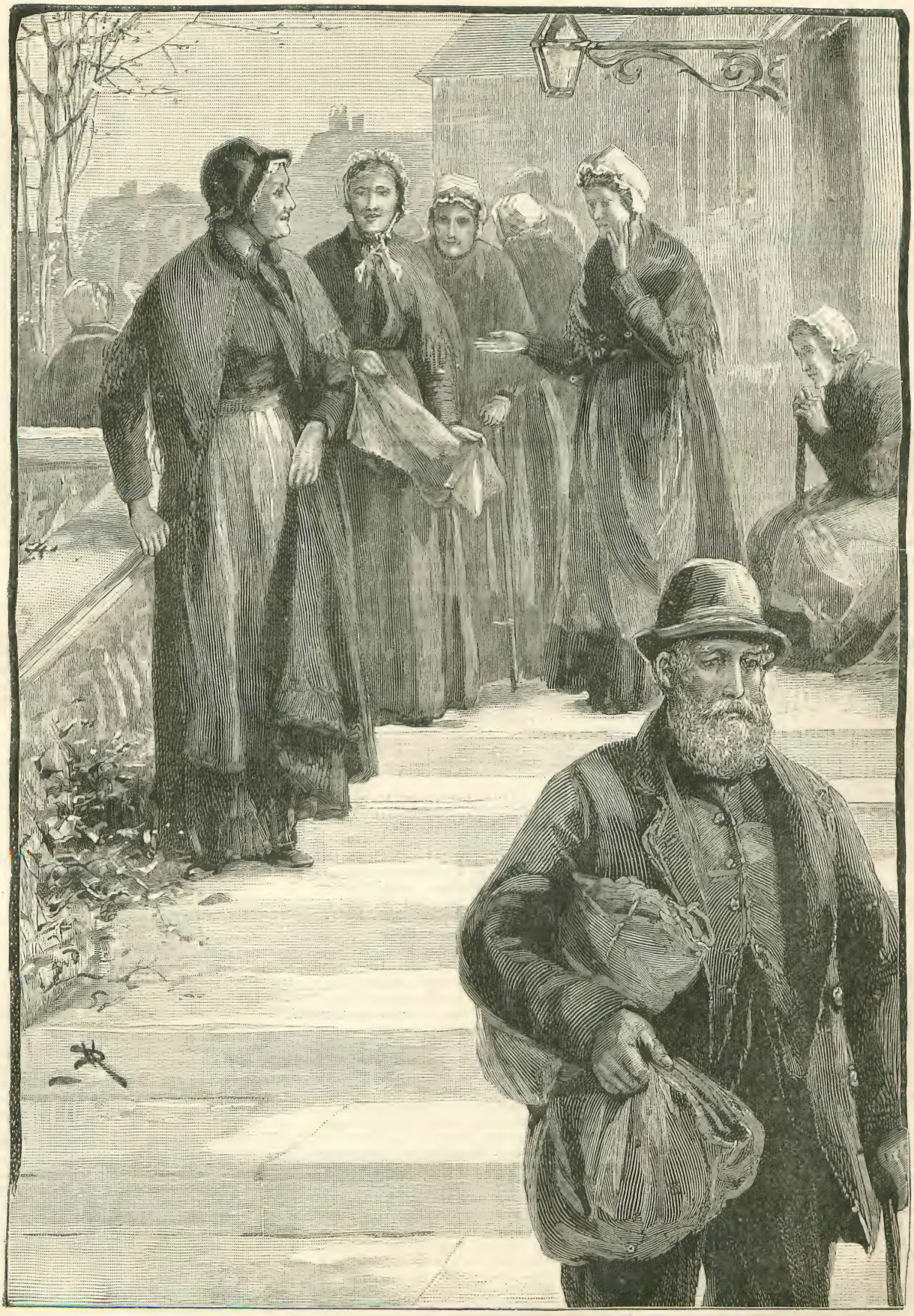
Mary was the only relative she had left, and she and her husband, Hannah knew, had often had a hard struggle to pull through at all. So though they said, "Come to us, at any rate for a time, till we see how we can get along," she had declined their offer, though made, as she knew it was, in all sincerity and true affection.

She felt she could not go and live upon them when they themselves had only just enough to live upon; and, though she knew Mary would gladly share her last crust with her, she was not the woman to let her do it.

So the only resource for Hannah was the workhouse, and thither she decided to go.

It was six years now since she had come there. During the last year or two she had been getting much better, and was no longer an invalid. But she was too old, even if she had been strong enough, to seek a place in service again.

The only change she looked for was the being summoned one day to leave the workhouse to take up her abode in the palace of



LEAVING THE WORKHOUSE.

the King of kings, and of this glorious destiny awaiting her she often thought. She frequently pondered over what it would be to see face to face the Saviour whom she so truly loved, and who during all these years in the workhouse had been with her day by day, brightening and cheering with His secret unseen presence the life that otherwise would have been so dull and monotonous.

Thus hers had not been an unhappy or a loveless existence there. She had found that even in the "house" there was a work she could do for her Master; and, though she felt it was only very humble tasks for which she was suited, she was content to take such. It mattered little what the service was, she thought, so that it was rendered to Him, and accepted by Him.

Thus, though of silver and gold she had none, she gave of that which she had—a kindly word, a helpful deed, a sympathising look, a heart full of love and thought for others; and in this life of simple ministry she had found happiness and contentment, and had won much love in return.

She asked for and expected nothing more; and sat down with her usual expression of placid content to listen as John went on to unfold the object of his coming.

"I'm afraid Mary will never again be the woman she has been," he proceeded, after explaining all about her illness, and her being in the hospital; for letters did not often pass between them, none of them being much of scribes; whilst Easton was too far from Oxley to allow of many visits being exchanged.

"No, I'm afraid she won't be a strong woman any more," he continued, "and I feel she mustn't come home, and begin at once to knock herself up with working about the place, as she has been used to do. And you know she is so particular that she can't abide a spot of dirt or a speck of dust. She couldn't sit still nohow, and see the place not properly kept. And my Mary is too precious to me not to be taken good care of. So I want somebody who would help her, and look after a bit whilst I'm away at my work all day. Hannah, I've come to see if you won't be the one; and come and make a home with us."

The usually calm face of the other was lighted up with a sudden gleam of joy which broke all over it, and made it look almost ten years younger.

She had thought she was perfectly content where she was; but the word "home" had a very sweet ring in it. To go and live with John and Mary, not as a burden upon them, but to render help and service, did indeed seem delightful.

"Do you mean you really want me, John?"

"Ay, that is just what I mean. I need somebody, and I shouldn't like a stranger; we couldn't either of us abide that; but it would be a real comfort to Mary and me to have you living with us."

Hannah still looked as if she felt it too good to be true.

"You needn't have no scruples," continued John. "Things are easier with us than they were when you came here, and my arm can still do a good day's work, and manage, I hope, to keep you both."

"I should try and get some needlework to do, or something to help out. But, John, I can scarcely believe it is all true," said Hannah, the tears filling her eyes.

"Well, come and see for yourself. How soon can you be ready?"

"Do you mean you are going to take me right away?"

"Yes, if you are willing to come. Farmer Jones has lent me his little cart, so I can drive you back, with as many bundles as you like to bring; and I shan't have such a chance again. I can give you an hour, if that will do, to gather your things together, and I'll go and take a saunter roundabouts meantime."

It did not take Hannah a great while to collect her few belongings, but to say goodbye to everyone was a more lengthy process.

Many were the lamentations over her departure, all feeling they would lose a friend in her. Some rejoiced unselfishly with her in the bright prospect opening before her, whilst a few enviously wished the same good fortune had befallen them.

So Hannah went home with John Kent, and set about making everything in apple-pie order, ready for her sister's reception. Her coming home was the chief topic of conversation between the two, and both were longing to see her dear face once more in their midst.

Mary was delighted to hear of the arrangement her husband had made, and said she was longing to be at home again, thankful as she was for all the care and kindness that had been bestowed upon her in the hospital.

"The day after to-morrow, Hannah, we shall have her with us," remarked John, gleefully, as he prepared to set off for Collmer on Saturday evening. "'Tis strange how much sunshine she takes with her wherever she goes. When we get her back the place here will seem just twice as bright; and I know they will miss her over yonder at the hospital. The matron has said many a time that it did them good to look at her 'peaceful, happy face,' as she calls it. Ah, she is a treasure, is my Mary!"

With a brisk step he went down the garden path, and soon disappeared from view.

He was later than usual in returning that night, and at last Hannah began to listen anxiously for his step. It had grown quite dark some time ago, and yet he did not come.

"I wonder what is keeping him," she said to herself, and then for the twentieth time she glanced towards the clock. "He is quite an hour-and-a-half behind his usual time."

(*To be continued.*)

MY "AT HOME," AND HOW I MANAGED IT.

PERHAPS of all the entertainments that are given, there is not one that for success depends so much on the individual efforts of the host and hostess as the "at home" where there is only music. I shall endeavour, in this account of my own evening, to give a few hints to those of my readers who are inexperienced, and I will also give a list of all I had, so that those who hesitate to give an "at home" on the ground of the expense, may, if they choose, easily calculate the whole cost, and before they send out invitations judge *si le jeu vaut la chandelle*. I think myself that in this way one may give pleasure to a great many without spending much money, but a little time and thought must be given.

Having fixed the date of my "at home," my first care was to calculate how many people my drawing-room would hold comfortably, for, though a crush is objectionable, I think a half-filled room is almost worse; it looks cheerless, and people do not talk. I concluded that I could easily accommodate fifty guests, but, to have fifty it is necessary to invite sixty at least. I next purchased three dozen cards with "at home" engraved on them; had I been anxious to make more show, I should probably have had my cards specially engraved with name, date, and address on them, but as it was I contented myself with filling in the cards I bought. At the top, towards the left hand, the name of the guest was written, on the dotted line my own name (if the hostess is married her name alone is put on the card) below the words "at home," the day of the week and the day of the month on which it would take place; at the bottom, in the left hand corner, the address, and to the right, "Music, 8 o'clock," with, under it, R. S. V. P.; these cards I posted rather more than a fortnight before the date fixed.

In making a list of my friends I had arranged to invite several musicians to make my evening go well. I had fifty-five acceptances, but felt quite certain that at the last, five people at least would be kept away by "the ills that flesh is heir to;" but I trusted that the guests who were really acquisitions would not chance to be the ones attacked by colds or headaches.

I now made a note of those of my friends who would sing, those who would play, and those who would accompany. In fact, I made out a programme for my own guidance, and made a memorandum that I must provide a music stand for my young friend who had promised to bring her violin. Finding that I might count on eleven performers, a gentleman who would give a recitation, and some people who could talk well, I felt quite satisfied, and knew that even if one or two performers disappointed me, I should have enough talent in the room for all to go off well. I then considered whether I should imitate a literary friend of mine who had had a reception just before, and had supplied each guest with a list of the names of those present printed on programme cards. The idea charmed me; but I was obliged to own to myself that my guests' names were so much less interesting, that it would be better for me to give up any thought of doing the same. So far all was arranged, and I had nothing more to do until the day before the party, when I should make out my supper menu, order what was required, and make the jellies. The following is the supper menu:—

Three dishes of ham sandwiches, and three dishes of tongue sandwiches.
Twelve veal and ham patties (in two dishes).
Twenty-four oyster patties (in four dishes).
One lemon jelly.
One maraschino jelly.
One pineapple cream.
One vanilla cream.
One trifle.
Two dishes oranges glacées.
Twenty-four meringues (four dishes).
Eighteen fancy pastry (in three dishes).
Black and white grapes with oranges (two dishes).

I found I should require twenty-four extra seats, so I hired two dozen chairs, not rout seats. People are apt to think chairs are dearer than seats, because the best seats are fourpence a foot, and chairs are sixpence each; but as some people will take twenty-four inches of rout seat, and none less than eighteen inches, they are certainly not more economical, as no one wants more than one chair; besides which rout seats are ugly and most uncomfortable. At nearly all the hiring places pretty black and gold chairs are let out, and they look well in any room, so I hope that rout seats will soon be things of the past.

I subjoin the list I made of the things that would be required for fifty people; I made it so that if I found I had not sufficient, I could hire what more I required:—Tea and coffee

equipage, with twelve cups and saucers; six small dishes for sandwiches, six glass dishes, one trifle dish, two dessert dishes, fourteen odd plates, to be covered with d'oyleys or papers, for pastry, etc., for supper: seven dozen plates, one dozen dessert plates, two dozen lemonade tumblers, four dozen wine glasses (claret and sherry), four dozen forks, one dozen tablespoons, four dozen dessert spoons, one dozen teaspoons. Next are the things that will be used in preparing the supper. I bought my pastry, for I felt that I should not have time to make it, very light pastry takes a long time because of the care required in baking, as well as in making. I bought two nice plants for the table and some cut flowers, and what I required on the following list:—Three-quarters of a pound of Mocha coffee, two ounces of chicory, three ounces of tea, one cake to cut up and some coffee biscuits (half a pound), three compressed Vienna sandwich loaves, two dozen oyster patty cases, one dozen veal patty cases, two dozen meringues cases, eighteen fancy pastry, seven sponge cakes, quarter of a pound of ratafias, two ounces of macaroons, two ounces of candied cherries, one pot of raspberry jam, four pounds of best loaf sugar, small bottle of essence of vanilla, one tin of preserved pine-apple, four one-ounce packets of Nelson's gelatine, two quarts of double cream, two quarts of milk, six eggs, one pound of fresh butter, two pounds of thinly cut lean ham, one rolled tongue, half a pound of veal cutlet cut thin, two and a half dozen of large oysters, twelve lemons, fourteen oranges, one pound of black grapes and one pound of white grapes, one good bunch of parsley, one pint of sherry or marsala, one wineglass of maraschino or other liqueurs.

Jellies and trifle must be made the day before they are required. The following are the recipes I used:—Take off the peel of four well-coloured lemons as thin as possible, put it, with two ounces of gelatine, in a pint of cold water; let it stand four hours or more. Put into a saucepan one quart and half-a-pint of hot water, one pound of the best loaf sugar, and the strained juice of four lemons; stir on the side of the stove until the sugar and gelatine are quite melted. Put away from the fire for a few minutes, then stir in the half-whipped whites of four eggs; put the saucepan over the fire, whip until it is just going to boil, remove the whip, let it boil, and then immediately remove it from the fire; let it stand on the side of the stove for ten minutes, when it should be quite clear. Dip the jelly-bag in boiling water, wring the wet out, fix it before the fire, and pour the contents of the saucepan in very gently. Let it take its time to run through. Have ready four quart moulds filled with water. When the jelly has run through, take away enough to fill one mould and add to it one wineglass of maraschino, or other liqueur, and sufficient essence of cochineal to colour it. Empty a mould, put about an inch of jelly in it, and arrange some of the candied cherries in it. When the fruit is firmly set in the jelly, pour in the remainder of the liqueur-flavoured jelly, and put the mould in a cool place.

Into the remainder of the jelly put two glasses of sherry or marsala (no cochineal), and fill the second mould in the same way, using black grapes and cherries alternately. As reputed quart moulds do not generally hold a quart, there should be enough jelly over to put a little into each of the other moulds into which the creams will be put; these can have fruit put into them if wished, but they look very well without.

Trifle.—Put in the trifle-dish a layer of slices of sponge cakes, a layer of raspberry jam, a layer of ratafias and macaroons, then another of jam, until you have used all the jam, sponge cakes, ratafias, and macaroons; then pour over all the remainder of the pint of wine, and leave to soak until the next day, when it must be covered with custard and have whipped cream heaped on it.

The day of my party I began my preparations early. The very first thing was to put the gelatine in soak for the creams. I then gave orders about the arrangement of the rooms, and, having everything I required in the house, proceeded to make a pineapple cream from the following recipe:—Soak three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine in three-quarters of a pint of milk; when well-soaked put it in a stewpan with six ounces of loaf sugar, on which the rind of a lemon has been grated, and three-quarters of a pint of cream. Stir at the side of the fire until the gelatine and sugar are melted; only let it get hot, not boil; then have ready in a pan the pineapple out of the tin, chopped small; pour the cream over it, whip quickly until it gets thick, then put into one of the prepared moulds.

Vanilla Cream.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in three-quarters of a pint of milk with a little lemon rind. When quite soaked remove the lemon-peel, and put the gelatine and milk in a jug with three-quarters of a pint of cream and six ounces of loaf sugar; stand the jug in a saucepan of boiling water; stir the mixture until all is dissolved, stand off the fire for a few minutes, then add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, and sufficient vanilla flavouring. Put back on the fire and stir for a few minutes to cook the eggs, but do not let it boil; then pour into a pan, whip until it is thick, and put into the mould.

I next made the mixture for the patties.

Veal.—Cut half a pound of veal cutlet into very small dice, flour it, place it in a stewpan with two ounces of chopped lean ham, a little milk and water, a pinch of sweet herbs, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a bit of lemon-peel, pepper, and salt; let it simmer very gently; when tender, take it off the fire, remove the lemon-peel, let it cool, and use to fill the patty cases.

Oyster Patties.—Beard the oysters, put the beards on to stew in the oyster liquor with half a teacupful of milk, a blade of mace, a piece of lemon-peel, a little cayenne pepper, and a little salt. Stew gently ten minutes, then strain; put the liquor back in the saucepan, mix two good tablespoonfuls of flour with half a teacupful of cold milk, stir into the saucepan and boil up. Cut the oysters in small pieces, stir them and two tablespoonfuls of cream into the sauce; keep all hot for ten minutes (do not boil it), then put aside to get cold. When cool, fill the patty cases with it, and put the tops on them.

Oranges Glacées.—Have ready prepared, that is to say, divided into quarters and all the white and pith removed, eight oranges. Put a wineglassful of cold water into a brass or copper pan, add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, boil the sugar until it is crisp when dropped in cold water (*cassé* it is called), then put in the pieces of orange and immediately turn the whole on to a slightly oiled slab; separate the quarters. When cold each piece should be enveloped in crisp sugar; this dish cannot be prepared the day before, as the sugar soon gets soft.

While I was preparing other things, I had a kettle of water kept boiling, and made the coffee, little by little, in a small percolator; the three-quarters of a pound of coffee and two ounces of chicory made thirty-six small cups of good coffee; this the cook heated at night in a kettle. I gave her strict injunctions not to let it boil, only make it very hot.

With the six remaining lemons I made two quarts of lemonade thus:—I put the thin rind of the lemons in a jug with the strained juice and the half lemons without the pips; I poured two quarts of boiling water to them, and sweetened to taste. When cold it was strained through muslin into glass jugs.

I had six dishes of sandwiches, and there were eighteen on each dish. The best way is to make six sandwiches and then trim them all round and cut them in two, not cut the crust off the loaf first. I used one pound of butter for them.

I made sufficient custard for the trifle with three yolks of eggs and half-a-pint of milk, vanilla flavouring, and four lumps of sugar.

For the tea and coffee, I saved half-a-pint of the cream, into which I stirred quickly half-a-pint of milk.

I then whipped the remainder of the cream until it was quite stiff, put sufficient on the trifle, and to the rest added a little pounded sugar and essence of vanilla; with this the meringues were filled.

All so far being prepared, the moulds were now, one at a time, plunged in hot water, and the jellies and creams turned out. I put the pastry on plates with lace papers on them; the grapes on dessert dishes with the remainder of the oranges.

The flowers I had arranged as soon as they came, but I now had to add the maidenhair fern, which had been at the bottom of a pan of water all day, and came out looking wonderfully fresh.

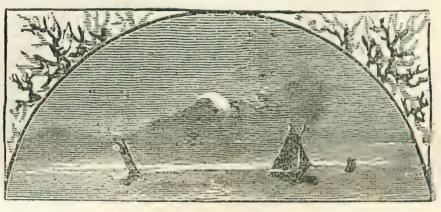
The supper table was laid by six o'clock; on it were four bottles of claret and three of sherry (the latter in six pint decanters), two more bottles of claret were on the sideboard in case they should be wanted.

At eight o'clock, tea, coffee, cake, and biscuits were served on the half floor landing which had been shut off with curtains, and made to look pretty. By nine my guests had all arrived. I had presented a good many of my friends to one another as they came, but in the intervals between the pieces of music people must be moved about a little, and a good deal of tact and discrimination is needed by the host and hostess in selecting those to be introduced.

There is never any difficulty in keeping people quiet during a song, but talking is in equally bad taste when anyone is playing. I consider it is the duty of the hostess to maintain silence. I did so, and we had two hours of charming music, with short intervals between each performance for conversation. Supper was served at eleven, and my friends, I am glad to say, did it full justice. Some went immediately after, some stayed for more music, which, somehow, was of a lighter kind than the music before supper. The last guest left at half-past twelve, and I found myself quite tired, after what everyone said was a most successful "at home;" however, not too tired to cover all my vases of flowers with wet muslin, under which I meant to keep some of them until my next reception afternoon, when I should be sure to have many callers.

I should mention that the arrangements were carried out by my cook and housemaid, with the assistance of one hired waiter.

I shall conclude this article by wishing a complete success to any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who gives an "at home," and by hoping that this may assist some to do so.



CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

DOCTOR STARKWETTER had a talk with Mrs. Johnson as well as with Bridget, and the result of this was that Carita was often sent out to drive with Edward Arundel, instead of sitting indoors sewing and mending. Her companion did not find her very talkative, however; and when they sent back the buggy to the Springs, as they often did for an hour or two, each would take a book, or follow his and her own thoughts whilst they rested on the close dry grass of the prairie, over which the cattle from the township wandered and fed.

Sometimes Carita seemed unable to keep her eyes from travelling wistfully across the wide stretch of prairie, which seemed to roll like the ocean in endless waves into illimitable distances, and which produced in her the same vague yearnings to get at something beyond which we feel when we stand on our Western shore.

"You remind me of a verse of Shelley's," said her companion one day, as she sat thus, lost in reverie.

"Why?" she asked, rousing herself with an effort.

"Because you seem to 'look before and after, and pine for what is not.'"

The tears started into the large, dark eyes. Just then, a vision of Philip riding the bay horse, on which he always came to Elk Ranche, had suggested itself to her longing fancy. She had been turning her gaze towards the direction where she knew the ranche, on which he had spent the last winter and spring, lay; and she had pictured him to herself, riding swiftly across the plain towards her, his face eager and bright, and the lovelight in his eyes.

"I am a foolish dreamer, Edward," she said, presently. The two called each other by their Christian names now, when they were alone. "You have just that same far away look in your own eyes often," she added.

"But not the 'pining,' Carita. Thank God, that has all been taken out of my heart some months now. I often wonder what it is that makes you so sad and wistful-looking. Forget that I am a man, Carrie, and tell me all about it; a poor sick fellow like I am ought to have some privileges, and I should think it one to be able to comfort you a little. If I were likely to get better I should want to be something more, but as it is, I am a very safe comforter, Carrie."

The gentle, half sad tone in which he said this touched the girl's heart. She was very lonely, and it would have been a relief to her if she could have poured her griefs into some true friendly bosom. At first she was tempted to do this by the sympathy which lay in voice and eyes so near to her; but as she considered how she should begin with the tale of her sorrows, the thought of the money transactions with which it commenced and the sense of humiliation and shame a woman feels who sees her love neglected and cast back, so to speak, into her own bosom, stopped the words rising to her lips, and they seemed to form a load on her chest and a lump in her throat which almost suffocated her. Then the old trouble at her heart made itself felt, and her little hand went instinctively to the seat of pain.

Edward Arundel laid his hand gently on the other hand which lay near him.

"Don't trouble, dear," he said,

"'MY HOME IS IN CHESHIRE, NEAR LIVERPOOL,' HE BEGAN."

gently, "and don't talk again for a little while. Perhaps some experiences of my own make me guess at the nature of the grief you can share with no one. As soon as you feel better I will tell you something of my own story."

"I am better already. Tell me now; we shall have to go back soon; the sun is beginning to colour the rocks yonder; it will be too cold for you here, very soon."

"My home is in Cheshire, near Liverpool," he began.

Carita started as he said this, and looked at him with such a quick glance of increased interest, that Arundel stopped and said—

"No, it won't do, I see. I will tell you all about myself some other time."

"I want you to go on now, Edward."

"But why did you start so?"

"Because I know someone else who lives near Liverpool," answered Carita, flushing a little, and then turning pale.

"What is the name of that someone, Carrie?"

The hand went to the side again.

So the trouble lies in that direction, thought the young man.

"Never mind, you can tell me some other time. Let us think of something else. Do you know what lies over yonder, within those mountains just over the upright walls of rock standing out in the evening sun?"

"No, I have never been out so far from the Springs before," replied Carita, in a listless tone. She would rather have heard more about Cheshire just then.

"There is a lovely little natural park surrounded by mountains. They call it the Garden of the gods."

"What a name, Edward! Is it very beautiful?"

"So they say; I have not been there yet, though several camping parties have been got up since I came to the Temple to explore it. I have often looked at the entrance from yonder rise in the plains there; its name and the narrow gate formed by those huge rocks have a fascination for me. It makes me think of the hymn, 'O Paradise, O Paradise.' I know you read the Bible, Carrie; I have noticed that in my quiet way."

"Ah, I know," said Carita, quickly; "you think of 'The Lord God planted a garden in Eden.'"

"Yes, and the old Greek translation translates the word garden by Paradise. Well, I have often lain out here alone, and thought how beautiful it must be inside there; that perhaps a clear mountain stream runs through the garden, with trees on either side, which I imagine to be like those whose 'leaves are for the healing of the nations.' The high mountains you see shut the garden in on every side from the keen, piercing winds which are so dreadful to a poor sick chap like me; and no hurtful thing there."

"I see no way into it, though," said Carita. Her companion's expression of face, and his tones, as he talked of the river and the trees, moved her so that she forgot her personal griefs, and looked intently towards this "Garden of the gods," a beautiful spot, well-known to all travellers in Colorado.

"The entrance is narrow and the rocks are straight, Carrie, like the way and the gate that lead to life. From here they seem almost to meet. And that makes me think of a Latin phrase which I learned in my school days, 'Per angustam ad augustam,' that means, 'Through the narrow to the beautiful.'"

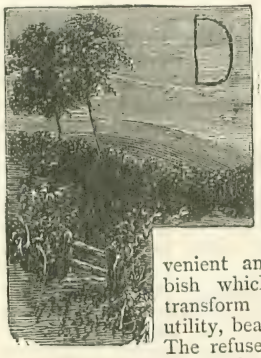
The girl grasped all the meaning that lay in the man's thoughts and words. Did the way to the beautiful for both of them indeed lie in the narrow, painful path of difficulty, over which her feet had stumbled and bled?

A light in Edward's face, which was a reflection of that light which comes not from this earth's sun, was reflected also in her large, dark eyes, and lit up her pale face. She took hold of her friend's hand again, and gazing still towards the rocks, she said, "And look, do look at the dark red of one ridge of rocks and the pure white of the other. 'Red like crimson and white as snow,'" she added, in a low voice, as though speaking to herself.

(To be continued.)

THE ANILINE COLOURS.

By An Analyst.



DIRT is only matter in the wrong place. There is nothing wasted, and nothing useless in the world; and at the present day there is very little even of the most inconvenient and offensive rubbish which man cannot transform into articles of utility, beauty, or pleasure. The refuse of a great city supplies the raw material for numerous industries, and the sewage itself is a thing valuable in the farmer's eye, and, where it can be conveniently conveyed to agricultural land, possesses a distinct commercial value. The same is the case with the exhausted materials and bye-products resulting from many manufacturing operations. Formerly these materials often accumulated so as to be a serious embarrassment to the manufacturer, and not unfrequently a terrible nuisance to his neighbours. To some extent this is still the case. But in not a few instances these waste products have been so utilised as to become more valuable than the original object of manufacture.

No industry perhaps furnishes a better illustration of this than gas-making. In its early days the accumulation of tar, and other ugly and evil-smelling refuse, threatened to prevent its development, and in several instances led to the summary suppression of gas-works as public nuisances. But enormous as has been the progress of this industry, the utilisation of its waste products has been even more rapid, and the tar and other bye-products are now actually more valuable than the gas itself. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that in certain localities gas companies might give away their gas for nothing, and still make a good profit from their gasworks. Even taking the country as a whole, the tar and other residual products are at least equal in value to the whole of the coal consumed in the process; and from these "waste products" substances are manufactured of nearly twice this value.

These secondary products are numerous and varied, including thousands of tons of ammoniacal substances used in manufactures and for manures; smelling salts; sweet essences and flavours; solid and liquid paraffins; asphalte; and, most important of all, aniline, alizarin, and other coal-tar colours.

In manufacturing gas the coal is put into large iron or fire-clay cylinders, which are strongly heated in fiery furnaces. Abundant fumes and gases are given off, but a large proportion of these are soon condensed in the pipes through which they are led, and are collected in great tanks, forming the ammoniacal liquors and the tar—a black, syrupy, stinking compound. It is from this latter that the aniline colours are prepared.

The invention of the colours is due to several chemical discoveries, having at first little relation to each other. Early in the century some chemists in Lisbon while examining indigo—Portuguese *anil*—found on distilling it a brownish liquid which produced an intense mauve colour when treated with certain chemicals. Little more was heard of the matter for years. But when the tarry mixture of the gasworks came to be examined, and it was found possible to separate its different constituents, the same liquid was discovered among them. Even this did not advance matters much, as aniline only exists in coal-tar in very small quantities. But another substance—benzol or benzine—can be extracted in large quantities. This liquid is now well known and much used for removing grease stains, etc., from articles of dress; and still better in the form of nitro-benzol as a perfume for soaps, pomades, and other toilet requisites, and also as artificial almond flavouring for confectionery, etc. It was soon discovered that by a little further chemical treatment the nitro-benzol could be readily transformed into aniline. With large quantities of this liquid at their disposal, chemists again turned their attention to the fine colours already referred to, and in 1856 Mr. Perkins was able to patent a practical method of preparing the now familiar aniline mauve in considerable quantities. In a few years this was followed by the beautiful red or crimson magenta, or rosaniline. Mauve is, perhaps, a finer colour, and it is certainly more durable than magenta, but the latter is of greater importance, as it can be produced more easily, and it also forms the starting point of the extensive series of colours now so common. Very beautiful violets and blues of almost all shades are easily produced from it; and with somewhat more difficulty yellows and greens, and also some very fine blacks. In fact, there is hardly a tint in the rainbow not represented among these colours, and seldom a season passes but some new shade or combination is brought into fashionable notice; the "crushed strawberry" and others of the present season being good examples.

The brilliant and pleasing tints produced by these colours rendered them at once popular. The extremely pretty mauve, having no competitor of a similar shade among dyestuffs, speedily became fashionable. But what contributed even more than their fine tints to their extensive employment in dyeing and calico-printing is the extreme simplicity of their application to these operations. For most other dyes tedious and complicated processes, and the help of auxiliary bodies named mordants, are required to produce "fast" colours; and even then the result is not always satisfactory. To dye

silk and woollen fabrics with the aniline colours nothing of the kind is necessary. A little of the dye is dissolved in a large quantity of warm water, and the goods or yarn are simply placed in the solution for a short time. The fibres of these materials have so strong an attraction for the dye that it is speedily absorbed, and so firmly "fixed," that no subsequent washing will remove it.

With magenta, and some of the others, the dye proceeds so energetically, that precautions must be taken to secure uniformity throughout the material. With strong solutions the short time necessary to manipulate the goods is sufficient to give those portions that remain a few instants longer in the bath deeper tints. To avoid this several baths of varying degrees of strength are used, the goods being removed to stronger and stronger solutions till the required tint is obtained. Printing is just as easy. The dye is made into a thick ink with strong vinegar and gum-water, and with this the figures are stamped on the cloth; which is then steamed for a short time, and afterwards thoroughly washed and dried.

Feathers, fur, hair, and other animal substances can be treated in a similar manner. No corroding liquids nor high temperatures are necessary; and thus the most delicate materials can be beautifully dyed without the slightest risk of injury.

With cotton, linen, and other fabrics prepared from vegetable sources, the process is not quite so simple. The dye will not fix itself to these fibres; and they must, therefore, be previously treated with some gummy albuminous matter as a "mordant," or fixing agent. In calico-printing the mordant and dye are usually mixed together, but the operations are not at all difficult.

Some of these dyes are exceedingly brilliant and striking, but the majority of them are characterised rather by a subdued and pleasing softness of tone, and when freshly dyed are very beautiful. Most of them, however, are not very durable. They are not affected by wet or damp, and they stand washing even with soap and soda very well. But on exposure to light, and especially to bright sunlight, they fade more or less quickly, and sometimes gradually change to a different tint. Even a few hours under a bright sun is sometimes sufficient to ruin a fine dress or a pretty feather. Mauve is more permanent than most of the others yet produced, and all are less easily impaired in silk and woollen material than in cotton goods. Considerable controversy has arisen as to whether these dyes are, or are not, injurious.

A number of instances have been brought forward tending to show that they produce irritating effects on the skin. With regard to the great majority of them, however, there seems little reason to doubt that such effects are due to arsenical or other impurities arising from imperfection or carelessness during their manufacture.

Aniline yellow, and one or two others, are decidedly poisonous, and will inflame delicate skins, and produce painful effects where the skin is in the least broken. It is highly inadvisable, however, to wear dyed or coloured materials of any kind next the skin. Whatever may be the best colour for the outer garments, the underclothing, and more especially that of young children, whose skins are peculiarly tender, should invariably be white.

A word may be said regarding amateur dyeing with these colours. It is useless to attempt cotton or linen materials, and no very satisfactory results need be expected if articles or garments of large size be tried. But there need be no difficulty with ribbons, feathers, fancy wool work, and such like. The articles should be first washed in warm water containing a little soda; then in cold water to remove all traces of the soda. A white porcelain or earthenware basin, large enough to easily hold the articles, is then nearly filled with water, and just distinctly coloured with the dye desired. It is important not to use too much of the dye. This is, perhaps, the most common cause of failures, as it prevents a good uniform tint being obtained.

The articles while wet are placed in the basin, which is covered to keep out dust, and then the whole should be put into the kitchen oven, and left there for an hour or so. The articles are then removed, dipped two or three times into a basin of boiling hot water, and finally washed carefully in abundance of cold water. By limiting the time in the bath the shade can be altered very greatly, and if small pieces of white Berlin wool be put in the bath along with the other articles these can be from time to time removed and the progress of the dyeing watched. For very delicate or valuable articles the washing with soda may be dispensed with, and boiling water need not be used in the final washing. Judson's dyes yield very good results in this way, and other kinds can be purchased at almost any chemist's. But the amateur should not depend entirely on the appearance or even the names given to these dyes. There are numerous aniline blues and violets, for instance, all with some peculiarity of shade; and the colour of the dyestuff is often nearly the opposite of the dye it will give. The best way is to test them with a little Berlin wool as above.

The minute quantity of material required to give intense colours is quite remarkable, and enables the dyes to be used quite safely in articles of food. Less than a third of a grain of magenta will turn a gallon of water into a fine red solution, sufficient to tint confectionery, sweets, and similar articles; and a slightly stronger solution made into a paste with chalk or some similar material is the basis of many children's colour boxes, etc. These colours have also been employed in painting but not with great success. Their sensibility to the influence of light, which is of secondary importance with materials not intended or expected to last more than a few weeks or months, or a year or two at the outside, is fatal to their use in high class painting, where even a very small change of shade might entirely destroy the best effects of the painter's skill.

The aniline colours are not the only dyes obtained from coal-tar. Turkey red and other alizarin dyes used to be obtained from madder-root, and many thousands of acres of this plant were grown solely for the purpose of supplying this dyestuff. From the marvellous gas refuse, however, not many years ago a substance was extracted from which alizarin could be readily prepared in large quantities, and now the anthracene or "artificial alizarin" colours have practically driven the natural madder product out of the market. The artificial dyes are, indeed, better and cheaper by a long way than the madder. These colours are much more durable than the aniline dyes, but the processes of dyeing and printing with them are more difficult and complicated. To painters, alizarin is indispensable, for it is from it that most of those pigments called "lakes" are prepared, pigments which are second only to the best metallic colours in permanency and resistance to destructive agents.

Many other dyes besides these are obtained from coal-tar. Quite recently indigo itself has been prepared from one of these tar products, and there can be no doubt that in a few years the cultivation of the indigo plant will become as rare as that of madder at the present day. Indeed, gas tar and similar "waste products" seem capable of furnishing all manner of dyestuffs in quantities far surpassing the practical needs of the world for many generations to come. The industrial effects of these new sources of supply have already been very great, and will be greater still in the future. In India alone more than six millions worth of indigo is prepared from the plant, and our textile manufacturers still import cochineal from Mexico, safflower from China, and many expensive dye-woods from South America and other regions. But the supply of all these is more or less limited, and without the aniline and other coal-tar colours their prices must have years ago reached fabulous figures. As it is, dyes more splendid than the ancients had any conception of are prepared in abundance at a very trifling cost, and instead of canvassing the world for her colours England will soon be able to supply all nations. At present, curiously enough, France, Germany, and Switzerland, although drawing their supplies of tar and other crude products mainly from England, have almost a monopoly of the manufacture of these colours. This is not likely to last long. It is only a deficiency in chemical and technical education, which is being rapidly repaired, that has allowed a manufacture already worth seven or eight millions annually, and for which we supply the raw materials, to be carried on abroad.

The tendency to look to mineral sources instead of animal or vegetable products is not confined to these colouring matters. It is common in all chemical manufactures, and it is not at all impossible that the next generation or the one after will see the active principles of tea, coffee, opium, quinine, and many similar articles and drugs extracted from sources just as uninviting as the stinking coal-tar. Large tracts of land will thus be set free for the primary purpose of growing the staple articles of food. Many people who appear to be dreadfully alarmed about over-population seem entirely to have overlooked this tendency. As her population grows, England will have to depend more and more on the foreigner for her food supplies, but every invention and discovery renders these more abundant and accessible, and enables her to produce something to give in exchange for them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

HEBE sends us a recipe for a quickly-made pudding:—Take one tablespoonful of flour and one of sugar, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and one egg. Place the mixture in a small long dripping-tin, and bake lightly. When removed from the tin, spread either stewed apples or preserved fruit over it, and roll it up like a bolster. It is described as a "three minutes' pudding." The sofa which has a musty smell should be taken to pieces and the hair or flock inside baked. You should send it to an upholsterer.

YOUNG WIFE.—The recipe is a patent, and the property of the firm manufacturing the article.

A SCHOLAR.—You will find a recipe for oat cakes on page 510, vol. iii.

TINY ROBINNA.—Dry herbs and leaves in the kitchen in a warm place; put them in paper bags when half done to finish, and when quite dry powder and keep in bottles. We should advise you to go to a shop and see a mantle or jacket that you may like. The cloths are multi-coloured this year, and in coarse weaving. You might use raccoon undyed, black or coloured velvet bands or feather trimming for the border and trimmings. All are fashionable, and not very expensive.

LAVENDER.—If you have no thick or thin captains' biscuits, you might serve "pulled bread" with the cheese course; or, if you have no new loaf, you can make rusks of the stale. See "Broken Bread, and What to Do with It," page 391, vol. iv.

PEARL and KATHLEEN.—All good grocers keep "desiccated cocoanut." The directions for making cocoanut icing or cake were given at page 255, vol. i. "Pearl" writes fairly well, and "Kathleen" better, excepting that the former makes a distinction between the m and n and the u and w more decidedly; sometimes "Kathleen" forgets to do so.

PEGGY.—See "The Right Way of Making Tea and Coffee," page 210, vol. iv. The game of "tennis" is of French origin, and was called *jeu de paume*. A book by Julian Marshall, called "Annals of Tennis," was published in June, 1878, which will probably supply all the information to be obtained on the subject.

KATY.—To make horseradish vinegar, scrape a large stick of the root, mince one ounce of eschallot, and add one drachm of cayenne pepper. Place in a bottle, and pour on it one quart of vinegar; add spices, and let it stand for a week.

M. C. D.—We thank you for kindly sending us the recipe for "crab-apple jelly." Remove the stalks from the apples and cut the latter in half, put them into a preserving-pan, and boil until perfectly soft, but do not stir it. Then pour off the water, and to each pint add one pound of sugar; put it into another pan, and let it boil slowly for half an hour, taking off all the scum which rises to the surface. When clear, pour it into glasses or jars. We have not tried this recipe ourselves.

JUMBO.—Look for the word "Toffee" in the index of vol. i. Hitherto we have answered questions very many times, and we do not understand the same being asked so perpetually when there is an index to each volume. We should be truly sorry if we thought you would be "awfully glad" to get an answer. How painful such a contradictory state of feelings that must be! We would rather spare you such conflicting emotions of terror and joy!

RUBY.—Cheese sandwiches are made thus:—Grate a quarter of a pound of chesse and the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, add one tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper, and salt, and work all smoothly together into a paste; cut four slices of buttered bread, spread the mixture upon each, and fold them one against the other in sandwich style.

RUSTIC has our best thanks for her kind letter, and for the recipe, as follows, for "ginger cakes":—Take a cupful of brown sugar, one of treacle, and one ounce of butter; place all in a bowl, and pour one cupful of boiling water over them. Stir the mixture well, and add one egg (well beaten), two teaspoonfuls of soda, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, and two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and five cups of flour; stir all together, and drop it with a spoon upon buttered tins. Bake in a quick oven, and take care not to burn the cakes.

ICICLE.—We very readily accept your acknowledgment of having once written otherwise to us than you now do. Your hand is fairly good. Scones may be made thus:—Take one and a half pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a pinch of salt. Make a light paste by adding a pint of sour milk. Knead the dough, and roll it lightly until it be of a thickness of half an inch; then divide it into rounds about six inches in diameter, which should be cut across twice (not through) to form triangular cakes; place them on a floured tin, and bake in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes. You may also make them with baking powder. See our article on "Teacakes," etc., page 410, vol. iv.

BLANCHE M.—Perhaps you take the sponge cake too often out of the oven to see whether it be rising when it is in process of so doing. This would completely put a stop to it. See page 399, vol. i., for our recipe for making sponge cake. We thank you for your card respecting the Bath waters, with which we are well acquainted. They are good not only for rheumatism, but most skin diseases, and especially for erysipelas.

JANE M.—To make a "whole wheat-meal gingerbread loaf," take one and a quarter pound of the meal, one pound of treacle, a quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of caraway seeds (bruised), three-quarters of an ounce of ginger, three-quarters of an ounce of lemon-peel, half a pint of new milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Dissolve the soda in the milk, and mix in the treacle with it; then mix together the dry ingredients, and add the liquid to them. When thoroughly blended, bake in a well-buttered tin in a very slow oven. To make a small breakfast dish quickly, and with little cost, take the bones out of some sardines, and sprinkle the latter with cayenne pepper and a little lemon-juice. Make some battered toast, spread a very small quantity of anchovy paste on it, and lay the sardines on it; heat through and serve hot. Any small remains of fish too trifling to serve alone may be sent up thus upon toast.

EATON (2nd).—1. It is said that "Swiss condensed milk" diluted with a little water may be used in making puddings. 2. "Pumpkin jam" is made thus:—To seven pounds add five pounds of sugar, four lemons, and two ounces of green ginger-root. Cut the pumpkin in slices of half an inch thick, and in any form you please, and boil them in the syrup until tender, and take them out. Slice the lemons and ginger-root thinly, and scald only in a little water; then, adding them to the syrup, boil the latter down until clear enough to keep without fermenting, after which put the pumpkin into it.

JENNIE.—To make potato pudding, take one pound of potatoes, two or four eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, flavouring as desired. Boil the potatoes, beat the butter and sugar to the consistency of cream, beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; then mix all the ingredients together, adding, if desired, a glass of wine, and bake. Another method is as follows:—Boil and mash one pound of potatoes, add one quart of milk, two or four eggs, half a pound of white sugar, and one grated lemon, using both peel and juice. Bake for about forty minutes.

ART.

ARTISTIC BELL.—1. There were two Carraccis brothers, and both owed their training and devotion to their profession to the discernment and influence of their cousin, Lodovico; their father, a tailor at Bologna, having at first placed the elder, Agostino, with a jeweller, and the younger, Annibale, retained to work at their father's trade. Agostino painted few pictures, although regarded as the best colourist, his department being chiefly that of engraving. The drawing of Annibale was exceptionally fine in his famous frescoes, and the care he devoted to his landscape backgrounds was an equally characteristic feature in his works. 2. The origin from whence the term "honeymoon" is derived is to be traced to the custom of the Teutons, in Germany, in drinking "metheglin," or mead (which is composed of honey) during thirty days after every wedding. Perhaps the use of honey was supposed to sweeten the disposition when it ought to be at its sweetest.

NANCY LEE.—The greatest of the works of that remarkable artist with the needle, Miss Linwood, were of a sacred character. She copied from Carlo Dolce and Guido, also from Gainsborough, Opie, and others. She produced sixty-four pieces; some of them of very considerable size. One of her largest, as well as her last work, was "The Judgment on Cain," which she finished at the age of seventy-eight, when the talented old lady was obliged to have her needles threaded for her; but no further aid than this. She commenced her artistic work at the early age of thirteen.

EDUCATIONAL.

OPHELIA.—Write to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., and ask for their papers, and whether they have a preference as regards the educational works the students employ. If at liberty to choose any grammar you please, you had better procure "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

WOULD-BE GEOLOGIST.—The fossil shells of which the chalk strata is found to be composed are of marine insects, and it also contains boulders of water-worn rocks and stones, foreign to the locality where found. The chalk strata, deposited by some ancient ocean beyond historic times, has, in its turn, been covered by another ocean, which deposited what is called the tertiary strata, containing fossils of an entirely distinct character. Tea-shells are to be fonnd in elevations far above our seas, to which the water could not have been raised by any existing causes. The diluvial remains of England prove that a current of the sea ran across from the northward, for the Thames is full of pebbles from the Licky-hill, Birmingham. In the middle of Norfolk there is a bed of oyster-shells nine miles in length and upwards of eighteen feet thick; and other shells (together with elephant and other bones) are found in quantities 100 feet above the sea level. We agree with you that no one need "feel dull at home" when such a study as this is within their reach.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We fear that there is no way of straightening a finger contracted nine years ago. However, you might show it at an "orthopædic hospital," and have an experienced opinion about it. You gave no address, so we do not know whether you could avail yourself of one in London. At any rate, you might write to the one in Bolsover-street, W.

LADY CLARE.—According to the historian Green, "In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which bore the name of 'England' was what we now call 'Sleswick,' a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the Northern Seas. The dwellers in this district were one out of three tribes all belonging to the same low German branch of the Teutonic family. To the north of the 'English' lay the tribe of the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Juteland. To the south of them the tribe of the Saxons wandered over the sand-flats of Holstein. The three tribes bore amongst themselves the name of the central tribe of their league, the name of 'Englishmen.'" Try to write a rounder and more compact hand; you make too many long dashes and tails. There is no "right finger" for any ring but for that the wedding ring.

ANXIOUS ONE.—As we have before said, and very recently, we feel no doubt of the mutual future recognition between those that are redeemed; but we should warn our readers of allowing all their aspirations to centre in the joy of reunion with friends and relatives. This should only be secondary to the supreme bliss of being "with Christ, which is far better." Your friends and relatives were His gifts to you, to help and to comfort you in your absence from your true home with Him. He is the origin and centre of all goodness and all beauty, and for His service you were brought into existence. Beware of exalting any "fellow servant" into His rightful place in your thoughts and affections, or making them the main object in view in your aspirations after a blessed immortality.

A WELSH FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—Your kind letter is much appreciated. We are encouraged by such assurances from our readers, and shall be glad at any time to hear from you again.

B. B.—1. To hold the eye in an eye-glass (or egg-cup) filled with exceedingly hot water will cure a blood-shot eye and drive back the red particles in the blood. But after such bathing you should not go out. If you have inflamed eyes, you should give your eyes complete rest from needlework and reading, and you should go to bed early. But we advise you to consult a doctor, as the complaint might originate from more than one cause, of which it would be impossible for us to judge in your special case. 2. Consult our indexes in reference to the hair.

CAMELLIA.—When St. Paul said "Exhort one another daily," he did not mean that young girls should so far forget themselves as to presume to teach their elders, nor did he mean to infer that no other means of doing good existed that would answer the same purpose and yet be *suitable and seemly for* a young girl to undertake. Your ways and means in youth are not exactly those that may be employed by older people without presumption. You may preach to others by showing a humble, meek, and quiet spirit; strictness in your own religious duties, thoughtfulness for others, unselfishness, diligence in all your studies and home duties—preaching by example rather than by words. Of course you should read the prophetical books of the Bible.

GOMO.—The name "Shoreditch" is a corruption of "Soerdich," which was the name of the lords of the manor of that locality in the time of Edward III. Stow says that it had been so designated in his day for upwards of 400 years, thus dating back to A.D. 1200. He likewise informs us that Farringdon-street derived its name from one of the sheriffs of London, a goldsmith of that ward, whose name was Farindon, temp. Edward I., A.D. 1281. Hatton Garden took the name from Sir Christopher Hatton, the lord-keeper to Queen Elizabeth, and was nicknamed "the dancing chancellor." The widow of his nephew and heir, Sir William Hatton, was afterwards married to Sir Edward Coke, the famous chancellor, but retained the name of Hatton, and made herself very notorious in that locality.

GERALDINE.—A special marriage licence is granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it allows the solemnisation of matrimony at any time and in any place, the fee for the same amounting to £50. A common marriage licence, rendering banns unnecessary, is issued, under the authority of the bishop of the diocese, to persons properly attested, on payment of a fee of trifling amount. You will obtain all necessary directions on application at the vestry of the church. One of the contracting parties must have had their usual place of abode for the fifteen days immediately preceding the ceremony in the parish of the church where it is to be held, and which ceremony must take place between the hours of 8 a.m. and 12 noon. They should give due notice to the superintendent registrar of that parish, and obtain a certificate of the fact that one of the parties has resided fifteen days in it.

A FRIENDLESS ONE.—Never mind if your sister be more loved than you are. Why should that make you unhappy? Try to do your best to be a tender and good sister and daughter. The talents that win popularity out-of-doors are not always those that are most appreciated at home. Above all things, keep yourself above jealousy and ill-feeling, and strive to emulate the good, but envy no one.

TOPSY and TINY.—The origin of fans is so ancient that no one can or could trace it. They were carried as insignia of royalty before Eastern sovereigns two thousand years ago. The umbrella, or state parasol, is equally ancient.

SWEET SEVENTEEN (?).—Shake all the dust from the Pampas grass, and let it lie in cold soda and water for a night. Then dry it in the sun or near the fire. We suppose you mean "pandore," which is a word derived from the Latin *pandura*, a musical instrument of three strings, invented by Pan (so fabled). At present a "pandore" is a stringed instrument much resembling a guitar.

KIT and TROT.—1. A full explanation of the time of our Lord's birth was given at page 112, vol. v. 2. There are examinations at the New Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore.

BLUEBELL.—The value of a Queen Elizabeth shilling, if in good preservation, is from 2s. to 5s.

CURIOSITY.—The account of Henry Jenkins, the eldest of our English centenarians, will be found in a book called "Yorkshire Longevity," by Mr. Granger, of Harrogate. His monument may be seen in Bolton Churchyard, and his age, 169, is inscribed upon it. There is also a mural tablet in the church to his memory, and the epitaph composed by Dr. Thomas Chapman, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge. The monument in the churchyard was raised by public subscription, and there is no question about the fact of Jenkins's age.

GWENDOLINE.—1. The term, "the world," is employed in a two-fold sense in Holy Scripture; it is a substitute for "the earth," or this, our planet, or its inhabitants collectively. It is also used in a sinister sense as opposed to the love of God, in loving other things, good or evil, above, or in preference to God and that world beyond, to which He has directed our highest aspirations. 2. It is not necessary

to make evil any more than good people to hate us, since we are so to conduct ourselves that we may be "unto all pleasing," and that we may "win" souls. To please your parents is one of your highest duties.

CANDALARIA'S own letter may be, what she ventures to hint our correspondence to be, a "make-believe." In the hope, however, that the Young Women's Christian Association may do her some good, we give the address, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W.; the secretary, Miss Weitbrecht. We also recommend her to learn how to spell, and to write a little more neatly.

DOLLY.—You appear to be suffering from a weak digestion. The nature of your diet will need attention, and we advise you to get medical advice. Small beginnings should always be promptly attended to.

PORRIDGE, ROSE, and STEER.—1. We are unable to recommend anything more for the removal of the blight on your chrysanthemums than the three methods which you have tried. You will only have to get rid of the infected plants and procure new ones. 2. Girls of thirteen and fifteen are too young to wear "crinolettes." Your handwriting is not formed.

BIDDIE.—It is impossible to give explanations of every passage of Holy Scripture, although many may form private opinions upon them. Just in the same way, we can neither understand nor attempt to explain many of the truths of our religion. We must be content with understanding all that is "necessary to salvation," and "receive the Kingdom of God as little children," satisfied to do what is plainly commanded, and to believe what is revealed. You should pay more attention than you do to your spelling.

ROLY, POLY, PUDDING, and PIE.—You can obtain some suggestions by reading "Our Bazaar," page 627, vol. ii. Write to Mr. Tarn, at our office, and arrange with him to send you THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER direct to your Indian address.

VICTORIA.—The oleander, of the natural order of the *Apocynaceæ*, was originally a native of the Indies, but now grows wild in the South of Europe, by shady streams and in damp places. In this country it requires to be kept in a hothouse, should be planted in a rich soil, and must have plenty of heat and moisture, or it will not thrive. The flowers are large and of a bright red, and the bark is poisonous, and used in some parts of the world for destroying rats and mice.

LOVER OF FRESH AIR.—If your window cannot be made to open at the top, procure a long slip of wood exactly the width of the window sash, so that the lower half of the window may be opened or raised without letting in the air underneath it, and so leave an opening between the two sashes (in the middle) admitting sufficient air during the night without making a dangerous draught. It may also be desirable to make some perforations at the upper part of the room door, or cut out a piece of the upper panels, as high up as possible, and insert wire gauze, so as to let out the exhausted air in the room. "Condy's fluid" is a disinfectant of the air, but does not supply the oxygen exhausted by the breathers.

COLONEL RUTHEN'S DAUGHTER.—We advise your reading our article on "The Eyes and the Eyesight," in vol. ii., page 802. A friend of ours suffered from weak eyes for many years, but has quite recovered the use of them by bathing them every morning and night with a weak solution of cold vinegar and water. Spare your eyes by candlelight.

H. S. J.—1. We think you mean a "Josikas" lilac, which is a very pretty variety you will obtain under that name at any gardener's. 2. The "fayence of Henry II." is hard pottery incapable of being scratched. It is that of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. The beautiful description of this pottery above-named is supposed to have been made in Touraine and La Vendée, but its history is lost. It seems to have been made in imitation of the soft pottery of Urbino. The patterns are engraved on the paste and filled in with other coloured pastes, in zones of yellow, with borders of green, blue, violet, or black; but dark yellow is the dominant colour. The paste is white, very fine, and varnished, not glazed. The "Rose Dubarry" porcelain was soft, and was manufactured at Scores, Madame Dubarry having introduced a colour into the manufacture which was called after her.

LIRIO.—1. "Eros" was another name for "Cupid." 2. "Polycrates" tyrant, or ruler of Samos, who was famous for the good fortune which always attended him. Amasis, king of Egypt, being alarmed at his prosperity, advised him to chequer his happiness by giving up some favourite object. Polycrates complied, and threw a seal into the sea, the most valuable amongst his jewels. The loss of a treasure so much prized depressed him much, but a few days afterwards a fisherman brought him a large fish as a present, in the inside of which his lost treasure was discovered. When Amasis heard of his good fortune he declined all alliance with him, and his prosperity eventually cost him his life, through the combined envy and treachery of Orœtus, Governor of Magnesia. To terminate it he invited him to be his guest, and shamefully put him to death, B.C. 522.

CARRIE and MILLIE.—The complaints which you describe should be treated by a medical man. You may have mistaken the complaint in the head, and we could not venture to prescribe for either. The trouble in your heart may be the result of indigestion only, but of this we are not in a position to form a reliable judgment.

GEORGIE.—We answered a question on the subject of the statistics taken, in reference to the two sexes, very recently. The disproportion existing between them exists only amongst adults. More boys than girls are born; the sexes are equal at the age of seventeen. A large proportion of the male population is scattered over the world, amongst soldiers and sailors, and those appointed to foreign stations, or seeking a living by going out to the colonies, thus leaving a large proportion of women in excess of men at home. There are more men in hospitals and in workhouses, by far, than women, and the difference of criminals in our gaols between the sexes is enormous, the male criminals being calculated at many thousands in excess of the women. Of lunatics there are more women than men, but of idiots and imbeciles the sexes are equal. Of blind, deaf, and dumb the males preponderate considerably, and the women in longevity.

NEW READER had better leave off wearing shoes with pointed toes. All the painful deformities of which our readers complain are owing to this foolish and unbecoming fashion. Russian ladies are said to keep their feet warm by putting brown paper inside their shoes and boots. The ends of nearly all brown hair are lighter in colour than that which grows near the head, especially in young people. "Sadisfied," instead of "satisfied," and other mistakes in spelling occur in your letter.

MAIDEN HAIR.—Flowers and ribbons are both worn. Invitation cards are more general than written invitations.

C. J. F.—We should advise you to send for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., which contains just the description of books you need.

PANSY ANNE.—1. If the spots be of grease, try benzine colas. 2. Such things are matters for the individual conscience to decide. If you feel it to be wrong, do not do it.

DOROTHY.—1. Claret is a wine, and contains alcohol, of course. 2. If milk and cocoa do not agree with you, try tea and coffee.

CRISSIE LUDOLPH.—We should think that seaweed trimmings would answer very well to "ware" at the entertainment named; but before you think of such things your education, including spelling and writing, should be attended to, and at seventeen you are too young to give up the course of your education.

MADCHEN.—The prices of the volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have been, for vol. i., 6s.; vols. ii. and iii., 7s. 6d. each; vol. iv., 7s. 6d. In answer to the gentlemen, you would say, "Thank you; I hope so," or "I shall be very happy. It has given me much pleasure to meet you."

LEONORA.—We should advise you to consult your mother on both questions. We admire your method of writing "Arch-Bysshop" very much!

QUEEN MAB.—Write for the indexes to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We do not know of any prize competition for Christmas cards at present.

E. G. G.—There is nothing vulgar about it; it is simply out of date and unnecessary. We believe it is the blue and red lights in an opal that mark its value.

AN UNPOLISHED STONE.—We do not think the study of his works would do you any good, and you would not comprehend half of them.

PRETORIA.—His own portrait, of course. You had far better keep the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for reference; but if you must send them somewhere, send them to the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W.

SCARLET RUNNER.—You should wear gloves at all times, and avoid exposing the hands to the cold. Use a wash to your hands of one part each of milk and glycerine and two parts of oatmeal water. This will usually prevent the hands chapping.

ELSEDIE.—We do not still continue to give advice with respect to the complexion or hair. We have reached our fifth volume now, and have said enough. Your digestion may be out of order, or your blood too poor. Probably both in your case, as you likewise ask for a cure of hiccough. This is produced by acidity and indigestion. Take about as much bicarbonate of potash as would stand on a sixpence, and dissolve it in about half a wineglass of water (or rather more) and it will cure it. A dose of peppermint will also stop it.

ENGLISH MAIDEN, CURIOUS GRETA, GIPSY, and OLGA.—January 24th, 1867, was a Thursday; June 2nd, 1867, was a Sunday; August 6th, 1867, was a Tuesday; October 28th, 1868, was a Wednesday; December 17th, 1868, was a Thursday; February 1st, 1870, was a Tuesday; June 1st, 1870, was a Wednesday. We are glad that our paper affords you all so much pleasure.

LILY LEAF explains the cause of her suffering from a red and burning nose, especially in winter. She has a bad circulation, and probably as bad a digestion, and very likely she warms herself at the fire when cold. We have given several prescriptions for the cure of chilblains, which she should read, and she should dress warmly and attend to her diet.

MRS. T. (BASLACK).—We are grateful for the encouragement you give us in sending an extract of a gratifying letter from Holland, in reference to the esteem in which it is held in that country, as well as by the young people in the Waldensian Valleys, Piedmont. We appreciate your giving us such information.

ADA.—Never open your eyes in water unless to remove a substance in the eye, or to see your way when in danger of drowning. Why should you? If intended to do so, we should have been given suitable eyes, like those of fish or lobsters.

A. R. ROCHESTER.—Yours are symptoms for medical inquiry and treatment. We could not possibly tell you the cause of your troubles, unseen, and with insufficient data to guide us. You ought to have a good opinion before you become worse.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.—If you have no greenhouse, put the plants into a spare room, or divide them over the different rooms in your house, only removing them when you light the gas.

HELEN ADAIR.—See "Occupations for Invalids," vol. ii., pages 75, 202, 364, and 715. The first three are illustrated, and show the form of the desks suitable for the use of sufferers from spinal and other complaints. Lest you should not have this volume, we give you the dates of the several magazines, for which you can write to Mr. Tarn, October 30, 1880, December 25, March 5, and August 6. We do not know why the flowers die. Are there any worms at the roots? Perhaps the night air from the open windows may kill them. At any rate, you might make trial of a different description of plants.

CAMBRIDGE.—The legends to which you refer do exist, and very naturally so. To the resemblance of the flower to the crown and nails it owes its name; and just so to the two marks, as of a thumb and finger holding it, on each side of the haddock the origin of the fable is due that it was that fish that St. Peter caught, having the money in its mouth. Likewise, the cross on the donkey's back was said to be significant of the great honour designed for it in carrying its Divine Creator on his entry into Jerusalem.

LOVER OF WATER.—We have no recollection of having received any poem from you, but we see that you could not produce even a single verse that would be correct in its rhythmical composition, as your prose is so ungrammatical. In reference to "floating on the water," see our article on "How to Swim," in the number called *Silver Sails*. The 17th of October, 1864, was a Monday. We advise you to apply your mind to learning how to spell, and do not make a final "t" like an "e."

INQUIRER.—It would be exceedingly vulgar to pronounce the word "been" otherwise than as it is written—*i.e.*, as you should pronounce the word "corn-bin." No one in the higher ranks of society does so, any more than they would say "ouse" for "house."

LOOK HERE.—You are rather feverish if your lips be so parched, and should attend to the cause if you would cure the effect. You should neither bite nor damp them; use a little lip-salve. Your handwriting is not formed.

JOAN.—"Making a mark" in lieu of a signature is of very ancient origin, and was not confined in former times to those who could not write. It was a symbol, and the person making the sign of the cross was supposed to pledge himself by his Christian faith, and not merely by his honour, as a heathen or infidel, to the truth of what he subscribed. Thus, while people write their names who are able so to do, it is still called by the old term, "signing" the name.

CYMBELINE.—The great council of the nation met in the olden times in the chapter house of Westminster Abbey; afterwards, in the reign of Edward IV., the chapel of St. Stephen was fitted up for the use of the House of Commons. This chapel was built by King Stephen, and was therefore dedicated to his namesake in commemoration of both. The name is sometimes applied to both the Houses of Parliament.

H. H. A.—We advise you to remove the spots of rust from the wire-blind with emery-paper, and then varnish it.

AN OLD CROYDONIAN.—We do not consider it injurious. Write with a finer pen, and alter the form of your "t," which is very unsightly.

AN ORPHAN will find all she desires to know in the series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family." She will also find how to take grease out of every description of material by referring to our indexes.

MAUDIE EVYLIN.—We think that Hastings, under the cliff, would be a good place for you if you suffer from either asthma or bronchitis. The best place of all for the former complaint is the Island of Sark; but as there is only a scanty allowance of accommodation there it might be difficult to suit yourself, especially in the winter. Jersey might be a good place for you also, as it is so near Sark. But you might try Hastings first. We could not tell you whether oil-painting would try it. People differ in such experiences. You try it, and, if distressing to you, your master might change the lessons to the study of water-colour painting.

E. HATCH.—You should procure what you require from a librarian. He would procure some for you of the kind most suitable. We do not advertise such things, and do not publish any ourselves, and regret we cannot oblige you.

IOLANTHE.—Have you ever tried electric baths? If not, we think that you would do well to take the matter into consideration. Perhaps the use of a battery might be beneficial to you. In your case we should consult some first-class medical electrician.

KATERFELTO.—"Thermuthis" is said by Josephus, the Jewish historian, to have been the name of the Egyptian Princess who found and adopted Moses.

VOL. V.—NO. 216. FEBRUARY 16, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

"YOU WERE RIGHT, ESTHER."

FOR many, many long weeks, I might say months, my daily life was lived in Carrie's sick-room.

What a mercy it is that we are not permitted to see the course of events—that we take moment by moment from the Father's hand, not knowing what lies before us!

It was September when I had that

All rights reserved.]

"'HE TOOK HER HAND.'"

little altercation with Deborah on the threshold, and when she drew aside for me to pass into that dimly-lighted sick room; it was Christmas now, and I was there still. Could I have foreseen those months with their record of suffering, their hours of changeless monotony, well might my courage have failed. As it was, I watched the slow progression of nights and days almost indifferently; the walls of the sick room closed round me, shutting me out from the actual world, and concentrating my thoughts on the frail girl who was fighting against disease and death.

So terrible an illness I pray to Heaven I may never see again; sad complications producing unheard of tortures, and bringing the sufferer again and again to the very brink of death.

"If I could only die; if I were only good enough to be allowed to die!" that was the prayer she breathed, and there were times when I could have echoed it, when I would rather have parted with her, dearly as I loved her, than have seen her so racked with agony; but it was not to be. The lesson was not completed; there are some who must be taught to live who have to take back "the turned lesson," as one has beautifully said, and learn it more perfectly.

If I had ever doubted her goodness in my secret soul, I could doubt no longer, when I daily witnessed her weakness and her exceeding patience. She bore her suffering almost without complaint, and would often hide from us how much she had to endure.

"'It is good to be still.' Do you remember that, Esther?" she said once, and I knew she was quoting the words of one who had suffered.

After that first day I had no further difficulty with Deborah; she soon recognised my usefulness, and gave me my share of nursing without grudging. I took my turn at the night-watching, and served my first painful apprenticeship in sick nursing. Mother could do little for us; she could only relieve me for a couple of hours in the afternoon, during which Uncle Geoffrey insisted that I should have rest and exercise.

Allan did not come home when we expected him; he had to postpone his intention for a couple of months. This was a sad disappointment, as he would have helped us so much, and mother's constant anxiety that my health should not suffer by my close confinement was a little trying at times. I was quite well, but it was no wonder that my fresh colour faded a little, and that I grew a little quiet and subdued. The absence of life and change must be pernicious to young people; they want air, movement, a certain stirring of activity and bustle to keep time with their warm natures.

Everyone was very kind to me. Uncle Geoffrey would take me on his rounds, and often Miss Ruth and Flurry would call for me, and drive me into the country, and they brought me books and fruit and lovely flowers for Carrie's room, and though I never saw Mr. Lucas during his few brief visits, he never failed to send me a kind message or to ask if there was anything he could do for us.

Miss Ruth, or Ruth, as I always called her now, would sometimes come up in the sick-room, and sit for a few minutes. Carrie liked to see her, and always greeted her with a smile; but when Mrs. Smedley heard of it, and rather peremptorily demanded admittance, she turned very pale, and calling me to her, charged me, in an agitated voice, never to let her in. "I could not see her, I could not," she went on, excitedly. "I like Miss Ruth, she is so gentle and quiet; but I want no one but you and mother."

Mother once, very injudiciously, as Uncle Geoffrey and I thought, tried to shake this resolution of Carrie's.

"Poor Mrs. Smedley seems so very grieved and disappointed that you will not see her, my dear. This is the third time she has called this week, and she has been so kind to you."

"Oh, mother, don't make me see her," pleaded Carrie, even her lips turning white, and of course mother kissed her and promised that she should not be troubled; but when she had left the room Carrie became very agitated.

"She is the last I ought to see, for she helped to bring me to this; she taught me to disobey my mother—yes, Esther, she did indeed!" as I expostulated in a shocked manner. She was always telling me that my standard was not high enough—that I ought to look above even the wisest earthly parents. She said my mother had old-fashioned notions of duty; that things were different in her young days; that in spite of her goodness she had narrow views; that it was impossible for her even to comprehend me."

"Dear Carrie, surely you could not have agreed with her?" I asked, gently; but her only answer was a sigh, as she sank back upon her pillows.

It was the evening Allan was expected, I remember. It was December now, and for nine weeks I had been shut up in that room, with the exception of my daily walk or drive.

Deborah had gone back to her usual work, it was impossible to spare her longer; but she still helped in the heaviest part of the nursing, and came from time to time to look after us both.

Dot had remained for six weeks at The Cedars; but mother missed him so much that Uncle Geoffrey decided to bring him home, and how glad and thankful I was to get my darling back.

I saw very little of him, however, for, strange to say, Carrie did not care for him and Jack to stay long in the room. I was not surprised that Jack fidgeted her, for she was restless and noisy, and her loud voice and awkward manners would jar sadly on an invalid; but Dot was different.

In a sick-room he was as quiet as a little mouse, and he had such nice ways. It grieved me to see Carrie shade her eyes in that pained manner, when he hobbled in softly on his crutches. "Carrie always cries when she sees me!" Dot said once, with a little quiver of his lip. Alas! we neither of us understood the strange misery that even the sight of her afflicted little brother caused her.

Mother had gone downstairs when she had made her little protest about Mrs. Smedley, and we were left alone together. I was resting in the low-cushioned chair Ruth had sent me in the early days of Carrie's illness, and was watching the fire in a quiet fashion, that had become habitual to me. The room looked snug and pleasant in the twilight; the little bed on which I slept was in the farthest corner; a bouquet of hothouse flowers stood on the little round table, with some books Mr. Lucas had sent up for me. It must have looked cheerful to Carrie as she lay amongst the pillows; but to my dismay there were tears on her cheeks, I could see them glistening in the firelight.

"Do you feel less well to-night, dear?" I asked anxiously, as I took a seat beside her; but she shook her head.

"I am better, much better," was her reply, "thanks to you and Deborah and Uncle Geoffrey," but her smile was very sad as she spoke. "How good you have been to me, Esther—how kind and patient! Sometimes I have looked at you when you were asleep over there, and I have cried to see how thin and weary you looked in your sleep, and all through me."

"Nonsense," I returned, kissing her; but my voice was not quite clear.

"Allan will say so to-night, when he sees you—you are not the same, Esther, your eyes are graver, and you seem to have forgotten how to laugh, and it is all my fault."

"Dear Carrie, I wish you would not talk so."

"Let me talk a little to-night," she pleaded. "I feel better and stronger, and it will be such a relief to tell you some of my thoughts. I have been silent for nine weeks, and sometimes the pent-up pain has been more than I could bear."

"My poor Carrie," stroking the thin white hand on the coverlid.

"Yes, I am that," she sighed. "Do you remember our old talks together? Oh, how wise you were, Esther, but I would not listen to you; you were all for present duties. I can recollect some of your words now. You told me our work lay before us, close to us, at our very feet, and yet I would stretch out my arms for more, till my own burdens crushed me and I fell beneath them."

"You attempted too much," I returned; "your intention was good, but you overstrained your powers."

"You are putting it too mildly," she returned, with a great sadness in her voice. "Esther, I have had time to think since I have laid here, and I have been reviewing your life and mine. I wanted to see where the fault lay, and how I had missed my path. God was taking away my work from me; the sacrifice I offered was not acceptable."

"Oh, my dear, hush!" But she lifted her hand feebly, and laid it on my lips.

"It was weeks before I found it out, but I think I see it clearly now. We were both in earnest about our duty, we both wanted to do the best we could for others; but, Esther, after all it was you who were right, you did not turn against the work that was brought to you—your

teaching, and house, and mother, and Dot, and even Jack—all that came first, and you knew it; you have worked in the corner of the vineyard that was appointed to you, and never murmured over its barrenness, and narrow space, and so you are ripe and ready for any great work that may be waiting for you in the future. 'Faithful in little, faithful in much,' how often have I applied those words to you."

I tried to stem the torrent of retrospection, but nothing would silence her; as she said herself, the pent-up feelings must have their course. But why did she judge herself so bitterly? It pained me inexpressibly to hear her.

"If I had only listened to you," she went on; "but my spiritual self-will blinded me. I despised my work. Oh, Esther! you cannot contradict me; you know how bitterly I spoke of the little Thornes; how I refused to take them into my heart; how scornfully I spoke of my ornamental brickmaking."

I could not gainsay her words on that point; I knew her to be wrong.

"I wanted to choose my work: that was the fatal error. I spurned the little duties at my feet, and looked out for some great work that I must do; teaching the little Thornes was hateful to me, yet I could teach ragged children in the Sunday-school for hours. Mending Jack's things and talking to mother were wearisome details, yet I could toil through fog and rain in Nightingale Alley, and feel no fatigue. My work was impure, my motives tainted by self-will. Could it be accepted by Him who was subject to His parents for thirty years, who worked at the carpenter's bench, when he could have preached to thousands?" and here she broke down and wept bitterly.

What could I answer? How could I apply comfort to one so sorely wounded? And yet through it all, who could doubt her goodness?

"Dear Carrie," I whispered, "if this be all true, if there be no exaggeration, no morbid conscientiousness in all you say, still you have repented, and your punishment has been severe."

"My punishment!" she returned, in a voice almost of despair. "Why do you speak of it as past, when you know I shall bear the consequences of my own imprudence all my life long? This is what is secretly fretting me. I try to bow myself to His will, but, oh! it is so hard not to be allowed to make amends, not to have a chance of doing better for the future, not to be able to make up for all my deficiencies in the past, but just to suffer and be a burden."

I looked at her with frightened eyes. What could she mean, when she was getting better every day, and Uncle Geoffrey hoped she might be downstairs by Christmas Day?

"Is it possible you do not know, Esther?" she said, incredulously! but two red spots came into her thin cheeks. "Have not mother and Uncle Geoffrey told you?"

"They have told me nothing," I repeated. "Oh, Carrie, what do you mean? You are not going to die?"

"To die? Oh, no!" in a tone of unutterable regret. "Should I be so sorry for myself if I thought that? I am getting well"—"well" with a slight catching of her breath—"but when I come downstairs I shall be like Dot."

I do not know what I said in answer to this terrible revelation. Uncle Geoffrey had never told me; Carrie had only extorted the truth from him with difficulty. My darling girl a cripple! It was Carrie who tried to comfort me as I knelt sobbing beside her.

"Oh, Esther, how you cry! Don't, my dear, don't. It makes me still more unhappy. Have I told you too suddenly? But you must know; that is why I could not bear to see Dot come into the room. But I mean to get over my foolishness."

But I attempted no answer. "Cruel, cruel," were the only words that forced themselves through my teeth.

"You shall not say that," she returned, stroking my hair. "How can it be cruel if it be meant for my good? I have feared this all along, Esther, the mischief has set in one hip; it is not the suffering, but the thought of my helplessness that frightens me," and here her sweet eyes filled with tears.

Oh, how selfish I was, when I ought to have been comforting her, if only the words would come! And then a sudden thought came to me.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," and I repeated the line softly, and a sort of inspiration came over me. "Carrie," I said, embracing her, "this is the work, this must be the work—just taking up the cross and following Him. There can be nothing harder than suffering, it is the hardest work of all, and yet saints have preached from the cross."

"Oh, that is beautiful!" she returned; and a light came into her eyes, and she lay back in a satisfied manner. "I never thought of it in that way; it seemed my punishment, just taking away my work and leaving me nothing but helplessness and emptiness."

"And now you will look at it as still more difficult work. Oh, Carrie, what will mine be compared to that, to see you patient under suffering, cheerfully enduring, not murmuring or repining? what will that be but preaching to us daily?"

"That will do," she answered, faintly; "I must think it out; you have done more for me this afternoon than anyone has," and seeing how enchanted she was, I left her and stole back to my place.

She slept presently, and I sat still in the glimmering firelight listening to the sounds downstairs that told of Allan's arrival; but I could not go down and show my tear-stained face. Deborah came up presently to lay the little tea-table, and then Carrie woke up, and I waited on her as usual, and by-and-by came the expected tap at the door.

Of course it was Allan; no one but himself would come in with that alert step and cheerful voice.

"Well, Carrie, my dear," he said, affectionately bending over her as she looked up at him—whatever he felt at the sight of her changed face he kept to himself; he kissed me without a word, and took his seat by the bedside.

"You know, Allan?" she whispered, as he took her hand.

"Yes, I know; Uncle Geoffrey has told me; but it may not be as bad as you think—you have much for which to be thankful; for weeks he never thought you would get over it. What does it matter about the lameness, Carrie, when you have come back to us from the very jaws of death?" and his voice trembled a little.

"I felt badly about it until Esther talked to me," she returned. "Esther has been such a nurse to me, Allan."

He looked at me as she said this, and his eyes glistened. "Esther is Esther," he replied, laconically; but I knew then how I satisfied him.

When we were alone together that night, for I waited downstairs to say good-night to him, while Deborah stayed with Carrie, he suddenly drew me towards him and looked in my face.

"Poor child," he said, tenderly, "it is time I came home to relieve you: you have grown a visionary, unsubstantial Esther, with large eyes and a thin face, but somehow I never liked the look of you so well."

That made me smile. "Oh, Allan, how nice it is to have you with me again."

"Nice! I should think so; what walks we will have, by the bye. I mean to have Carrie downstairs before a week is over; what is the good of you both moping upstairs? I shall alter all that."

"She is too weak to move," I returned, dubiously.

"But she is not too weak to be carried. You are keeping her too quiet, and she wants rousing a little; she feeds too much on her own thoughts, and it is bad for her; she is such a little saint, you know," continued Allan, half jestingly; "she wants to be leavened a little with our wickedness."

"She is good; you would say so if you heard her talk."

"Not a bit more good than some other people—Miss Ruth, for example," but I could see from his mischievous eyes that he was not thinking of Ruth. How well and handsome he was looking: he had grown broader, and there was an air of manliness about him—"my bonnie lad," as I called him.

I went to bed that night with greater contentment in my heart, because Allan had come home, and even Carrie seemed cheered by the hopeful view he had taken of her case.

"He thinks, perhaps, that after some years I may not be quite so helpless," she whispered, as I said good-night to her, and her face looked composed and quiet in the fading firelight; "anyhow I mean to bear it as well as I can, and not give you more trouble."

"I do not think it a trouble," was my answer as her arms released me, and as I lay awake watching the gleaming shadows in the room. I thought how sweet such ministry is to those we love, their very helplessness endearing them to us. After all, this illness had drawn us closer together, we were more now as sisters should be, united in sympathy and growing deeper into each other's hearts. "How pleasant it is to live in unity," said the Psalmist, and the echo of the words seemed to linger in my mind until I fell asleep.

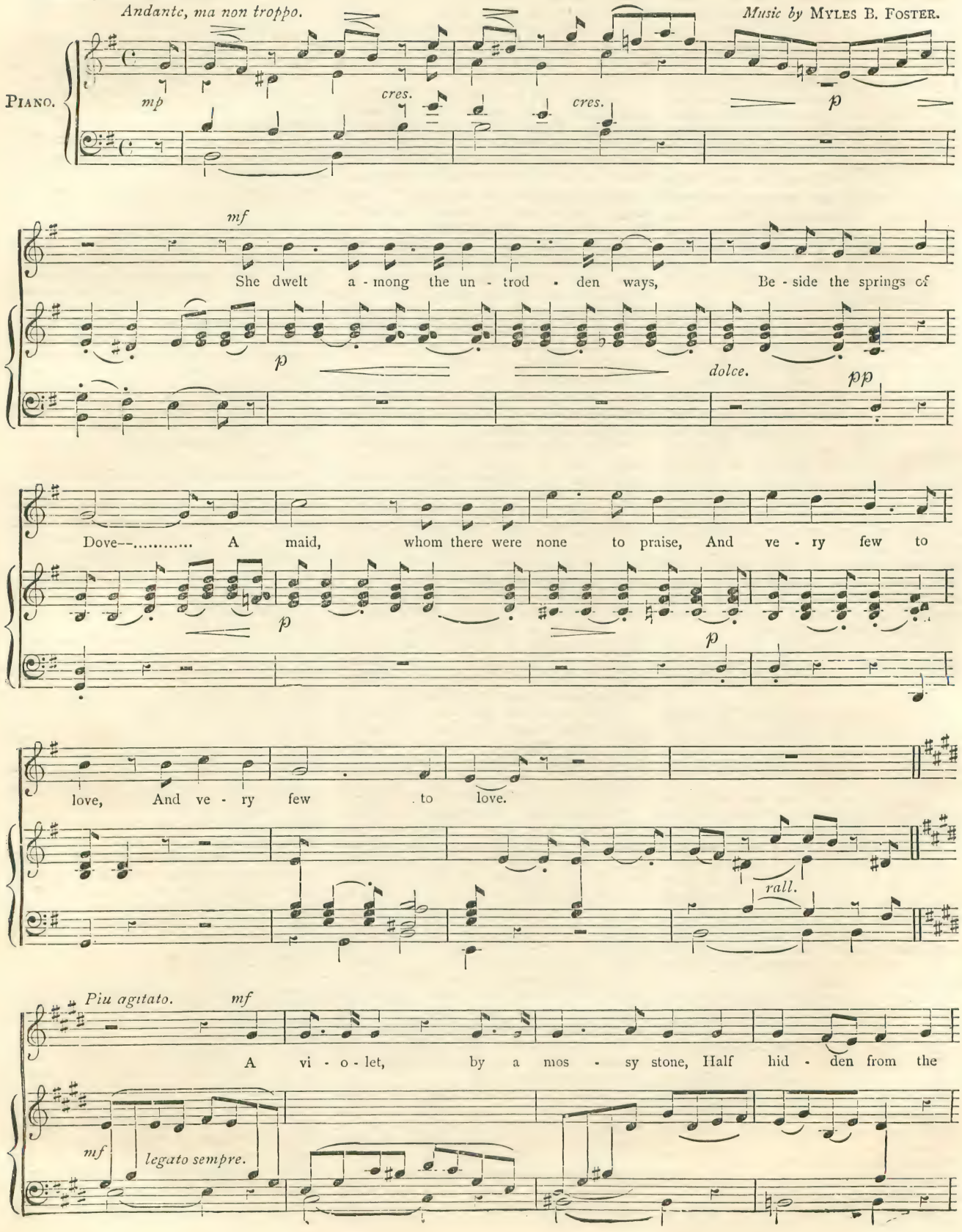
(To be continued.)

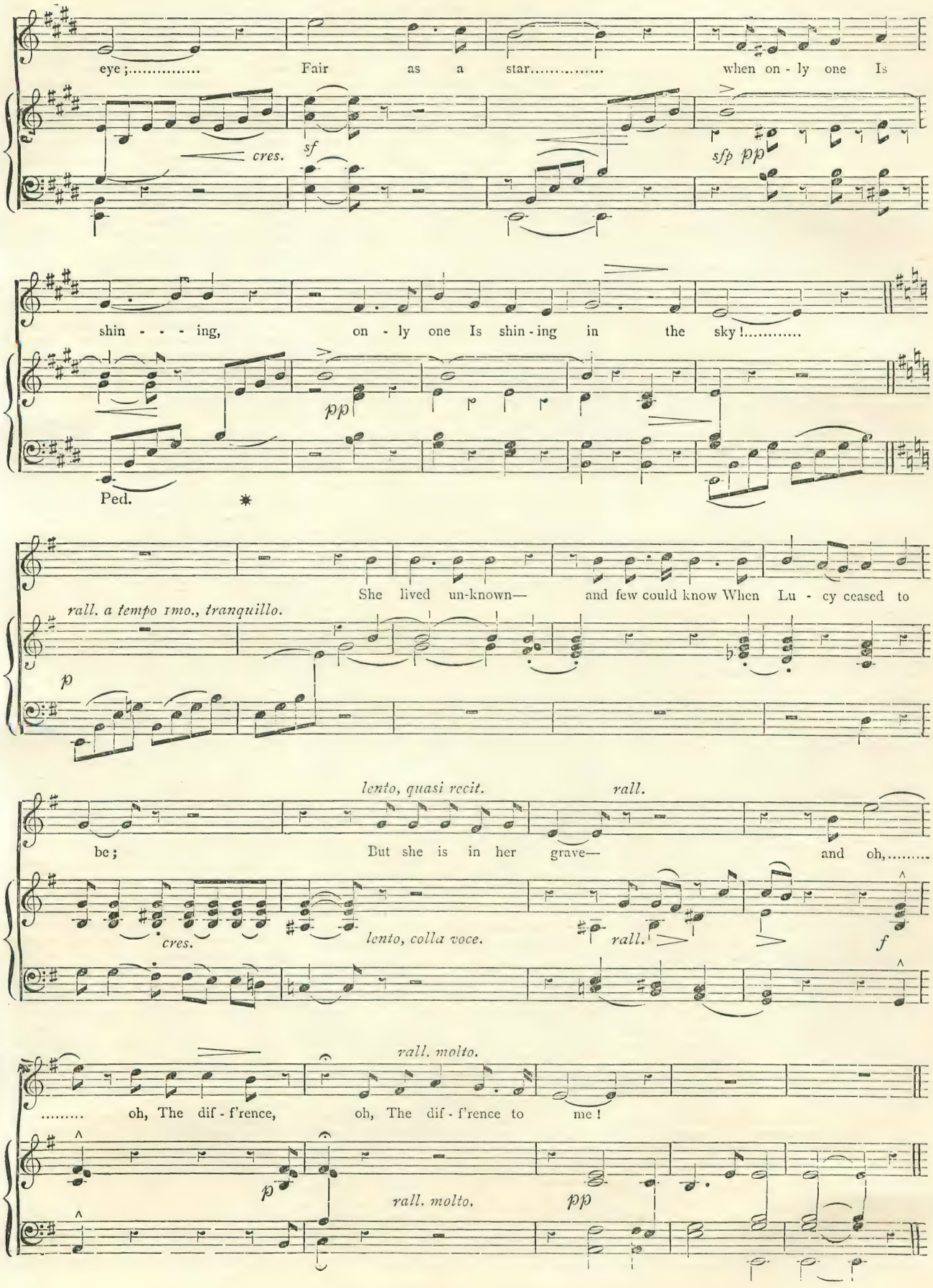
LUCY.

Words by WORDSWORTH.

Andante, ma non troppo.

Music by MYLES B. FOSTER.




eye;..... Fair as a star..... when on - ly one Is
cres.
sf
sfp pp
shin - - - ing, on - ly one Is shin - ing in the sky!.....
pp
Ped.
*
She lived un-known— and few could know When Lu - cy ceased to
rall. a tempo 1mo., tranquillo.
p
lento, quasi recit.
rall.
be; But she is in her grave— and oh,.....
cres.
lento, colla voce.
rall.
f
rall. molto.
..... oh, The dif - f'rence, oh, The dif - f'rence to me!
p
rall. molto.
pp

COMMON ERRORS IN DAILY LIFE.

By James Mason.

IV.—Errors in Fact.

The most careful husbandry never yet succeeded in banishing weeds altogether from country fields, and the utmost vigilance has had as limited success in driving errors from the domain of truth. Do what we may, some always remain to perplex and perhaps to annoy everyone who is desirous of seeing things as they ought to be.

To enumerate a few of these errors is the object of the following paper. Our business is with the seamy side of intellectual and practical life, but the subject is one possessing many picturesque features, and even those who are models of correctness in everything, and so have no need to be taught, may find it at least entertaining.

In many cases, no doubt, errors in fact originate in random statements which get accepted because people will not take the trouble of inquiring for themselves. Belief, you know, is a great deal easier than investigation. Other errors, again, are taken up because men and women are, as a rule, averse to having their judgment kept in suspense, and will often credit what is absurd rather than wait awhile till something certain is known. Some errors originate in a love of the marvellous, and some in nothing but fondness for mischief. Fictions are invented by way of a joke, and received as sober truth by people unsuspicious that a trick is being played off at their expense.

To keep clear of errors it is of great importance whom we put confidence in as guides, and our faith should be given only to the best books and the wisest friends. We must, of course, believe in somebody, for we cannot verify every statement for ourselves, and must often take things on trust.

And now for our collection of errors in fact. The first are of the nature of superstitions, and arise from a belief in what are supposed to be facts, but are really nothing of the sort.

Belief in lucky and unlucky days and doings has taken stronger hold on some of us than we are willing to allow. Who has not heard of the unfortunate character of Friday, the day of the week, they say, on which Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit? As if, girls, every day were not alike, either for starting on a journey, or for getting married, or for beginning a new enterprise, or for anything else. Tuesday and Wednesday have long got the credit of being lucky days, and Thursday is held by some ignorant people to have only one lucky hour—the hour before the sun gets up. But whoever accepts such superstitions as facts only makes trouble for herself, and fetters her movements to no end.

To regard some deeds as unlucky is an equally great mistake. Not long since, I sat opposite a man at dinner who by accident capsized a salt cellar. He at once, and without thinking he was observed, took a pinch between his finger and thumb, and threw it over his left shoulder, as a protection against ill-fortune. This is an old superstition: in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," for example, Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt. But to be ancient and to be true are very different things.

Edith has made herself quite unhappy over the breaking of a looking-glass, which she has always understood betokened several years of trouble. It is all nonsense; the fact being that unless the breakage is the result of habitual carelessness, people live after it quite as comfortably as before.

Is it a fact that to walk under a ladder brings bad luck? Sometimes, if a man on the ladder is whitewashing a wall or painting the front of a house. For this reason it is best always to take the outside of the ladder; but when Janet's heart sank the other day on walking under one before she noticed, and she thought she might after all live to be hanged, she distressed herself without reason.

Stumbling on going upstairs is held by some to be as unlucky as walking under a ladder. True, Lord Byron, when ascending the stairs at a friend's house to meet for the first time the lady he afterwards married, made a false step, and, turning to Moore, who was with him, said, "That is a bad omen!" So it was, but from one example it will never do to infer a general conclusion.

Many rhymes and traditions about days and seasons are also to be classed amongst errors in fact. The change of style which took place in this country in 1752, dropping eleven days out of the calendar, has proved a sad discomfiture to all such popular lore. "It was said, for instance," remarks Dr. Robert Chambers, "that March came in like a lion and went out like a lamb; but the end of March, of which this was said, is in reality the 12th of April. Still more absurd did it become to hold All Saints' Eve (October 31st) as a time on which the powers of the mystic world were in particular vigour and activity, seeing that we have been observing it at the wrong time for centuries. We have been continually for many centuries gliding away from the right time, and yet had not perceived any difference—a pretty good proof that the assumedly sacred character of the night was all empty delusion."

Clearly then no reliance is to be placed on any observations regarding the weather of St. Swithin's Day, as it is at present held, and the modern St. Valentine may be set down as an impostor.

These references to the calendar remind me to speak of prophetic almanacs. It shows how deeply rooted credulity is in the human mind that these are still believed in, and meet with an extensive sale. One might have expected that the days were over when people listened to the voices of the stars, paid any heed to predictions of wars, terrors, discords, and strange events in the world, and made themselves uneasy about the foretelling of vicissitudes and years of trouble. Even in regard to wind and rain, such predictions have no value whatever. When the Meteorological Office still not unfrequently goes astray in its forecast of the weather of to-morrow, what can we expect from a prediction about that of this time twelve months?

There was more excuse for prophetic almanacs in the days when astrology was an article of faith, and men saw in the heavens an open book in which those who understood the language could read the fate, not only of individuals, but of nations. But the modern astrologer who—

> "Deals in destiny's dark counsels
> And sage opinions of the moon sells"

is only a quack making dupes of the ignorant.

Fortune-tellers of all kinds are of the same description, and have been rightly classed by law as rogues and vagabonds. "I suppose you want to know about your future husband, and I can tell you," said a woman to a girl on a country road. Do you think the girl believed her? "I thought there might be something in it," she said to me afterwards, "so I gave her half-a-crown."

In many rural districts witchcraft still meets with believers, and men and women are to be found who place full credence in persons possessing the power to cast spells over cows, sheep, and horses, and even over those people to whom the witch or wizard has an antipathy. Quite recently a case in Essex was reported in which some labourers, under the impression that a woman was a witch, wanted to put her to the test by throwing her into a pond to see whether she would sink or float.

Elves, brownies, giants, dwarfs, goblins, and almost all the other inhabitants of the supernatural and fairy world, have no longer a place amongst current errors. Ghosts, however, die hard, and we are hardly likely to hear the last of them till simple people agree to take more rational views of the unseen world, and estimate at their true value the wonders of the dark *séance* and the pretensions of spirit-mediums. Superstition is the greatest burden in the world, and it is to be hoped that mankind, instead of merely changing at intervals the contents of its pack, will at last throw it off altogether.

Those that go down to the sea in ships are responsible for many an error. Mermaids, it is true, have ceased to be accepted facts, and we are no longer asked to believe accounts of their having been espied on distant shores combing their long hair on moonlight nights, and singing songs to the accompaniment of golden harps. People see that these wonderful creatures could only have been observed by our jovial tars after having been a day or two ashore. But if the days of mermaids are over, it is not so with the sea-serpent. That famous monster reappears almost every season—there was a careful drawing of him in one of our illustrated papers a year or two ago. It is remarkable, says one writer, with what distinctness and with what confidence the observers state their notions of what they saw—not meaning, we suppose, to deceive, but in all good faith taking hasty and excited impressions for serious and exact observations. Most sensible people are of opinion that the great sea-serpent, as a serpent, is a myth with little more foundation than the Flying Dutchman. People say they have seen him, but more people assert that they have been favoured with interviews from ghosts, and do we believe in ghosts on that account?

In connection with thunderstorms, we meet with one or two errors in fact. It is an error, for example, to suppose that the beech tree is a defence against lightning; it runs quite as much chance of being struck as other trees, and one is no safer under it than under an oak or an ash or an elm. The ancients used to say the same about the bay-tree, and Pliny, the Roman historian, tells that the Emperor Tiberius always crowned himself with bay during a thunderstorm. There is also a popular belief that a house-leek grown upon a roof will shield the house from lightning, but it is a rustic safeguard which was never known to have any effect.

That a mysterious virtue resides in some precious stones is an old and curious error. During the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, turquoise rings were much worn by the Russian officers as a talisman against danger, the turquoise being supposed to preserve the wearer from a violent death. Other stones are supposed to cure diseases, and to be an antidote against poisons. The diamond was long believed to minister to a mind diseased, and to be a certain cure for insanity.

Trust in talismans has certainly not died out. It is not so long since this paragraph appeared in the will of the late Emperor Napoleon III.:—"With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother."

Death has given rise to a great many superstitious errors, and it is quite an exceptional family that has not some carefully-preserved story of mysterious forewarning, for the truth of which all the members are prepared to vouch. There is the death-watch.

"The death-watch clicked the hour she died,"

says Day. This superstition was long current, but it is now well ascertained that the ominous sound is nothing but the tapping of

a sort of a beetle as it calls on its fellows. The howling of dogs, the continued croaking of ravens over a house, and the sight of four magpies at once, were also said to portend death, all perhaps with as little reason as the sound of the death-watch.

In natural history there are a great many errors abroad which have taken their rise either in careless observation, or in the proverbially fertile imagination of travellers. Practical humourists have also, maybe, been at the bottom of a few of them. The lion, the so-called "King of Beasts," has been found out to be an indolent, skulking animal, whose far-famed generosity and courage are very doubtful; indeed, his generosity seems to depend very much on the state of his appetite. The camel also, the "ship of the desert," has for a long time had more than his share of compliments. Stupidity seems to be its characteristic, and of all creatures not one equals it for cowardice. The elephant has had its intelligence much exaggerated, as is the way with a great many people who look wiser than they really are.

The ass, however, it appears, has not had justice done to it. "It is a great mistake," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "to employ the name of ass or donkey as a metaphor for stupidity, for the ass is truly one of the cleverest of our domesticated animals, and will lose no opportunity of displaying his capability whenever his intelligence is allowed to expand by being freed from the crushing toil and constant pain that are too often the concomitants of a donkey's life. Everyone who has petted a favourite donkey will remember many traits of its mental capacities; for, as in the case of the domestic fool of the olden days, there is far more knavery than folly about the creature."

The sloth furnishes us with another error. His name has been given him by people who have observed his habits in places where Nature never intended that he should exhibit. "In his native trees," observes Waterton, the naturalist, "one would never think of calling him a sloth; he passes from tree to tree at a good round pace."

That "birds in their little nests agree" is an error for which Dr. Watts is responsible. If tempers in households were allowed to manifest themselves like tempers in birds' nests, domestic happiness would speedily become a thing of the past. Among birds the robin, perhaps on account of his handsome waistcoat, backed by a poetical tradition and a pretty nursery tale, has managed to sneak into our affections. But he is now unmasked, and known to be a pugnacious little rascal of positively murderous propensities.

Before nature was studied as it now is, it was believed that barnacle geese grew from barnacle shells. "It seems hardly credible, in this enlightened age," says Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," that so gross an error in natural history should so long have prevailed as that the barnacle, a well-known kind of shell-fish which is found sticking to the bottom of ships, should, when broken off, become a species of goose. Old writers, of the first credit in other respects, have fallen into this mistaken and ridiculous notion; and we find even Holinshed gravely declaring that with his own eyes he saw the feathers of these barnacles 'hang out of the shell at least two inches.'"

A natural-history error that still survives is that a mad dog invariably avoids the water. The "dread of water" which we would infer from the name hydrophobia is not always present either in the patient or in the animal inflicting the injury.

Plants and flowers may be spoken of next. There is a common error in connection with the sunflower. It is supposed that the plant is so named because it always turns to the sun. This is not the case; the name has been given from the resemblance of the full-blown flower to the sun itself. Gerarde remarks that he has seen four of these flowers upon the same stalk facing the four cardinal points.

The "sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers" have given rise to some popular misapprehension. There is little doubt that the plant really entitled to bear the fanciful appellation is the creeping scorpion grass.

There is a curious superstitious practice in which a rod of the hazel is used in searching for water or minerals. A long, forked branch or twig forms the divining rod, and the person bearing it walks very slowly over the ground where it is thought that mines or springs exist. When the rod, which is held horizontally, bends of itself, that indicates the presence of the desired metal or water. Even at the present day this species of divination is practised in some of our mining districts.

It is an oft-repeated error that plants poison the air of a room by the exhalation of carbonic acid during the night. This has been shown to be a fallacy.

Many incidents and anecdotes with which everyone is familiar are unfortunately either misrepresentations of fact or absolutely without foundation. They often keep in circulation because they are picturesque and pleasing in themselves; if not true, they are cleverly invented, and it seems almost a pity to throw doubt on what harms nobody.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* some years ago pointed out the little reliance to be placed on the traditions repeated by vergers and guides to wondering sight-hunters. "In spite," he says, "of Sir Samuel Meyrick's judicious arrangement of the armour in the Tower, the Beefeaters still persist in the old stories handed down. At Warwick Castle, the rib of the dun cow is ascertained to be the bone of a fossil elephant; and Guy's porridge-pot, a military cooking utensil of the time of Charles I. St. Crispin's chair, carefully preserved in Linlithgow Cathedral by insertion in the wall, is of mahogany—an American wood! The chair of Charles I. at Leicester bears a crown which, having been the fashionable ornament after the Restoration, together with the form, betrays the date.

"Queen Eleanor's crosses, it now appears, were not built by her affectionate husband, but by her own direction and with her own money. The fire-place, and other objects in Belted Will's bedroom in Naworth Castle are manifestly of later date. The bedstead treasured up near Leicester as that occupied by Richard III. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, is of the style called Elizabethan. Queen Mary's bed, at Holyrood, is of the last century; and her room at Hardwick is in a house which was not erected till after her death; the tapestry and furniture, however, may have been removed from the old hall where she was imprisoned. The tower of Carnarvon Castle, in which the first Prince of Wales is supposed to have been born, is not of so early a period."

It is as well, you see, not to believe every tale told us at show places. Interesting neighbourhoods are often not all they profess to be, and, as for relics, many of them are of the same class as the sheep bones shown to a party of sightseers, venerable curiosities, by an old woman who, when remonstrated with, said, "They are good enough for the gentlemen."

In Roslin Chapel one is told a thrilling story of an apprentice who carved a pillar in a style which his master could not approach, and, as a reward for his pains, was knocked on the head by his master's mallet. The same legend is connected with elaborately-carved pillars in many Gothic edifices of the Middle Ages, and it is clear they cannot all be true.

Then wherever there is a castle with a monastery, or an old church in the neighbourhood, one is pretty sure to hear of an underground passage connecting the two, and that into that underground passage once went a piper the sound of whose pipes was traced as he went on and on till at last all was silent, for the poor man was eaten up by rats. Perhaps this really happened once, but why should so many places be anxious to be thought the scene of such a dismal tale?

Many errors in fact have had their origin in hoaxes. One of the most ingenious inventors of spurious facts was George Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator, whose entire life has been characterised as "displaying an unparalleled series of arch-deception, tinctured with much malicious ingenuity." One of his inventions was the description of the poisonous upas-tree of Java, the effluvia from which killed all things that came near. The account spread into general literature as a fact, was commented on by naturalists, furnished a subject for many a painter, and is believed in by some people to this day.

Some hoaxes, however, one would have thought that the least particle of common-sense would have seen through. It shows how ready people are to swallow things without thinking when the bottle-hoax, of which everyone has heard, met with so much success. This famous trick arose from a wager that, let a man advertise the most impossible thing in the world, he would find fools enough in London to fill a playhouse, and pay handsomely for the privilege of being there. Accordingly, a person advertised that he would, on a certain evening at the Haymarket Theatre, play on a common walking-cane the music of every instrument then in use, to surprising perfection, and that he would, on the stage, get into a tavern quart bottle, without equivocation, and while there sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle. The advertisement brought crowds, "bottle noodles" they were called afterwards, but, of course, there was no performance.

There once was a time when a confiding public was prepared to accept everything in print as true, and extra respect is even yet paid to the dignity of type over manuscript, or word of mouth. Authors and compilers, however, know too well how many errors in fact obtain a hold on the public in this way.

To give an example, a friend not long since read in a newspaper paragraph that the best plan to encourage hens to lay was to give them salt in their food. She had a number of almost profitless birds—it was then winter-time—so she boiled some rice, putting in plenty of salt, and fed the fowls. The consequence was that the following morning an inquest had to be held on all the occupants of the henhouse, except one whom the greed of her companions had prevented from having a fair share of the salted provisions. The moral of this incident, girls, is, Don't believe everything you read, for many a paragraph is written at random, and even the best writers will sometimes make mistakes.

Occasionally, however, blunders are not involuntary, as when a foreign historian in the battles he described, inserted the names of many persons who were not present, and this merely to confer honour on some particular families. But in most cases, no doubt, errors in print creep in, we hardly know how, and, if anyone doubts this, and wants to get a conceit of perfect accuracy taken out of her, let her only set about compiling a book, or even an article in which a large number of facts are brought together for the public benefit.

"THE ROSY HOURS OF MORNING."

LABOUR.

By J. H. A. HICKS.

Now the rosy hours of morning
  Wake thee from the night's repose,
Fresh, with vigour crowned, uprising,
  Labour till the day shall close.
Not with idle thoughts be musing,
  Up, be noble, and be true!
In life's field of ceaseless labour
  Something waits for thee to do.

Every hour and every minute
  Brings its store of toil and care;
Up, arise! and do thy duty,
  Act thy part and claim thy share.

Leave not till to-morrow's dawning
  What to-day might well be done,
For the golden morrow coming
  May perchance thy life outrun.

Let the morning sunbeams find thee
  Working out some noble plan;
Up, and bear thy standard bravely,
  And in earnest play the man.
Toil with pleasure, cease not doing,
  Toil and care will soon be past;
Labour now, while thou hast power,
  Rest comes sure and sweet at last.

GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By DORA HOPE.

"AUNT, is it true that you keep Lent so strictly as not to allow any meat for the whole forty days?"

"No, my dear Narcissa, it is not true that no meat is allowed, as there is always some provided for any who choose to take it; but very few of the girls care to do so, as they prefer the novelty of a fish and vegetable diet. And I keep the whole time strictly, not because I think there is any particular sacrifice in abstaining from meat while eating dainties of every other kind, but because the change of diet is good for the girls, and it is useful for them to learn the value and methods of cooking the too-much-neglected vegetables, as well as fish."

"But does not their health suffer from going so long without meat?"

"My dear Narcissa, you are evidently very ignorant, and your mind is full of old-fashioned prejudices, which benefit nobody but the butcher. The girls are beginning their lessons on vegetables to-day. I advise you to join them, and pick up a few ideas for yourself."

Thus admonished, Narcissa went at once to the large cookery-room, where she found the girls already assembled, and Miss Down just beginning her instruction with a little scientific explanation of the use of food, and value of the various kinds.

"You must know," she was saying as Narcissa entered, and slipped quietly into a seat, "that the object for which we take food is to replace the wear-and-tear of the actual material of which the body is composed, and which is used up and replaced so rapidly that it is said we get an entirely new body about every forty days. But to keep the body in proper working order it is necessary not only to take food containing flesh and muscle making ingredients, but also some which tend principally to produce heat and vital energy, as well as those which contain minerals. A little child is taught that it is no use putting stones on a fire and expecting to get a bright blaze, as from coal, and in the same way I want you to learn that it is no use eating food from which no useful substance can be extracted; and as you will get a brighter fire by feeding it with just enough good coal than by heaping it with rubbish, so you will get greater bodily energy and strength by eating just enough good food to replace the waste, than by overloading the digestion by too much food, however good. Can anyone tell me what are the principal mineral substances in our bodies?"

"Salt," cried a voice.

"Water," answered another.

"You are both right," replied Miss Down, "but water is by far the most important, though salt too is necessary to life. Three-quarters of the whole body is composed of water, and it is essential that we should take a considerable quantity of it in one form or another. Now beef contains more than seventy per cent. of water; that is to say, more than half of every pound of beef you buy is nothing but water, whereas peas, beans, lentils, oatmeal, and rice contain only about fourteen per cent., so that one pound of any of these contains more than three times as much solid nourishment as one pound of beef. Then, as for the other essential ingredients, while beef (fat and lean together) contains only about seventeen per cent. of flesh-forming substances, and about forty of heat and force-forming, the vegetables I have just mentioned contain, roughly speaking, about twenty per cent. of the former, and at least sixty of the latter. So you see that it is quite a delusion to imagine that meat supplies the chief or best kind of nourishment; in fact, we only obtain from animal food the very elements which the animal has previously obtained from the cells of plants."

"But I thought you said, Miss Down," put in one of the girls, "that water was the most important ingredient of all, and therefore, as beef contains the most of it, that must be the best food."

"You are quite right about the importance of water, Nellie, but we have to pay a shilling a pound for beef, which is rather an expensive way of purchasing water. It is decidedly more economical to use the kinds of solid food which contain the least water, supposing them to contain the other essentials, and make up the requisite quantity of liquid from the filter. Cheese is another much neglected article of diet; for it contains the same proportions of flesh-forming and heat-producing ingredients as beef, with only one-third as much water; so that a third of a pound of cheese contains as much nourishment as a pound of beef."

"But, Miss Down, it always gives me indigestion."

"That is because you eat it *uncooked*; many people find it indigestible in that way. We will take up that subject another time, as there are many ways of cooking so as to make it perfectly wholesome. But with cheese, as with the class of vegetables we have been speaking about, the danger with inexperienced vegetarians is of using too much of them, as they are too nutritious for people who live sedentary lives, except eaten sparingly, just as one would eat meat; the necessary quantity of food should be made up with fruit and fresh vegetables."

"But you allow eggs, Miss Down, and they are not vegetable."

"The very strict vegetarians will not use butter, eggs, or milk, but the majority use all three, as they do not invoke the killing of animals. I will give you a few simple vegetarian recipes, to show you the kind of dishes used, and shall expect you to invent some more elaborate ones for yourselves. There are plenty of soups without meat stock to be found in the cookery books, as well as those for milk, and fruit soups which Miss St.

Adrian told us of a short time ago; so that course need be no difficulty. A course of substantial dishes to take the place of meat and game can be managed with a Melton pie, which is made thus. Soak a dessertspoonful of tapioca and boil it; soak some haricot beans all night, and next day boil them till quite tender, which takes a long time; fry a very little onion and celery, or celery seed, in butter or oil, and put all, with the tapioca and beans, and an egg (a cold boiled one, cut up small, will do), and a little more butter, into a pie dish, cover with paste, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Substantial and savoury dishes can be made, too, of either haricot beans or lentils, soaked and boiled, then drained dry, and either baked in the oven with a little milk, salt, and butter, or, better still, fried in butter with a little parsley and a very little onion chopped fine. The beans are sometimes simply soaked, and boiled for several hours, then drained and served with parsley butter poured over them.

Potatoes can be served in at least a dozen different styles, and tomatoes and celery, two of the most wholesome vegetables, can be cooked in a great variety of ways. Savoury rice is another useful dish; the rice must be boiled till nearly soft, then put into a baking-dish with a little butter, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and mushroom ketchup, and baked slowly till all the liquid is absorbed.

The sweet dishes require no special preparation, except that neither suet nor dripping are allowed, and butter and oil must be substituted for them. I need only give you one new recipe, which you can vary a good deal. It is for a very light rice tart, suitable for supper, or to follow rather rich dishes. Wash and boil some rice, drain it, and put it in the oven with a few spoonfuls of milk. Leave it, stirring occasionally, till the milk is absorbed. Stew some apples, or any other fruit, with plenty of sugar; fill a tart dish nearly full of the fruit, and lay the rice over the top. Sprinkle sugar and nutmeg over it and bake in the oven till it is a nice brown colour.

"I think I have told you as much as you will remember about vegetables, but before we separate I want to know how to choose fish. Margery, can you tell me what kinds of fish will be in season during Lent this year?"

"Cod, soles, oysters, lobsters, and plaice."

"Those are the commonest ones. Does anyone know any others?"

"John dory and whiting."

"Whiting is only in season during the first half of Lent, and you have neither of you mentioned salt fish. Janet, do you remember how to choose the different kinds of fish?"

"I know some of them, Miss Down. Dory should be as thick as possible, and the medium-sized ones have the best flavour. The large ones are boiled like turbots, and the small ones are either baked or fried. Cod should have a thick head, and with flesh that lookes white and flakey when it is cut, and the gills ought to be very red, and the eyes bright, and you can cook it in all manner of ways."

"Does anyone know how to choose a lobster?"

"Oh yes, Miss Down," answered Annie Black, who so rarely was ready with an answer that when she did know she replied eagerly, lest any one else should get before her. "Their tails have to be stiff and springy, so that if you lift them up they fly back with a jerk, and they must be heavy, and yet not full of water, which you have to find out by shaking them, and they ought to be a bright red, because they fade when they are stale, and then you have to smell them, and if they don't smell nice you don't buy them." Annie stopped breathless, amidst the laughter of the girls, with whom she was a never-ending source of amusement, and Miss Down began again.

"Ruth, can you tell me the general rules for choosing fish of all kinds?"

"It should be short and thick, with bright silvery scales (if they have any), and bright red gills, and firm and stiff to the touch, instead of soft and flabby, and the eyes should be bright. But, Miss Down," Ruth went on, when she had replied to the question, "surely fish must contain a great deal of water? I wonder at your recommending it so much."

"It does contain a great deal, about seventy-five per cent. of water, and I should not recommend it as an economical food except in places where it can be bought at a low price. But, on the other hand, it contains less of the oleaginous elements than meat, and is less feeding, which makes it especially suitable food for people who lead sedentary lives and have a good deal of mental and little physical labour. It is valuable, too, for a change of diet on account of the mineral matters it contains. But now one more question before we stop. Minnie: Can you tell me, in a few words, any rules about boiling and frying fish?"

"Fish for boiling should be put for a short time after cleaning into water with a little vinegar and salt in it to make the flesh firm. The water it is boiled in must be slightly salted and just warm, unless it is a very large fish, then the water should be cold. It must be only simmered, and not boiled at all, till the skin begins to crack, which is a sign that it is done enough. For frying, there must be sufficient boiling fat to completely cover the fish, and the easiest way is to put the fish in a frying-basket and use a much larger and deeper pan than an ordinary frying-pan; the fish is not so likely to get burnt, and the basket can be easily lifted out and the fish drained, and the fat can be strained and used again."

"Very well remembered, Minnie; you have only forgotten one point, that fat which has been used for fish must be kept separate, and not used for anything else but fish afterwards, or it will give an unpleasant flavour. Baking is an easy and palatable way of cooking almost all kinds of fish, either whole or filleted. The fish must be well dried after cleaning, and then either baked in a Dutch-oven before a clear fire, or, if this cannot be managed, in a side oven in an ordinary baking-dish with a little butter, or small slices of fat bacon laid over and round it. Some kinds of fish are improved by a squeeze of lemon or a sprinkling of chopped parsley and breadcrumbs, and all kinds should have a little salt and pepper over them. The tin should be covered with a sheet of buttered kitchen-paper, and when served, the butter in which it is cooked should be poured over the fish. This is one of the most satisfactory ways of cooking fish, and though it is suitable for all kinds, it is specially so for fresh-water fish. I need only give you one recipe for fish cookery, as there are so many in all the cookery books. It is fish pudding, a favourite dish in Norway. Almost any kind of fish will do, though the Norwegians generally use cod. It is freed from bones, then chopped small, with salt and pepper, and mixed with a beaten-up egg, a little milk, flour, and butter, and boiled in a basin for an hour and a half, or two hours if a large quantity. It is served with melted butter, or any kind of fish sauce. If boiled in an ornamental mould instead of a basin, and covered with lobster or shrimp sauce, it makes a pretty as well as a light and palatable dish. And now you have had a very long lesson, and must be anxious for your walk, so we will stop at once."

Jim, Miss Gwen's new *protégé*, had been improving under her careful teaching, and was developing into a quite respectable "buttons," though he had not yet attained to the gravity and quiet manner befitting an orthodox man-servant. In character he was a curious mixture of good and bad; it seemed as though he was by nature frank and straightforward, but from his rough life he had acquired a number of faults which were difficult to overcome. The worst of these was an invincible habit of pilfering, which seemed to have become second nature to him; but if suspected of a theft he always confessed at once, and was never known to tell a lie.

Ruth Stanley took a special interest in the poor waif; she was always trying to improve him, and was much grieved by his thieving propensities.

"Oh, Jim!" she said, one day, "one of the lead pencils from my drawing-case is gone, and I am afraid I saw one in your hand this morning—did I?"

"You're always a askin' me if I ain't took somethink or other, miss; and it's too bad on a feller as is tryin' to live honest," he answered sulkily.

"But did you take it?" she persisted.

He hesitated, then went on rubbing his fender with extra zeal.

"Oh, well, there, I did take 'em, miss, and here they are in my pocket," he said at last, producing two pencils unblushingly.

"But you must learn not to steal, James; it is so very wrong, and foolish too, for you know I would have given you a pencil, if you had asked me."

"Yes, I knew you would, miss; so where was the good of me botherin' you with askin'?"

So ended nearly all his thefts. It seemed impossible to make him understand that there was any reason why he should not help himself to anything he wanted without the unnecessary trouble of asking permission. He looked upon it as one of the ladies' extraordinary whims, which were quite unaccountable to reasonable beings like himself, and he mentally classed it together with sundry other fads which afflicted him, such as not being allowed to join in the conversation while waiting at table—even though he might have a very thrilling anecdote to relate, which he was sure would interest the young ladies—and being expected to go all the way across the hall to show callers into the drawing-room, instead of pointing from the hall-door to the room in which they were likely to find Miss Gwen, and leaving them to introduce themselves. He spent many leisure moments in philosophical reflections on the strange manners of "the gentry," and the very unnecessary amount of trouble they gave both themselves and him.

But he was *quite willing* to indulge their whims, as they were very kind to him, and if Miss Gwen had requested him to stand on his head instead of his feet during dinner, or any other freak, he would have done his best to please her, for there was really no accounting for ladies' tastes.

Miss Gwen, on her part, though by no means blind to his serious faults, considered his perfect truthfulness a great point in his favour, and confidently hoped that with time and patience the evils might be overcome.

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A Railway Dog.

Dogs are fond of having a hobby. There are dogs who cannot resist following an omnibus, others who worship a stick or a stone, and there are well-know cases of dogs devoting themselves to a fire-engine, or to a "life on the line."

"Help" has been trained to travel by rail, and goes about his collecting work in sober earnest, but years ago there was a colley known as "Bob" who lived on the railway also.

He lost his master at some fair, and hunted long in hopes of finding him. He found his way to the station, and lived there for days scanning every passenger in hopes of seeing the drover. He was fed at the restaurant, and the guards spoke kindly to the disconsolate pathetic faced colley.

He looked near and far for his shepherd owner, travelling from town to town in search of him, and returning to the station anxious, dejected, and sad of mien.

Finally he gave up the hunt as hopeless and became a railway dog. Guards vied with one another as to who should have Bob as travelling companion. He lived for many years on the line, growing sleek and contented, yet he occasionally eyed shepherd passengers, evidently still hankering after the master for whom he sorrowed so long.

One night a doctor who travelled continually, and was consequently well known, was asked by a porter, at a station where he was waiting, to come into the lamp-room, where the fire was good.

He heard from the men all about Bob, who was expected up with the North Mail that evening. It thundered in, and the guard immediately in passing the lamp-room called out "Bad news." "An accident?" asked the group off duty. "How! What?"

"Railway Bob," said the guard curtly, not trusting himself to say more, then, turning round, added with a choke in his voice, "He lept at the engine, as the train moved, and missed it." E. B. S.

Billy, a Seafaring Sheep.

Lambs often figure as domestic favourites, but I once met with a full-grown sheep, "Billy" by name, which was kept as a pet on board a ship.

It was rough weather when first I made Billy's acquaintance on the Ringarooma, a steamer which sailed between Melbourne and New Zealand, but in spite of big seas, he walked along the slippery decks with the greatest of ease.

When in port, Billy would sometimes land and go sniffing about the wharf, but on hearing the steamer's whistle he promptly returned on board.

He seemed to feed indiscriminately. Passengers, stewards, cook, and sailors were always offering him a variety of food. Billy would try anything which came in his way, and managed to digest a quantity of curious material, by no means limiting himself to a vegetable diet. He devoured pamphlets, nibbled at books, liked chocolate-creams, and string he swallowed greedily.

Billy was of real use when sheep had to be shipped. They, poor things, stood still, gaped at the gangway, and refused to go down as their owners wished. Billy then would come forward and show them the way, while, true to their nature, the "silly sheep" followed their leader.

Billy's face always wore an expression of tricky cunning, and I sometimes wondered whether, after having led his unfortunate land lubber brethren on board, he ever maliciously watched them in their wretchedness, while he swaggered about steadily on his sea-legs.

I subsequently travelled again by Billy's steamer, and missed the four-footed favourite. On inquiring for him, I heard that the sheep's long unshorn coat had caught the eye of some shearers crossing to New Zealand.

They volunteered to shear him, and did their work badly. Perhaps this was not so much their fault, as that of the steamer, which had a chronic habit of rolling. At any rate, the shearers proved themselves but "'prentice hands" at their business, for they cut poor Billy so deeply, the wounds caused his death.

I think those shearers would show their wisdom by avoiding the Ringarooma on the return passage to Australia, for officers and crew harboured bitter thoughts against them for bringing their popular shipmate to an untimely end. E. B. S.

VARIETIES.

Conversation.—There are few occasions in life in which we are more called upon to watch ourselves narrowly, and to resist the assaults of various temptations, than in conversation.—*Hannah More.*

Good Stories.

A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new;
And whenso'er it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools. *Stillingfleet.*

About Dreams.

It is to be hoped that superstition about dreams is fast dying out, but at one time, and not so long ago, it was very prevalent in the rural districts of England. The following are a few of the interpretations which were put upon dreams, both good and bad; and it may be as well by way of preface to observe that morning dreams were held to be more reliable than those of any other time, and of morning dreams, those of the morning twilight were most valued.

To dream of joy was held to denote grief; of fine clothes, poverty; of flying, falling down; of fire, anger; of serpents, private enemies; of money, loss; of weeping, joy; of feasting, want; of many people, affliction; of singing, sorrow; of changing abode, sudden news; of fishing, good luck; of death, marriage; of finding money, bad luck; of gold, death; of being bald, misfortune; of growing fat, wealth; of drinking water, good entertainment; of a fine garden, much pleasure.

Uncommonly Deaf.—She must be deaf indeed who hears not that spoken which she desires.

Birthdays.—St. Augustine says that "it is everyone's bounden duty solemnly to celebrate his or her birthday."

What Others Say.—Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Not Alone.—God is where the sun glows, God is where the violet blows, is where yon bird is flapping its wings, is where this worm is moving. Though no friend be near the, fear nothing! Thy God is here.

A Good Cook.—A famous lawyer used to say that a woman who could boil potatoes and melt butter well was a good cook, and he never required any other proof of her capabilities.

The End of Friendship.—The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined. It is for aid and comfort in all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution.—*Emerson.*

Useful Studies.—As it is not she who eats the more, but she who has the better digestion, that enjoys the better health; so it is not she who has read the more, but she whose studies have been the more useful, that ought to be esteemed the more respectable as respects her learning.

Who Lyeth Heare?

Ye gude Yearle of Devenshire—
What he had is gone,
What he kept is lost,
What he gave—*that* he hath.

In looking back you never feel that upon any occasion you have acted too generously; but you often regret that you did not give enough, or that you did not give at all. The moral seems to be, always give the higher sum or do the most when in doubt. It seems to me that parents, and others having the charge of children, might do more than is done to teach them the only means of making life worth living, and to point out to them the rocks and eddies from which they themselves have suffered in life's passage.

Cold Words.—The cold words that fall in love and friendship are spring-snow, which quickly melts into sparkling dew; the cold words which hate showers down are the snow of autumn, which announces the deeper snow of winter.—*Richter.*

The Ceremony of the World.—The ceremony of the world is not without its uses; it may indeed take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference.

The Will and the Deed.—God takes our hearty desires and will, instead of the deed, when we have not power to fulfil it; but He never took the bare deed instead of the will.—*Baxter.*

The Uses of Adversity.—A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

The End of his Troubles.—A Quaker told a young man just married: "Friend, thou art now at the end of all thy troubles." The bride turned out to be a vixen, and in a week the young man came back with the upbraiding remark, "I *thought you told* me I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

The Art of Consolation.—Inquiries after happiness and rules for attaining it are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation and supporting one's self under affliction.

Earth to Earth.

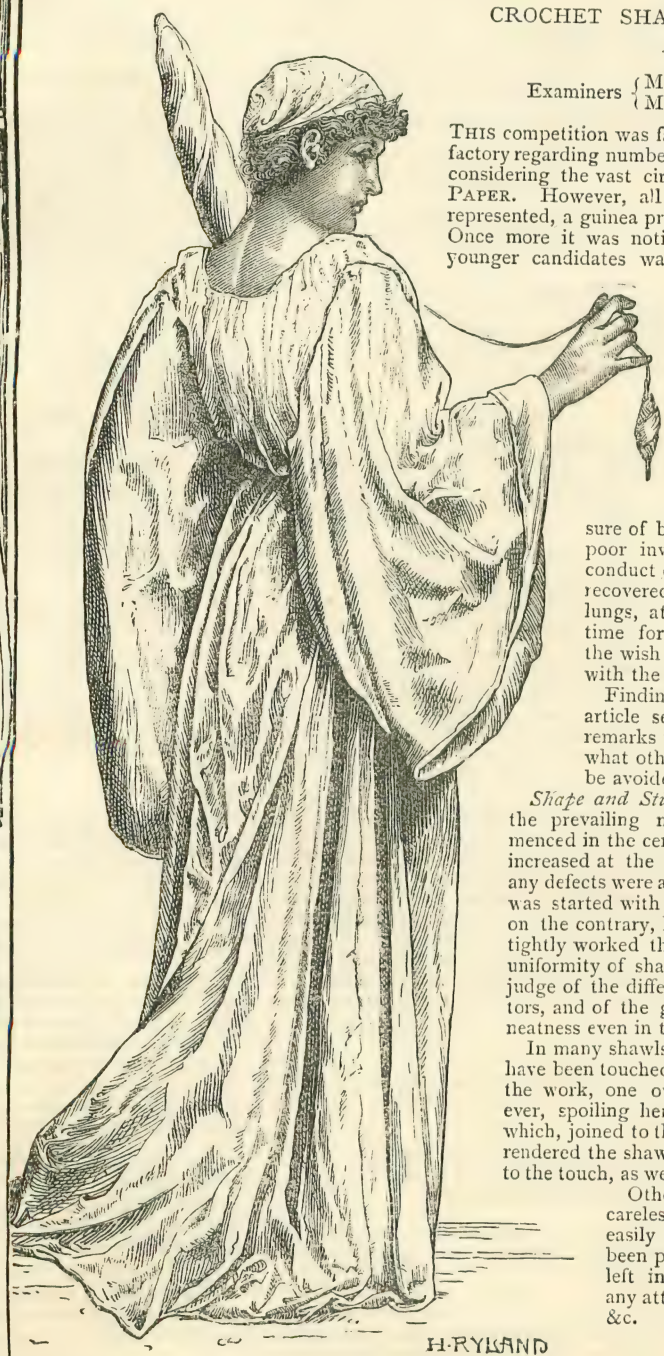
The following striking lines, forming an ancient inscription found at Melrose Abbey, used often to be repeated by Sir Walter Scott:—

"The earth goeth on the earth, glistening in gold,
The earth goeth to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,
The earth sayeth to the earth—'All shall be ours.'"

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS IN NEEDLEWORK.

CROCHET SHAWL COMPETITION.

Examiners { MARIE KARGER. / MARY LAYBOURN.



THIS competition was fairly good, though not so satisfactory regarding numbers as might have been expected considering the vast circulation of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. However, all the ages, from 8 to 23, were represented, a guinea prize being allotted to each one. Once more it was noticeable that the work of the younger candidates was comparatively equal, if not superior, to that of the elder ones. For instance, a little girl of 8½ years had crocheted a shawl which, for size and care, could be a lesson to some of the young ladies of 22 and 23 who had sent the same plain pattern, though in a smaller size—an evident proof of thoughtlessness, for not only did they overlook the award, but also the pleasure of bringing more comfort to some poor invalid. Very different was the conduct of the dear child who, scarcely recovered from inflammation of the lungs, at once set to work to be in time for the competition, more with the wish of relieving the suffering than with the hope of the reward.

Finding it impossible to speak of each article separately, we will confine our remarks to the chief points, just to show what others have done, and what is to be avoided or improved upon in future.

Shape and Stitches.—As might be expected, the prevailing model was the square, commenced in the centre with the usual trebles and increased at the four angles. In these scarcely any defects were apparent, except that one shawl was started with too large a ring, and another, on the contrary, had the ring and first row so tightly worked that it set rather lumpily. This uniformity of shape and stitch made it easy to judge of the difference of the work of competitors, and of the great influence of practice and neatness even in the easiest things.

In many shawls the wool seemed scarcely to have been touched, so swift and precise had been the work, one over-anxious contributor, however, spoiling her task by an extra tightness, which, joined to the wiriness of the yarn chosen, rendered the shawl quite harsh and disagreeable to the touch, as well as useless for being washed.

Others showed visible proofs of careless handling, and one could easily imagine how the wrap had been picked up in odd moments and left in nooks and corners without any attempts to protect it from dust, &c. Hence the freshness and

elasticity of the wool had nearly disappeared, and added to this a too coarse and sharp hook had often split the wool, and produced a too loose chain, tightened here and there by the uneven pull of an inexperienced hand, which occasionally also left long loops at the back. It may not here be out of place to recommend that the tickets should not be sewn on the shawl doubled, for each article having to be spread out, the ticket has to be unsewn, and by this very act some of the threads may be pulled out. It would be advisable, therefore, to write the name and all particulars on a stiff piece of cartridge paper, or a luggage label, through which a hole is pierced, and a string passed to attach it safely to a part of the shawl which will not drag, so that the whole ground is well exposed to the keen eye of the examiner.

The undue looseness of the work was specially conspicuous in the stripes of increasings, where unsightly spaces were left between the groups of trebles. But beautifully even and smooth were most of the shawls worked lengthwise; here, more difficult patterns had been attempted, such as the shell, point neige, and, above all, a tiny design of light yet solid crochet.

Executed under the same principle as the square shawls, worked from the centre, were three more shapely wraps divided into six sections instead of four, a shape very popular with some old ladies.

However, the great novelty in style was exhibited by a girl of 13 in a double cape, which consisted in a circular piece of spaced trebles, folded in two and fastened on the chest with a bow, answering admirably to the present mania for shoulder capes. The only example of crochet tricoté were two or three tippets.

A great improvement on the former competition was the neatness with which all joins and ends of wool were concealed, allowing searcely a single knot to show itself.

Border.—This was the least satisfactory point of the competition, almost a total failure, save a few fringes that were very nicely executed. The lace edgings, with but a few exceptions, were far too full, setting nearly in goffers yet leaving the corners quite scanty, or being flat on one side and fluted on the other, and again when the border was properly set on, the angles were at variance with one another. Many of the patterns were too open—a great mistake, especially in objects intended for old or invalid people.

Size.—The size of the shawls varied from that of a large sofa blanket to a square, barely three-quarters of a yard, and although no size had been specified, it had certainly to be taken into consideration, when dimensions formed the only point of distinction between two shawls.

Colours and wool.—The choice of colour did not reflect much credit on the taste of our girls, and attempts at æsthetic blendings were peculiarly depressing. True, delicate tints had to be avoided, but the range of cheerful colours is quite unlimited even in the commonest yarns. As to the quality of wool employed, we will merely note that the Shetland, requiring double the amount of work, and being extremely soft and light, is scarcely adapted to hospital wear, while the cheapest yarn does not show off the full effect of painstaking work.

PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA

are awarded, and will be sent in purses, to each of the undermentioned competitors:—

Bryant, Beatrice Elizabeth (8), Stratford, E.
Edwards, F. Mabel (9), Mackworth.
Rodocanachi, Hypatia (10), Gloucester-terrace.
Howard, Mary Ethel (13), Acton, near Hantwich.
Hay, Lilian (14), Stamford.
Hillier, Thirza Pauline (15), Torquay.
Morris, Mary Jane (16), Ellesmere.
Down, Agnes (17), Notting-hill, W.
Duffett, Florence M. (18), Godalming.
Bramwell, K. M. (19), Borough.
Dixon, Jessie F. (20), Worcester.
Bache, Louie (21), West Bromwich.
Clements, Rosa (22), Redhill, Surrey.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Barker, Nora Eveline (10), Brigg, Lincolnshire.
Bryant, Clara Edith (11), Stratford, E.
Wallace, Elizabeth (12), Edinburgh.
Towgood, Edith Ethel (13), Anerley, S.E.
Tripney, Margaret (14), Whitehaven, Cumberland.
Wheelwright, Edith (15), Canterbury.
Capie, Susan Jane (16), Kirkfieldbank.
Sayer, Clara (17), Cambridge.
Nicolson, Amelia (18), S. Hackney.
Lumsden, Catherine H. (19), Aberdeen.
Maude, Annie (21), Caversham-road, N.W.
Kemp, Emilie (22), Greenstreet, near Sittingbourne.
Plummer, Kathleen (23), New Ross.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Watts, Dora (10), Finchley New-road, South Hampstead.
Small, Clara Jane (11), Cann Hall-road, Leytonstone.
Hatch, Agnes Mary (13), Balham, S.W.
Mathews, Henrietta (14), Manchester.
Tellwright, C. E. (15), Mathgar, Dublin. (?)
Ingall, Hilda Drew (15), Greenhithe.
Hingate, Emily (16), High Toynton.
Baumbach, Mabel (17), Lancaster-gate.
Postans, Mary (18), E. Dulwich.
Haworth, Mary (19), York.
Clarkson, Ethel (20), Leicester.
Bailton, Florence A. (21), Withington, near Manchester.
Naish, Kate Ellen (22), Clifton, Bristol.
Cockburn, Maria I. (23), Old Kent road.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Harding, Constance (10), Frome.
Fraser, Catherine Mary (13), Bromley, E.
Copp, Lillie (14), Somerset.
Thorpe, Angelina Mary (15), Harrogate.
Robinson, Fanny (17), Higham Ferrers, Northampton.
Hutchinson, Helen Douglas (18), Aberdeenshire.
Lufkin, Marie Christiana (20), Sutton, Surrey.
Marsh, Annie Caroline (21), Aslockton, Notts.
Postans, Lilla (22), East Dulwich
Warren, Augusta Mary (23), Shrewsbury.

"FOR EVER."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," etc.

CHAPTER III.

At length, however, a step was heard, but so slow and heavy a one it did not seem like John's. It was his, however. He came in without speaking, and sank down on a chair as if he had no strength left.

"You seem tired out, John. And what can have made you so late?" said Hannah gently, seeing plainly that something was amiss, and fearing she knew not what.

"She has been taken ill," was all he could say, and then, utterly breaking down, he turned his face away whilst he sobbed like a child.

At length Hannah broke the silence, as she asked softly, "Is she very bad, John?"

He nodded his head in a hopeless sort of way.

"I stayed as long as they would let me," he said at length. "And they promised I might come to-morrow as early as I liked. I'm glad it is Sunday, as I can bide with her a bit. I'll go to bed now, Hannah."

"You must have some supper first."

He shook his head as if the eating of any supper were an impossibility.

"Nay, but you must try and eat just a mouthful at any rate, or how will you be able to manage these long walks to and fro, and it is quite ready."

He submissively did as he was bid, and tried to swallow a morsel, but it was no use. He gently pushed it from him, and, taking up his candle, went upstairs.

Not much sleep did he get that night, whilst early dawn found him making his way to Collmer.

"She is very ill," said the matron, sympathisingly, in answer to his questioning look; "but she is quite conscious."

John took his place beside her. She held out her hand to him with a smile upon her face—a smile of such wonderful beauty and sweetness and tenderness that the husband felt there could scarcely be many more of them for him on earth. The light from the opening gates of the heavenly city seemed to be already shining on the beloved face, lending it that unearthly beauty.

"Oh, Mary, my wife—my own faithful Mary!" he cried, with a low moan of anguish which he could not suppress.

"Dear John," she said, in tender accents, "the Master has sent and is calling for me. I must go to Him. I had been counting on coming back to you, but instead of that you must come to me. It came to me in the night; I don't know whether it was a dream or not, but someone seemed to tell me that the place the dear Lord had been preparing for me was ready now, and so He had sent for me home. John, you won't say nay when He calls for me?" she asked, wistfully.

"Oh, Mary, it is hard to give you up," moaned the old man.

"'Tis but for a little while," she softly said.

"And after that we shall be together 'for ever and ever,'" he rejoined, the heavy cloud seeming to lift a little as he spoke the words.

He raised his bowed head as if he had caught a ray of light through the darkness.

"Ay, Mary, I give you up. You are ripe for the heavenly home, and I couldn't hold

you back from it even by a wish. Some day, through God's mercy, I shall follow you in through the golden gates, and then we'll be together 'for ever and ever.'"

A look of infinite joy and content settled down on the dying woman's face.

"Kiss me, John, and say good-night, for before another day breaks I think I shall be where there is 'no more night;' but I felt somehow as if I couldn't go without a word from you."

With a reverent gesture, as if he felt he was indeed kissing one of the King's daughters, who, *made all glorious within*, was soon to stand in His very presence, the husband pressed his lips to the withered face which had made the sunshine of his life for the last forty years.

"It's only for a little while, John. And there's another 'for ever' I want you to remember: 'For ever with the Lord.' Think of that, John! It's that which lies before us both."

Soon afterwards she seemed to fall into a kind of slumber, whilst John sat by gazing upon the tranquil face, which, whether sleeping or waking, was expressive of the restful calm of a little child lying in its mother's arms. And was not her soul reposing itself on One more tender even than a mother, yet at the same time strong and mighty to deliver? Resting on those everlasting arms, what was there to cause her a moment's care or uneasiness?

John sat and gazed as if he would learn afresh every feature, every line and lineament of the face so dear to him, that he might take it out, as it were, and look at it in his mind's eye when the original should be far removed from him.

The ward was very quiet. There were only one or two other patients in it, and they were at the other end of the long room.

In the stillness he heard after a time in the distance the sound of the church bells calling the people to come and worship, and then he thought of the everlasting Sabbath his wife was about to enter upon.

After a time she awoke, and smiled to see him sitting beside her. Then they brought her some nourishment, which she took from his hands with a gentle "thank you."

"John, where is Hannah?" she asked.

"She's at home: at Oxley."

"It is a pity it is so far off. I should have liked to have seen her once more and bid her good-bye. When I am gone she will be the last of us left."

"Would you like to see her?" said John, rising at once. "Then we'll see if it can't be managed."

"Do you mean you will fetch her?" she asked, looking pleased and grateful that this last wish of her heart should be gratified.

"Yes. Farmer Jones will lend me his little cart, I know, and I'll soon drive her in."

It cost him something to leave his wife's side, and forego her company for any of the few precious moments that yet remained; but she wished for her sister, and that was enough for him.

Moreover, as he trudged homewards, he blamed himself for his selfishness in not having thought before of Hannah, and how much she must be wishing for another sight of the sister to whom she had always been so truly attached.

On his way back he met Mr. Temple driving a light dog-cart. He was wearing an anxious look on his face, and John wondered what could be taking him into Collmer on a Sunday.

On perceiving the old man, he drew up for a moment to speak to him and inquire for his wife, for he noted a change in Kent's whole aspect.

"How is she?" he asked.

"She'll soon be better now, sir. She's leaving us to go to the land where the people are 'no more sick,'" returned the other, with a strange calmness.

"Why, John, my poor fellow, I thought she was coming home to you to-morrow cured!"

"So I thought, sir, till last night," said the old man, trying to steady his voice; "and now they think she will be in the other home before the sun sets. But, sir, I hope nothing is amiss at the Hall?"

"My little girl is very ill, and I am driving in to fetch the doctor out to her again."

"Miss Lily ill!" exclaimed John, in tones of consternation; "and I hadn't even heard of it!"

"It was only last evening that she seemed really poorly, but to-day we are feeling anxious."

Then, as if unable to say more, or to bear the honest sympathy expressed on old John's face, he gave a touch with his whip to the horse, and drove rapidly on towards Collmer.

Kent plodded on with a fresh weight upon his heart. His sweet little Miss Lily lying ill! Surely—surely, she was not going to be taken too?

Hannah looked greatly pleased when she found she was to have a meeting with Mary after all. She had been longing for it so much.

All the past week had been full of bright anticipations of the happiness in store for her in living with those she loved so much. Now that seemed at an end, for John had told her before he set off that they gave no hope of Mary's life. But she hungered for just one look, one more word from her before she went.

It had for the moment seemed hard to feel that her sister lay dying only three miles off, and yet she could not go to her, for poor Hannah's powers of walking were exceedingly limited. The length of the village street was as much as she could manage.

But she was so accustomed to yield her wishes in everything that after a little struggle this too was laid aside as a thing that was not to be, and she set herself patiently to wait through the long hours of suspense until John's return, which perhaps would not be before night.

"It was good of you to come back for me," she said.

"Nay; she wished it," he briefly replied.

Very few words were spoken by either as they jogged along in Farmer Jones's cart.

It was a lovely day, and the country looked very sweet and peaceful. Few sounds were heard as they drove along through the lanes save the humming of the bees or the song of the lark. Every now and then they caught glimpses of the blue sea in the distance lying sparkling in the sunlight, but they were too far off to hear the splash of the waves as they broke upon the shore.

There seemed to be a hush upon nature, even as upon their hearts. The scene lying around them was most fair, but one very dear to them was bidding it all adieu. She would never again revisit the old familiar haunts which she had loved so much. And then with a sort of chastened gladness they took, as it were, a look behind the veil at the glories of that "land which is very far off" to which she was hastening, where the dwellers behold the "King in His beauty." There was no cause for sadness on her account. And for themselves—for the moment they were disposed to wish they too might go at once.

Mary was dozing when they stole noiselessly into the ward. John resumed his old post beside her, whilst Hannah stood for a few moments silently watching her from the foot of the bed.

Soon Mary opened her eyes, and met those of her sister with a loving look.

"It was kind of you to come," she murmured as Hannah stooped down and kissed her.

"Nay, I was longing to come. I wanted just one good-bye, Mary."

"Hannah, we thought we were going to live together a while at last, and be so happy. But that is not to be here—it is to be in heaven instead."

"Yes: we've only to wait for a time, John and I, and then our turn will come."

"And you'll take care of my old man meanwhile, won't you, Hannah. I give him over into your charge. I am so glad you had come to Oxley: and you'll bide with him now, won't you. You mustn't leave him.'

"I won't unless he wishes it."

"He isn't likely to do that," said John, speaking for himself. "I shall be glad enough to have you, Hannah. And I know it will comfort her to think I shan't be left quite alone, nor you going back to the workhouse."

"How good God has been to me—to us all!" said Mary, with a bright look of thankfulness illuminating her face. "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!"

And now she had only to lie waiting for the moment when her eyes should open upon that other world which felt so near, where every longing would be stilled and her soul "satisfied."

As the afternoon shadows began to lengthen on the grass, and the sun was sinking a little in the heavens, at that sweetest hour in summer when the glare of the day is over and a softened mellowed light remains, Mary fell into her last long sleep, looking as if her head were indeed pillowed upon the bosom of her unseen Friend and Saviour.

A little while later John and Hannah were wending their way homewards.

All was very still and peaceful. In the light of the setting sun the waving corn looked already of a golden hue.

"It is fast getting ripe, and then it will be cut down," remarked John.

"'When the fruit is brought forth, immediately He putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come,'" said Hannah, following out the thought which she knew was in his mind. "It says 'immediately,' as if the Great Husbandman were longing for the moment when He could gather the fruit into His garner. To-day He has taken home to Himself another ripe soul."

"So the great thing for us is to be daily growing riper—more ready for that heavenly harvest. Ay, that is why He sends sometimes the sunshine and sometimes the rain; 'tis all meant for that end. So, Hannah, we ought to take it all with thanksgiving."

"Yes," she replied, "let us give thanks."

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

PUZZLED INQUIRER.—1. We are not at all surprised to hear that a little creature of only eight years old finds difficulty in repeating the multiplication table, so utterly uninteresting as it must be, and equally so to older folks. Teach her something in place of it for the present. Geography is far more likely to interest her, taught by means of large maps. Point with her finger to countries and chief cities, seas, and lakes. Tell her whether white, red, or black men live in each locality, and what beasts; also what kind of places they are, hot or cold; what is made in each, etc. The geography lesson will thus be a treat, and the child will be eager to show how quickly it can point to each place, and tell all it knows about it. There are children doubtless who like figures, but the majority, at ages from five to eight or later, might learn what is more attractive with far greater profit. 2. We must decline answering questions on any points on which so much difference of opinion exists amongst religious people. After all, the practice to which you refer is non-essential, although designed by devout persons for the glory of God.

JESSIE.—Read our article at page 454, vol. i., in reference to nursing. We think you had better apply

for information to the secretary of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street. You should learn to spell better, and write from copies.

RHODA ALLEN.—1. You will obtain specimens of the papers set by the Civil Service department for competitors in a new publication just about to be issued, which will appear weekly. It is to contain all information respecting forthcoming examinations, and meet every requirement. The number of competitors appears to be augmenting, and this may necessitate the greater severity of the examinations. It is said that some 20,000 persons presented themselves as candidates last year. 2. If already tolerably proficient in painting, either in oils or water-colours, we think that, to give you a good commencement in china or pottery-painting, half-a-dozen lessons, or even less, might be quite sufficient; but we think that you could scarcely dispense with a few. Experience and careful practice must then supplement the technical instructions you have obtained.

RED ROSE. — You could select a book on heraldry at any good library. The motto attached to the arms of Great Britain, *Dieu et mon droit*, "God, and my right," was an ancient English war cry, and was assumed by Henry VI., and ever since retained.

POLLY.—You ask a question on which scientific men have long been unable to agree, and yet few, perhaps, were really absolutely certain that their own theory was more than a guess at the existing facts—respecting the nature of the spots on the sun. When they increase in size and number they appear to obstruct the beneficent influences of light and heat, and prove injurious to both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This, we believe, experience has sufficiently demonstrated. As to their nature, many have been the conjectures made. By one professor, regarded as clouds suspended in the sun's atmosphere; by another, as partial solidifications of the liquid matter which forms the body of the sun (a kind of scoria); a third, that the spots are accidental openings in the atmosphere by the condensation of vapours; and again, that they are due to vertical currents ascending and descending, and the interception of the light of the sun's atmosphere by the predominant intensity of the ascending current. But since the optical experiments made by German physicists, astronomers seem to have come at last to one opinion, and they hold that our sun is a great body, "incandescent in all its parts, or globe; as in a state of fusion, surrounded by a burning atmosphere or agglomeration of incandescent gases." We have quoted from Louis Figuier, who is doubtless a sufficient authority.

S. O. A.—Read "How to Improve the Education," vol. ii., page 794. The accent should fall on the first syllable of the word "clematis."

MARY ROBERTS (Tasmania).—The London School of Medicine for Women is at 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square. Practical anatomy, practical chemistry, practice of medicine, and practice of surgery, are all taught in the classes held there. The course of study is four years; the sessions are held in the winter and summer. Fees for the whole curriculum of lectures, £80. Fees for four years' hospital instruction, £45. Address your inquiries to Mr. A. T. Norton, F.R.C.S., Dean of the school. College lodgings for lady students are to be obtained at Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C. Terms for board and lodging from £60 to £70 per annum. Also at Brunswick House, Brunswick-square, W.C. Address in both cases the lady manager.

AN IVY LEAF.—We are much obliged by your information that "all the subjects obligatory for an entrance certificate for the 'London Women's College of Medicine,' must be passed at one examination, and be included in one certificate." The rule, as you say, seems arbitrary; but if the first class College of Preceptors examination will answer, there is no hardship really to be complained of.

COOKERY.

PASSIONATE.—1. See "Pies and Tarts," page 394, vol. ii., which gives full directions for making raised pies. There is another article at page 244, in the same volume. 2. There is no "cure" that we are aware of for the nearness of small blood-vessels to the outer cuticle of the skin, which are consequently seen through it. A "fixed colour" may be becoming rather than otherwise, if not extending to the nose or forehead. Those who laugh at you are sadly lacking in good breeding, not to say kindliness of feeling.

NELLIE HAYES.—You will find the recipe for cocoanut ice at page 80, vol. v.

ANOTHER CONSTANT READER.—To make American dough-nuts, see the recipe at page 494, vol. ii.

A GLASGOW GIRL is so good as to give a recipe for a fruit cake made without eggs, as the latter are scarce in the winter:—Take two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar (or three-quarters of a pound might suit some people better), half a pound of butter, two pounds of fruit, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and mace, and one of nutmeg. Mix the whole with a pint of milk, and bake for rather more than an hour. Any spice above-named may be omitted, if so desired, without detriment to the cake. We should have thought that the quantity of nutmeg was excessive, but leave our readers to improve on the suggestion given.

MARGARET WEBB.—We give your recipe with pleasure:—Take a tolerably large vegetable-marrow, pare it, and cut it into two lengthwise. Remove the seeds, and substitute a stuffing composed of half a pound of finely-minced cold meat, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a sprig of thyme and parsley, one egg well beaten up, and a little pepper and salt. Place the two halves of the vegetable-marrow together, and bind them together near the ends with tape. Then bake from two to four hours, according to the size.

A YOUNG WIFE should dry the fish better before dipping it in the batter or the egg. First, the fish when washed should be wiped and rolled for a short time in a clean, dry napkin; secondly, rubbed with flour, and what is superfluous shaken off; thirdly, dipped in a thick batter of flour and water, or else of a beaten up egg, the white and yolk both employed; fourthly, the crumbs must be stale and finely sifted; fifthly, the pan must be half filled with good dripping, or the best salad oil, so as to cover the fish. 2. The following is the proper treatment of the pudding-cloth:—It should be laid in cold water as soon as dispensed with, then washed in hot water, dried in the open air, and then folded and put away where it will be safe from dust. It should never be washed with soap; and when next used it should be rinsed out of really boiling water, squeezed dry, and well floured. If these directions be carried out, the fish will retain the bread-crumbs, and the pudding will not stick to the cloth.

WORK.

EMMA.—Our illustrations of dresses and mantles are drawn from the last fashionable models; but we do not give paper patterns of them. Try an American paper pattern shop, taking THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to show.

A VERY ANXIOUS GIRL.—Plain needlework and knitting would be the most valuable acquirements, and, if you could go out to work, you would find upholstery pay you well.

AMY.—The beads are knitted in with the wool, and must be strung on it first; they can also be sewn on after the work is done, if you prefer.

GERTRUDE.—Good paste made of flour, or gelatine such as you purchase in packets, is good for fastening Christmas cards.

E. M. D.—Wherever Judson's dyes are sold, or at an artist's colourman's, you will obtain the gold-paint and the black enamel. We think the price is one shilling each.

HILDA DORA.—We do not know how you can "help your mother," save by being useful and helpful at home, learning housekeeping, cookery, and needlework.

NETTING.—No instructions for netting have appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. You would find a book on the subject at any fancy needlework shop.

BLACKBERRY.—You do not say what kind of situation you require, but we should think the spring better than the present time.

MISS MAGGIE RUMSEY.—Many thanks for the work recipe. We regret that we cannot use it. The 28th June, 1871, was a Wednesday.

L. S. M.—Why do you not refer to the index in each volume for what you require before writing to a busy editor who has already supplied (it may be) the information for which you ask? We do not spare time or trouble to serve our readers, and feel that this should not be imposed upon through laziness. Refer to vol. ii., page 157, and look for the letter "K," and you will find that you are asking for a needless repetition.

LUNA.—The newest fashion at bazaars and fancy fairs seems to be for the young lady attendants to wear a uniform costume of some simple description—a nurse of the Red Cross, a charity girl, a Newhaven fish-wife, Welsh costume, or something that each can manufacture at home. Fancy aprons and long mittens are also worn.

MAY.—The following is a very good black reviver:—Three-quarters of a pound of galls, half a pound of logwood chips, two ounces of copperas. Boil for two hours in a quart and a half of water till reduced enough that about one pint and a half will drain from it. The other recipe given in the "Fairy of the Family" is easier, we think, and we advise you to change the chips for the extract.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEACON HILL.—You might as well inquire "why lilies are white, and buttercups yellow; or why a dog has a tail, and a guinea-pig none; or why a cock crows although a duck quacks!"

SABLE PLUME.—1. To "ebonise wood," stain it with a decoction of logwood (procured from a druggist). It should be dissolved in warm water until all be taken up that the latter will hold. Apply it freely to the article of furniture with a large broad and soft brush (of bristles), and then rub with a cloth, to prevent the formation of a gummy coating upon it. After leaving it to dry for some hours, the second application must be of vinegar, in which a quantity of nails or clean filings have been soaked for several days. This must be as freely laid on with a brush as the former wash. The mixture of the two applications will produce a jet-black and permanent dye. The influence of the iron on the vinegar is all-important. Should any tendency to a grey hue be observed, a second course of treatment would be necessary. When quite dry, rub in some furniture oil very thoroughly. 2. Ordinary "French polish" may be produced by a combination of twelve ounces of shellac, two pints of naphtha, and a half pint of linseed oil. Form a round pad of flannel, covered tightly with linen and saturated with the polish, then drop a few drops of the polish, and as much of the oil, upon it, and after cleaning the surface of the wood with fine glass paper, and dusting it, begin the process of polishing by heavy circular rubbings all over, adding some drops of both polish and oil when the wood has absorbed all that remains on the pad.

WEST AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—We read your grateful and interesting letter with pleasure, and gladly accept your offer of writing to us again and sending pressed specimens of flowers. We are not surprised at our paper reaching your far-off home, as it goes to all parts of the world.

WATTLE BLOSSOM, (*Melbourne*).—*The 3rd of August*, 1869, was a Tuesday. We are gratified by your value of our paper and the warm terms in which you expressed your thanks. "Try" a little "more to follow the advice given in it," and you will be all the happier. Your hand is not yet formed. Write from copies.

PEGGY (Melbourne).—Yes, we have correspondents as well as readers in every part of the world, all interested in the same articles and illustrations. Your hand is good, but would be improved by reduction in size. We usually receive very nice letters from our Australian friends.

"A DARLING KANGAROO" (Netallie, Australia), does not support the good character of her young countrywomen which we have just recorded. She inquires (after a very rude commencement) "how to prevent people staring at me, because I have tried a dozen different ways, but never found one to answer; and why they stare at me?" Perhaps she has adopted a suitable and appropriate name, and they think she looks like a "kangaroo."

NELLIE.—1. Try at all the stalls of second-hand books, and order it from one of them. You may be successful in this way. 2. The word platonic has reference to the school or teaching of the philosopher Plato. As applied to "love," it means the innocent friendship which may exist between persons of different sexes, having no difference between its sentiments and those that exist between friends of the same sex.

DYM.—To clean your old discoloured decanters, try raw potatoes cut up into small pieces and well shaken inside them. A little salt might be added.

ANOTHER OLD GIRL.—We regret that you should have written twice before without having received an answer; but large numbers come in together, and it is always a matter of chance which out of the mass lying together will be first taken. The book by Harland Coultas, called "The Home Naturalist," is a good and inexpensive one on seaweeds. Write for it to Mr. Tarn, at our general office.

BRIGHT CHRISTMAS. — Any toys or useful articles would be very acceptable at the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's-road, Chelsea, S.W. It is quite dependent on voluntary support, and receives children of both sexes. Direct to the matron. Your writing promises well, though rather large.

MYFANWY.—Your friend should consult a doctor. We know nothing either of her constitution or her habits. Her digestion may be at fault.

HEATHERBELL.—One-third of a man's property goes to his wife and the rest is divided between his children, in equal shares, should he die intestate. See "Whitaker's Almanack," page 222. You write very well.

RED ROSE.—St. Hubert, the patron saint of huntsmen, was the son of Bertrand Duc d'Acquitaine, and cousin of King Pepin. He was Bishop of Liége, and confessor; but previously was so fond of the chase that one day, having neglected his religious duties to indulge in it, it is said that a stag appeared to him bearing a crucifix, and threatened him with eternal perdition unless he reformed. This had such an effect on him that he entered a cloister, and afterwards became the "Apostle" of Ardennes and Brabant and Bishop of Liége. His descendants were credited with the power of curing the bite of mad dogs. St. Hubert died on May 30th, A.D. 727.

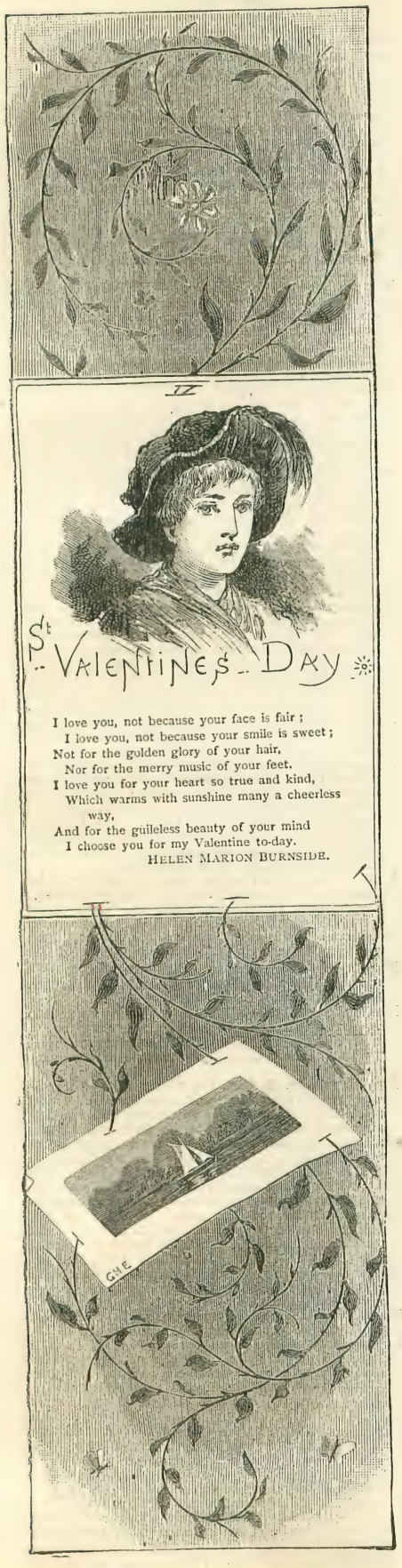
LOUIE D.—You had better take the *Sunday at Home* or the *Leisure Hour*, each of them one penny a week or sixpence a month.

WINIFRED.—There are many causes for headache. We should advise you to consult a doctor without delay.

LORNA DOONE.—The areca-nut is used in the form of charcoal for a dentifrice. The method of preparation is to take five ounces of areca-nut charcoal, two ounces of cuttle-fish bone, and one ounce of raw areca-nut powder, and mix all with honey to form a paste.

PRIMROSE.—The black velvet dress should be trimmed with a colour, and worn with a coloured bonnet. It is always well to take advantage of being in the quietude of a church to commend yourself and those you love to God's care.

PENELOPE.—Consult our indexes, and you will find advice respecting your complaint. We have so often answered similar questions, that we must set a limit to repetitions, which take up space needlessly and are wearisome to others. Writing well formed, but too large.



NINA W. S.—1. If you put a little bran into water employed for washing, you will find it much softer. 2. Teeth that are decayed should be extracted if they cannot be stopped. They injure their neighbours and affect the breath. A tooth-powder prepared with Condy's fluid, or flour of sulphur, or camphor (though the latter is said to make the teeth brittle), or an antiseptic solution of chlorate of potash (one ounce to a gallon of water if used as a wash), are all good to preserve them from decay. Any good chemist would make up a powder or wash for you containing any of these ingredients in suitable proportions. We thank you for the information given us, also the sympathy expressed on account of the impertinent letters that a few foolish little girls so far forget themselves as to send. We shall consign them all henceforth to the waste-paper basket. You write with too thick a pen, and should slope your hand a little more; it is not sufficiently graceful.

OSWALD SPENCER.—When a medical man makes a statement as to how the general health may be preserved in the best condition possible, he must treat the question exhaustively. How far you may be in a position to carry out these sanitary rules it is not for him to determine. Your own common-sense and the circumstances in which you are placed must restrict their application to suit your own particular case. The mere fact that your own father did not have his teeth extracted, nor even stopped, when they required, it is scarcely a rule for other people! That the teeth of the present generation are of so terribly inferior a character, and that it is due to the neglect of sanitary considerations on the part of the parents and grand-parents, in diet and otherwise, that science and a greater amount of experience now gained proves to be essential, is an established fact. They had good teeth and strong constitutions themselves, but they have bestowed a heritage of delicate health and a wretched description of teeth on their posterity. These good people had not to go through the same struggle for bread amongst women and men as the present enormously increased population, nor the strain on the brain of competitive examinations. You have written without due reflection. We are not the re-publishers of the novels of Lord Lytton, Sir Walter Scott, nor Charles Dickens.

OTTAWA.—What is known as the "Lion Sermon," is preached annually in "St. Katharine Cree" Church, Leadenhall-street, E.C., on the occasion of a service, held for upwards of 250 years, to commemorate the wonderful escape of Sir John Gayer, a distinguished Lord Mayor of London, from a lion. The "Flower Sermon" is likewise an old institution of the same church, preached on every Whit Monday, on which occasion every member of the congregation carries a bunch of flowers, and a bouquet is laid on the cushion of the pulpit. The object is apparently to remind people of the goodness of God in restoring, on each returning spring, the beauty and attractions of nature, and a genial season for the production of the fruits of the earth. This pretty custom has been copied in other churches.

SNOWDROP.—The practice of throwing rice after a bride has been already explained by us. It is a relic of the *panis farreus*, in the most honourable form of Roman marriage, called *confarreatio*. It is also an Indian custom at weddings.

TOPSEY.—If you do not wish to procure the first volume of the "G. O. P." you have only to write to Mr. Tarn for the number for September 11, 1880, in which we gave an article on "How to Skeletonise Leaves." Some directions were repeated in the "Answers to Correspondents" in the number for October 23, 1880.

PEACHY.—The Viceroy and Governor-General of India is His Excellency the Most Hon. the Marquis of Ripon, K.G., P.C., G.M.S.I. He took his seat on June 8, 1880. We thank you for your kind expressions of appreciation in reference to our paper.

AN INTERESTED READER.—The bilberry is a low-sized branching shrub with stiff crooked branches, and bears a small berry which is edible, sweet in taste, and dark blue in colour. It is of the genus *vaccinium*, which includes several species, viz., the cranberry, blueberry, huckleberry, whortleberry. There is a common black variety. These berries make excellent boiled puddings and tarts.

STUDENT.—The first Mayor of London was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, appointed in 1189, and held office for twenty-four years. The title of "lord" was prefixed by grant of Edward III., with the style of "right honourable." The chief civil officer at the time of the Norman Conquest was the "Port-grave," and changed into "Port-reeve," from the Saxon; meaning chief governor of a harbour. After that he was entitled "Provost," and in Henry II.'s reign the Norman title *Maire* was introduced, which was corrupted into "Mayor." The office was primarily bestowed for life; then for indefinite periods: after that only for a year, though the holder is eligible for re-election.

RHODA.—1. The "National Anthem" has been a subject of much difference of opinion; but we believe that the authorship of the words is well substantiated as due to Ben Jonson, in the records of the "Merchant Taylors' Company." It is there stated that "God save Great James, our King," was sung at the celebration of the escape of James I. from the "gunpowder plot," in His Majesty's Chapel Royal, when he dined at the Merchant Taylors' July 16, 1607; and when an organ was put up for the purpose. The Master of that Guild conferred with the Poet Laureate, Ben Jonson, to write some verses for an appropriate anthem for the occasion, which he did, and Dr. John Bull set them to music; which latter is to be found in his MS. Catalogue, No. 50, with the words of "God save the King." 2. To clean linoleum, employ equal parts of salad oil and vinegar, having washed it previously with soap and water.

CARRY.—So many correspondents have asked advice respecting damp hands and feet (*Hyperdrosis*), we cannot do better than give that of Dr. Gordon Lainge. To the condition of the digestive organs this unwholesome perspiration is attributable, for which a dose of five grains of rhubarb pill may be taken daily, and after three meals daily, one teaspoonful of Fellowes' compound syrup of hypophosphites in a wineglassful of cold water. Also once a week a myrrh and aloes pill (if able to take it), a light diet, no stimulants, and no pastry. The hands and feet to be sponged with belladonna liniment, and when washed, a teaspoonful of Jeyes' purifier to be put into the water. This condition of the hands and feet is one of the forms in which dyspepsia is manifested.

ROSE B.—The meaning of the Latin phrase "*vox populi, vox Dei*," is "the voice of the people, the voice of God," a very blasphemous assertion. Was it so when "the people cried with one voice, Away with Him! Crucify Him!"? Yet, Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury (A.D. January 20, 1327), preached from these words when Edward III. was proclaimed king during the lifetime of his father.

MARTHA.—Neither you nor your stepfather have any legal jurisdiction over your brothers and sisters during their minority, unless, by the will of your father or mother, he or you have been legally appointed their guardians. It is much to be hoped that, being so young, and needing a chaperone yourself, no such grave responsibility has been laid upon you. You should thankfully accept the home which a "kind" stepfather may have offered you all; for the supervision and protection of a man, and he your mother's husband, is invaluable under such circumstances. Thank God for it. Of course, if all the family be dependent for support on him, you would do well to endeavour to earn for yourselves as soon as able, either while under his roof or otherwise. Take him into your confidence and ask for his counsel. You owe him respect as your mother's husband, and gratitude for his kindness.

TEXT-BOOK must take leave of her hosts and other friends before leaving the drawing-room to put on her wraps. 2. It is not necessary for a lady to rise from her seat when a gentleman comes up to shake hands with her; but a little girl only just "out" might do so in the case of an elderly man, or of a lady if a married woman, or decidedly older than herself. Circumstances vary, and general rules are regulated by them.

ANXIOUS MILDRED.—You would produce scars on your hand in your endeavour to remove tattoo-marks, and perhaps seriously injure yourself in so doing. Show the marks to a doctor, and be guided by his advice. Wear mittens to conceal them.

JULIE.—Wash the dish-covers first with hot water and soap, and then, when dried, cover them with whiting and polish well with wash-leather. Never hang up a cover until thoroughly dried.

CARSHALTON.—As St. Paul's is a cathedral church, and not an ordinary "parish church," it is not a place for any marriages but those of celebrated people or those of high position in society. And as such persons do not now reside in the City, it is not a church for "fashionable" weddings, parish churches in the "West End" being naturally more convenient and preferable in every way for such a purpose.

ANNIE HILTON.—"Rattle his bones over the stones" is from a poem called "The Pauper's Drive," by Thomas Noel.

ANONYMOUS.—The word *picciola* is the Italian for small, little.

DARLING DICK should look for what may suit her in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." 2. She asks "What time in all the year is best to be married, the nicest and best?" Is it a riddle? for, if so, we give it up. Let us have the solution in your next letter.

EVE wishes to know "whether leaving off stays will increase or decrease her figure." If badly-fitting, while worn sufficiently loose, they will increase; if well-fitting, and equally loose, they will decrease the size. Persons with good figures have no need of them, provided only that their gowns and bodices be made well-fitted with whalebones to prevent their wrinkling up, and so becoming shabby and ill-fitting immediately. The style of our modern dress is such, that artificial means are indispensable to keep it in position. When our women return to the primitive idea of swathing and dressing themselves in pieces of silk or cloth, then stays and whalebones may be put into museums.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Why should you eat "suppers?" If your dinner be late, a cup of tea or coffee is all you want after it. If you dine early, take a substantial tea at seven o'clock, and supper will be superfluous. By no means eat "meat" so late at night as at a "supper." But on certain occasions in society when such a meal is provided, a little jelly or blancmange would do no harm to a delicate person, and a heavier meal none to a strong one taken on a chance occasion only.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 217. FEBRUARY 23, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

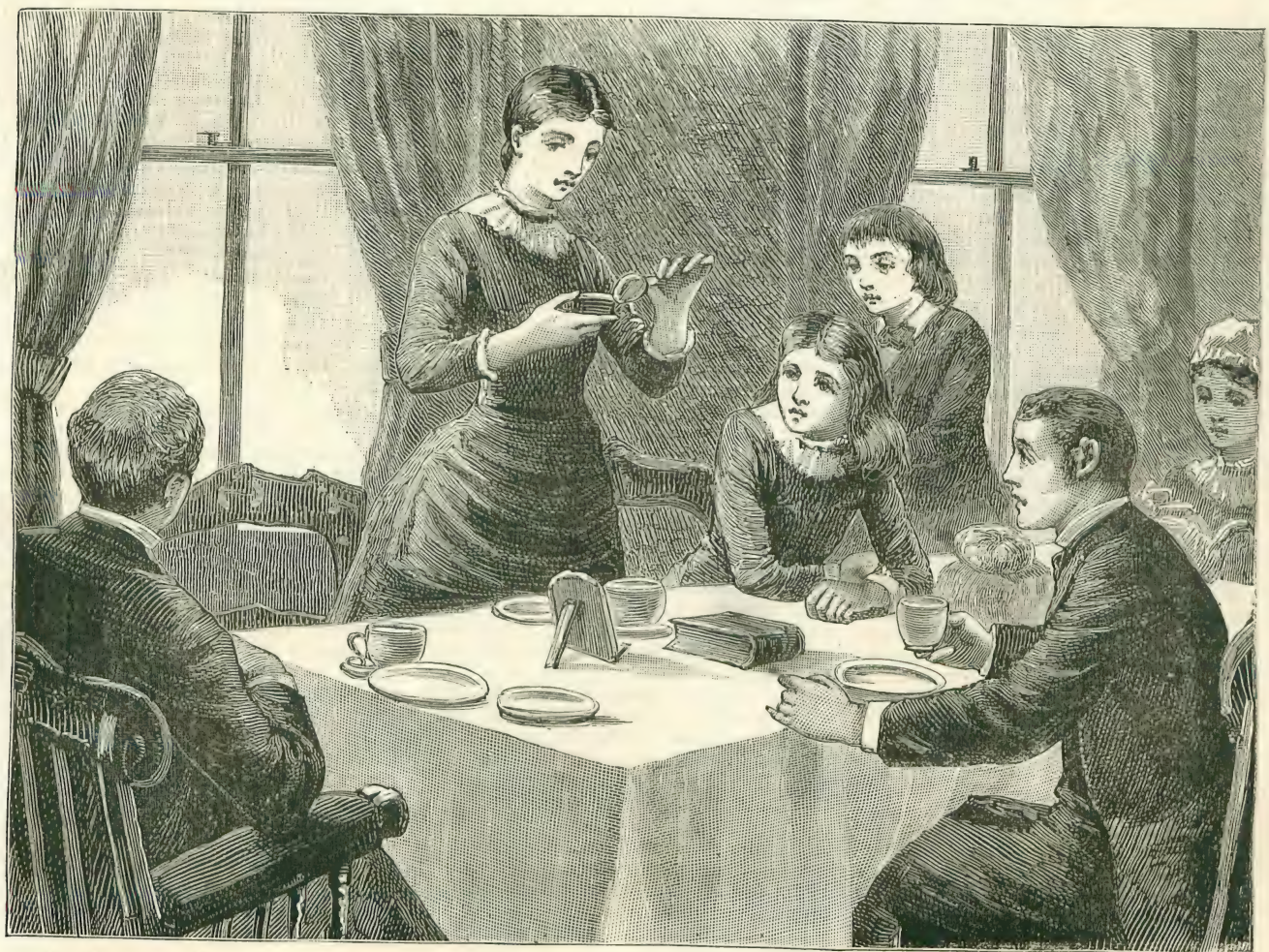
CHAPTER XXI.

SANTA CLAUS.

AFTER all Allan's sanguine prognostication was not fulfilled. The new year had opened well upon us before Carrie joined the family circle downstairs.

But the sick-room was a different place now, when we had Allan's cheery visits to enliven our long evenings. A brighter element seemed introduced into the house. I wondered if Carrie felt as I did! if her heart leapt up with pleasure at the sound of his merry whistle, or the light springing footsteps that seemed everywhere!

His vigorous will seemed to dominate over the whole household; he would drag me out peremptorily for what he called wholesome exercise, which meant long, scrambling walks, which sent me home with tingling pulses and exuberant spirits, until the atmosphere of the sick-room moderated and subdued them again. He continued to relieve me in many ways; sometimes he would come in upon us in his quick, alert way, and bundle me and my workbasket downstairs, ordering me to talk to mother, while he gave Carrie a dose of his company. Perhaps the change was



All rights reserved.]

"I OPENED IT WITH A TREMBLING HAND."

good for her, for I always fancied she looked less depressed when I saw her again.

Our choice of reading displeased him not a little; the religious biographies and sentimental sacred poetry that Carrie specially affected were returned to the bookshelves by our young physician with an unsparing hand; he actually scolded me in no measured terms for what he called my want of sense.

"What a goose you are, Esther!" he said, in a disgusted voice; "but, there, you women are all alike," continued the youthful autocrat. "You pet one another's morbid fancies, and do no end of harm. Because Carrie wants cheering, you keep her low with all these books, which feed her gloomy ideas. What do you say? she likes it; well, many people like what is not good for them. I tell you she is not in a fit state for this sort of reading, and unless you will abide by my choice of books, I will get Uncle Geoffrey to forbid them altogether."

Carrie looked ready to cry at this fierce tirade, but I am afraid I only laughed in Allan's face; still, we had to mind him. He set me to work, I remember, on some interesting book of travels, that carried both of us far from Milnthorpe, and set us down in wonderful tropical regions, where we lost ourselves and our troubles in gorgeous descriptions.

One evening I came up and found Allan reading the *Merchant of Venice* to her, and actually Carrie enjoyed it. "He reads so well," she said, rather apologetically, as she caught sight of my amused face; she did not like to own even to me that she found it more interesting than listening to Henry Martyn's life. It shamed us both to hear the sound of her soft laugh; and Allan went downstairs, well satisfied with the result of his prescription.

On Christmas Eve I had a great treat. Ruth wanted me to spend the evening with her; and as she took Carrie into her confidence, she got her way without difficulty. Carrie arranged everything; mother was to sit with her, and then Allan and Deborah would help her to bed. I was to enjoy myself and have a real holiday, and not come home until Allan fetched me.

I had quite a holiday feeling as I put on my new cashmere dress. Ruth had often fetched me for a drive, but I had not been inside The Cedars for months, and the prospect of a long evening there was delicious.

Flurry ran out into the hall to meet me, and even Miles's grave face relaxed into a smile as he hoped "Miss Cameron was better;" but Flurry would hardly let me answer, she was so eager to show me the wreaths Auntie and she had made, and to whisper that she had hung out a stocking for Santa Claus to fill, and that Santa Claus was going to fill one for Dot too!

"Come in, you naughty little chatterbox, and do not keep Esther in the hall," exclaimed Ruth, from the curtained doorway, and the next minute I had my arms round her. Oh, the dear room! how cosy it looked after my months of absence; no other room, not even mother's pretty drawing-room at Combe Manor, was so entirely to my taste.

There was the little square tea-table, as usual, and the dark blue china cups and saucers, and the wax candles in their silver sconces, and the white china lamp, and the soft glow of the ruddy firelight playing into the dim corner. Ruth drew up the low rocking-chair, and took off my hat and jacket, and smoothed my hair. "How nice you look, Esther! and what a pretty dress! Is that Allan's present? But you are still very thin, my dear."

"Oh, I am all right," I returned, carelessly; for what did it matter how I looked now Carrie was better? "Dear Ruth," I whispered, as she still stood beside me, "I can think of nothing but the pleasure of being with you again."

"I hope you mean to include me in that last speech," said a voice behind me, and there was Mr. Lucas standing laughing at us. He had come through the curtained doorway unheard, and I rose in some little confusion to shake hands.

To my surprise, he echoed Miss Ruth's speech; but then he had not seen me for three months. I had been through so much since we last met.

"What have they been doing to you, my poor child?" Those were actually his words, and his eyes rested on my face with quite a grieved, pitying expression.

"Allan told me I was rather unsubstantial-looking," I returned, trying to speak lightly; but somehow the tears came to my eyes. "I was so tired before he came home, but now I am getting rested."

"I wonder at Dr. Cameron letting a child like you work so hard," he retorted, quite abruptly. He had called me child twice, and I was eighteen and a half, and feeling so old—so old. I fancy Ruth saw my lip quiver, for she hastily interposed—

"Let her sit down, Giles, and I will give her some tea. She looks as cold as a little starved robin." And after that no one spoke again of my altered looks. It troubled me for a few minutes, and then it passed out of my mind. After all, it could not be helped if I were a little thin and worn. The strain of those three months had been terrible; the daily spectacle of physical suffering before my eyes, the wakeful nights, the long monotonous days, and then the shock of knowing Carrie must be a cripple, had all been too much for me. We talked about it presently, while Flurry sat like a monument at my feet, turning over the pages of a new book of fairy tales. The kind sympathy they both showed me broke down the barrier of my girlish reserve, and I found comfort in speaking of the dreary past. I did not mind Mr. Lucas in the least; he showed such evident interest in all I told them. After dinner he joined us again in the drawing-room, instead of going as usual for a short time to his study.

"When are you coming back to us?" he asked, suddenly, as he stirred the logs and emitted a shower of sparks.

"Yes," echoed his sister, "Carrie is so much better now that we think it high time for you to resume your duties; poor Flurry has been neglected enough."

My answer was simply to look at them both; the idea of renewing work had never occurred to me; how could Carrie spare me? and yet ought I not to do my part all the more, now she was laid by? For a moment the sense of conflicting duties oppressed me.

"Please do not look pale over it," observed Mr. Lucas, kindly, "but you do not mean, I suppose, to be always chained to your sister's couch? That will do neither of you any good."

"Oh, no, I must work, of course," I returned breathlessly. "Carrie will not be able to do anything, so it is the more necessary for me, but not yet—not until we have her downstairs."

"Then we will give you three weeks' grace," observed Mr. Lucas, coolly. "It is as you say, with your usual good sense, absolutely necessary that one of you should work, and as Flurry has been without a governess long enough, we shall expect you to resume your duties in three weeks' time."

I was a little perplexed by this speech, it was so dignified and peremptory; but looking up I could see a little smile breaking out at the corner of his mouth. Ruth too seemed amused.

"Very well," I returned in the same voice; "I must be punctual, or I shall expect my dismissal."

"Of course you must be punctual," he retorted, and the subject dropped, but I perceived he was in earnest under his jesting way. Flurry's governess was wanted back, that was clear.

As for me, the mere notion of resuming my daily work at The Cedars was almost too delightful to contemplate. I had an odd idea that missing them all had something to do with my sober feelings. I felt it when I went up to kiss Flurry in her little bed; the darling child was lying awake for me.

She made me lie down on the bed beside her, and hugged me close with her warm arms, and her hair fell over my face like a veil, and then prattled to me about Santa Claus and the wonderful gifts she expected.

"Will Santa Claus bring you anything, Esther?"

"Not much, I fear," was my amused answer. We were rather a gift-loving family, and at Combe Manor our delight had been to load the breakfast table on Christmas Day with presents for every member of the family, including servants; but of course now our resources were limited, and I expected few presents; but in my spare time I had contrived a few surprises in the shape of work. A set of embroidered baby linen for Flurry's best doll, dainty enough for a fairy baby; a white fleecy shawl for mother, and another for Carrie, and a chairback for Ruth; she was fond of pretty things, but I certainly did not look for much in return. Allan had brought me that pretty dress from London, and another for Carrie, and he had not Fortunatus' purse, poor fellow!

"I have got a present for you," whispered Flurry, and I could imagine

how round and eager her eyes were; I think with a little encouragement she would have told me what it was; but I assured her that I should enjoy the surprise.

"It won't keep you awake trying to guess, will it?" she asked, anxiously, and when I said no, she seemed a little disappointed.

"Dot has got one too," she observed, presently; but I knew all about that. Dot was laboriously filling an album with his choicest works of art. His fingers were always stained with paint or Indian ink at meal-times, and if I unexpectedly entered the room, I could see a square-shaped book being smuggled under the table-cloth. I think these sudden rushes were rather against the general finish of the pictures, causing in some places an unsightly smudge or a blotchy appearance. In one page the Tower of Babel was disfigured by this injudicious haste, and the bricks and the builders were wholly indistinguishable for a sad blotch of ochre; still, the title-page made up for all defects: "To my dear sister, Esther, from her affectionate little brother, Frankie."

"Aunt Ruth has one, too," continued Flurry; but at this point I thought it better to say good-night. As it was, I found Allan had been waiting for me nearly half-an-hour, and pretended to growl at me for my dawdling, though in reality he was thoroughly enjoying his talk with Ruth.

Carrie was awake when I entered the room; she was lying watching the fire. She welcomed me with her sweetest smile, and though I fancied her cheek was wet as I kissed it, her voice was very tranquil.

"Have you had a pleasant evening, Esther?"

"Very pleasant. Have you missed me very much, darling?"

"I always miss you," she replied, gently; "but Allan has done his best to make the time pass quickly. And then, dear mother was so good; she has been sitting with me ever so long; we have had such a nice talk. Somehow I never knew what mother was before."

I knew Carrie wanted to tell me all about it, but I pretended I was tired, and that it was time for us to be asleep. So she said no more; she was submissive to us even in trifles now; and very soon I heard the sound of her soft, regular breathing.

As for me, I laid wide awake for hours; my evening had excited me. The thought of resuming my happy duties at The Cedars pleased and exhilarated me. How kind and thoughtful they had been for my comfort, how warmly I had been welcomed! I fell asleep at last, and dreamed that Santa Claus had brought me a mysterious present. The wrappers were so many that Deborah woke me before I reached the final one. I remember I had quite a childish feeling of disappointment when my dream was broken.

What a Christmas morning that was! Outside the trees were bending with hoar-frost, a scanty whiteness lay on the lawn, and the soft mysterious light of coming snow seemed to envelope everything. Inside the fire burned ruddily, and Carrie lay smiling upon her pillows, with a little parcel in her outstretched hands. I thought of my unfinished dream, and told it to her as I unfolded the silver paper that wrapped the little box.

"Oh, Carrie!" I exclaimed, for there was her little amethyst cross and beautiful filagree chain; that had been father's gift to her, the prettiest ornament she possessed, and that had been my secret admiration for years.

"I want you to have it," she said, smiling, well pleased at my astonished face. "I can never wear it again, Esther; the world and I have parted company. I shall like to see you in it. I wish it were twice as good; I wish it were of priceless value, for nothing is too good for my dear little sister."

I was very near crying over the little box, and Carrie was praising the thickness and beauty of her shawl, when in came Dot with his scrap book under his arm, and Jack with a wonderful pen-wiper she had concocted, with a cat and kitten she had marvellously executed in grey cloth.

Nor was this all. Downstairs a perfect array of parcels was grouped round my plate. There was a book from Allan, and a beautiful little travelling desk from Uncle Geoffrey. Mother had been searching in her jewel case, and had produced a pearl ring, which she presented to me with many kisses.

But the greatest surprise of all was still in store for me. Flurry's gift proved to be a very pretty little photograph of herself and Flossy, set in a velvet frame. Ruth's was an ivory prayer-book; but beside it lay a little parcel, directed in Mr. Lucas's handwriting, and a note inside begging me to accept a slight tribute of his gratitude. I opened it with a trembling hand, and there was an exquisite little watch, with a short gold chain attached—a perfect little beauty, as even Allan declared it to be.

I was only eighteen, and I suppose most girls would understand my rapture at the sight. Until now a silver watch with a plain black guard had been my only possession; this I presented to Jack on the spot, and was in consequence nearly hugged to death.

"How kind, how kind!" was all I could say, and mother seemed nearly as pleased as I was. As for Uncle Geoffrey and Allan, they took it in an offhand, masculine fashion.

"Very proper, very prettily done," remarked Uncle Geoffrey, approvingly. "You see he has reason to be grateful to you, my dear, and Mr. Lucas is just the man to acknowledge it in the most fitting way."

"I always said he was a brick," was Allan's unceremonious retort. "It is no more than he ought to have done, for your pluckiness saved Flurry." But to their surprise I turned on them with hot cheeks.

"I have done nothing, it is all their kindness and goodness to me; it is far too generous. However shall I thank him?" And then I snatched up my treasure, and ran upstairs to show it to Carrie, and I do not think there was a happier girl that Christmas morning than Esther Cameron.

The one drawback to my pleasure was—how I was to thank Mr. Lucas? But I was spared this embarrassment, for he and Flurry waited after service in the porch for us, and walked down High-street.

He came to my side at once with a glimmer of fun in his grave eyes.

"Well, Miss Esther, has Santa Claus been good to you? or has he taken too great a liberty?"

"Oh, Mr. Lucas," I began, in a stammering fashion, but he held up his hand peremptorily.

"Not a word, not a syllable if you please; the debt is all on my side, and you do not fancy it can be paid in such a paltry fashion. I am glad you are not offended with me, that is all." And then he proceeded to ask kindly after Carrie.

His manner set me quite at my ease, and I was able to talk to him as usual. Dot was at the window watching for our approach. He clapped his hands delightedly at the sight of Mr. Lucas and Flurry.

"I suppose I must come in a moment to see my little friend," he said, kindly, and in another moment he was seated in our parlour with Dot climbing on his knee.

I never remember a happier Christmas till then, though, thank God, I have known still happier ones since. True, Carrie could not join the family gathering downstairs; but after the early dinner we all went up to her room, and sat in a pleasant circle round the fire.

Only Fred was missing, except the dear father who lay in the quiet churchyard near Combe Manor; but we had bright, satisfactory letters from him, and hoped that on the whole he was doing well.

We talked of him a good deal, and then it was that Dot announced his grand purpose of being an artist.

"When I am a man," he finished, in a serious voice, "I mean to work harder than Fred, and paint great big pictures, and perhaps some nobleman will buy them."

"I wonder what your first subject will be, Frankie?" asked Allan, in a slightly amused voice. He was turning over Dot's scrap-book, and was looking at the Tower of Babel in a puzzled way.

"The Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon," was the perfectly startling answer, at which Allan opened his eyes rather widely, and Uncle Geoffrey laughed. Dot looked injured and a little cross.

"People always laugh when I want to talk sense," he said, rather loftily.

"Never mind, Frankie, we won't laugh any more," returned Allan, eager to soothe his favourite; "it is a big subject, but you have plenty of years to work it out in, and after all, the grand thing in life is to aim high." Which speech, being slightly unintelligible, mollified Dot's wrath.

(*To be continued.*)

"IN THE GLOAMING."

(Dedicated to the Ladies of the Studio, South Kensington.)

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
When our hearts are sinking low,
When our mouths are wide with yawning,
And our backs are aching so;
When the thought of painting longer
Fills us with an untold woe,
How we think of tea, and love it,
While the shadows deeper grow!

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
We think tenderly of tea,
Till our hearts are crushed with longing
Round our steaming cups to be.

(It is only *green* in mem'ry,
And at times—'twixt you and me—
A malignant grocer sends us
An inferior bohea.)

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
When our hearts are sinking low,
When our mouths are wide with yawning,
And our backs are aching so
Will the tea be weak? we wonder
(What has been again may be);
But perhaps 'tis best for us, dears—
Best for you and best for me.

MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA.

By FRANCES E. HOGGAN, M.D, Member of the King and Queen's College of Physicians.

In August, 1882, I published in the *Contemporary Review* an article which gave a fresh impetus to the question in England, and especially in India, in which I held that, as nearly the whole medical profession in India was more or less maintained by Government, some provision ought also to be made by Government for the medical treatment of the native female population in the only acceptable way — that is, by a service of qualified women doctors. On September 19th, Mr. Kittredge, an influential American inhabitant of Bombay, wrote to me proposing to get up a guarantee fund for the purpose of bringing out a few qualified lady doctors from this country if any of sufficient experience could be found willing to undertake work in Bombay. Being encouraged to hope that the services of such ladies might probably be secured, Mr. Kittredge and his native friends lost no time in giving effect to their intention. They at once started a guarantee fund, to which native gentlemen largely contributed, and it is interesting to find that one widow put down her name for Rs.1000. Parsees, Mahommedans, and Hindus, all united in the work with true public spirit, aided by a few Englishmen and some of the members of the Government of Bombay; but from the first the movement appealed more especially to the native population, and was responded to in the most liberal and gratifying way.

On November 28th, 1882, a meeting was convened by the National Indian Association in London, which was presided over by Surgeon-General Hunter, late principal of the Grant Medical College at Bombay, to consider what steps could be taken to further the cause of medical women for India. At this meeting the medical profession, both of India and of England, and the medical women of England, were largely represented; indeed, one of the pleasing features of the movement is that it has the support of the medical profession, and has not had imported into it any professional bitterness or antagonism. It is pretty generally allowed now that medical women are needed in India to attend on women. The *Lancet* says that they are "urgently needed," and that the Government of Bengal has exercised a wise discretion in insisting on facilities being afforded for their education.

The most important result of the meeting in November, 1882, was that the National Indian Association* decided to make the cause its own, and appointed a standing subcommittee for the purpose of collecting and disseminating information, and entering into relation with any persons or public bodies desirous of promoting the extension of medical education of women in India, or their importation from the mother country. During the year which has elapsed since its formation, this committee has done a large amount of work, carrying on, either directly or through friends, much correspondence with influential Indian officials and others, holding meetings, keeping the public regularly informed of the progress of events in India (through the medium of the Journal of the Association, which has means of procuring and publishing important public documents before they reach the India Office), advising and aiding students who come forward to qualify for work in India; judging of the fitness of candidates for an Indian Student's Scholarship of £50 a year for five years, which is offered in connection with the London School of Medicine for Women; and serving generally as a rallying point and means of communication to English and Indian friends and supporters of the movement.

The Bombay scheme shadowed forth in Mr. Kittredge's letter has had, so far, a most encouraging and successful history. Cheered by the sympathy and approval of Her Majesty the Queen, who at an early date signified to the hon. secretary of the National Indian Association the warm interest she felt in the efforts made by native gentlemen to provide fully qualified medical women for India, and encouraged by the Government to hope for substantial aid as soon as the popular character of the movement should have been demonstrated by liberal contributions, the Bombay Committee, headed by Messrs. Kittredge and Sorabjee, made rapid progress with their collection; and at a recent meeting of the National Indian Association held at the Social Science Rooms, Mr. Kittredge was able to report that they had a fund of Rs.50,000 (£5,000) available for salaries to medical women and current expenses, besides £12,000 contributed by an enlightened and generous Parsee gentleman, Mr. Pestonjee Hormusjee Cama, of Poonah, and a fine site on the esplanade of Bombay, given by Government, for the new Hospital for Women, the first stone of which was laid last month by the Duke of Connaught. Two qualified Englishwomen, Miss Pechey, M.D., a lady of experience and great ability, and another lady, one of the younger licentiates of the Irish College of Physicians, have been engaged, at fixed salaries, for three years for medical work at Bombay, both to enjoy full opportunities for lucrative practice among the well-to-do families, in addition to their practice among the poor. Miss Pechey has just sailed for India, carrying with her the earnest good wishes of a large body of friends, and the other lady is expected shortly to follow her thither.

The Bombay committee did not restrict their operations to the bringing out of a few qualified doctors. Rightly judging that they had to do with what was mainly an Indian, and not an English question, they directed their energies, at the same time, towards the medical education of women at Bombay. Negotiations with Government, the Grant College, and the University have resulted in the adoption by the College and Government of a scheme for the education of women as apothecaries or general practitioners, and their admission as students to the college. The Bombay committee have offered stipends for five pupils, whom they will themselves appoint. I learn also, with the deepest satisfaction, that on September 17th, at a meeting of the Bombay University, it was proposed by a Brahmin, that in the regulations the pronoun "he" and its derivations should be deemed to denote either sex. The motion was seconded by an Englishman, and carried without a division, many Hindus, Parsees, and Mahommedans being present. "This will have the effect," says the *London Homeward Mail*, "of throwing open the learned professions to women in the Western Presidency."

Calcutta has, in the matter of the medical education of women, shown a backwardness which is well characterised by Mr. Rivers Thompson as "a subject of grave reproach to the Bengal Presidency."

It is also a subject of some surprise, considering how extremely liberal are the views

* From the hon. sec., Miss E. A. Manning, of 35, Blomfield-road, Maida Hill, W., information may be obtained as to the best way of helping Indian women. All girls can help who wish to do so.

of one of the professors, who would have had more to do with the women students probably than any other professor, and considering also that the principal of the Medical College was in favour of the admission of women. The issue was raised last year, although not for the first time, on the question of admitting two ladies who had already matriculated, but not passed the First Arts Examination. On that occasion not only was the special question of lowering the standard of admission in their favour discussed by the council of the Medical College, and negatived alike by friends and opponents, but the general question of admitting women as students was gone into. The majority of the council voted against admitting women on any terms, notwithstanding the clearly expressed opinions of a respectable minority headed by the principal. Thereupon the two Calcutta ladies went to "the more liberal Presidency of Madras," as it has been designated by the Lieutenant-Govenor of Bengal, and there entered the Medical College as students. For two Indian women to traverse a great part of India in order to be able to pursue their medical studies is a decided proof, if any were needed, of the earnestness and steadfastness of their purpose, and it affords a fair presumption that the demand for trained women doctors is in Calcutta, as well as in other parts of India, real and pressing. The *Brahmo Public Opinion*, in reference to Dr. Harvey's opinion that "there is a demand for lady doctors, though not a strong and pressing one," writes, March 8th, 1883: "Dr. Harvey will be good enough to allow us to add, that the demand is both strong and pressing, and it was because of that that a Bengalee lady was allowed by her parents to undergo even the hardships of a mixed class. . . . The very fact that a Bengalee lady has undergone all the troubles and inconveniences of leaving home and friends to go to Madras to study medicine ought to convince the Government that there are some, though we admit very few, who are prepared to undergo any amount of hardships to prepare themselves as competent medical women to benefit their sisters."

The expatriation of these ladies has borne fruit. The resolution of the College, excluding women, was referred for orders to the Bengal Government by the Director of Public Instruction; and gratified as we were by the knowledge that the Queen and the Governor-General both favoured the Medical Women for India Movement, we were almost startled out of our equanimity on receiving, a few months later, the text of a resolution, published by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, admitting women to all the classes of the Calcutta Medical College. In this important resolution, after setting forth at length the reasons which induced him to overrule the decision of the council of the College, Mr. Rivers Thompson reviews, in the following words, the question of female medical education:

"Looked at from the standpoint of general policy, as well as of individual freedom, there is not any room for doubt as to the action which Government should take. It is, indeed, a subject of great reproach to the Bengal Presidency, in which education has made such wide progress, that it should be so far behind other provinces in matters regarding the medical education of native ladies; and this reproach is the more appreciable in that the backwardness of Bengal in this respect would seem to be due, not so much to the prejudice of native parents and guardians (which might, in the present circumstances of India, be only natural), as to the attitude which the Medical College Council have thought fit to assume. Already these provinces have suffered from the council's failure to take a broad and unprejudiced view on this question. It is clearly opposed to the public good, as well as to legitimate private interests, that such a state of things should continue, and that the educational system of Bengal, progressive in other respects, should be illiberal and retrograde in this. Illiberality here has great and numerous evil consequences. It encourages zenana prejudices, it strengthens the barriers of caste, and it suppresses the just and reasonable aspirations of Indian ladies to enter a profession which would find, in India of all countries in the world, a wide sphere of action and of beneficent service. Every day that passes widens our knowledge of the fact that among the native community there are women in every position of life who would prefer death to treatment by a male physician, and the misery caused by neglected

RAMA BAI, A LEARNED BRAHMIN WIDOW AND A WARM ADVOCATE OF MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA, AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

and unskilfully treated illness must be widespread and most lamentable. There is but one way by which this suffering can be relieved, and that is by the medical education of females."

Mr. Rivers Thompson goes on to say that he has no doubt medical women "will succeed far beyond the expectations of their most sanguine supporters," and that "if the success of the principle be established in the capital, there is no reason why our medical schools in the provinces should not afford opportunities for a more general extension of the policy."

The extension aimed at has already begun. The Punjab University at Lahore now admits women students, and it is announced in the Indian papers that Government has opened the Agra Medical School to women, and that a small class of stipended native women is now in session there.

The lay press is taking up the matter, and the Bengal Government has given a most salutary lesson in the direction of complete medical training by deciding that women are to have no special favour shown to them, no lowering of the standard of preliminary education, but equal opportunities of instruction with men. In that the Government is in accord with the best friends of women at Calcutta, who objected to any lower standard for women, on the broad ground that they ought to be in no way inferior in knowledge to their male colleagues.

As if to show the wisdom of this policy, no sooner was the door thrown open than a clever and promising native student, Mrs. Gangooly, presented herself for admission as a student, having passed not only the required First Arts examination, but being already a B.A. of the university. We know how the early Madras students made use of their opportunities, and we know, also, from the most recent report of the Director of Public Instruction for Madras that the present class of lady students is "highly commended," and that they are worthily continuing the tradition of their predecessors. With such facts as these before us, it would indeed be short-sighted policy to wish to cut down medical women's period of study and to send them, half equipped, to the work of ministering to their sick and suffering sisters, as some well-meaning persons, anxious to see many women in the field in a short space of time, and battling with the preventible disease of the zenana, still wish to do. To give to medical women less training than to medical men would be to court failure and to bring an important social movement into contempt and disrepute.

The native rulers of India evince a desire to avail themselves for their families of the services of medical women. Hyderabad and Rajputana have each a qualified medical lady in Government employ, and another Rajput ruler has made repeated, but so far unsuccessful, attempts to secure one for the ladies of his household. Influential natives in different Indian towns have been in communication with members and friends of the National Indian Association within the year, with a view of ascertaining what steps they would have to take if they followed the example of Bombay and established a guarantee fund; and there is likely to be shortly an opening in the Punjâb for a qualified English lady. An inhabitant of Calcutta has also, during the last year, signified his readiness to give £50 a year for three years if a guarantee fund, similar to the one at Bombay, were started in Calcutta.

Friends in this country have, as has been stated, subscribed for a substantial scholarship (£50 a year for five years) to be held by a student pledged to devote herself for some years to work in India; and several well-educated English girls, pupils at high schools and others, are turning their thoughts to the study of medicine, in consequence of the stimulus which the openings in India have afforded. All this is cheering, but most cheering of all is the enthusiasm manifested by Indian women. The women of India must take this matter in hand. Not to speak of the unmarried, there are upwards of twenty millions of widows, most of them leading miserable aimless lives, a burden to their relations and a weariness to themselves. What more fitting than that some of these, many of whom are bright, clever young girls, doomed to perpetual widowhood, not by law, but by the custom of the country, because they have had the misfortune to be legally married when mere children, should be encouraged and helped to come forward and offer themselves for this new life of usefulness, opened up to them by the

facilities for medical study now existing. It has been conclusively proved that the widows trained as teachers are a decided success, and that, in the province of Gujerat at least, there is a steadily increasing demand in the villages for their services. This is most encouraging, and affords ground for the presumption that as doctors they would also be welcomed. Another point ought never to be lost sight of in considering the question of Medical Women for India. They will be serving the country quite as much as the doctors of the Civil Medical Service, and they will be equitably entitled to their share of Government emoluments and rewards. They ought therefore to be recognized as eligible for service under Government in all suitable posts which may hereafter become vacant. This brings me back to the position from which I originally started, that there is need in India for a special service of medical women, co-ordinate with the existing Civil Medical Service, not subordinate to it. Such a service will, I believe, yet be established, when medical women shall have proved incontestably their value and efficiency in dealing with the native population, and their power of doing work, which without them must be left undone.

I am content to leave this part of the question to be settled at some future time, and to trust to enlightened public opinion in India, which is yearly becoming more favourable to the higher education, fuller life, and public employment of women, to appreciate the importance to half,* nay, to the whole of the vast populations of India, of an adequate supply of medical women, of a reasonable provision for their maintenance when engaged in unremunerative practice, and of a sufficient number of responsible and honourable posts as encouragements and rewards for the more capable and deserving. Native rulers already give appointments of considerable value and consequence to qualified lady doctors, and it is hardly too much to ask that women living in British India shall enjoy equal advantages and consideration with those who live under native rule. Echoing the words of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, I look forward to a not distant time when Calcutta, Bombay, and other hospitals shall be partly officered by lady doctors, and to the general extension of the same liberal policy with, as Mr. Rivers Thompson aptly expresses it, "incalculable advantage to the country."

* The census of 1881 returns 123,211,327 males, and 118,166,371 females.

"FOR EVER."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "In Mischief Again," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was sorrow and anxiety in the Hall. A young life hung in the balance, hovering on the border-land for three long days and nights; when each hour, as it came and went, still left the watchers in uncertainty whether the spirit were about to take its flight for the unseen world, or whether the previous little life were to be given back to the parents, who, otherwise bereft of this, their last remaining treasure, would be left childless.

Everyone in the house went about with hushed voices and noiseless footsteps, whilst over the whole village a cloud seemed hanging.

All loved the gentle, bright, loving child for her own sake, and mourned to think of losing her; whilst some there were—fathers or mothers themselves—who could enter into what must be the agony of the parents, as they were thus brought face to face with the possibility of having to part with her.

John Kent was one of these latter. The first thing in the morning and the last at night found him going up to the Hall to ask for tidings of Miss Lily; whilst all day over his work he watched as it were with the parents beside her sick bed, sending up many a fervent prayer on her behalf, as also on theirs. "That was all he could do for them," he sorrowfully said, "though they had done so much for him," but this all of his was surely no small thing; was it not rather the greatest and most effectual help he could have rendered?

Hannah had only seen little Miss Lily once or twice, for it had been soon after the former's coming to Oxley that the child had taken the chill which had been the beginning of this illness that now threatened to terminate so fatally. But she quite entered into John's anxiety about her. He was fond of telling his sister-in-law how the child had been his little comforter after Mary had gone to the hospital, coming day after day to try to cheer him, and reading to him the words of Life, "reading them, too, as if she loved them," he would add.

"How terribly Mary would have been cut up about it if she had been here," he said one evening as they sat together over their supper, "for she loved her like her own child. But there, she is gone where there is no more sorrow nor sighing. It's good to think of that, Hannah. My old woman is safely sheltered now in the heavenly home, and we oughtn't to grudge the little one going too."

John's quiet, calm submission was not without its effect upon others, Mr. Temple among the number.

Restless in his grief and suspense, shut out in a great measure from the sick room which his wife scarcely quitted, except to come and keep him company, that he might not be left too much alone, the Squire would frequently wander out of doors, as if to seek relief in exercise, or at any rate a change of thought.

Thus one afternoon he happened to be passing by the churchyard as a little company of mourners were just leaving it. The foremost, an old man, on passing through the gate, separated himself from the rest, as if wishing to be alone, and with eyes fixed upon the ground was almost walking by Mr. Temple without perceiving him.

The latter, respecting his grief, was hesitating whether to speak or not, when Kent, suddenly raising his eyes, perceived him. Respectfully touching his cap, he halted for a moment. Mr. Temple silently stretched out his hand in token of sympathy.

The common touch of sorrow had drawn the two men closer together. Though so widely severed as far as social distinctions were concerned, they stood on much the same ground now that the hand of grief was laid upon them, when death with its levelling sweep was removing their dear ones. The rich man there had no advantage over his poor neighbour: the pruning-knife cut to the quick as much in the one case as in the other.

But there was one grand and essential difference between them, and in this the poor man had the advantage. John Kent took the sorrow as coming from a loving Hand which, while in faithfulness it dealt the blow, would in equal tenderness bind up the wound so soon as the pain should have done its work. Whilst Mr. Temple, though outwardly observant of the forms of religion, knew little of its reality; knew nothing, in fact, by experience of that resting in simple, child-like faith upon the love and wisdom of a heavenly Father, which was such a source of strength and comfort to John. And he felt conscious, as he looked at the calm, patient face of his companion, which presented such a contrast to his own haggard one could he have seen it, that the other had something within which he had not.

He turned and walked beside him for a little way. He felt for the old man, who had lost the very light of his life, and yet bore his loss so bravely. He would gladly have spoken words of comfort if he could.

But John after all was the first to speak.

"Has there been any change yet for the better, sir?" he ventured to ask.

"No, none," returned the Squire, in desponding tones. "And her mother is nearly worn out with the watching and anxiety."

"It all seems strangely dark sometimes," said Kent, musingly. "But, sir, if the clouds never broke overhead and came down in rain, what would become of the seed we sow? The ground would get so hard that there would never be the least chance of the tender shoots making their way up through it. Nothing would grow without the rain; we should have no crops, no fruit, no flowers. Working as I do in the fields, I know the good of rain," he pursued, as the other did not speak; "and even of the big black clouds that sometimes spread over the sky and hide the sun just as much as if he wasn't shining. But, sir, we can't half tell the good they do; even when they don't break in rain, they keep the plants from being scorched and dried up as they would be if the sun always shone. Ah, sir, I know some day we shall give thanks for the rainy, cloudy days that came into our lives."

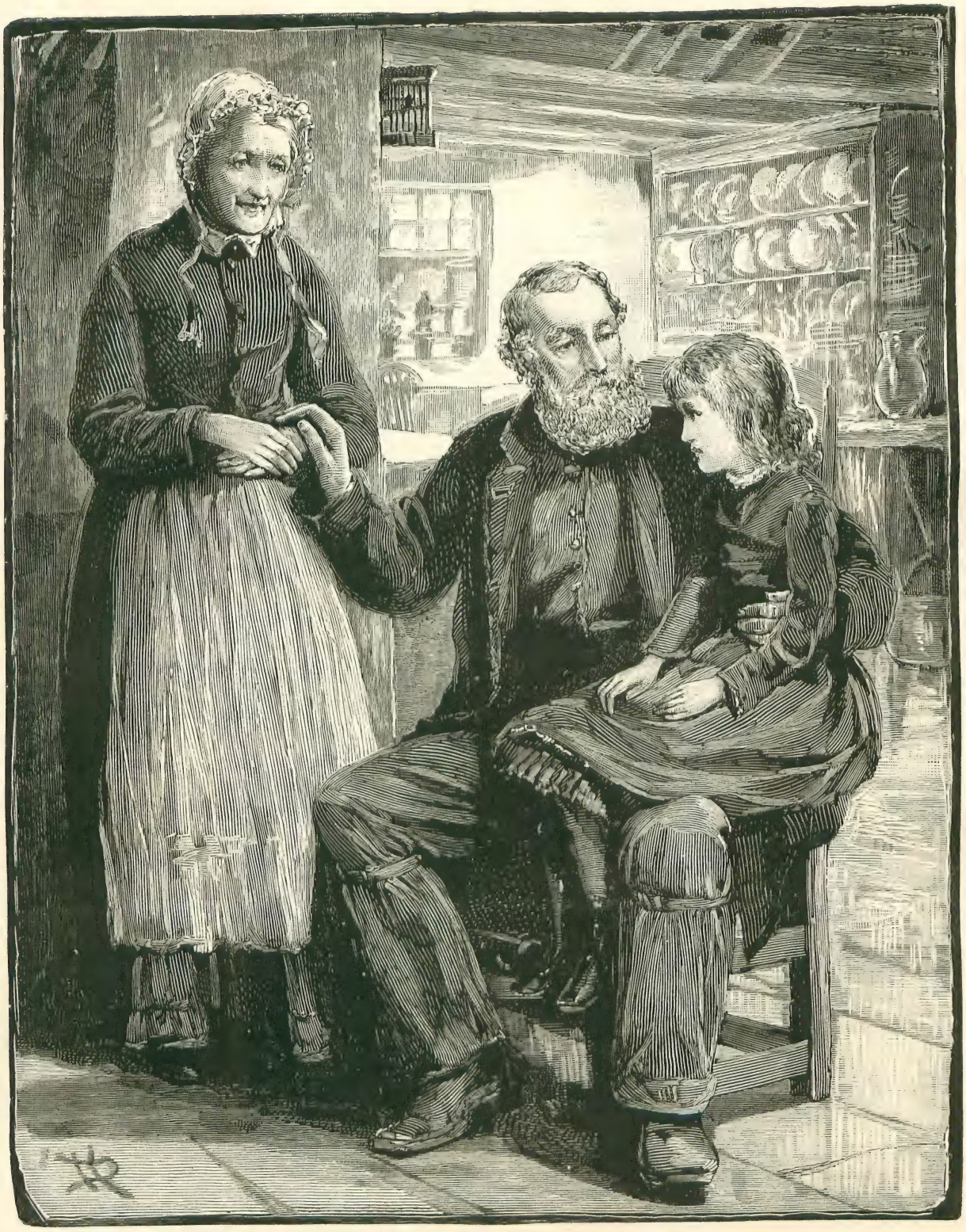
"Give thanks!" echoed Mr. Temple. It was a new idea to him that he would ever give thanks for the bitter sorrow that seemed about to fall upon him.

"Ay, sir; and—but there, it isn't for me to be running on like this," said the old man, catching himself up.

"Yes, go on. What were you going to remark?"

"Well, sir, my Mary had got hold of a saying out of some old book that she was very fond of repeating. I mind her often saying it over to me when we lost our children, and I grieved so sorely for them, 'specially the last little maid that went. It was this:—'Why should I complain when the Lord plougheth long furrows upon my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman. He purposeth a crop.'"

"You see, sir," went on John, "that stuck by me, because I could understand it. I know I don't go driving the plough for nothing, just for idle pastime, but to prepare the ground to bring forth fruit. And so I take it does God with his people. Ah, but 'twould be a bad thing for them if He left them to themselves,



(Drawn by Davidson Knowles.)

"HE PUT HIS ARM FONDLY ROUND HER, SAYING, 'SO WE SHAN'T LOSE OUR LITTLE MAID AFTER ALL.'"

See 'For Ever," page 327

and let them alone; for then they would bring forth no fruit, and every branch that 'beareth not fruit' is cut down and cast into the fire to be burned."

"So you are willing He should plough long furrows upon your back?" said Mr. Temple, with a thoughtful look.

"Ay, sir, at heart I am, though I may wince sorely as the plough passes over me. Anything is better than being left like the hard beaten dusty highway, where no seeds can take root."

So they parted: John to go back to his work, and Mr. Temple to take his way slowly homewards, musing over the old man's words.

He went straight up to Lily's room. Mrs. Temple met him at the door, with her fingers on her lips to enjoin silence. Her face looked so white and sad that her husband's heart sank, for it seemed to say that she had at last given up hope.

Turning away, for he did not dare at that moment to trust himself in the room, he went down to the library, and shut himself in there. Throwing himself down on an easy chair, without even taking up book or newspaper, for nearly two hours he sat on there alone—thinking, pondering. Never in his life before had he given himself up to such real heart-searchings as he did in that hour of sorrow.

"Fruit! what fruit to God had he ever brought forth?" he mused; "he had only lived to himself and those dear to him, not to God. He had been like a dead branch, and the end of such was—well, something too terrible to contemplate. But was it in love that God was about to take from him his idolised and only child? Was this anguish a ploughing of the ground of his hard heart, in order that fruit might be at last brought forth?"

Afterwards, in looking back, Mr. Temple dated from that hour the beginning of a new life.

* * * * *

"Hannah, she is better! Miss Lily has taken a turn, and now they begin to hope she may pull through," exclaimed John, joyfully, as he came in to dinner on the following day.

His step was brisker than it had been ever since the Saturday evening when he had come back bringing the heavy tidings of Mary's sudden seizure.

"I am thankful to hear it," returned Hannah, heartily. "Her poor father and mother—what they must have gone through! And now, what joy it will be to have their darling given back to them."

"It will be joy for us all," said the old man, with a tender look on his face.

Their hopes were not disappointed. Lily steadily grew better from that time, and made more rapid progress than they could have anticipated.

One day, a few weeks later on, Mrs. Temple brought her with her when she came to see Hannah.

After a little conversation Mrs. Temple began: "I want to talk to you about a little plan of my husband's. He feels so grateful to God for having restored our little girl to us that he wants to make some special acknowledgment of it, and feeling as we did throughout our child's illness what a matter of thankfulness it was that we were able to procure for her everything that was needed—skilful advice, proper nourishment, and good nursing—we think we should like to place these things within the reach of some who have them not. In short, Mr. Temple proposes building a convalescent home for poor little children who are needing change of air and good food to help them to regain health and strength."

"Oh, ma'am, what a boon such a thing as that will be to many!" exclaimed Hannah. "I can't help wishing it was ready at once, for I left behind me at the workhouse a dear little maid who was drooping and wasting, and all, I believe, for want of a little nursing, and petting, and feeding up such as delicate children need, but which, of course, you can't expect to find in a workhouse. It used to make my heart ache, ma'am, to see the poor little motherless and fatherless child pining away, as it seemed to me, just for want of the love and care that most children get as a matter of course."

"Oh, mamma, couldn't we have her here at once?" interposed Lily, eagerly.

"It would be nice if we could, darling. The thought had crossed my mind," said Mrs. Temple, turning again to Hannah, "whether we could not make a little beginning without waiting until the new building is ready. It seems a pity to lose all that time."

"So it does, ma'am."

"You are fond of children, are you not?"

"Yes, I am indeed, ma'am. I always did love the little ones."

"And John is fond of them, I know," pursued Mrs. Temple. "I have often seen him patting their heads, and sometimes giving them a ride on his shoulder. I wonder now if you would like to take in our first little patient? It might be this child of whom you have been speaking. It would be at our expense, of course. We would say so much a week; enough to cover her board and to repay you for all your trouble."

And Mrs. Temple named a sum which seemed to Hannah quite lavish remuneration.

Her eyes glistened with pleasure. Here would be a source of new interest and delight, whilst at the same time she would be earning something towards her own keep. She did not like the idea of it all falling upon John, even though she knew he was thankful to have her, and could not well have got on without her.

"If only John agrees I shall be delighted, ma'am, and I think he will be very pleased at the idea. He dearly loves to have young things about."

A week later found Bessie Hart an inmate of Kent's cottage.

She was a slight, delicate-looking girl of about eleven or twelve years of age, small, with large, dark, wistful eyes and gentle quiet ways. Possessed of a certain innate refinement, she had shrunk from her rough companions in the workhouse, and had attached herself to Hannah, who was almost the only one to speak a kind word or concern herself about her. She had for a long time been growing thinner and paler and weaker, until Hannah had begun to have grave fears for her.

How happy the child was to find herself transplanted into the atmosphere of a loving home no words could tell. There were no hasty words or blows to fear now; no rough playmates, with their boisterous ways and contempt for the shrinking, nervous girl whom they could not understand. Here she was taken into Hannah's sheltering arms, and, moreover, she soon made for herself a warm corner in John's heart. He took to her at once, and so did she to him; in fact, she soon became quite like a little daughter to both him and Hannah.

Love and gratitude made her thoughtful beyond her years, and watchful to render any little service in her power. And as the weeks went by she grew stronger and fatter and more rosy under Hannah's care in this new life of freedom and happiness.

"She will do now," the doctor said. "A year or two of this life would make a different girl of her."

"It is a pity she can't always stop with us," remarked Hannah, when repeating this opinion to John.

"And who is talking of sending her away?" he asked, suddenly turning round upon her.

"Well, of course Mrs. Temple only thought of having her here for a time till she got better. I don't think any of us have considered what is to be done with her then. I should think it would be a good thing to try and get her a little place. She would soon make a good servant. I have been teaching her all I can, and she is very quick at learning. She scarcely ever has to be shown the same thing twice over."

"I should like to keep her with us for good and all," said John, as he leant forward to poke the fire. "If I was better off she should come and be our child. You wouldn't dislike it, Hannah?"

"No, indeed, I should vastly like to keep her with us. I can't bear the thoughts of parting with her."

The next day Mrs. Temple paid a visit to the cottage.

"Dr. Brown was telling me yesterday how nicely Bessie is getting on," she remarked, "and that he considers her now quite off his hands."

"Yes, ma'am; she is ever so much better, and quite able to do a fair share of work now. I was wondering what would be done with her next."

"You find her a nice, helpful girl, do you?"

"Yes, ma'am: she's one in a thousand—so quiet and thoughtful in her ways, and so thorough in all she does, for she takes quite a pride and pleasure in doing things well."

"I am glad to hear this, for I have come with a proposal to make. We have just heard of two poor little children in London who are sadly needing country air and good nursing such as yours; and I have a great wish to have them down here under your care. I want the mother of one of them to come too, for she is in a very delicate state. Of course, your cottage cannot accommodate them, but I see the one adjoining yours is to let. I thought if I took it, and always had one older person there, you might be willing to superintend things, and therefore I was going to propose that Bessie should stay with you as your little helper. And as I expect always to have two or three inmates next door, I would offer you a regular sum, that would include Bessie's expenses and repay you for your trouble. Do you agree to my plan?"

There was not much need to ask that question, Hannah was looking so bright and pleased. So it was settled, and old John as well as Bessie were highly delighted when they were told of the arrangement.

Bessie was sitting on Kent's knee, which was a very favourite position of hers. He put his arm fondly round her, saying, "So we shan't lose our little maid after all."

"I will try and be *such* a good girl, so that I may *never* be sent away. I think it would break my heart to have to go away from you and Mrs. Grant," said Bessie, her dark eyes soft with grateful love.

"Child, you and I little thought awhile ago, when we were in the workhouse, that we should be having such a happy home as this," said Hannah, softly.

"But after all my dear old woman is the happiest of us all," remarked John, as he gazed wistfully into the fire. "I pray God to bring us all in His good time to that heavenly home where we shall be together 'for ever and ever,' and better still shall be '*for ever with the Lord*.'"

Lily still continued a frequent visitor at the cottage where she was dearly welcome, and with much interest she watched the rise and progress of the building for the convalescent home, which was one of the results of that dark cloud which had threatened to break over the Hall, but which had dispersed after having done its work.

THE END.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

STRAW BONNET TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

BLACK VELVET WALKING OR HOUSE JACKET.

"Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal."
Twelfth Night, act ii.

I WAS amused the other day, when I chanced on the above quotation; for just at the present moment it seemed very applicable, when our leaders in fashion have gone in so much for materials with faint, changeable designs and doubtful outlines. One of the principal materials, called Gobelin cloth, which has low-toned, tapestry-like patterns on it, has become very popular since its first introduction; and what is called Ottoman rep, a woollen stuff with a soft, corded ground and designs of tulip-like shape in light shades of the grounding, is very pretty and makes up well. Poplins, and, I hope, Irish ones included, are quite the fashion, and will be more worn as the spring advances than they are now. In short, one cannot help noticing that everything ribbed and corded is popular; and even black silks follow this fashion, and the thick cords formerly used for mantles are now made into dresses. There is a very pretty knotted kind of silk called Ottoman, which is mixed in dresses of plain silks.

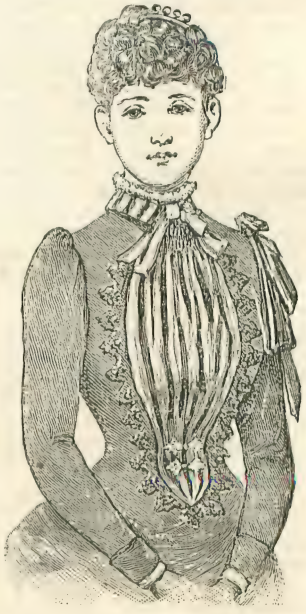
This month is a kind of transition month, and the New Year has not contributed much to the novelties of dress, but only to the warmth of our needful garments, for after that, in February and March, we decidedly have to expect our coldest and most trying weather. As a rule, we are, all of us, wearing our warmest dresses, and serge cloth, flannel, and all the different warm varieties of material, by whatever name they are known, are being worn.

Now that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales wears these kinds of dresses they will become more fashionable than ever. H.R.H. affects cloth, frieze, and tweed, and generally a leather petticoat for these occasions; the trimming is of bands of different colours, but of the same material, or else with wide and narrow braid, or many rows of narrow braid. If they be made of patterned materials, the designs consist of almost invisible stripes, checks, or plaids. Trimmings of plain cloth are also used, such as light blue or red for dark navy; yellow or primrose for brown and seal, or chocolate.

The waistcoats, which are now supplied to every dress, are made of plain cloth. In the large illustration I have tried to show a group of these plain thick dresses, as well as a new waterproof of graceful shape.

Tucks are very much used for the trimming of skirts, some skirts being covered with them, from the edge nearly to the waist; stitched as close together as they can be, and not more than three inches wide. This is especially the style in real tailor-made dresses. With this description of skirt the long shawl-shaped tunic is used with one side hanging very low, and the other raised high up on the hip. Narrow kiltings are again employed for the edges of skirts, and the space above, between them and the tunic, may be either plain or kilted. There is no very new feature, it will be seen, in the making of skirts, save that the hips have a decidedly wider effect; everything, over-skirts, jackets, and petticoats, being made so as to give this effect, either by means of fulness, or thicker trimmings. House dresses have often no other trimming than bands of fur round the jacket and skirt; and in Paris (as we notice in a daily paper) sealskin skirts are the very height of fashion.

Three seams are used for the back of all dresses, as demonstrated in the illustration of the black velvet bodice. They are cut very short on the hips, and the back is arranged in full box-pleats, so as to show a silk lining. There is a high collar, covered with a plain band of lace; the band being cut on the cross, and not on the straight, with the fronts slanted, so as to make a V shape.



SILK BIB, WORN WITH PLAIN CLOTH DRESSES, OR FOR EVENING, WITH LACE EDGING.

The sleeves are still put in rather full on the shoulders, and a new sleeve just introduced has only one seam, that on the outside, from the elbow upwards, the sleeve below being an ordinary one.

The full bibs are in as great favour as ever, and are most becoming to all figures save the extremely stout, for whom they are so arranged as to be sufficiently confined at the waist, so as to detract as little as possible from any apparent shapeliness of the figure. After all, as most of my readers have very likely discovered for themselves before now, an effect of slightness is not difficult to produce, and no one need really resort to the foolish and painful habit of tight-lacing; nor is it needful that anyone with really well-fitting clothes should look like a flour-bag. The other evening, at the large *conversazione* of a scientific society, I saw several ladies who had acquired what I supposed was a scientific waist, which seemed to be of the same width and size at the

shoulders as at the waist line; and I fear I am not sufficiently "educated up" to admire the untidy, unshapely effect. Perhaps we shall see a great change soon, and this may be one of the first signs of a rational dress reform. Some of the dresses worn were perfectly plain princesses, made of velvet, without a particle of fulness anywhere, and the wearers looked drawn through a ring.

The striped silk bib illustrated is intended to be worn over a plain cloth serge or frieze dress, and may be trimmed with lace, as it is represented, for evening wear, or left plain and unornamented for the day, when it adds to the stylish effect, or brightens up an old dress wonderfully. At the waist the fulness is fastened together with a pair of fancy hooks and eyes, and at the neck it is tied with a bow of bright colour to match the brightest hue of the dress. The bow on the shoulder should appear as if tied round the armhole of the dress.

The ordinary dress for young people this winter has been capes, with the new long fur cuffs, which are this year made open down one side, and only united by elastic bands at intervals. This shape and style of making makes the cuffs much more easy to put on and get off over the dress sleeve than the old method of making them. Older people and married ladies wear larger mantles, so large as to cover the dress completely. The backs of waterproofs and other cloth mantles are not made so much puffed at the back as they were, and probably the fashion of long pleats instead, which is shown in the large illustration for this month, will be the prevailing style. These cloaks are made in all kinds of material, cloth, plush, velvet, damask cloth, and ribbed cloth, as well as brocaded velvet and satin, both the latter being liked for very old ladies.

The new redingotes have adopted the fashion of the tea-gowns, and have taken to the Watteau back, which consists of pleats from the shoulder to the hem of the cloak at the back. Some of them have a kind of sash, others only a fur collar and cuffs. These fur collars are very high, and quite protect the throat. The most recently made ulsters have kiltings all down the front, and they also have adopted a sash. Some very long boas of fur have been seen, tied round the neck in a loose knot; but I hope that they will meet with the failure they did before, as I think them both an ugly and unhealthy article of dress.

And now a few words must be devoted to the subjects of stockings and gloves. Plain, self-coloured, ribbed stockings of cashmere, either in black or to match the dress, are the most worn; and this winter, being so far a mild one, everyone seems to prefer shoes for walking instead of boots. Plaid stockings were brought out to match the plaid dresses, but they do not seem to have been much adopted, although they were very quiet and unobtrusive in colour.

Gloves are a matter of much anxiety just now, and most people do not know quite what to wear. In the evening white gloves appear more worn than anything else; but of late I see that tan and yellow *gants de Suède* have been much used with both black and coloured dresses. One of the evening novelties consists in tying a yard of ribbon of about an inch wide round the arms over the edge of the long glove above the elbow. White shoes and stockings are worn with white dresses in the evening, black shoes with black, bronze shoes with brown dresses; otherwise the colour of both the shoes and the stockings match the dress.

Black transparent dresses are worn very much for the evening, the newest being of black net, studded with jet flies. Yellow is the colour most in favour to enliven black,

"TAILOR MADE" OR THICK WOOLLEN COSTUMES FOR THE EARLY SPRING SEASON.

and so is scarlet. Black lace is decidedly popular over coloured silks, the lace being placed flat upon the silk for the bodice, and made up with it. Another way of making up is to have a loose "Garibaldi"-like bodice to wear over a silk one. This is a very economical old fashion, which will be adopted again gladly, as a method of re-making and refreshing old silks which have grown soiled and shabby. It is a style which may be worn at any age, and look well.

Transparent sleeves of lace, to the elbow, are still worn, both for coloured and black dresses, the lace being usually beaded. A cluster of flowers is usually placed at the elbow, when they are nearly elbow sleeves. Many ladies who never wear low bodices, nor cut the dress V shaped in front, will not object to using lace sleeves, and thus making a very elegant full dress.

In the illustrated bonnet of this month I have endeavoured to give one that can be made up at home without much difficulty. The shape is that which the Princess of Wales is at present wearing. It is of straw, trimmed with velvet. Black, white, or gold straw are all equally worn; but perhaps grey straw, a real grey, is the most fashionable, the trimmings being yellow plumes and grey velvet. The lining of our model is put in plainly round the face, and the trimming is a simple long knot at the top of the head, the strings also forming part of the head-trimming; and the only ornamentation in the way of flowers consists in the twin roses on the bow at the throat. Very little change has occurred in the shape of the small bonnets. The crowns are very square-looking, and in some of the newest bonnets, in order to avoid them slipping off—which they will do with the hair dressed on the top of the head—some of our milliners have cut the crowns up in a circle, which is very ugly and ungraceful. Very bright scarlet feathers are worn on black velvet bonnets, and there is any amount of the most horrid things of Parisian origin, the last being a small kitten—not real, I am glad to say, only an excellent imitation. Fur tails are much used as bonnet decorations, and I have seen some very pretty plain felt bonnets with a band of fur at the edge, and no other trimming.

In hats there is no change to record. Fur and velvet turbans are used, and are of very easy home fashioning, as they are made soft, so as to fit the head, over the high hair. This style will, I think, continue to be seen during the spring, when the "toques" will probably be made to match the dress. Now that no elastic can be used to either hat or bonnet, a comfortable shape for either is rather difficult to find. The hat must, of course, be kept on the head by pins, and the bonnet by the strings, or by pins as well, perhaps; but some people cannot bear the pressure at the top of the head, caused by the use of pins, which always pull and strain the hair more or less.

I must not leave the elders of the family at any time out of my monthly chronicle of suggestions about dress, and so I must give some space to the subject of caps; or, if I am to speak more exactly, no caps, for that is really what we have come to now; for grandmothers, mothers, and maiden-aunts have left them off entirely, and (I hope no one will think me a dreadful heretic) have much improved themselves; and certainly have saved their pockets immensely by so doing. Of course this change necessitates another in the dressing of the hair; and so many elderly ladies have beautiful hair that they will have no difficulty in managing the alteration involved.

When the front parting has become thin, now that the hair is dressed so high, even this trouble can be hidden, and so one at least of the ravages of that cruel enemy, time, can be concealed. Dressing the hair high is undoubtedly very becoming to most faces, and one has only to go to the "Old Masters," more particularly to the portraits of our forefathers, by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, to see that it adds great gravity and dignity of carriage even to the comparatively insignificant face. If the movement on foot at present amongst the highest circles toward the adoption of a historical style of dress, and perfect freedom in choosing the style most suitable to each of us individually, is taken up, we shall see a great reform in many ways. This reminds me that paterfamilias, who has taken so kindly an interest in the paper read by his girls, and sometimes as we find from the correspondence evidently deigns to take an idea from it, must have an especial word this month, as well as the ladies.

I am sure he has been reading up, if in England or America, the controversy between "knee breeches and trousers" with interest. If further off, I think he will not have had a chance of seeing such an excellent *résumé* as that I have cut from the *Lancet*, which has treated the question with much ability, and made it interesting to us all. When thus put in a practical shape, we can all see what a useful reform is advised, and women, of course, will all be interested in anything which so closely concerns their husbands' fathers and mothers. The knickbocker was always, to my mind, a pretty and comfortable kind of dress, and for boys it had many advantages over the ugly, long, though too often outgrown, trousers.

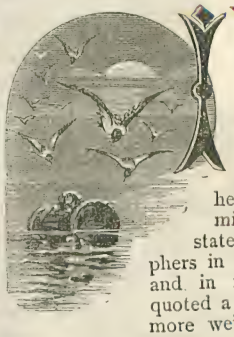
"Fashion, notwithstanding its caprices, is subject to the controlling influences of the sense of comfort and that of appearance. We may say that of these the former influence, on the whole, predominates in the dress customs of the male, and the latter in those of the female sex. On this hypothesis one can understand how a desire for warmth, developing with the growth of civilisation, has led our countrymen, or most of them, as well as our Continental neighbours, to abandon various cooler and lighter, and even more wholesome, modes of covering the nether extremities for that of our own day, which is probably as inelegant, and sometimes as inconvenient, as it is protective. We have left behind us the British kilt, the Saxon legswathing, the high breeches, the knee-breeches, and have put on trousers. Ours is the century of long clothes. It may be questioned whether we have gained much by the change. Some, indeed, of our ancestral garments may, by this time, be too long out of date to be recoverable. The kilt and leg-bandage, for example, are separated from us, not only by centuries of disuse, but by differences of sentiment and occupation between our time and theirs, which must render their revival in any general sense well-nigh impossible. The Elizabethan costume is in the same position; but the short clothes of the Georgian era still hold an established place among varieties of though not that of the governing type. They seem to form the chosen habit of those whose lives abound in muscular movement. Thus they set the fashion of boyhood in the knickerbocker suit; they commend themselves to athletes, and especially to those of them who run much; farm labourers often wear them; the infantry soldiers of more than one Great Power find them serviceable. Might they not be even more commonly worn in civil life than they are? We think so; and though we cannot here follow all the intricacies of an argument as to whether or not knee-breeches are on the whole more seemly and convenient than trousers, whether the use of the latter should not be conceded to the man of unshapely limbs, and so forth; still, it seems to us that in certain conditions, at all events, the elder costume might be adopted with advantage. Speaking broadly, we may say that all callings which entail much physical exertion would profit by the change. In particular, this is true of labour in the open air. In this form of work especially, where there is frequent and prolonged movement of joint and muscle, the weight of surplus clothing soon occasions weariness, and the surroundings are not the most cleanly. The labourer if knee-breeched and gaitered would be disencumbered of as much heavy moleskin or corduroy as would otherwise fall below the knee, a part of his clothing would not then as now flap about the feet for no good purpose, but to be soiled by the mire of his work, or in wet and cold weather to lead to illness by chilling or freezing on his legs. Gaiters of some close and not too heavy material might be worn over the stockings. They would be comparatively out of the way of dirt, would maintain warmth, would brace the muscles by equal and moderate pressure (a noteworthy consideration with men who are much on their feet), and if wetted might be easily removed and replaced by another pair. If some such reversion to a prior type were brought about in the dress of workmen, the change, being one of arrangement even more than of quality of clothing, would enhance the comfort, facility, and effect of their exertions without prejudice to their health. It is at least suggestive that many workmen do endeavour by various devices, such as leggings, straw ropes, and the like, to make as little of their trousers below the knee as possible."

A PLEA FOR MUSIC.

By CLARA A. MACIRONE, late Professor in the Royal Academy of Music.

THIRD LETTER.

"It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself, it is right earth, for that moves upon its own centre; whereas heavenly bodies move upon the centre of another which they benefit."—*Bacon.*



In my first letter I gave a few instances of the vast and beneficent power exerted by music from the earliest ages, and of the estimation in which it was held by the greatest minds, whether of statesmen or philosophers in those early times; and in my second letter quoted a few opinions much more weighty and valuable than any of my own could possibly be, on the present need, amidst the toil and hurry, the anxieties and privations of this nineteenth century, for the exercise of that power. And I am the more anxious to say a few words now on the need which exists of a systematic and thorough study of music in our girls' education, because I have nowhere seen the fact brought to the front, that whereas in great boys' schools music is encouraged, time, attention, and honour given to it, and special distinction bestowed on its culture—in large girls' schools it is discouraged and neglected. Anyone who wishes to verify this statement for themselves, can refer on the one hand to the *Journal of Education*, and on the other, see the accounts of the Girls' High Schools, wherever and whenever given. But as there are many who may be unable to get at such books or papers, I may quote from the very

interesting notice of "The Conference of Head Masters at Harrow in 1878," from the *Journal of Education* of January, 1879, page 12:—"Dr. Butler then introduced the first question for discussion in a comparison of methods of teaching music at public schools.

"To give substance to the discussion, a series of questions had been drawn up and sent round to many of the leading schools. The answers to these questions were now before them, and they would be able to see their significance. In them he classified the results to be obtained by the teaching of music under three heads—scientific, social, and moral. Though at Harrow the scientific results were yet to come, he could not speak too gratefully of what music had done for the school in the development of public spirit and the refinement of taste. And this experience, he had no doubt, would be corroborated by other head masters. Without wishing to disparage the work of other schools, he called special attention to what had been done at Uppingham. He regretted the absence of Mr. Thring, the founder of the conference, but was glad to be able, to some extent, to make good his absence by reading to them an extract from a letter expressed in his own nervous language: 'I think I ought to say something to supplement Mr. David's tabular statement. Music has in no way hurt the main work of the school. It has reached with beneficent culture many who are reached in no other way. Nothing we do is so broad, deep, and effectual, taking the school boy by boy. Music is the only possession common to all the world, embracing every age, nation, rank, and sex. It is a secular gospel, the property of the human race.' Mr. Thring further stated that he had at Uppingham a hundred and thirty boys out of three hundred and twenty who learnt music. The practice was for the musical master to try new boys. Two-thirds of them, it was found, had some knowledge of notation. Every new boy was taught notation, unless absolutely unmusical, and forty-five muster for the chapel practice on Sundays and thirty on week days. There was also on Sunday evenings a rehearsal of a selected oratorio at which attendance was compulsory. One hour a week was devoted to general singing, besides the Saturday and Sunday chapel practice. The Psalms only are sung in unison, the rest of the service in parts. One hundred boys are practised in part-singing. With regard to instrumental music, ninety boys learn the piano and ten the violin or violoncello. There are two lessons a week of forty-five minutes. For this there is no remission of work. The musical staff consists of five masters, whose whole time is engaged. Among the main points of our system are, first, our school concerts, of which two or three are given every term; secondly, Sunday oratorios; thirdly, weekly performances of classical chamber music by the music masters. As specimens of the class of music performed, he instanced the *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Samson*, *Acis and Galatea*, and Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* and the *May Queen*. Bad music is wholly excluded, and each year the boys show greater partiality for higher music, and even the cantatas of Bach have grown to be popular. A small band of professional musicians is engaged for the concerts, and the enthusiasm of boys is encouraged by the occasional attendance of such musicians as Joachim and Hiller. Sir Sterndale Bennett's half-yearly visits as examiner were most valuable, and the rehearsals of oratorios are voluntarily attended by two-thirds of the school." Dr. Butler continued: "In contrast to Uppingham, the backbone of Harrow was house singing. One hour each fortnight was devoted to practising choruses, interspersed with solos. There was a competition between houses each year at Easter, consisting of a song and a part-song, and two years ago a madrigal club was started with great enthusiasm by a group of boys. To sum up the results—firstly, our chapel services are the help and ornament of our music. Secondly, there are few opportunities for the development of the higher musical talent. Thirdly, no boy now dares to despise music, or think it unmanly, as was the case within the speaker's recollection. Fourthly, by house singing boys are so imbued with our best national melodies, that the trashy productions of our music halls fall on deaf ears."

Mr. Young, of Sherborne, said that they worked on Uppingham lines, and each term gave two concerts, with at least one scientific work.

Dr. Bell, of Marlborough, in his speech, observed that the musical specialty of Marlborough was the penny readings, conducted entirely by the boys, which comprised madrigals, concerted pieces, solos, glees, and instrumental music. The results at Uppingham could not have been reached without a knowledge of the theory of music. This had to some extent been attained at Marlborough, where a card had been drawn up for the use of lower boys.

At Christ's Hospital also a good deal of time was given to the theory and practice of music. That school enjoyed peculiar advantages, or non-musical—you might say—disadvantages in possessing no decent playground, consequently the band-room was a popular resort, and there was a band of thirty-five or forty boys who played at the annual concerts so as to satisfy even the critical taste of a London audience.

There is also a notice of the way in which music is taken up at Sherborne, which is very interesting, from a review (*Journal of Education*, page 142) which says, "Sherborne has long been distinguished for the excellence of its music, a branch of instruction in which it yielded to no other school. This year, however, a great advance has been made there, and the programme of the concert would have sounded strange to a public school-boy ten years ago. The first part opened with two movements from Beethoven's Symphony in C, excellently performed by the school orchestra, assisted by artists from London. The number and variety of the instruments played by the boys is especially worthy of attention, including violin, violoncello, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon, kettledrums, &c. The performance on the whole was an interesting commentary on the musical discussion which attracted so much attention at the last Head Masters' Conference."

Now there are some remarkable sentences in the great speeches which I have quoted above, to which I should wish to draw special attention, *i.e.*, that in Dr. Butler's speech, in which he said he would not speak too gratefully of what music had done for the school, or that expression of Mr. Thring's, Head Master of Uppingham, that music had in no way hurt the work of the school, but, on the contrary, it had reached with beneficent culture many who are reached in no other way," and that "nothing we do is so broad, deep, and effectual, taking the school boy by boy." And I repeat these words, because they bear such important testimony, and that of clergymen and men in authority of such a large and wide experience, to the cause I have so much at heart, that of an organised and systematic culture of music for girls also. You may ask, what hinders this systematic culture for girls; but if you refer to the evidence of any of those present at a head mistresses' conference, when the question of music in education for girls was mooted, the opinion (being given only *viva voce*, and not in print, I cannot quote chapter and verse) was almost universal—"We discourage music." It would be interesting to find the clue to the cause of this remarkable unanimity on such a subject, and which differs so entirely from the utterances and experiences of head masters.

Is there any clue to it in the fact that the enormous number of women rushing into the competition for posts of mistresses in these new schools, and still more for those of head-mistresses—those prizes of scholastic education, with their large incomes and still greater power—have armed themselves for this battle, with the Oxford and Cambridge certificates, and naturally, once their posts gained, enjoy and enjoin the teaching of those things wherein they have proved *themselves efficient; and very* efficient the things have been for gaining the positions; but the majority of English girls are not and should not be in training for head mistresses; and yet if I copy the exact list of subjects of study, taken from the book published for the Oxford and Cambridge School Examinations for Boys and Girls, I think I may safely leave the reader to judge whether this sort of process—whether desirable or not for ascertaining the qualifications of those who are in training for mistresses or head-mistresses—is likely to be good for a girl in training for the ordinary duties of life.

Latin, Greek, French, German.
Mathematics.
Arithmetic—Algebra, Euclid.
Trigonometry—Statics and Dynamics.
Geometrical Conics, Analytical Geometry.
Divinity.
English Grammar and Composition, Essays, Shakespeare.
Chaucer, Bacon, Milton, Spenser.
History—Greek, Roman, French, English.
Physical Science, Natural Philosophy—Mechanical Division and Chemical Division.
Practical Chemistry.
Botany.
Physical Geography and Geology.
Music and Drawing.

What wonder if after such a ponderous list of subjects in which six hundred and ninety-four boys and girls (poor things!) went in for examination in 1879, only one went in for music and two for drawing! What wonder if a music professor said that the strain of such subjects was so great and the pressure so terrible that as to the study of music, pupils of the most exceptional talents and love for it could hardly be allowed, or expect to be allowed, to learn it.

Now, of such young girls as are preparing to work for their own living, or that of those nearest and dearest to them, I need not say, what they know so well, that all such work brings its own blessing with it. But of the others—of the many thousands of young girls who have no such vocation—let me ask why, if a thorough and systematical study and development of music be found, mentally and morally, so great a blessing in boys' schools, is it systematically to be excluded or shunted in girls' education, who on the contrary need it so deeply and often suffer so bitterly from the want of it, both in themselves and in their homes? In those homes, whether solitary or not, what will statics and dynamics, geometrical conics, or even Anglo-Saxon do for them, which have been forced into an unnatural cultivation for the display of the school? And what of its effect on the girls themselves? I will refer to better and much more weighty opinions than my own, and ask you to follow me in an account of the Social Science Congress held at Huddersfield last October, when the president (the great surgeon of Leeds), in his speech (which one would wish could have been car-

ried to the hearts of the fathers and mothers of England), said of these great schools and their forcing examinations on abstruse subjects:—

"In the minds of the medical profession there certainly was a consensus of skilled opinion that the educational machinery of the country was at present moving on wrong lines, and as to elementary education, his own observation has been chiefly made on pupil teachers, who from failure of health, strength, or eyesight had sought his advice; and, on inquiring into the work they had to do, and the series of examinations they had to pass, he was simply horrified at the refinements of human slavery and torture invented and carried out in this civilised country. Have not our educational schemes been planned too much on the assumption that, whatever the intellect can be driven to do, it can accomplish with impunity, and that it is a work of supererogation to inquire how much intellectual food can be digested and appropriated. Are we not ignoring the immense accumulation of forces, which, through the educational grant, concentrate their pressure on the elementary schools. . . Had not the element of competition and competitive examinations, at first apparently a wholesome factor and useful spur, become a plague-spot which had infected also our whole system of higher education? Was education now not bound to the thraldom of competition from childhood to manhood? He was constantly hearing from parents and relatives of most painful collapse of health and vigour at the end of a scholastic career of early promise and brilliant success. Are we not committing a grievous and pernicious physiological mistake in inducing young boys to enter upon severe competitive examinations, tempting them by scholarships and money prizes to work beyond their strength? Are we not making selfishness and self-advancement the loadstar of early life, teaching a boy even at the age of seven or nine to work for mercenary purposes, at a period when he ought to be trained the other way in order to enable him to resist those influences to which he will be exposed? Are we not in danger of degrading education from being a noble profession to becoming an ignoble trade? Are we not ignoring the factor of constant experience, that in the battle of life, the judgment of the prize test and the class list is frequently reversed, and that much of the hard work of the world is done by men who never in scholastic judgment rose above mediocrity? Hard work and long hours of work did not in themselves constitute over-pressure in education or overwork in life; it was because we were importing into modern education hurry, and worry, and anxiety, and selfishness, competition and feverish desire for success, prize winning, place winning, and rank winning—that he saw and foresaw injury to health, degradation of intellect, and a departure from the true ideal of education."

That the evils alluded to above, as entailed on boys, are aggravated a hundred-fold by their pressure on the more sensitive nervous organisation of girls, or their greater excitability and lesser strength, needs little insistence; but the reflection is a heavy one for those to whom the future of the young girls belonging to them is so dear. One is tempted to ask, have the majority of girls such high scientific capabilities that they need sacrifice all the graciousness of those arts which would adorn and cheer their future homes, to the welfare of the outer world, needing to be enlightened by their severer studies? Can they not see that they are giving up their own sphere—that of the queen and guardian angel of home and hearth, in which they might and would carry on a beneficent reign—for a struggle into a path where they must be overborne by stronger rivals? There is a fine sentence in a letter by Comte Joseph de Maistre, which might be usefully borne in mind by those who would fain give up their fair queendom of home, of which Sheridan Knowles writes:—

"Let him who thinks
The world is worth his home, exchange home for it
A little while; he will find he has lost a world,
Not found one,"

for scientific regions of discovery.

Count Joseph de Maistre says, "Voltaire has said, as you tell me, that women are capable of doing everything that men can do. That is a compliment paid to some pretty woman, or it may be one of the hundred thousand absurdities he has uttered during his life. The precise contrary is the truth. Women have produced no masterpiece (*chef d'œuvre*) in any walk! They have produced neither the Iliad, nor the Æneid, nor the Misanthrope, nor the Tartuffe, nor the Pantheon, nor the Church of St. Peter, nor the Venus de Medici, nor the Apollo Belvedere, nor the Principia, nor the Discourse on Universal History, nor the Telemachus. They have invented neither algebra nor the telescope, nor the fire-engine, nor the spinning-jenny, &c., but they produce something grander than all these things: it is on their knees that is formed what is most excellent in the world—an honest man and an honest woman."

It is said that some important things, even the classical languages, are learned by men mainly on account of the mental training which is involved in their study. The enormous number of subjects crammed into the examination quoted above may perhaps defeat the main object of all learning by preventing any systematic mental training whatever, while it is possible that better mental training might be gained by women by a systematic and thorough study of a subject such as music, because it is not only capable of the most systematic treatment, but is naturally congenial to women, which most of these subjects are not. But, on the other hand, a sound mental training is a slow and very unshowy process. Public honours, names in the public papers, display and applause, are very alluring to young minds, though their hollowness and gaudiness are better appreciated in later life. They are like the mirage in the desert, the false oasis of refreshing fountains and shady trees, which recede bitterly as the traveller approaches them, leaving him to the parching thirst of the desert and its burning sands. They are like the Fata Morgana, in which arcades of pillars and columns, castles and colonnades, cities and pine woods pass along over the sea, leaving the cold depths behind them—phantoms all, and fading away as the sun rises, while the daily self-denying labours of quiet loving women rise to heaven like the fair coral islands formed by the tiny workers under the sea, those new lands on which the blessed homes of men will arise, and where the glory of God will be sung. This is the work which will stand before the scrutiny of that Highest Judge, in the great gathering of all people at the end of the world, when all that lower work, fired by self-interest and ambition, will have reaped what it has sown, and come to its own end.

I would recall an old story heard once, but never forgotten, and which I think you may care to hear and think of sometimes. "Once when St. Philip Neri was living at one of the Italian Universities, a young man whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled—his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law school in this University on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labour in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on for a long time, and when at last he came to a stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said, 'Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?' 'Then I shall take my doctor's degree,' answered the young man. 'And then?' asked St. Philip Neri again. 'And then,' continued the youth, 'I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage; I shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation.' 'And then?' repeated the holy man. 'And then,' replied the youth; 'why, there can't be a doubt I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides, I shall have money and grow rich.' 'And then?' repeated St. Philip. 'And then,' pursued the young lawyer, 'then I shall live comfortably and honourably in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age.' 'And then?' asked the holy man. 'And then,' said the youth; 'and then—and then—I shall die.' Then St. Philip again lifted up his voice, and said, 'And then?' Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. This last 'And then?' had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get quit of it. Soon after, he forsook the study of the law, and gave himself up to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly works." The sermon in which this anecdote is related goes on as follows:—

"My brethren, the question which St. Philip Neri put to the young lawyer I would put to all of you. I would urge you to put it frequently to yourselves. When you have done all that you are doing, all that you aim at doing, all that you dream of doing—even supposing that all your dreams are accomplished, that every wish of your heart is fulfilled—still I would ask you, 'What will you do, or what will you be, then?' Whenever you cast your thoughts forward, never let them stop short of this side of the grave—let them not stop short of the grave itself; but when you have followed yourselves thither, and seen yourselves laid therein, still ask yourselves the searching question, 'And then?'"

I have still a few remarks to offer on the lives of eminent learned women who have gone before us, as they illustrate the true ideal of education, and of the manner in which music has been connected with them, which I must keep for a future occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

CANDALARIA

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHIL.

"To be wroth with those we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

WHEN Philip Emerson reached Liverpool, his brother William met him with the good news of his mother's unexpected recovery. She was still very weak, and for some days after Phil's most welcome arrival he found it best not to excite her with any talk about the future which he was planning for himself with Carita.

When, at last, he did venture to broach the subject, the mother's anxious heart was filled with fears and misgivings as to whether this girl, of whose parentage so little was known, and who had been brought up in those western wilds—as she imagined them—was, indeed, all her son believed her to be.

Phil promised to show her Carita's first letter to him. It cost him something to do this; the first letter that the poor, lonely girl would write, he felt, ought to be sacred; and yet he trusted to her sweet pure nature so implicitly, that he knew she would only commend herself even to his mother's critical eyes by anything she would write to him.

But alas, for poor Carita! She had acted very unwisely in not following her lover's injunctions more exactly. Philip had bade her give her letter to Mr. Heath, who was to enclose and re-address it. Instead of doing this she had, as I said before, taken special pride in addressing and posting her first love letter herself, and as she put "Philip Emerson" on the cover, without the important addition of the word "junior," it fell into the unsympathetic hands of Philip Emerson, senior; for father and son had the same Christian name.

Mr. Emerson happened to be alone in the library when the mail bag came in the morning Carita's letter arrived.

"Whose scrawling womanish handwriting is this?" he said to himself. "San Juan the postmark." Then tearing it open and seeing "My own dear Phil," and at the end "Your loving Carita——" "Some entanglement Philip has got into out yonder," he muttered; and hearing Philip's footsteps in the hall he crushed the letter into his pocket.

"Nothing for me?" said poor Phil, as he glanced at the covers of the letters.

"Did you expect anything special?" asked his father, somewhat more sternly, Phil thought, than the occasion demanded.

"Yes, it is one of the American mail days, and I expected a letter from Colorado."

"On business, I suppose?" said his father, drily.

"No, from a friend, sir," answered the young man, nettled at his father's tone, and disappointed as well.

He had promised his mother, against his convictions and inclination, not to write to Carita until he had Carita's promised letter. Then Mrs. Emerson said she would represent the facts of the case as favourably as she could to his father, and Philip would be able to write more definitely, and also to give kindly messages from his people to his betrothed.

This was the way the mother put it to

"'ON BUSINESS, I SUPPOSE?' SAID HIS FATHER, DRILY."

him, and she was in such weak health still, and must not—the doctor had told Phil—be agitated or excited for fear of relapse. So the poor fellow felt bound to yield to her wishes in the matter, and her husband, fearing also to worry and distress her, kept Carita's letter to himself, and made up his mind that Philip should not return to Colorado if he could prevent it. He fumed much in secret over its contents. The name Carita made him angry and suspicious, to begin with. He even feared she might be some coloured girl, and the way in which she told her lover of her engagement at the Temple of Health, as well as the doubts which the poor girl expressed lest Phil's friends should disapprove of his returning to marry her, made Mr. Emerson determined that his son should be prevented from forming what he believed would be an unsuitable and even disreputable connection. A feeling the reverse of sympathy filled his mind, each mail morning, as he noticed the deepening disappointment on his son's face. He determined next to make him settle down at home, and to offer him every inducement and facility towards marrying into one of the county families in the neighbourhood of Dunwood, his own property in Cheshire.

Mrs. Emerson, on her side, implored Philip to be patient a little longer. A week later he received a letter from Mr. Heath, saying that he enclosed none from Carita, as she said she was posting one herself at San Juan. She will have told you, poor girl, of the break up at Elk Ranche, and of the engagement she thought fit to make. We did not like or approve of it, but she would not be dissuaded from it. They are not likely to be up here again, I fancy, as Warner writes me that he has decided to settle down in San Francisco."

Philip did not appear at the breakfast-table the morning he received this letter. He had his horse saddled, left a message for his mother, to say that he would not be back until late in the day, and then rode off at a mad pace to some woods about five miles away, where he fastened his horse to a tree, as he used to do in the Colorado mountains when he went to see Carita.

He flung himself on the turf and gave way to the passion that filled him. So she was false to him, after all; for the word "engaged" only suggested one idea to the morbid mind which had been growing in him from not hearing from her, and now was filled with jealousy and distrust.

And to whom could she have become engaged? He thought of the very few men's names he had ever heard mentioned at Elk Ranche or Pepper-box Flat, but they suggested no likely lover or husband for Carita. Then he remembered Mrs. Bombasin, who had arrived just before he left. It was some low fellow from Chicago she brought about the place, most probably. Phil ground his teeth and clenched his hands as he imagined the innocent girl he loved corrupted, and perhaps deceived, by some idle scamp.

By-and-by a fit of tenderness came over him; he seemed to see her trustful loving eyes looking with reproach at him, and to feel her clinging fingers wound in his. The strong man actually began to sob, and hot tears, the first he had shed in his manhood, sprang into his eyes. Just then his horse began to neigh, impatient of its tether and thinking of its mid-day meal. This roused Phil, so that he started to his feet, shook himself, and, mounting again, rode to a village inn a mile distant, where he gave his horse up to the ostler and went into the house.

"What will you take, sir?" asked the landlady.

He had not meant to take anything. Since the day he first met Carita and Joy Heath he had taken no strong drink. He had become associated with a set of men whom since that time he had shunned; and, finding himself better in health, instead of worse, for his abstinence, he had continued to abstain, in spite of his father's remonstrances and his brother's sneering objections.

To-day, at the woman's words, "What will you take, sir?" the old man within tempted him fiercely. He would drink; yes, drink, and forget his love and Carita's falseness. So he called for brandy, and threw himself into an easy chair within the inn parlour.

His family were well known in this village. Before Mrs. Pratt, the landlady, came in with the brandy, Phil heard the wheels of a passing carriage and the sounds of a pair of trotting horses, whilst a loud, rough voice at the bar called out to someone outside, "Them's Squire Emerson's new horses."

Philip jumped up and went to the window. His mother was driving past, propped up with pillows; she was alone, and her face, he saw, looked anxious and sad.

"Just as I was going to make a beast of myself," he muttered, as he threw down half-a-crown and went out of the house, leaving the spirits untouched.

He stood out side looking after the carriage, whilst Mrs. Pratt wondered what had come to him.

"Summat wrong's up at Dunwood, I doubt," said the man drinking at the bar. "Squire Emerson's missis just drove past, and young mester theere, standing donderin' loike i' the middle o' the road. Summat wrong's agate, I tell ye."

When his horse had had its feed, Philip rode off into the woods again. There he stayed thinking until it was time to go home, if he intended to dine that evening, and he began now to feel somewhat hungry. He could not eat much, however, when he did sit down; and his pale set face told his mother that he was out of sorts and unhappy.

"Tell me all about it, my boy," she begged, when he led her, as he always did, from the dining-room into her own little sanctum.

Placing her in her easy chair, Phil lay down on the rug at her feet, and the tender-hearted mother drew her son's head towards her, until it rested on her knee, as it had so often done when he knew little of any love save her own.

"Tell me all about it, Phil, darling," she said again, gently.

"It is all up, mother; I had a letter to-day from Colorado."

"From her, Phil?"

"No, from our friend Heath. No, she did not write to me," he added, bitterly; "she has thrown me over for someone else, mother. Her people have left the place where I knew them and gone I don't know where. Don't ask me anything more, mother. I know no more, and I never wish to hear of them again."

She said nothing more, though her heart ached for her boy's grief and disappointment. For some time she was uneasy about him, seeing him restless and moody. On the whole, however, she thought it was well the affair had ended. The thought of this Mexican girl had not been agreeable to her, and now that Carita had, as she believed, proved unfaithful to Philip, she felt that her doubts and fears about the connection were justified. The girl would have been no fit wife for her Philip. By-and-by he would see this himself and be glad that he had escaped from an entanglement. She would then help him to choose someone more suitable—one of those sweet girls at Lea, perhaps; they should be invited over to stay a few days at Dunwood as soon as possible.

When Philip answered Mr. Heath's letter, he made no allusion whatever to Carita; nor did he say whether he intended to return to Colorado at the end of three months, as he proposed doing when he left for England. His letter was dry and short; vexing Joy and her mother much. This was why, in writing to her friend, Joy made no mention of him.

The fact was, he had not yet made up his mind. When his father asked him what his ideas as to the future were, the sarcastic tone in which the question was put made him angry—unreasonably so; and he replied he had none at all at present; and as both father and mother knew what was the matter with him, although neither spoke to the other of what was uppermost in their minds, they left him at liberty to indulge his morbid and bitter fancies, in the hope that time and absence would work a cure.

(*To be continued.*)

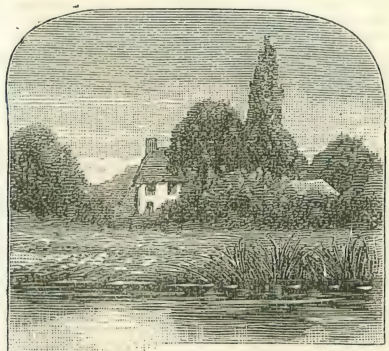
THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Miss Mary F. Hall, 1s.; Worcester, 1s.; A Sympathising Sister, £1; T. M. J. M., 1s. 3d.; collected by Mrs. Rivers, £1 6s.; collected by Miss A. L. Fox, 10s.; C. M. (Stuttgart), 5s.; collected by Miss Ruth Mercer, £1 10s. 1d.; collected by Miss Helen Perry, 10s.; A. E. C., 5s.; E. E. C., 1s.; collected by Miss C. Posener, £1 1s. 6d.; collected by Miss F. E. Buller, 5s.; Two Readers of "The Girl's Own Paper," 2s.; Madge, 1s.; Mrs. Rivers, 10s.; Trottyman, 7s. 6d.; collected by Miss Tryphena Williams, 5s. 3d.; collected by Miss Alice Collins, 15s.; collected by Miss A. M. Ancill, 6s. 9d.; collected by the Residents of Garfield House, 3s. 9d.; collected by Miss Ida M. Harris, 10s. 6d.; collected by Miss A. E. Thorpe, 7s.; collected by Miss Lloyd, 11s. 6d.; collected by Miss Alice Paffard, £2 0s. 3d.; C. E. P., 2s. 6d.; Miss Bacon, 5s.; collected by Miss Agnes E. Davis, £1 10s.; collected by

Miss Hanks, 13s. 6d.; collected by Miss Hilda Turner, 2s.; collected by Miss Agnes Davy, £1 1s.; collected by Miss Aldred, 14s.; collected by the Misses Shaw, 10s.; collected by Miss Gertrude Cooke, 5s. 6d.; collected by Miss Florrie Cropper, 7s. 6d.; collected by Miss Barrat, 7s. 6d.; collected by Miss A. Foster, £1 10s. 6d.; collected by Miss Harbinson, £3; collected by Miss Kate Buck and Miss Blanche Barton, £1 2s. 10s.; collected by Mrs. Hemsley, £1 14s. 6d.; collected by Miss Archer, 10s.; collected by Miss Maggie Pixley, 10s.; collected by Miss K. Gurr, 15s.; collected by Miss Anna Dell, 16s. 6d.; collected by Miss Hill, £1 3s. 6d.; collected by Miss Clara Leslie, £3 6s. 8d.; collected by Miss Williams, £2; collected by Miss Maber, £1; collected by Miss Hutchinson, 10s.; collected by Miss C. S. Cunningham, 11s. 6d.; collected by Miss E. White, £1 1s.; collected by the Residents of Alexandra House, £1 3s.; collected by Miss M. Geflowski, 6s.; collected by Miss E. M. Craik, 9s. 6d.; collected by Miss Adine F. Wright, £1 6s. 4d.; collected by Miss Elenor Morrell, 10s.; collected by Miss Laura Halliday, 5s.; collected by Miss Bertram, £1; collected by Miss Bessie Taylor, £1; collected by Miss C. Donogh, 12s. 9d.; collected by Miss M. Jones, 18s. 6d.; collected by Mrs. J. W. Bentley, £1 14s. 6d.; collected by Miss Henderson, £1 1s. 3d.; collected by Miss Dowling, 5s.; collected by Miss Farley, 15s.; collected by Miss Shepherd, 7s.; collected by Miss Piper, 4s. 6d.; collected by Miss P. Wormald, 7s.; collected by Miss Ferryman, 6s. 2d.; collected by Miss Estella Cropper, 9s. 2d.; Miss Ida Smith, 5s.; collected by Miss Kate Buck, 1s.; collected by Miss Emma Forrester, £1; collected by Miss Jessie Till, £2 13s.; collected by Miss A. E. Smith, 17s. 6d.; collected by Miss Mary Bugden, 2s. 4d.; An Irish Girl, £1; Mother's Own Girl, 2s. 6d.; Nan, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss E. Potts, 7s. 6d.; collected by Miss M. Holdstock, 10s.; Janet, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss J. E. Almond, 10s.; A Tiny Christmas Box, 2s. 6d.; Kattie, 1s. 6d.; L. E. F. and J. F., 2s.; Miss Cundy, 10s.; collected by Miss P. Hodgson, 12s.; collected by Miss Rose Twyman, 4s. 3d.; collected by Miss Emma J. Wood, 3s. 9d.; Miss J. Duncombe, 1s.; M. B. W., 10s.; collected by Miss Edith Bassett, £1 1s. 3d.; E. A. B., 2s. 6d. Total amount received to December 31st, 1883, £715 6s. 3d. For collecting cards please apply to John Shrimpton, Esq., Hon. Secretary Girl's Own Home, 38, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, W.C.

THE OBSERVER.



DURING March many wild flowers are found springing up in warm and sheltered spots. After such a mild winter as this has been, many are found even earlier, though they are too often punished for their boldness by late frosts and nipping winds. It will be noticed that a large proportion of these early spring flowers are yellow. Amongst those most easily found now are the common coltsfoot, with a flower something like a dandelion, and horse-shoe shaped leaves, cottony underneath, and with an upper surface which looks as if a white cobweb had been laid over it. A preparation of the leaves has long been considered a remedy for coughs. The lesser celandine may also be found in warm places; its leaves are often curiously spotted. This also in olden times was considered a valuable medicinal plant, and Culpepper assures us that merely to carry a root of it about one's clothes was a certain cure for king's evil. The dandelion, which is too well known to need description, may also be found here and there in March. The old herbalists, who were also astrologers, wax quite eloquent over the virtues of this plant. It was under the dominion of the planet Jupiter, and was supposed to be a remedy for consumption, sleeplessness, and all kinds of fevers, jaundice, and other diseases quite too numerous to mention. All these plants have yellow flowers.

Turning to trees, the wych, or Scotch elm, comes into flower about this time; the flowers are found in little bunches on the bare boughs, the leaves not being yet out. The tree is like the common elm, but the trunk is shorter, and often covered with knots and excrescences, and the branches, into which the trunk divides at no great height from the ground, are longer and more drooping than those of the elm.

Many other trees will soon be in flower, amongst them the ash and elm, which flower before the leaves appear, and beech, oak, and sycamore, which flower when the young foliage is just sprouting.

The birds begin to make themselves heard now. Blackbirds begin to whistle in February, and rooks show that the time has come for re-occupying their nests by their cawing, which often sounds very much like quarreling. Indeed, they go farther than angry sounds in their disputes over favourite branches, and have even been seen to tear one another's half-made nests to pieces during the owner's absence, and use the materials for their own nests. Larks are sometimes heard, too, even before March, but the dates differ a good deal according to season and locality.

One of the principal constellations visible at eight o'clock during this month, besides some of those already mentioned, is Leo, the Lion. It will be seen that the Great Bear has changed its position, and is now much further to the east. In order to find Leo, draw a straight line from the Pole Star, through the front paws, or "pointers," of the Bear, continue it straight on a short distance, and it will bring you to six bright stars, forming a shape like a reaping-hook—four stars for the curved blade, and two for the handle. The curve must be taken to represent the head, and the handle the forelegs of the lion. Behind this are two other bright stars, almost in a line with the handle, but a little higher up; these represent the hind quarters, and one other bright one takes the place of the tail. The hind legs of the Bear point towards the hind-quarters of Leo.

On the two first and four last days of March there will probably be very high tides.

An unfailing source of enjoyment during the stormy weather we usually have at this time of the year is to watch the clouds piling themselves into huge fantastic masses, or torn to fragments, and driven scudding across the sky before a gale. Watching them for a time, one can quite understand how our forefathers should believe that they were ridden by the spirits of the storm, engaged in fierce warfare, or rushing in headlong chase after a flying foe. Nor is it less delightful on a quiet day to watch the sunset clouds with their glorious colours taking all manner of quaint forms; the western sky so often tinged with a lovely greenish hue at this time of year, forming a peaceful background. Coleridge evidently appreciated this enjoyment, and has described it charmingly in his "Cloudland," beginning:—

"Oh, it is pleasant with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shining clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness, issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks, and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland."

It seems at first as though any attempt to classify the clouds scientifically would spoil the charm of their wild grandeur; but this is not really the case, for a slight knowledge of their different forms has only the effect of enabling one to notice more carefully the ways in which they change from one form to another and their connection with the weather.

Most clouds are within a mile of the earth's surface; all are within five or six miles of it. Their three principal forms are the cumulus, cirrus, and stratus.

Cumulus, or, as they are commonly called, "wool-packs," are large masses piled up in rounded form.

Cirrus, or "mare's-tail," is the name given to thin light streaks of silvery cloud spread out over the sky.

The straight layers of cloud, frequently formed along the horizon after sunset, are called stratus. The peculiarity of this cloud is that, beginning as a low bank on the horizon, it extends gradually higher and higher into the sky, and sometimes, as night draws on, breaks up into cumulus masses.

These primary forms combine, and make secondary classes; as, for instance, the cirro-stratus, or "mackerel" sky; the cumulo-stratus, or "anvil" shaped cloud, with a flat layer of cloud for a base, and a cumulus mass piled on it, resembling in shape an anvil.

There are many other combinations, but with these as a foundation, anyone who cares to watch the clouds will see other classifications for herself. There are a few general rules for observing clouds with regard to the weather, but they must be postponed till next month.

DORA HOPE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

VIXEN.—Your own voice and style are the best recommendation to the public. Read *Madame Antoinette* Sterling's article on "How to Sing in Public."

MUSIC.—Perhaps you have begun to use your fingers late—you do not name your age—or possibly you may be employed in rough work, and could not expect to have a free, delicate touch.

LITTLE ONE.—1. Sometimes constitutional delicacy makes the voice weak, but sometimes the organ is a poor one, and not constructed to give out a fine full tone. No amount of pains expended on either tuning or practising upon a flute could make it give the tones of a trombone or ophicleide. 2. Your sister's digestion is greatly out of order, and she needs a course of strict medical treatment.

WORK.

GOODY TWO-SHOES, BROWN-EYED BESS, FRANCES, F. M. W., SNOWFLAKE, and J. H. C.—Such long recipes for work are out of place in these columns, where space is so valuable, particularly as work

books can now be obtained, for 1s. each, at any fancy shop, containing them all.

LAURIE S., ISA N., and IDA T.—Many thanks for your good wishes. To re-foot and re-heel stockings, see page 157, vol. ii.

A GRATEFUL GIRL.—Lay the work face downwards on a clean cloth, and place a damp cloth over the work at the back, and press it firmly with a warm iron, not too hot.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. — Half a yard of canvas is usually allowed for a pair of slippers. The slippers are drawn on it one each way, to give room.

NELLY WESTBOURNE.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. We think the jacket would take from four and a half to five yards, the cloth being so narrow. You will find yourself much helped if you procure Phillis Browne's "A Year's Cookery" with regard to your butcher's bills. We advise you to have a daily governess for yourself and your sister, who would give you a couple of hours for music, languages, etc. Your spelling and writing are not satisfactory yet. This governess must be wisely chosen to help you to train and manage your young sister, and to walk with her each day. One nurse only ought to be enough for the baby; the other should be young ladies-maid and needlewoman.

COOKERY.

BLUEBELL.—You will find directions for making a plain cake suitable for young people at page 14, vol. ii. Should this not please you, consult our indexes, and you will find plenty of recipes for cakes of other descriptions.

NETTY OF DRESDEN.—A good recipe for making bread will be found on page 186, vol. iv.

QUEEN MAB.—1. See our article entitled "How to Cook Vegetables," pages 6 and 7, vol. iii. (number for October 1st, 1881). 2. You inquire "why ladies wear a ring on their little finger." For one or all of three reasons—as a decoration, as a remembrance, or because too small to fit the third finger. What a silly question! How old are you?

ZANTHO QUARRY. — Sauce tartare is made thus:—Make a mayonnaise, and mix with it a tablespoonful of French mustard, some chopped chervil, spring onions, and tarragon, and a teaspoonful of anchovy. In case you do not know how to make the mayonnaise, place three yolks of eggs, with a little pepper and salt, into a round basin; then pour gradually a pint of salad oil and half a gill of tarragon vinegar, stirring all together quickly with a wooden spoon until the sauce presents the appearance of a firm creamy substance. It is to be employed cold for chicken or lobster salad.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SYMPATHY.—There is a Zenana Bible and Medical Mission in co-operation with the Church Missionary and other missionary societies in India. The objects of the society are (1) to send to the women of India the Gospel by means of female missionaries; (2) to alleviate their sufferings in sickness and minister to their spiritual need, through the agency of duly-qualified lady medical missionaries; and (3) to promote education, specially among the higher classes, based on Holy Scripture. It is surely unnecessary for us to commend this excellent charity to your attention and to the attention of our readers generally.

BOOKKEEPER.—The Editor has forwarded the letter, after opening and reclosing it, but recommends the writer to find some other channel of communication in future.

E. WYNN.—The last native sovereign of Wales was Llewellyn, a prince by birth, who was elected by the general voice of the people to that dignity in the year 1246. In 1268 he was obliged to accept terms imposed on him by Henry III., rendering him a feudal vassal to the King of England. He married a daughter of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Edward I., who gave her away. But after her death the old wars broke out again, and Llewellyn, being taken in an ambush, one Adam Francton ran him through with a "staff," or spear, not knowing who he was, until, looking in his face, when he afterwards went to plunder the body, he recognised the Welsh King, and cut off his head.

CRUMPET.—No man nor woman can contract a second legal marriage without obtaining positive proof of the death of their wife or husband—that is to say, the proof must be of such a character as to satisfy the first legal opinion to be obtained. Your friend should employ a lawyer to trace her husband to his present or last destination by means of detectives. This is her first duty. Unless she can produce well-attested proof of his death, no lapse of years passed in ignorance of his whereabouts could render her marriage nil.

S. I.—We thank you for your kind letter with the notice of misprint, of which we were ourselves aware. The quotation you give is from "Marmion." What excellent English you write!

MARIE.—If you consult our indexes you will find many recipes for the cure of chilblains. Your digestion is probably weak and circulation bad, and perhaps you go near the fire when your hands are cold. If you hold them in as hot water as you can bear for several minutes, and then plunge them into cold water for another minute, and then rub them well and put on gloves, rubbing them often during the day, and repeating the water treatment, you may cure and probably avert an attack of chilblains.

ANNIE.—The phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," dates back to the year 1550, when for the repair and support of St. Paul's Cathedral several estates with which Westminster Abbey (which was dedicated to St. Peter) was endowed were taken away from the latter and granted to the former.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—1. If your friends kindly tell you that you are "lacking in depth of thought," they are probably right to a certain extent, as those who are gifted with such powers of mind are very "few and far between." There is an old proverb about a "pot and a kettle!" 2. The ventilating board is meant to be a fixture, but it need not necessarily be so.

THE MAIDS OF LYONS.—We may say at once, in answer to your question, that we do not believe in the word "can't," in connection with leaving off a bad habit. We were not made such poor creatures as this, and we can acquire good habits as well as bad. Girls of fifteen are young enough to give up all bad habits with comparative ease. The 19th of May, 1868, was a Tuesday; the 6th of July, 1868, was a Monday. Your writing is shockingly bad!

HIGHLAND LASSIE. — "If it were done, when 'tis done," etc., is from *Macbeth*, act i. scene 7. The meaning is, "I came, I saw, I conquered." The author was Julius Cæsar.

ONE OF SEVEN.—Charles Kingsley was the author of "Be good, sweet maid."

MARGUERITE. — We should think you were feeding your dog improperly, and, perhaps, too frequently. Let him have all the water he needs, as some dogs are very thirsty by nature, like some people. The best plan to cure the evil is to set yourself a course of training. Take a small daily task of reading sufficiently difficult to give the thoughts full employment. Perform this at fixed hours with perfect regularity. Reading aloud to your family will also assist you in mental concentration.

RAINDROPS, HEROME, BESS, BIG BEN, and SCHOOL-GIRL.—We do not recommend anything for changing the colour of the hair. Consult our indexes for the treatment of the hair, and for the removal of the blemishes of which you complain. The colours called "Silurian" and "London smoke" are much in fashion for note-paper. We recommend "Big Ben" to write to some librarian or bookseller respecting what he requires, as it does not come within the limits of our work to make suggestions of this description. Tannin lozenges are astringent and good for a relaxed throat. They are much used by singers.

JEMIMA WURST SAUERKRAUT.—You will find some advice in reference to the prevention and cure of chilblains recently given; and if you refer to our indexes you will find very much on the subject, as well as in reference to the hair. The "scurf" of which you speak is a disease of the skin, and a doctor, rather than a hairdresser, should be consulted about the method of its cure. You are not at present qualified even to teach English composition. Your spelling is defective, and your writing not sufficiently well formed to teach the orthodox "copper-plate copies." The final "d" is very feeble-looking. We counsel you in all kindliness of feeling.

D. J. S.—The title, "master," is derived from the old English "maistre," the Anglo-Saxon "mäster" (or "mägester"), and the Latin "magister." One exercising authority who has a right to control or dispose; a proprietor, one who has under him, slaves, servants, apprentices, or assistants; also, it signified, secondly, one highly skilled in any art, science, or occupation. Thus, to "master" a subject, a difficulty, and one's will, is an appropriate term to employ. To be "masterful" is to be imperious. In the same way, "mistress" is derived from the old English "maistress," of which the Latin is *magistra*, and signifies a woman holding rank, power, ownership, authority over others—the head of a family or school; and, secondly, a woman highly skilled in anything, or having the mastery over it. The prefix "miss" is only a contraction of "mistress," and applied in writing or in speaking of an unmarried girl or woman.

SCOTLAND'S LOVER, GEORGIE W.—Our little friend of ten years old wishes to know whether she can "learn to swim on a feather bed?" We fear not. We could not undertake to give her lessons in that way. November 16th, 1873, was a Sunday. Our still smaller little friend, "Georgie," must have our best thanks for the pretty pictures of which he so kindly deprived himself for us. We shall paste them into a book for some poor children in a hospital. May 15th, 1877, was a Tuesday.

ALICE MONU (South Australia).—You probably require a tonic (iron or quinine), should live generously, and go to bed early. Change of air would do you good also. Were it possible for you to obtain electric baths, under the advice and regulation of a good practitioner, it would be likely to do you much good. The use of a battery would be likely to benefit you; but in cases of bad neuralgia the whole system should be attended to, and the general health treated, rather than the spot affected. Your letter is well written and expressed.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Instead of giving up your class on account of supposed inefficiency, why not qualify yourself to teach your scholars by studying suitable books. "The Handy Book for Bible Readers," price 1s., to be had at our office on application to Mr. Tarn. Get some nice little book of stories, and make the children read it to you each in her turn. Make them each learn a text during the week, and a verse of a hymn. If you ordered our General Catalogue to be sent to you, you might select books or tracts for yourself.

VIOLET.—Consult our articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," a series recently commenced.

L. A. W. — You cannot restore the colour to any material that has faded out of it. You can only recolour it. Send the article to an upholsterer, or inquire what he could do, if a chair, as we suppose.

IMPATIENT GIRL.—See page 304, vol. iii., in reference to the origin of the wearing of orange blossoms by a bride.

CATHEDRAL SERVICE.—There could be no objection to your making a quotation or repeating an observation that had been made to you, were you sure that your auditors understood you; but any ostentatious display of your knowledge would be both silly and in very bad taste. It is very usual to speak in French sometimes amongst persons in good society. Everyone in that class is supposed to be familiar with that language. We have correspondents of both sexes, and exclude no one to whom our advice might be of any service.

WELL-WISHER.—1. The lines you quote are by Milton, in the poem on his blindness. 2. The Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, was born in 1809.

DOOWREVLIS.—We cannot see what difficulty your sister found in getting THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in New South Wales, where we have many subscribers. Any bookseller will get it for her.

POINT.—The juice is drawn up into the vacuum in the cup by suction, and is thus saved; for otherwise it would probably boil over.

GRACE DARLING.—Your general health is in fault, and you are not taking sufficient exercise. A recent writer on "acne" advises the individual to rub the forehead with soft soap and a piece of flannel every night for a fortnight, or as long as it can be borne; then, leaving off the soap treatment, to use hot water to the face without soap.

MAY.—The verse, "Tender-handed stroke a nettle," was written by Aaron Hill, on a window in Scotland.

A BUTTERCUP.—Inquire of your nearest bookseller for both books.

CITY ROAD.—The word means "Lord, have mercy." *Kyrie Eleison* means "Lord, have mercy on us," and is the name given to the minor Litany, which is recited after the introits.

A CONSTANT READER.—See "Skins to Cure," page 368, vol. iii. You have not taken enough pains in rubbing and scraping the skins. They ought to be soft and pliable.

JOSEPHINE TONKS.—See "Spots and Stains," in the "Fairy of the Family," vol. iv., page 807.

ADA SEVESTAM (Kharkoff).—Your letter interested us greatly. Very many of "our girls" are foreigners of various nationalities, and we rejoice to find how much pleasure we are able to afford them. Your English does you great credit. Russians write and pronounce it better than any other foreigners. We should like to see the "steppes" on which your windows look, and should also like to show you much in our own country. Accept our best wishes.

LADY MAY.—You should not take off your mittens when taking refreshments, nor even at dinner—when gloves must be removed.

TOPSY and TURVEY.—The original phrase from which the proverb was framed—*i.e.*, "Still waters run deep"—is to be found in *Henry VI.*, part 2, act iii., scene 1. The line is—

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

This proverb has been quoted in other people's verses, and we are unable to tell you the name of the person who made use of it in the doggrel lines you have sent us. A "complete forgetfulness of self" is by no means desirable, as self-respect and self-possession do not allow of it. Self-abnegation is quite another thing.

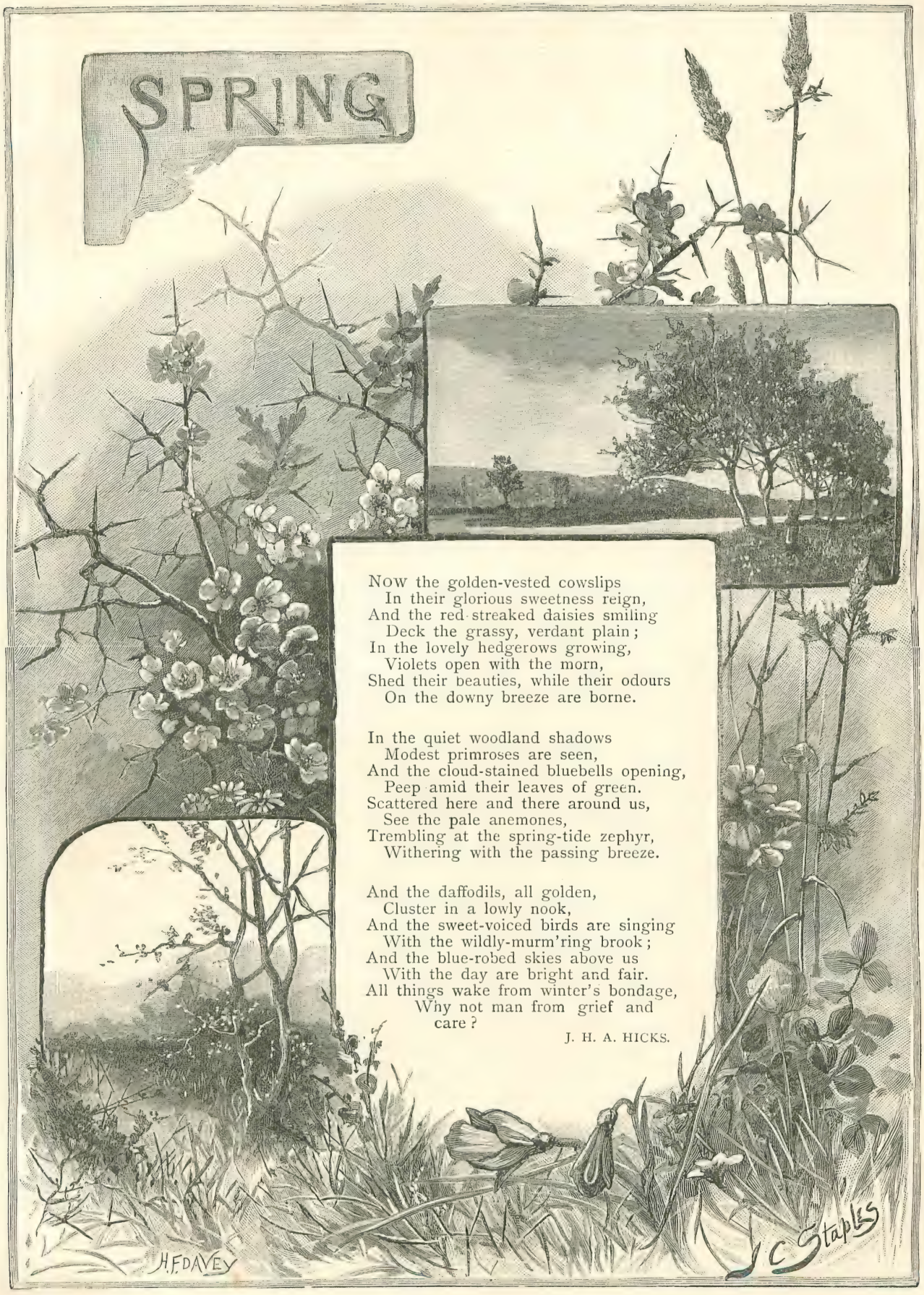
SYMPATHY.—There is a Home for Incurables, specially designed for those who have been formerly in prosperity, at Clapham Rise, London, S.W.; but admission is obtained by election. For full particulars and form of application, write to the secretary, Edward Weaver, Esq., at 73, Cheapside, E.C. Either a home or else a pension of £20 per annum is granted by this society. Of course, all particulars of the case would have to be sent in.

DAISY O'B.—We are sorry for your sufferings. There could be no way of getting rid of your teeth, excepting by extraction. If the dentist you name will not employ the gas, go to another; but first of all consult your doctor on the subject, and tell him of your neuralgia. He should be present when gas is employed. Unless the teeth be very small, do not allow the extraction of more than one at a time. A dentist should remove the tartar, and once thoroughly done you might keep your teeth free from it afterwards. We are glad that you like our stories, and thank you for your kind letter.

GRACE BRENDA.—Ask whether the lady who is to "write to him whenever she requires an escort" is aware of your mutual engagement. If he says not, tell him he ought to tell her of it without further delay. Say it without appearing annoyed or jealous. Your course of action will be guided by his reply.

LURLINE.—Many thanks for your kind letter.

BETSY.—Stand the white coral in a basin, and pour cold water on it till clean.



Now the golden-vested cowslips
In their glorious sweetness reign,
And the red-streaked daisies smiling
Deck the grassy, verdant plain;
In the lovely hedgerows growing,
Violets open with the morn,
Shed their beauties, while their odours
On the downy breeze are borne.

In the quiet woodland shadows
Modest primroses are seen,
And the cloud-stained bluebells opening,
Peep amid their leaves of green.
Scattered here and there around us,
See the pale anemones,
Trembling at the spring-tide zephyr,
Withering with the passing breeze.

And the daffodils, all golden,
Cluster in a lowly nook,
And the sweet-voiced birds are singing
With the wildly-murm'ring brook;
And the blue-robed skies above us
With the day are bright and fair.
All things wake from winter's bondage,
Why not man from grief and care?

J. H. A. HICKS.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 218. MARCH 1, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FOLLIES OF TRESSIDA.

CHAPTER I.

"So they are both to be married to-morrow? Bless the girls! But you'll be lonesome, Mrs. Quale?"

Mrs. Quale, a gentle-looking elderly woman in widow's weeds, sat tranquilly enjoying a quiet evening's leisure in the flower-scented porch of her little cottage. She listened, with patient eyes that looked beyond her garden-path and up the adjacent road now dotted with strollers, for the

All rights reserved.]

"'I SUPPOSE YOU ARE FULLY BENT ON BEING MARRIED, SUSAN?'"

congregation was just dismissed from the village church. When she rose you could see that she supported her tall though bent frame on a stick, and moved with difficulty.

"You'll be lonesome, Mrs. Quale," repeated the speaker, a neighbour who had looked in (as many neighbours had done) to exchange a few words with the mother of two to-be-married daughters on the eve of the event.

"Aye, but I'm used to that," was the widow's mild response. "But I'll not be more lonesome than of late. Tressy has lived with me, 'tis true, but she has been so often to Miss Warren at the Grange that I can't be said to have had much of her company. As for Susan, as David Peet has the smithy here in Southdale, her marriage will bring her nearer to me."

"She has left her long service at last, you see. Susan ain't changeable, I must say. Nought but a wedding would unsettle her."

"She always was a rare steady girl; not like her sister. I wish Tressy was to live as near."

"We can't have everything as we would plan it. Tressy is making a good match."

"Aye, so she is; please God, I hope my dear girl will be very happy. Nevertheless, I wish she was not going to live in Barstowe."

"Where else should she live, seeing she's marrying a Barstowe man? The finest young fellow in Barstowe, Mrs. Quale."

"*That I believe he is*," said the widow; "and a right good man, and a steady, or I couldn't trust him with my girl. But dearie me! what am I saying? When the young folk make their choice, we must needs let them go. But what I mean is, I feel satisfied and happy that my Tressy has such a husband as Luke Carpenter. And he that fond of her! he nothing less than worships her!"

"Ah, anyone may see that. She's a lucky girl, for I never heerd a tongue speak ill of Luke Carpenter. But, Mrs. Quale, I wonder ain't you somewhat doubtful of David Peet for Susan. You know what the neighbours say."

"I know the neighbours all say he used to be too fond of a drop; but that's all past. Susan has faith in him. She's old enough to judge for herself. But what are we to do when they will go their own ways?" sighed the mother.

"Well, here comes all your young folks, so I'll bid you good-night, Mrs. Quale."

The betrothed couples came leisurely up the rustic garden path. Interesting, as all young people must be who stand on the verge of so important a step, modest Susan and her plain though manly sweetheart would have been overlooked by a merely casual observer in favour of the pair who followed. Tressy, a bright, dark-eyed, handsome girl, whose native coquetry would have asserted itself without the aid of a smart toilette, and Luke Carpenter, the "finest young fellow in Barstowe," for whom many a maid would have sighed, had sighs availed to draw him from his long and devoted allegiance to the charming Tressy Quale. He was certainly a straight-forward generous fellow, no fool, though often called one by those who thought him too forbearing under the somewhat capricious rule of his bride-elect. On this couple, as they drew near, the mother's eye dwelt with the more yearning gaze, for the younger daughter was the favourite, besides having been more "the home child;" for Tressy, although nineteen, had never been away from home, excepting to render the intermittent service required of her by the family at the neighbouring Grange. As they came along, it seems the young men had arranged to leave their sweethearts at mother's door, having several little matters to settle within view of the morrow's ceremony. As they lingered over the last good-night, the garden gate gave notice of a visitor.

"It is Miss Warren," said Tressy, after straining her bright eyes to see through the closing gloom. A light brisk step came up the path and brought within ken a little brisk old lady—Miss Warren—a somewhat eccentric body, but much liked in the neighbourhood for her goodness.

She had been for years a friend to the widow Quale, and was godmother to Tressy, on whom she had bestowed her rather fanciful name.

"Come, come, young men, is it not time you were at home, and especially as you will be coming back early in the morning. Get you gone; I want a word here without you. Mind, Luke Carpenter, though you are taking away my godchild, you are not parting us. Remember your promise; you are to spare my lassie to me, now and again, when I require her."

"I will make the sacrifice sometimes," said the lover, with a fond glance at his betrothed.

"Mind you do; and hearken, sir, as Barstowe is but four miles off, I shall often come to see how you treat her. After the honeymoon, though; there, there, I know what you are whispering to Tressida; you were telling her your honeymoon will last all your life. I hope it may, Luke Carpenter, for both your sakes. Now good-night, good-night. Come in, my lassies, and let me have a few words for the last time in your single lives."

"Poor old roof-tree," pursued the old lady, seating herself in the neat house-room; "poor old roof-tree! It has sheltered all your children, Barbara; some left it for a better land, and now the last two are going. Don't get out your handkerchief, my dear soul; I mean, yes, do get it out, if that consoles you."

"I don't complain, Miss Warren. I would not stand between my daughters and their happiness."

"And I suppose, like all girls, or nearly all, they imagine their happiness lies in taking up with a man, and courting him, and slaving for him all their lives, in payment for his flatteries during courtship. But, dear, dear! this is not what I came to say, at all. For, of course, all is settled, and you will have your own way, come what will. I suppose you are fully bent on being married, Susan?"

The sisters exchanged an amused look; the family were well accustomed to Miss Warren's peculiarities.

"I am afraid, I am, ma'am."

"You are afraid? Well, truly, it is a thing to be afraid of. But don't you think it is wicked of you both to go and leave the poor mother?"

"But I am coming to live near mother, you know, ma'am," said Susan, affectionately placing her hand on her mother's. "I shall be within a stone's throw, and can see her every day. I am right glad to be near mother."

"Of course, of course; yet if David Peet asked you to go to Canada or New Zealand with him, you would be off. But tell me truly, Susan," continued Miss Warren, in a graver tone, "are you fully satisfied about David Peet? Remember, a life's happiness is at stake. Has he entirely renounced his intemperate habits?"

"Yes, Miss Warren, he has," replied Susan, raising her eyes to her questioner's face. It was singular how interesting her countenance became when she lifted those full, brown expressive orbs.

"Aye," interposed the widow, "Susan have done nought rashly. She put him on trial a long while, for she knew there was little trust to be placed in half measures, with such a failing as his'n. He have been a total abstainer ever since they walked together. Not a soul says he has broke his word."

"And now you hope his reformation will be lasting, my girl?"

"Miss Warren," said Susan, earnestly, "I have known David Peet, and mother has known him, since he was a boy, and I could see how it was he first took to drinking; it was for want of comfortable cooked victuals at the proper times. He has had no mother for years; no home, to call such, for all he earned good wages; and when a young man is driven like that, no wonder if he takes to drinking to make up for what he misses in decent food. David has never yet had a fair chance. When he gets his regular nourishing meals, I have no fear he will ever go wrong again."

"Susan Quale, I meet very few sensible girls; but you are one. If Peet does go wrong after the chance you are about to give him, he will be a misguided man. Now, my dear, here is a little book which I am sure you will make use of, and therefore I feel pleasure in giving it to you," said the old lady, untying a parcel she carried. "Here is one for Tressida also."

"Oh, Miss Warren, why, they are your lectures on cooking!" cried Tressy, who was quicker than most girls of her class, and lost no time in peeping between the leaves of her book.

"Yes, my dear, I had them bound together, along with some useful hints and advice. I call the book 'The Cottage Housewife.' If you will open it daily, while you are young and inexperienced, it may prove your good friend. Not that I have much hopes of Tressida settling into a notable housewife just yet. There are certain little weaknesses to be got over; we've too many ribbons, &c.—eh, Tressida? But we will not be too hard on her, Barbara. She will settle down in time, and be quite a model wife."

"I hope she will, ma'am. There is this to be said—she have a model husband to help her go right; that's to be denied by none."

The morrow dawned in due course, and witnessed the sisters' humble but pretty wedding. The little village of Southdale was all astir on the occasion, and there was no lack of good wishes from the better families of the neighbourhood, by whom the Widow Quale was much respected. The poor mother bore her ordeal with resignation, though she shed a few tears at the parting moment.

"There is nought to cry for; I've got two sons to-day. God bless thee, Tressy, my darling! I could trust thee to none but Luke. David Peet, you'll have a jewel in your house since you have Susan; make her a good husband, and may the Lord bless you!"

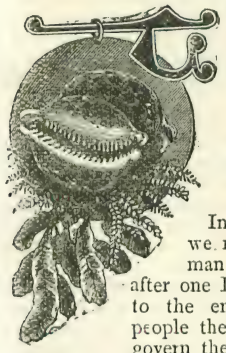
(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

PUFF PASTE.—Take two pounds of flour and one and a-half pounds of butter; if the butter should be very hard, beat it a little. Take the half pound of butter and break it in pieces in the flour about the size of a nutmeg; then make it into a dough with as much water as will make it the same stiffness as the butter. Mix it with your hands lightly, then roll it out a little and put the remaining pound of butter on it in pieces, so as to cover it all over. Then fold the dough up one end over the other; do this twice, then let it lay about half an hour to let the toughness get out of it, and roll it and fold it up three times again; then it is fit for use.

POUND CAKE.—Make a pan a little warm, put one pound of butter and one pound and a-quarter of loaf dust sugar together in it. Beat them together with your hand till it becomes like cream; add twelve eggs, but only put three of them in at a time. When the three are well beaten in, add the others. When the last three are beaten in, add one pound and a-quarter of sifted flour. Mix it lightly with your hand, then add three pounds of currants, two ounces of peel, and two drops of essence of lemon.

WOMAN:
WHAT IS HER APPOINTED POSITION AND WORK?



THIS question is increasingly important in these days of controversy; and can only be answered with safety and assurance by referring to woman's Maker and Master.

In Genesis i. 27—30, we read that God made man male and female, after one Divine likeness, and to the end that they should people the earth, and rule and govern the created kingdom of animal and vegetable life around them.

Genesis ii. gives us, in an independent account, the manner of man's creation in detail, together with God's reasons for the creation of woman, viz., that He, seeing man's solitude, and that it was not good for him to be alone (verse 18), proposed to give him a companion and help, even as He had given to all His other creatures, and to this end He made woman.

Thus, in the giving by God, and the reception by Adam (verses 22, 23), we see that woman was given as a help and supplement to man, he having been made independently, and without reference to her; she having been made out of man, and especially for his benefit. That the serpent should have exercised his power of temptation on her, rather than on Adam, is hardly sufficient evidence that she was morally weaker than he. There is plausibility in the inference that the serpent, knowing that her influence over him was greater than his over her, employed the means more likely to secure his end; and the result goes to strengthen this supposition.

By the exercise of her power over man, woman brought on herself a punishment which seems to have altered their relative positions to each other. Her will, henceforth, was to be subject to his; he was to rule over her (Genesis iii. 16), while on him fell a punishment independent of her, but which reduced him to her level in punishment.*

Hence "woman's appointed position" is now one of subjection. But even as God in mercy softened the curse pronounced on Adam, by making work one of man's greatest blessings; so did He temper this loss of social position to woman by granting, instead, those qualities of love, honour, and confidence felt between the strong and the weak, the protector and the protected, which could never have existed where equality reigned. Any attempt to break down or infringe the barrier to equality would be destructive of the social harmony which God has instituted, and which is a serious and important element in human happiness.†

Notwithstanding her loss of position, however, God has given to woman a striking prominence in Scripture, and in connection with some of His most eminent servants.

Moses, the future deliverer of Israel, the great lawgiver, the type of the Lord Jesus Christ, the representative of God Himself (Ex. iv. 16), seems to have been left exclusively to woman during all his early training. His mother hid him, and so saved his life from Pharaoh's cruel decree (Ex. i. 22, and ii. 3—10). His sister watched over him until he was found and appropriated by Pharaoh's daughter. She again placed him in his mother's hands till he was old enough to return and live with her, which he did, "as a son," until the cry of his own people snapped the connection between them.

That God should thus have entrusted the training and education of the leader and ruler of His chosen people so entirely to woman is worthy of note.

Miriam's position is at once conspicuous in connection with her brothers. She was a prophetess (Ex. xv. 20), and at the time of Moses' song of praise to God for the deliverance of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, she leads off her band of sister minstrels with her timbrel, and swells the triumph song.

Again, when in her indignation at Moses' marriage with the Ethiopian woman, she joins Aaron in sedition against him (Numb. xii.), God addresses her, equally with her brothers, and, as though her musical influence had placed her in the forefront of the rebellion, He lets fall on her, with terrible mark and severity, the punishment of leprosy;* and the whole camp of the Israelites was stayed in its journeyings, until she was restored to her position in connection with it (Num. xii. 15). Of this, her sin, and God's dealing with her on account of it, Moses reminds his people when delivering them the laws and observances by which they were to be governed (Deut. xxiv. 9), "Remember what the Lord thy God did unto Miriam by the way after that ye were come forth out of Egypt."

Not that she forfeited her position by this sin as co-leader, with Moses and Aaron, of God's people, for nearly eight hundred years afterwards God mentions her by name, as thus appointed by Himself (Mic. vi. 4): "I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam."

Twice, and that in troublous times, did God appoint women as the special medium between Himself and His people. Deborah, the prophetess (Judg. iv. 4), without whom Barak refused to venture into battle, and Huldah, also a prophetess, aunt of Jeremiah, of whom king, priest, and people sought wisdom and judgment (2 Kings xxii. 14) and were guided by her counsel as by God.

Here, too, we would notice (though the acts are of a very different class, still evidencing woman's prominence in Scripture history), that Sisera, with his nine hundred chariots, and men in proportion, was sold into the hands of a woman (Judg. iv. 9), and that Abimelech was killed by part of a millstone cast at him by a woman (Judg. ix. 54).

Joshua's spies were saved by Rahab, who, by this act, was also the means of saving all her family, and she herself was afterwards admitted into the genealogy of our Saviour (Matt. i. 5).

It would seem as if the sons of Zeruiah gained their notoriety (though perhaps of no praiseworthy character) from their relationship to her, as their father is never once mentioned, while they, as "her sons," are spoken of eight times (2 Sam. ii. 18).

David, when pleading for a personal blessing, and assuring his standing in God's sight, on two occasions (Ps. lxxxvi. 16, and cxvi. 16) urges the memory of his mother as a plea for a gracious hearing.

Our Lord's use of woman as the link between His Godhood and His Manhood, and again, that He should use her as typical of His Church, gives singular honour to her "position," for though always the weaker part of the world, she is the loved, honoured, and cherished of her Saviour and her Lord (Cant. Ep. ii. 22; Rev. xii. 1, xix. 7, xxi. 9).

As to woman's "appointed work," it is essentially one of ministry, and intended so to be; if again we take evidence from Scripture, for she is made "help-meet" for man (Gen. ii. 18), without exception as to position, without limitation as to requirement. But, out of this ministry there evolves a power so subtle that it can only be expressed by the word Influence. Its working is secret, therefore the more assured as friend or foe; and though the heritage of every human being, it is specially the responsibility of woman. About her it evolves like a halo or radius, invisible to the eye, but sensible to the moral and spiritual nature, differing in proportion to the strength and beauty of the character whence it emanates. It is a moral incense, which purifies or poisons the air we breathe. Too often abused, too often unrecognised; but, for good or for evil, herein lies woman's power, and for proof we once more refer to Scripture. It was Eve who caused Adam to sin (Gen. iii.). It was Rebecca's influence which shaped and controlled some of the most important passages in Jacob's early career (Gen. xxvii.). Samson's gloried strength was reduced to utter weakness by a woman (Judg. xvi. 19). Jezebel's influence for evil is recorded not only in history (1 Kings xviii. 4; 2 Kings ix. 7), but it is again mentioned in Rev. ii. 20 (though doubtless as representative of a class), where the Church of Thyatira is condemned for yielding to it. The "little captive maid" (2 Kings v. 2, 3) exercised no mean influence over her master. And Ruth, though a heathen, won for herself a position in Christ's ancestry by her gentle yet powerful influence over Naomi and Boaz.

In the histories of Elijah and Elisha woman stands conspicuous. Two of their most striking miracles were wrought in connection with her (1 Kings xvii., and 2 Kings iv). Indeed, the "great woman" of Shunam seems to have exerted an influence over Elisha which he could not resist.

Of Ahaziah's reign it is recorded (2 Chron. xxii. 3), "He walked in the ways of the house of Ahab, for his mother was his counsellor to do wickedly."

Ahasuerus, while reigning over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, bowed to the influence of Esther, the young Jewess, and consented to withdraw the decree which had gone out into every province in his name, and under his seal (Esther viii.).

Solomon, the wisest of men, and powerful as wise, fell beneath woman's influence. Nehemiah says (chap. xiii. 26), "Among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and He made him king over all Israel, yet even him did outlandish women cause to sin." Indeed, if we may judge from his scorching words of warning to others (Prov. ii. 19, and vii. 26, 27), he must have had a terrible experience of their influence, notwithstanding the beautiful portrait he gives of woman (and which we would fain hope is not only theoretical) in Prov. xxxi. It is a curious and interesting question, too, why woman should have been chosen to represent wickedness, in Zech. v. 7 and 8, unless in recognition of the influence which gives her power. Doubtless she is the emblem of the Church, Jewish as well as Christian; the wife, faithful or unfaithful, in Old as well as New Testament.

While reviewing the women of the Old

---

* No reference is here made to equality so-called. Equality implies uniformity in measure, strength, degree, proportion, whether in respect of physical, mental, or moral attributes; consequently cannot with any justice be applied to man and woman. God in no wise reproduced man in His formation of woman; their points of difference are distinct, and render them fit for the special and separate spheres in which they are placed.

† It is interesting to notice the marked distinction of position which David assigns them, when expressing his desires before God for his children (Psalm cxliv. 12), "That our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple." The one, as it were, strong and beautiful, hardened to brave the winds and storms of life; the other, cultivated and ornamented with every grace of character that should fit them for a position of quiet service in the Master's house.

* On Aaron was inflicted the punishment of being officially obliged to condemn and exclude her.

Testament, one is constantly reminded that the God-man had not yet been revealed, consequently that His precepts and example must not be looked for.

In the New Testament woman appears under a gentler aspect, but her position and her work are far more conspicuous, inasmuch as Christ has raised her to a higher position than she occupied before, and markedly so in connection with Himself and His disciples, to whom she ministered largely during their sojourn upon earth.

In all Christ's dealings with woman (and they were many) He exhibits a striking tenderness and respect for her; and that He sought her society *and ministrations*, we may infer by the love He bore for Martha and Mary, and the frequency of His visits to their home (John xi. 5). Witness, too, His dealing with that penitent but loving woman (Luke vii. 38), as she kisses His feet, wetting them with her tears and wiping them again with her hair. Does He spurn her? Nay, He checks her not. Neither does He allow the scorn of those who would, but, on the contrary, He immortalises her and her loving actions there and then by holding them up in admiring contrast to the neglect of the master of the house, who had shown Him no act of devotion. St. Luke (chap. viii. 1-3) says, that as He went from city to village preaching, Mary, Joanna, Susanna, and many women went with Him, ministering unto Him of their substance. St. Matthew (xxvii. 55) says that many women followed Him from Galilee to His crucifixion, ministering to Him.

Now we must remember that, to have followed and remained with Christ at the cross, showed no small amount of courage as well as love; for the cross was then a thing of shame and degradation, equal only to our gallows. Yet, mark you, while there is no mention of one man, four women are specified by name as having been present (John xix. 25 and Mark xv. 40.). Is there no significance in the fact of thus immortalising her presence there?

Some of Christ's last thoughts, too, seem to have been given to her. There is no mention of His having spoken on His way to His crucifixion, save to comfort the women of that "great multitude of the people who followed Him."

Turning to them, He said (Luke xxiii. 28), "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." Almost His last words were spoken in anxiety for His mother (John xix. 26, 27).

Woman was the first at our Lord's grave, she was also the first to see Him, and the first to whom He spoke after His resurrection (Matthew xxviii. 9; John xx. 16), and she was with Him at His ascension (Acts i. 14). Christ willed that the widow's two mites should preach to the world of self-denial and true charity (Mark xii. 41). Of the woman with whom Jesus sat and talked at the well (John iv. 39) it is written, "That many Samaritans believed on Him for the saying of the woman."

Dorcas' influence still works among the women of to-day (Acts ix. 39).

St. Paul acknowledges Lydia's influence on himself and his companions (Acts xvi. 15), and his epistle to the Romans conveys warm salutations from him to many women, specified by name (chap. xvi.), who seem to have been most active and self-denying helpers in good works. He also, in Phil. iv. 3, specially commends for help "those women who laboured with him."

Again, he reminds Timothy of the "unfeigned faith in his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois" (2 Tim. i. 5), as though his own (Timothy's) faith was, in some degree, influenced by theirs.

The Jews must need send "to the devout and honourable women" to help them when they wanted to expel Paul and Barnabas from the city (Acts xiii. 50). The prophesying of the evangelist Philip's four daughters (Acts xxi. 9), and of Anna, in the Temple (Luke ii. 36), gives women an authorised position as teachers before the whole world.

St. Peter, in recognising Influence as woman's "work" (1 Peter iii. 2), points at one of the most important channels through which that influence flows. The words, "chaste conversation," are in the margin rendered "pure conduct," which implies not only the words used, but the manner, the looks, the indefinable something by which all around her are either raised or lowered in tone of feeling. St. Paul alludes to this influence again as soul-saving (1 Cor. vii. 16). St. John's second epistle witnesses to the position and influence of the "Elect lady and her sister." Once more; is it not noteworthy that woman is the figure which our Lord Himself employs when representing the subtle power that shall leaven the whole of Christendom? (Matt. xiii. 33.) And yet again, that His Church (Rev. xii. 1) and an apostate church (Rev. xvii. 3), of whose influence on the history of the world none shall predicate, is each symbolised by woman?

There surely is some lesson to be drawn from this study of "woman's position and work," as appointed by God and approved by Christ, that may help us in this nineteenth century.

The claims—not to say demands—that she is making for herself, as to position and work, are hardly questionable as to their results. The woman of the future will not, it is to be feared, be such as won the reverence and love of Christ; she will not be willing to be the "help-meet" for man. Man needs help in matters where he is deficient; she is fitting herself to clash with him in matters where he is sufficient.

I would not for one moment cast a shadow of slight on the advance in woman's education. The best of us have long felt that some move, commensurate with the times, was necessary; but has not the move been in the wrong direction, or, at all events, of too violent a character? And ought we not hopefully to anticipate that time, when wisdom shall suggest some happier mean than has yet been attained?

Granted that woman needed a higher and fuller education—is she in the right road to attain it by following her present prescribed course? Is she not in danger of cultivating her head to the neglect—nay, injury—of her heart? Is she not giving the best years of her probation life to the study of subjects that will be useless to her if she is to continue in her true woman's sphere? If she is aiming beyond that sphere (I will not say above it), where will she find herself? Not on a level with man, either physically or intellectually; she cannot reach it, but in an intermediate position, having lost her own individuality and special charms, and not gained anything instead worthy her endeavours. Who, again, is to take woman's place if she forsake it? Must we plead for a new creation?

Nay! We would see a stronger, truer, lovelier woman, but not a weaker, poorer man.

It is the something different in woman which makes man look to her for help, and feel that he can get it, too, nor is he one whit humiliated by the fact. It is a law of nature, moral and spiritual, as well as physical, that everything is in itself beautified and strengthened by its contrast. It is the heart in woman that counsels man's head, her weakness, yet endurance, that stimulates his energy, her tenderness, and unselfish love which gives him firmness and strength.

And are these qualities worthless? Are they not rather priceless jewels which nothing short of madness would barter for tinsel which will never stand proof? Let us beware how we lose what is ours by right and gain nothing in its stead. The "position and work" that Scripture has assigned to woman is far higher and nobler than any that she is idly conceiving for herself now in this nineteenth century.

In identifying Influence as woman's work, let it not be inferred that the aim has been to show that her influence is always on the side of right. The examples cited prove otherwise, but only to establish the fact that influence is her special talent, for which she will have to render account; therefore, her strong point to keep and cultivate.

Of her comparative powers of mind with man, nothing need be argued; it is irrelevant to the question before us, and has been sufficiently discussed (though without satisfaction) in other places; but I would refer to the spirit of a remark which floats in my memory (though I cannot identify it with anyone), to the effect that the minds of man and woman stand in relation to each other as does the sovereign and its worth in small coin. The one the "multum in parvo" in worth, but unable to deal with the minor details of life. The other, equal in value, though differing in form, with a ready adaptability to meet all emergencies at all times, and useful where its other self can find no place. In short, while strength is the attribute of one, refinement of touch, quickness of perception, gentleness, and endurance in action, are the special attributes of the other.

Let each fill their separate sphere of usefulness, and there need be no detraction of worth on either part; but interfere, or trench one on the other's ground, and we have the result in a feminine man, or a masculine woman; either, or both, of which is an aversion to both sexes. What would man do in the sick-room, or woman on the Exchange?

To return to our point. If influence is woman's "work," she is placed on a pinnacle of power and usefulness, but only as long as it is in subjection to her Maker and Master.

Should we not, then, strive to realise each one to herself what it is to hold in possession a power for good or evil in relation to others? A power that never sleeps, though we be unconscious of its presence; a power that, go where we will, must leave a track behind it, either of light or shadow; a power that might save a soul from death; yea, a power which, in its results, will affect our own position hereafter. Should we not hold such a power with trembling watchfulness, and consecrate it to the service and glory of Him who gave it, seeking the indwelling and abiding presence of His Holy Spirit to keep us ever on our watch-towers, that "As we have opportunity, we may do good unto all men?"

E. B. LEACH.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

"ALLAN DID NOT SEEM DISPOSED TO BE COMMUNICATIVE."

CHAPTER XXII.

ALLAN AND I WALK TO ELTHAM GREEN.

THE next great event in our family annals was Carrie's first appearance downstairs.

Uncle Geoffrey had long wished her to make the effort, but she had made some excuse, and had put it off from day to day; but at last Allan took it into his head to manage things after his usual arbitrary fashion, and one afternoon he marched into the room, and quietly lifting Carrie in his arms as though she were a baby, desired me to follow with her crutches, while he carried her downstairs.

Carrie trembled a good deal, and turned very white, but she offered no remonstrance; and when Allan put her down outside the parlour door, she took her crutches from me in a patient, uncomplaining way that touched us both.

I always said we ought to have prepared Dot, but Allan would not hear of my telling him; but when the door opened and Carrie entered, walking slowly and painfully, being still unused to her crutches, we were all startled by a loud cry from Dot.

"She is like me! Oh, poor, poor, Carrie!" cried the little fellow, with a sob; and he broke into such a fit of crying that mother was quite upset. It was in vain we tried to soothe him; that Carrie drew him towards her with trembling arms and kissed him, and whispered that it was God's will, and she did not mind so very much now; he only kept repeating, "She is like me, oh dear, oh dear! she is like me," in a woebegone little voice.

Dot was so sensitive that I feared the shock would make him ill, but Allan came at last to the rescue. He had been called out of the room for a moment, and came back to find a scene of dire confusion — it took so little to upset mother, and really it was heartbreaking to all of us to see the child's grief.

"Hallo, sonny, what's up now?" asked Allan, in a comical voice, lifting up Dot's tearstained face for a nearer inspection.

"Oh, she is like me," gasped Dot; "she has those horrid things, you know; and it is too bad, it's too bad!" he finished with another choking sob.

"Nonsense," returned Allan with sturdy cheerfulness, "she won't use them always, you silly boy."

"Not always?" returned Dot, with a wrothful, puckered up face.

"Of course not, you little goose—or gander, I mean; she may have to hobble about on them for a year or two, perhaps longer, but Uncle Geoff and I mean to set her all right again, don't we, Carrie?"

Carrie's answer was a dubious smile; she did not believe in her own recovery; but to Dot, Allan's words were full of complete comfort.

"Oh, I am so glad, I am so glad!" cried the unselfish little creature. "I don't mind a bit for myself; I shouldn't be Dot without my sticks, but it seemed so dreadful for poor Carrie." And then as she kissed him with tears in her eyes, he whispered "that she was not to mind, for Allan would soon make her all right; he always did."

Carrie tried to be cheerful that evening, but it cost her a great effort. It was hard returning to everyday life, without strength or capacity for its duties, with no bright prospect dawning in the future, only a long, grey horizon of present monotony and suffering. But here the consolation of religion came to her help; the severe test of her faith proved its reality; and her submission and total abnegation of will brought her the truest comfort in her hour of need. Looking back on this part of our lives, I believe Carrie needed just this discipline, like many other earnest workers. She made an idol of her work; it cost her months of suffering before she realised that Providence does not always need our work; that a chastened will is more acceptable than the labour we think so all-sufficient. Sad lesson to poor human pride, that believes so much in its own efforts, and yet that many a one laid by in the vigour of life and work has to learn so painfully. Oh, hardest of all work, to do nothing while others toil round us, to wait and look on, and yet be patient, knowing God's ways are not our ways, that this very vacuum of weariness is the duty ordained for us!

Carrie had to undergo another ordeal the following day, for she was just settled on her couch when Mrs. Smedley entered unannounced.

I never had liked Mrs. Smedley; indeed, at one time, I was very near hating her; but I could not help feeling sorry for the woman when I saw how her face twitched and worked at the sight of her favourite. Carrie's altered looks must have touched her conscience. Carrie was a little nervous, but she soon recovered herself. "You must not be sorry for me," she said, taking her hand, for actually Mrs. Smedley could hardly speak; tears stood in her hard eyes, and then she motioned to me to leave them together.

I never knew what passed between them, but I am sure Mrs. Smedley had been crying when I returned to the room. She rose at once, making some excuse about the lateness of the hour, and then she did what she never had done before—kissed me quite affectionately, and hoped they would soon see me at the Vicarage.

"There, that is over," said Carrie, as if to herself, in a relieved tone; but she did not seem disposed for any questioning, so I let her close her eyes, and think over the interview in silence.

The next day was a very eventful one. I had made up my mind to speak to mother and Carrie that morning, and announce my intention of going back to The Cedars. I was afraid it would be rather a blow to Carrie, and I wanted to get it over.

In two or three days the three weeks' leave of absence would be over—Ruth would be expecting to hear from me. The old saying "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose," was true in this case. I had little idea that morning, when I came down to breakfast, that all my cherished plans were to be set aside, and all through old Aunt Podgill.

Why, I had never thought of her for years; and as far as I can tell, her name had not been mentioned in our family circle, except on the occasion of dear father's death, when Uncle Geoffrey observed that he or Fred must write to her. She was father's and Uncle Geoffrey's aunt, on their mother's side, but she had quarrelled with them when they were mere lads, and had never spoken to them since. Uncle Geoffrey was most in her black books, and she had not deigned to acknowledge his letter.

"A cantankerous old woman," I remember he had called her on that occasion, and had made no further effort to propitiate her.

It was rather a shock, then, to hear Aunt Podgill's name uttered in a loud voice by Allan, as I entered the room, and my surprise deepened into astonishment to find mother was absolutely crying over a black-edged letter.

"Poor Mrs. Podgill is dead," explained Uncle Geoffrey in rather a subdued voice as I looked at him. But the news did not effect me much; I thought mother's handkerchief need hardly be applied to her eyes on that account.

"That is a pity, of course; but then none of us knew her," I remarked coldly; "she could not have been very nice from your account, Uncle Geoffrey, so I do not know why we have to be so sorry for her death," for I was as aggrieved as possible at the sight of mother's handkerchief.

"Well, she was a cantankerous old woman," began Uncle Geoffrey, and then he checked himself and added, "heaven forgive me for speaking against the poor old creature now she is dead."

"Yes, indeed, I have a great respect for Aunt Podgill," put in Allan; and I thought his voice was rather curious, and there was a repressed mirthful gleam in his eyes, and all the time mother went on crying.

"Oh, my dear," she sobbed at last, "I am very foolish to be so overcome, but if it had only come in Frank's—in your father's time, it might—it might have saved him," and here she broke down.

"Ah, to be sure, poor thing," ejaculated Uncle Geoffrey in a sympathising tone, "that is what is troubling her; but you must cheer up, Dora, for, as I have always told you, Frank was never meant to be a long-lived man."

"What are you all talking about?" I burst out with vexed impatience. "What has Mrs. Podgill's death to do with father? and why is mother crying? and what makes you all so mysterious and tiresome?" for I was exasperated at the incongruity between mother's tears and Allan's amused face.

"Tell her," gasped out mother; and Uncle Geoffrey, clearing his voice, proceeded to be spokesman, only Allan interrupted him at every word.

"Why, you see, child, your mother is just a little upset at receiving some good news——"

"Rattling good news," put in Allan.

"It is natural for her, poor thing, to think of your father, but we tell her that if he had been alive, things would have shaped themselves differently——"

"Of course they would," from that tiresome Allan.

"Aunt Podgill, being a cantankerous—I mean a prejudiced—person, would never have forgotten her grudge against your father; but as in our last moments 'conscience makes cowards of us all,' as Shakespeare has it—Uncle Geoffrey always quoted Shakespeare when he was agitated, and Allan said "hear hear," softly, under his breath—she could not forget the natural claims of blood, and so, my dear," clearing his throat a little more, "she has left all her little fortune to your mother, and a pretty little penny it is, close upon seven hundred a year, and the furniture besides."

"Uncle Geoffrey!" now it was my turn to gasp. Jack and Dot burst out laughing at my astonished face, only Dot squeezed my hand and whispered, "Isn't it splendid, Essie?" Mother looked at me tearfully.

"It is for your sakes I am glad, that my darling girls may not have to work. Carrie can have every comfort now, and you can stay with us, Esther, and we need not be divided any longer."

"Hurrah!" shouted Dot, waving his spoon over his head, but I only kissed mother without speaking; a strange, unaccountable sinking at my heart prevented me. If we were rich—or rather if we had this independence—I must not go on teaching Flurry; my duty was at home with mother and Carrie.

I could have beaten myself for my selfishness, but it was true. Humiliating as it is to confess it, my first feeling was

regret that my happy days at The Cedars were over.

"You do not seem pleased," observed Allan, shrewdly, as he watched me.

"I am so profoundly astonished, that I am not capable of feeling," I returned hastily, but I blushed a little guiltily.

"It is almost too good to believe," he returned. "I never liked the idea of you and Carrie doing anything, and yet it could not be helped, so now you will all be able to stay at home and enjoy yourselves."

Mother brightened up visibly at this. "That will be nice, will it not, Esther? And Dot can have his lessons with you as usual. I was so afraid that Miss Ruth would want you back soon, and that Carrie would be dull. How good of your Aunt Podgill, to make us all so happy! and if it were not for your father"—and here the dear soul had recourse to her handkerchief again.

If I were silent no one noticed it; everyone was so eager in detailing his or her plans for the future. It was quite a relief when the lengthy breakfast was over, and I was free to go and tell Carrie; somehow, in the general excitement, no one thought of her. I reproached myself still more for my selfishness, and called myself all manner of hard names, when I saw the glow of pleasure on her pale face.

"Oh, Esther, how nice! How pleased dear mother must be. Now we shall have you all to ourselves, and you need not be spending all your days away from us." How strange! Carrie knew of my warm affection for Ruth and Flurry, and yet it never occurred to her that I should miss my daily intercourse with them. It struck me then how often our nearest and dearest misunderstand or fail to enter into our feelings.

The thought recurred to me more than once that morning, when I sat at my work listening to the discussion between her and mother. Carrie seemed a different creature that day; the wonderful news had lifted her out of herself, and she rejoiced so fully and heartily in our good fortune, that I was still more ashamed of myself, and yet I was glad too.

"It seems so wonderful to me, mother," Carrie was saying, in her sweet serious way, "that just when I was laid by and unable to keep myself or anyone else, that this provision should be made for us."

"Yes, indeed; and then there is Dot, too, who will never be able to work," observed mother. It was lucky Dot did not hear her, or we might have had a reproachful *résumé* of his artistic intentions.

"Dear mother, you need not be anxious any longer over the fortune of your two cripples," returned Carrie, tenderly. "I shall not feel so much a burthen now; and then we shall have Esther to look after us." And they both looked at me in a pleased, affectionate way. What could I do but put down my work and join in that innocent loving talk?

At our early dinner that day Allan seemed a little preoccupied and silent, but towards the close of the meal he addressed me in his offhand fashion.

"I want you to come out with me this afternoon; mother can look after Carrie."

"It is a half-holiday, may I come too?" added Jack, coaxingly.

"Wait till you are asked, Miss Jacky," retorted Allan, good-humouredly. "No, I don't want your ladyship's company this afternoon; I must have Esther to myself." And though poor Jack grumbled and looked discontented, he would not change his decision.

I had made up my mind to see Ruth and tell her all about it, but it never entered my head to dispute Allan's will, if he wanted me to walk with him. I must give up Ruth, that was all, and I hurried to put on my things that I might not keep him waiting.

I thought that he had some plan to propose to me, but to my surprise he only talked about the most trivial subjects—the weather, the state of the roads, the prospect of skating.

"Where are we going?" I asked at last, for we were passing The Cedars, and Allan rarely walked in that direction; but perhaps he had a patient to see.

"Only to Eltham Green," he returned, briefly. The answer was puzzling. Eltham Green was half a mile from The Cedars, and there was only one house there, besides a few scattered cottages, and I knew Uncle Geoffrey's patient, Mr. Anthony Lambert, who lived there, had died about a month ago.

As Allan did not seem disposed to be communicative I let the matter rest, and held my peace, and a few minutes' fast walking brought us to the place.

It was a little common, very wild and tangled with gorse, and in summer very picturesque. Some elms bordered the road, and there was a large clear-looking pond, and flocks of geese would waddle over the common, hissing and thrusting out their yellow bills to every passer-by.

The cottages were pretty and rustic-looking, and had gay little gardens in front. They belonged to Mr. Lucas; and Eltham Cottage, as Mr. Lambert's house was called, was his property also.

Flurry and I had always been very fond of the common, where Flossy had often run barking round the pond after a family of yellow ducklings.

"Eltham Cottage is still to let," I observed, looking up at the board; "it is such a pretty house." Allan made no response to that, but bade me enter, as he wanted to look at it.

It was a long two-storied cottage with a verandah all round it, and in summer a profusion of flowers—roses and clematis, and a splendid passion flower—twined round the pillars and covered the porch.

The woman who admitted us ushered us into a charming little hall with a painted window, and a glass door opening on to the lawn. There was a small room on one side of it, and on the other the dining-room and drawing-room. The last was a very long, pleasant room with three windows, all opening French fashion on to the verandah, and another glass door leading into a pretty little conservatory.

The garden was small, but very tastefully laid out; but there was a southern wall where peaches and nectarines were grown, and beehives stood; and some pretty winding walks, which led to snug nooks, where ferns or violets were hidden.

"What a sweet place!" I exclaimed, admiringly, at which Allan looked exultant; but he only bade me follow him into the upper rooms.

These were satisfactory in every respect. Some were of sunny aspect, and looked over the garden and some large park-like meadows; the front ones commanded the common. "There is not a bad room in the house," said Allan; and then he made me admire the linen-presses and old-fashioned cupboards, and the bright red-tiled kitchen, looking out on a laurestinus walk.

"It is a dear house!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically, at which Allan looked well-pleased. Then he took me by the arm, and drew me to a little window seat on the upper landing—a proceeding that reminded me of the days at Combe Manor, when I sat waiting for him, and looking down on the lilies.

"I am glad you think so," he said, solemnly; "for I wanted to ask your advice about an idea of mine; it came into my head this morning when we were all talking and planning, that this house would be just the thing for mother."

"Allan!" I exclaimed, "you really do not mean to propose that we should leave Uncle Geoffrey?"

"No, of course not," with a touch of impatience, for he was always a little hasty if people did not grasp his meaning at once, "but, you see, houses in Milnthorpe are scarce, and we are rather too tight a fit at present. Besides, it is not quiet enough for Carrie; the noise of the carts and gigs on Monday morning jar her terribly. What I propose is, that you should all settle down here in this pretty countrified little nook, and take Uncle Geoff and Deb with you, and leave Martha and me to represent the Camerons in the old house in the High-street.

"But, Allan—" I commenced, dubiously, for I did not like the idea of leaving him behind; but he interrupted me, and put his views more forcibly before me.

Carrie wanted quiet and country air, and so did Dot; and the conservatory and garden would be such a delight to mother. Uncle Geoffrey would be dull without us, and there was a nice little room that could be fitted up for him and Jumbles; he would drive in to his work every morning, and he—Allan—could walk out and see us on two or three evenings in the week.

"I must be there, of course, to look after the practice. I am afraid I am cut out for an old bachelor, Esther, like Uncle Geoff, for I do not feel at all dismal at the thought of having a house to myself," finished Allan, with his boyish laugh.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WASHED EMBROIDERY.

THE work was spoiled, the little worker said;
For she had been so long with patient care
Plying her needle, that the thumb-soiled thread
Rose darkly on the surface pure and fair
Love saw the darling's grief, and, with a kiss,
Took the soiled work and washed it, till it hung
Spotless as it had been a snow veil, flung
From heav'n's white fleecy clouds—no stitch amiss.

My life is an embroidery, on which
A pattern lies designed by Wisdom's hand:
Each thought, and word, and deed is as a stitch;
But even when 'tis done as God has plann'd,
I am so slow, my fingers are so soiled
With earth-dust and the soil of daily sin,
I fear my feeble work can never win
My Father's smile—the pure design is spoiled.

But Love, the gentle mother of each grace,
Beholds my grief, and, with a pitying eye,
Receives my work; and 'neath a sunny face
Washes the whole, until I see it lie
Upon her lap, so pure, I hardly know
My handiwork; and thus she gives it in
Unto my Father, cleansed from every sin.
He smiles, for He beholds it white as snow.

WILLIAM LUFF.

ILL-ASSORTED COUPLES.

By NANETTE MASON.

A CLERGYMAN, so the story goes, once married a couple, received his fee, and sent the two away. A few weeks afterwards, the bridegroom returned and said he had come back to pay more, for his wife had turned out much better than he had expected.

No doubt there are many such contented husbands, though few express their satisfaction in this original way. With a host of others, however, things do not go so well, and marriage proves with them, alas! only the high road to repentance. Yes, girls, sorrow lies in wait at everyone's door, and often it enters with the wedding party. The gayest home-coming in all my experience was followed by the most miserable married life—had a cat and a dog gone into partnership it could not have been worse.

"You have spoken about husbands," says Kate; "what about wives?" What is true, Kate, of the one is true also of the other, though we hear less of woman's side of the question, for men have greater advantages in the way of communicating their woes to the world. When we meet ill-assorted couples, it is often hard to tell which is most in the wrong, which most unfortunate, which most miserable—the husband or the wife. "Frailty, thy name is woman," says Darby; "Men were deceivers ever," answers Joan.

That there are a great many ill-assorted couples in the world is certain—everyone who has read anything, or moved about at all in society knows that. I do not say that a want of harmony between husband and wife is always visible to the eye; indeed, some people, ill-assorted enough, manage to wear the mask of harmony so as to deceive, for a time, even their most intimate friends; but, sooner or later, the secret comes out, just as it did the other evening with Christina, who in a moment of confidence confessed that she could, with perfect truth, say of herself and her husband, in the words of a character in an old play, "When we are alone we walk like lions in a room—he one way and I another."

The natural commencement for unhappy domestic life is a marriage entered into without either thought or prudence. If it happens to be, as it often is, the most hasty, the most rash, the most foolish deed of all one's existence, what else can you expect?

A young man, for example, meets a girl and takes a violent fancy for her. Why? Because she has more fascinating eyes than any other girl in England. For that reason, and for no other, he resolves to marry her. A young woman meets a young man and falls deeply in love with him, and her reason is—not that he is good, or wise, or industrious—but that he has a moustache and stands six feet high.

People go into marriage lightly, as if it were a joke or an experiment, or a lottery in which chance is everything and judgment nothing. They forget altogether that it is not an affair out of which, if unsuccessful, they can retire as easily as one could withdraw from a new house of which the chimneys smoked or through the walls of which the damp came. It is an engagement for life, and for life it must make us happy or miserable. There is no alternative; we must either be well-matched or ill-assorted. The conditions of life are such that one may lose one's heart at any time. No advice is effectual to guard against love which comes we know not how—precisely, someone says, as it often goes away. Our heads, however, are always our own, and where the heart goes the head need not follow unless sober judgment and common sense approve.

Let your heads, then, girls, keep watch over your hearts. You may often be in danger of throwing yourselves away on those who, though pleasant to meet, are not in the least suited for living all one's life with, and it is much better that the bubble should burst before marriage than after. Many a one travels through a fool's paradise to a land of desolation, and finds that, even though the first month of matrimony may be a honeymoon, all the rest of her wedded life is a season of wormwood.

Even at the last moment one may be excused for halting. It needs a good deal of charity, however, to put a favourable construction on the conduct of a youth of whom I read the other day. He had gone to church with his intended to get married, but found on arriving there that they had no money to pay the customary fees. He went to get the money whilst the lady waited in the vestry. During his walk the youth changed his mind, and he never returned to church. The young girl waited two hours for him, and then went home, "Scot free," the writer dryly remarks who tells the story.

Sometimes it is as clear as noonday that the infatuated couple are making misery for themselves. Everyone said so when our friend Alexander conceived an eccentric passion for the girl he afterwards married. We all saw that he would for ever after have to endure prolonged fits of ill-health, bad temper, and ungovernable jealousy. Then there was Ethel, who was induced, contrary to the advice of all her friends, to become the wife of Frederick. The union, as everyone knows, proved an unhappy one, and they soon separated. Sophia, too, did not expect to have a miserable life of it; but, as she married in haste, so is she now repenting at leisure, and appropriating to herself the slightly ungrammatical reflections of the old ballad—

> "When I think on what I am,
> And what I used to was,
> I feel I've throwed myself away
> Without sufficient cause."

Better a hundred times live alone, the most isolated of lonely people, than spend life with one with whom we have no sympathy and for whom we have come to be without regard. The only sensible marriages are those based on judgment as well as affection. When two are joined together simply from a sort of fatal fascination, what can you look for but unhappy domestic experiences? Bessie, by way of contradiction, says that people are fated to marry one another, and quotes the proverb that marriage and hanging go by destiny; but that is only an antiquated superstition.

Occasionally people marry to please others, and not at all to gratify their own inclination. Such are often the marriages of princes, and of these very few indeed are successes. An alliance contracted solely from motives of State policy or family interest makes but a poor beginning, and many an ill-assorted couple in high life wish they had been lowly born, to place their affections where they chose, and live in the enjoyment of that happy home which is now denied them for ever.

When we inquire what matrimonial quarrels are about, it often appears that they originate in trifles, and that the first misunderstandings are about next to nothing. We have all read of the husband and wife who came to high words on the subject of whether what they saw was a drop of rain or a flake of snow; and you know of the other two whose first ill-tempered dispute turned on the point whether the husband had been revaccinated—his wife declared he had, and he contradicted her.

Of all causes of unhappy marriages, bad tempers may be put foremost; and these same bad tempers may be of every degree, from the simply peevish to the outrageously violent. This is a woman's failing, much more than a man's—indeed, a husband's temper will, as a rule, be kept sweet, provided only that a sweet temper characterises his wife. How some husbands can endure the hideous outcries and worrying ways of their wives, I never can understand. Why, I have heard a woman whose tongue you could distinguish a mile off, scold her husband as if he were a pickpocket, and he all the while listening as coolly as if her taunts were compliments. Perhaps it was custom, and that, you know, will reconcile us to almost anything.

Many illustrious men have been plagued with ill-tempered wives. There was Socrates, for instance, whose Xantippe was an arrant scold. That he should have married such a wife was a puzzle to all his friends, and he used to explain his choice in an odd way. "Those who wish," he said, "to become skilled in horsemanship select the most spirited horses, and after being able to bridle those they believe they can bridle all others. Now, as it is my wish to live and converse with men, I married this woman, being firmly convinced that in the event of being able to endure her I should be able to endure all others."

Many instances are told of her impatience and his long-suffering. One day, before some of his friends, she fell into an extravagant passion at the philosopher. He said nothing but left the house, and he was no sooner out of the door than she ran upstairs and threw water on his head. On this, Socrates turned to his companions: "Did I not tell you," said he, "that after so much thunder we should have rain."

Dante was another famous man who had a wife of a savage disposition. No doubt she

was a well-meaning woman, but the violence of her temper proved a source of the bitterest suffering to the poet, who could not encounter it with the amiability of a Socrates.

Unreasonable jealousy is one of the leading characteristics of ill-assorted couples. Where love is, there will certainly be jealousy, but it is jealousy run mad that ruins the happiness of homes and drives husbands and wives far apart.

The most famous example that I remember of the jealous wife is she whom Wesley married. It is told that when Mrs. Wesley wearied of her husband's rigid and unsettled life she *took to playing the spy*, opening his letters, following him from town to town, and plaguing him in every way, openly and secretly, that her malice could contrive. "By her outrageous jealousy," says Southey, "she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job as one of the three bad wives." She proved a thorn in the flesh of Wesley for twenty years, and at last she left his house, carrying off his journals and papers, which she never returned. Her husband acted in a way which may be recommended to the attention of all who are tried with jealous wives; he simply stated in his diary the fact of her leaving, saying that he had no idea what the cause had been, and adding, "I did not forsake her; I did not dismiss her; *I will not recall her.*"

The rock on which a great many married couples split is that of money, which is not to be wondered at, seeing money is at the bottom of half the quarrels and disputes of the world. When a man marries for money, says the proverb, he sells his liberty, and he is apt to find that he has made but a poor bargain. This was the case of David, who made a rich marriage, which enabled him to give up work; but it turned out ill, and he betook himself to his former labours with great joy. "A wife," says he, "with whom one cannot get on is dear at any money."

Prudence, however, suggests that as the world goes a little money on both sides is not undesirable, and no one can object to a man saying, like our friend George, "Give me a wife with some money, that she may not increase my charges." But there should not be a great difference either on one side or the other. When a man with nothing marries fifty thousand pounds, he is apt pretty often to have it cast in his teeth; and a penniless lass who has formed an alliance with wealth, is not likely to fare much better. Money, after all, is not essential to happiness. The happiest people I ever knew were a man and his wife who did not possess so much as a plate or a teaspoon, and whose only wealth was a great deal of experience.

Sometimes a man marries a poor girl because *he understands that* she has great expectations. These may be disappointed, and I have heard that when Annie's uncle died and left her only enough to buy a mourning ring, instead of the fortune that was looked for, her husband lost all taste of her, and they have never since had a single day of happiness and content.

Extravagance is also the source of much domestic unhappiness, and it can hardly be expected to make a man at all good-natured when he finds his wife taking no pains to live within his income.

Niggardliness is just as great a fault. Andrew and Alice are an ill-assorted couple, and it is all Alice's fault, for she so rules her house that, without her permission, not even her husband can get so much as a lump of sugar. Her way of looking at Andrew is to regard him as a mere beast of burden, and indeed many wives look on their husbands in the same light.

To give an historical example, there was the wife of Berghem, the Dutch artist, who never let her husband quit his occupation, and allowed him to keep very little of the money he made, for he was too ready, she thought, to spend it freely in buying Italian drawings. She contrived an odd expedient for detecting his indolence. "The artist," says Isaac Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," "worked in a room above her; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping." When a man puts up with this sort of thing he may be very considerable as an artist, but otherwise he is but a contemptible creature.

Family pride sometimes has a good deal to do with unhappy marriages. When a woman with a pedigree eight feet long by two feet broad marries a man who cannot even give a satisfactory account of his grandfather, I am not sure but that we may look out for disagreement. Both should possess an equal pride in their ancestors, or be equally ignorant and indifferent about them. Many a man has cause to lament that his wife came to him hampered by family ties and family prejudices, like our friend Augustus, who married a daughter of a poor but proud race, who had spent her youth in pondering over the ancient glories of her family, encouraged thereto by a mother who was a schemer, and a father who had no visible means of subsistence. "I wish," he has been often heard to say, "our wives could be received out of space, without a single relation or a single tradition."

This leads me to speak of mothers-in-law, who, as everyone knows, are credited with destroying the happiness of many a fireside. But in denouncing them, critics have often been led by personal feeling to say things more picturesque than true. Mothers-in-law are not so bad as they are called, and it may be taken as a general rule that one can get along famously with a mother-in-law—when she is at the other end of the island. All are not of the sort referred to in the Spanish proverb, quoted some time back in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which says that "A newly-married couple are the geese and the mother-in-law is the cunning old fox who solicits entrance to their house that she may leisurely devour them."

There is too often a want of confidence between husbands and wives, and this naturally gives rise to quarrelling. No one in so intimate a partnership as that of married life can endure with complacency anything approaching to distrust. When husbands exhibit this want of confidence it is the result, generally, of a belief that women are not prudent and not to be trusted with matters of importance. It was a husband of this class who wrote long ago that "He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows;" and the proverb, "A newly-married man tells his wife everything," shows what the popular belief is on the subject. The imprudence of women has also given rise to such tales as that of the man who lost the gift of understanding the talk of animals by imparting the secret to his wife. Indeed, if everything said be true, he must be a bold man who relies on his wife's discretion, and trusts her with anything but trifles.

Now, girls, if this be really so, the sooner we all mend the better. You know the proverb: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." Wives by their prudence should merit the confidence of their husbands, and husbands by their gentleness and affection should encourage the confidence of their wives. Trouble is never far off when secrets are kept from each other.

When two married people are ill-assorted, we usually find them hanging very loosely together—one knows nothing of the doings of the other, and cares nothing either; they have separate interests, and, for that matter, might almost have separate establishments. When this is the case in a family, there are pretty sure to be two parties in the house—the first led by the father and the second by the mother; and I remember a funny example in the case of the Thomsons—you never met them, girls—who got on very ill together; the mother, supported by two daughters and a son being on one side, and the father and one daughter forming an opposition camp. Things came at last to such a pass that one party lived, without in the least recognising the other, in the upper portion of the house, whilst the other inhabited the dining-room floor.

A great want of consideration is frequently shown by husbands. They glorify themselves at the expense of their wives, magnify their own labours, and make light of woman's work. It is a great mistake. We all know how the old man who lived in a wood came to grief who "said he could do as much work in a day as his wife could do in three." And wives sometimes fall into a similar error. Many a wife thinks herself immeasurably superior to her husband, and not only in private, but "before folk," talks contemptuously of his judgment. This also is a mistake, for woman's true place is in the background.

> "Nothing lovelier can be found
> In woman than to study household good,
> And good works in her husband to promote."

"Our guidwife's aye in the right and I am aye in the wrang, Jo," says the man in the Scotch ballad, and when that is the husband's complaint farewell to domestic peace and tranquillity.

For examples of ill-assorted couples, just look into the lives of philosophers and men of learning; there you will find plenty. Indeed, the domestic history of such people has generally been so unfortunate that it has become a question whether marriage is a prudent thing for them at all.

Moore, in his "Life of Byron," lays it down as an established rule that a man of the highest order of genius must in the unavoidable nature of things quarrel with his wife. Certainly, Byron and his wife formed a striking instance of an ill-assorted couple. Everyone knows also how Dickens got on in his domestic relations. We find him writing about his wife: "Poor —— and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so." Then Shelley and Harriet Westbrook might be mentioned; and we have already spoken of Socrates and Xantippe, and Dante and Gemma Donati, and Wesley and his wife. Milton also and his first wife did not get on at all harmoniously, at least in the beginning of their married career, though we shall try to believe that they lived together more pleasantly at the close. Hazlitt, the critic, though a lesser light, is another, and quite as instructive an example. "Never," says Hazlitt's grandson, "was there a worse-assorted pair than my grandfather and grandmother. Mrs. Hazlitt was a well-read woman, a true wife, a fond mother, but there was a sheer want of cordial sympathy from the first set out." But space would fail to tell all the instances which go to prove that fortunate marriages amongst the literary and the learned are not so common as might be wished. It is strange that men who in many cases have sounded all the depths and explored all the recesses of the human heart, should not have exhibited more wisdom when they came to love-making on their own account.

A common error with a man of culture is to marry a girl of the Philistine class. He may get

along well enough with her for a month or two, but he soon finds that he is exposed to unintelligent criticism and interference, not only from her, but from those relations of hers with whom he is now brought into contact.

Perhaps she knows nothing, or next to nothing, when he marries her; he tries to teach her something, but it makes her angry and he gives it up; then he has to make the best of it, and to endure the intolerable tedium of her companionship. Low and illiterate to begin with, she remains all her life the same, chilling her husband's enthusiasm, and often hindering his advance in knowledge.

Such a woman is apt to be jealous of her husband's books. Cultivated women, indeed, have exhibited the same ridiculous jealousy; and William, for one, I know is afraid to marry lest his wife should not love his library. She might be fond of him, but what if her affection took no more sensible a form than that of the wife who, thinking that her husband was overworking himself, went and burned all his papers?

But why does a man of genius ally himself to a woman not in the least suitable? You may well inquire. Partly, perhaps, it is because he falls in love, not with herself, but with his own creation—his love is nothing but imagination. I read the other day of a case of the sort. A man of intellect and position had married an uneducated woman. "She came to him poor and meanly clad," says he who tells the story; "but his genius was rich enough to deck her out in purple and fine linen. So long as these lasted all went on comfortably; but when they were worn out and the stock was exhausted, alas! poor wife! shall I not rather say, alas!—poor man?"

Occasionally, the learned make foolish marriages, because they trust to the recommendation of other people rather than to their own judgment. As regards the ways of the world they are far too simple. Look at Richard Hooker, the famous author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." He, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, married a young woman on the recommendation of the young woman's mother. Joan "brought him," says Izaak Walton, "neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions they were too much like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house; so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his youth;' but too just cause to say, with the holy prophet, 'Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell in the tents of Kedar!'"

Hooker set a praiseworthy example by putting up meekly with his unhappy lot. Two pupils of his once took a journey to visit him, but a single night in his house was enough: they were then forced to leave to seek for themselves "a quieter lodging." On coming away, one of them expressed to Hooker his sorrow that his wife did not prove a more comfortable companion. "My dear George," answered Hooker, "if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour—as, indeed, I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

Men of the literary and learned class are usually of a highly sensitive organisation, and little things make an impression on them, and interfere with their happiness and usefulness, which would have no influence on the minds of people following other and less nervous pursuits. Their wives thus have often a hard time of it, and enjoy countless opportunities for the exercise of tact and sympathy. A woman may have many amiable and attractive qualities, but as a literary man's wife she may be a failure and a stumbling-block, just because she is incapable of understanding or sympathising with her husband's mind.

A literary man, of course, is seldom a hero to his wife. She sees too much, says someone, of the other side of the moon, and has little admiration to spare for that interesting and picturesque side of her husband, which is turned to the public in his books. Occasionally, however, there are exceptions, and it would not be difficult to name some women who are very vain of the literary reputations of their husbands. I have read of a funny example—but, indeed, it was pushing the thing rather far—in the case of the wife of one of the minor literary lights at the close of the seventeenth century. She had the most sublime conceptions of her husband's compilations, and we are told that his word was a law to her, and that she never rose from table without making him a curtsey, or drank to him without bowing. A nice wife! "John! she would just have been the one for you—but there are few such in the world." "Less than few; one sometimes," says John.

WORK FOR ALL.

MUSIC.

THAT branch of art which has usurped the name of music, a name properly belonging to all the fine arts, is in our minds so associated with ideas of rest and pleasure, of tenderness and enjoyment, that it seems hard, at first sight, to include it in a series of articles written upon work; and yet, perhaps, no one of the higher arts demands a more thorough devotion, a more earnest study. There is no age so distant, no people so barbarous, but has had some touch of melody, some instrument, however rude, which helped the soul to rise as on wings out of the hard struggle of daily life to something higher and more enduring.

Girls, like birds, have a natural disposition to "warble their native woodnotes wild," and life is brighter and happier for their singing; but if they desire to proceed further, to make it the delight and ornament of their lives, the means by which those lives shall be maintained, they will do well to disabuse their minds of the idea that the art to which they have devoted themselves is easy, or one to be excelled in without much and steady work.

And first of all, let no one undertake to study music with a view to make it a profession unless she possesses a strong love for it, a fine ear, and feeling. Nothing but labour to herself and weariness to her friends, let her be assured, can come of such work undertaken *invitâ Minervâ*—*i.e.*, without the natural gift.

It would seem, indeed, that if a little more of the science of music could be taught and a little less of mechanical proficiency insisted on, music might be made as valuable a factor in education as higher mathematics; but while every student is expected to be able to perform on so complex an instrument as a pianoforte, it seems to be accepted as a necessity to enforce a hard and early drill, without which the requisite manual facility can never be acquired.

It has long been felt that an art so universally popular, so pre-eminently humanising, deserves the best study, the most systematic training, and in 1822 the Royal Academy of Music was instituted in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, with a view to supply what was acknowledged to be a great public want. The universities, it is true, had granted degrees in music, as in other "liberal" arts, but to obtain these, residence in college was necessary, as well as a certain proficiency in literary subjects, and, besides, at that time no university granted degrees to women.

So the Royal Academy of Music has, from the first, been fostered by the patronage of the Royal family, and many of the most eminent living musicians in England are counted among its directors and committee, Sir G. A. Macfarren being its principal.

All branches of music are taught at the Academy, and students are permitted to choose one subject for particular study; but all students are required to learn harmony and the pianoforte, and all are required to attend the sight-singing class, and, when competent, to take part in the orchestra and choral practices and in all public performances.

Students are admitted at the commencement of each term or half-term. Candidates for admission must attend for examination, bringing music they can perform at eleven o'clock on the Saturday before the commencement of each term or half-term, with a recommendation from a subscriber, member, associate, or honorary member.

The fee for examination is one guinea, which is returned if the candidate is admitted.

For the convenience of candidates who reside at a distance from London, "local representatives" have been appointed in most of the great towns, who examine candidates and advise them as to the probability of their acceptance, and assist them with other information, and who undertake the business arrangements of the local examinations.

The year is divided into three terms—Lent term, of twelve and a half weeks; the Easter and Michaelmas terms of thirteen weeks each. The entrance-fee is five guineas; the annual fee for the entire course is thirty guineas, all fees payable in advance, and notice of withdrawal being required.

The course of instruction includes two weekly lessons in a principal study—one in harmony, one in a second study, when deemed desirable; one in elocution for singers, with the advantage of attending the sight-singing class, the violin quartet class, and the orchestral and choral practices.

The operatic class for the study of the lyrical drama is open to composers, singers, and accompanists. Students already in the Academy are admitted on payment of an additional fee of two guineas a term each.

Students are required to pay implicit obedience to all persons placed in authority over them, and to attend punctually at the hours appointed for their instruction, and at all orchestral and choral practices and rehearsals, if they be members of the band or choir, and at all public performances. On leaving the Academy students may undergo an examination, and, if it prove satisfactory, will receive a certificate, and in special cases the additional distinction of being made an associate of the institution.

There are eight scholarships open to girls:—1. The Westmoreland, value £10, to be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy, open to girls between the ages of 18 and 24, and to be contended for annually. 2. The Potter Exhibition, value £12, open to competition for male and female candidates in alternate years, who have studied not less than two years in the Academy. 3. The Parepa-Rosa Scholarship, awarded by competition to British-born female vocalists,

not being or ever having been students at the Royal Academy of Music, between the ages of 18 and 22. It entitles the successful candidate to two years' free musical education in the Royal Academy of Music. Competition every two years, in April. 4. The Thalberg Scholarship, value £20, is open alternately to male and female pianists between 14 and 21 every two years. Competitors must pass a preliminary examination in orthography, English grammar, elementary arithmetic, rudiments of geography, and English history. Candidates above 18, in any foreign language at their own choice. 5. The John Thomas Welsh Scholarship, open to vocalists and instrumentalists of Welsh parentage, every three years, entitles the holder to three years' instruction in the Royal Academy of Music. 6. The Henry Smart Exhibition will be awarded to the candidate deemed to show the greatest promise in composition and organ playing. This scholarship being founded in the present year, particulars are not yet stated. 7. Lady Goldsmid's Scholarship, giving one year's free education at the Academy, will be open in April, 1884 and 1885, to competition by female pianists, who have been studying at the Academy not less than two years at the date of examination. 8. The Hine Gift, to be competed for annually in December by pupils of either sex under 17, who have been studying in the Academy throughout the three consecutive preceding terms. It will be awarded to the student who may be judged to have composed the best English ballad, the poetry for which shall have been selected by the committee, and announced two months before the competition. Value £12.

Besides these scholarships, there are prizes in money and medals, most of which are open to women, and which, bearing the names of well-known English musicians and vocalists, testify pleasantly to their interest in their art.

Applications for admission must be made to John Gill, Esq., secretary of the Academy, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

Within half-a-mile of the Royal Academy, at 13, Mandeville-street, Manchester-square, is Trinity College, *instituted in 1872* for the purpose of advancing musical and general education. The classes here include all subjects connected with the science and art of music.

Trinity College holds examinations in all parts of the kingdom and in the colonies, and grants diplomas.

The fees are lower than at the Royal Academy, being £6 15s. for a session of three terms for each subject; there are evening as well as day classes in nearly all subjects, and students may enter for a single subject. A registration fee of 5s. is charged on entering the college, which is appropriated to the special fund for a college library.

Examinations are held twice a year, in January and July.

Though Trinity College is a comparatively new school, the names of such musicians as Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Michael Costa, and Mr. Sims Reeves are a sufficient guarantee that it is an honest attempt to do good work, and to make the study of music more thorough and scientific, and so to improve its quality.

The Guildhall School of Music, established by the Corporation of London, principal H. Weist Hill, Esq., though of very recent formation, has already done good work; it has been established "for the purpose of providing high-class instruction in the art and science of music at a very low cost to the student."

Instruction is given daily from 8.30 a.m. till 9.30 p.m. Forms of nomination can be obtained from the secretary, and, when filled up, must be signed by an alderman or member of the Court of Common Council.

Everyone must pass the preliminary examination. An entrance fee of 5s. must be paid on or before the day of examination. All fees are payable in advance, and vary according to the subjects in which the students arrange to take lessons.

There are classes in harmony, sight-singing, elocution, Italian, French, and German. The fees for private lessons vary, according to the length and frequency of the lesson, from £1 10s. a term of twelve weeks to £7 7s. Studies in class for one hour weekly in harmony, French, German, Italian, elocution, and deportment, £1 1s.; in sight-singing, 5s.

Students must implicitly obey the authorities of the school, and attend punctually at the hours appointed for the lesson.

Mrs. Charles P. Smith, the lady superintendent, 16, Aldermanbury, E.C., has charge of all the ladies attending the school. Upwards of £400 is distributed annually in the form of exhibitions and prizes.

The last effort for the advancement of musical education in England is the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, which is fostered by the special care of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. It is at present conducted in the National Training School of Music, which has become amalgamated with it, and has the advantage of being in a new and fashionable locality, close to the Albert Hall, and equidistant from the three stations of South Kensington, Gloucester-road, and High-street, Kensington, on the Metropolitan and District Railways.

It is the avowed object of the founders of the Royal College of Music to supply in England the place of the National Conservatoires in France, in Vienna, and in the principal continental cities, which are all largely subsidised by the State, and which will afford free education to students who are by nature endowed with the qualities which go to make the musician.

The college is open to students of both sexes, and consists of scholars, exhibitioners, and students. The scholarships are of two kinds—open and close, or local.

A scholarship entitles the holder to a thorough and systematic education in theoretical and practical music; scholars are entitled to select one subject as a principal study, but are all required to receive instruction in such additional subjects as may be chosen for them.

Scholarships are tenable for three years, but may be terminated at any time by the council, if they have reason to be dissatisfied with the progress or conduct of the scholar; while, on the other hand, in cases where it seems desirable, the period may be extended.

Girl candidates for scholarships are eligible up to the following ages: composition, 21; pianoforte, 19; organ, 20; harp, 19; violin and other stringed instrument, 18; singing, between 17 and 22.

The open scholarships are open to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and are obtainable by competitive examination only; the examination to be held at the college after due and proper public notice.

A certain number of the open scholarships provide not only for the musical education, but for the maintenance of the scholar. Preliminary examinations are held throughout the country with a view to select candidates, whose qualifications give them a reasonable prospect of success in the final competition, and those only who may be selected at such preliminary examination are allowed to attend the final competition. No fee is charged for the preliminary, but the fee for examination at the final competition is £1 1s., which is returned to the successful scholars.

Persons desiring to enter the college as students, or paying pupils, must pass an entrance examination, the fee for which is £1 1s.

The full course of instruction occupies three years, and no student is admitted for a shorter term than one year. The fee for a student is £40 per annum, payable in advance in one term, or in instalments of £15, £15, and £10 at the beginning of each term.

Before entering college each scholar or exhibitioner with a parent or guardian, or other responsible person, is required to sign a form binding the pupil to obey the rules of the college, and to remain for the entire term of scholarship or exhibition, except in the case of illness or other unavoidable cause.

The other regulations are similar to those at the Royal Academy of Music and at Trinity College. The whole is under the direction of Sir George Grove, D.C.L., and Charles Morley, Esq., is the hon. secretary.

A private effort to advance the musical education of the country is that of Professor Wylde, at the London Academy of Music, which has been established now upwards of twenty-two years.

In this school ladies and gentlemen study in different departments. Students are not admitted unless they show that they possess sufficient ability to profit by the course of study, and are required to attend at the academy on one of the entrance days. The fee for three indicated studies is £5 5s.; for half a term, £3 3s. French, German, Italian, and elocution are extras, all fees payable in advance; if applied for 10s. 6d. extra is charged. There are certain scholarships which give one year's free instruction, or two years' instruction for payment of half fees, for which only professional students are eligible to compete.

Pianists must be under the age of 17 at the date of the first application, vocalists over 16 and under 20.

Applications must be sent to the hon. secretary, C. Trew, Esq., St. George's Hall, W., in the months of May and June, accompanied by a letter of recommendation from a lady patroness or steward.

Candidates must attend preliminary examinations, and only those approved can compete for the scholarships. Forms of application can be had at St. George's Hall, price 6d.

Medals are also awarded in three degrees of merit—bronze, silver, and gold. Students of one year can compete for bronze medals, bronze medallists for silver medals, and silver medallists for gold medals.

Other private classes may be and often are very useful, and in its early stages, or when the art is only to be pursued for amateur purposes, music, both instrumental and vocal, may be better studied under private teachers; but girls who desire to make it a profession, should by all means associate themselves with one or other of the public bodies which guarantee them methodical and thorough training. Vocalists who can obtain the teaching of professors like Welsh and Randegger cannot do better; but teachers of such ability are necessarily expensive, as they can only instruct a limited number.

In conclusion, we would earnestly warn all young women who desire to become professional musicians, to trust to no private speculator who offers exceptional advantages for nominal fees, by whatever lofty name he may dignify his undertaking.

"THE TWO SHELTERED BEHIND A WALL OF ROCK."

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XV.

WITHIN THE GATES.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green."

I FEEL so well to-day, Carita," said Edward Arundel, one morning, late in September; "and I have set my heart on a ride with you; if not right through the Garden of the Gods, at any rate up to the gates thereof. What do you say, will you ride with me?"

"In the ambulance?"

"The ambulance? No, indeed! Ride, I said, not drive; we English make a distinction there; you Americans say ride for driving, riding, or rowing indiscriminately. No, I mean to ride to-day, so be kind and get ready as soon as you can; the day is perfect, there is no wind to hurt my poor old breathing pipes."

"I have a great deal to do in the house this morning," objected Carita.

"I'll make that all right with Mrs. Johnson and Bridget; be kind and come."

"I don't think horseback exercise is good for you, Edward. Let us take the buggy if you do not like the ambulance."

"Stuff and nonsense, O wise young woman! I mean to ride whether you go with me or not."

"Go with him, Carrie," said Mrs. Johnson; "I don't suppose it will hurt him if you ride gently; and you will perhaps be a check on him, so that he will ride more quietly," she added, when the young man's back was turned.

He had one of those turns so common to consumptive patients, which often prove fatally deceptive to themselves, as well as to those who love them; the momentarily brighter flickering of a flame which will soon be extinguished.

Away the pair rode, starting side by side at a gentle pace, Carita looking so attractive in her simple riding dress, on Mrs. Johnson's well kept little broncho, that Miss Smart and Miss Flint, two angular rich young women, come from the East to "flirt round out West," as their acquaintances said, became quite spiteful in their comments as they stood with two of the gentlemen boarders on the veranda, in the shade of the morn-

ing glories, which crept and flowered luxuriantly up the trellis work.

Soon the horses began to "lope," as they call the delightful ambling canter common to half Mexican horses; the warm colour came into Carita's pale cheeks, and her dark eyes shone like stars. Her companion noted the change, and a sudden longing to have her always at his side — a feeling as though her constant nearness would bring or communicate electricity, and with it health and gladness again — came over him, making him pull in rein, and, as the horses paced once more slowly over the soft turf, he became absorbed in this new idea.

Why should he not try to make this girl love him? He knew nothing of her family, but she was sweet and good herself, he was sure of that. And she was lonely, too, he saw. Three months she had been at the Temple, and very few letters had been received by her; he had noted that fact also. His mother was dead, and his father, a clergyman in Cheshire, and a kind, large-hearted man, would, he knew, take kindly to so good a wife as Carita would make. He felt so well to-day. She was not strong, but with care and a happy, easy life, such as he could give her in England, she would be stronger. His father was coming to see him next month; then, if Carita would listen to him, all might be settled.

The girl beside him little guessed what was passing through the mind of her friend. Her own absorbing love made her entirely unsuspicious that she might waken love in any of the men round her. When a woman loves, the instinct which warns her of another love fails her most.

"Why are you so quiet?" she asked, presently. "You are tired; we must not lope any more. Your face is quite white," she added, as he turned to look at her more intently, wondering whether he should give her any idea of what was in his thoughts.

"Would you like to go to England, Carita?" he said, without noticing her words.

To England, where Phil was! The idea brought such a flush of colour into her face; the cheeks were rosy before with exercise, but now, brow, neck, and ears burned. She could not answer, and poor Edward, misreading the signs of feeling, a new hope came into his heart; he would say more, he thought, when they reached the Garden of the Gods, where they would rest awhile instead of turning back at the gates, as Mrs. Johnson had advised.

Alas! by the time the gates were reached the sky above them was suddenly overcast. The mountains in front of them had prevented their noticing some black clouds that now broke in a sudden tremendous shower of great hail stones, some of them as large as a small egg.

Such sudden storms come sometimes in those parts at the time of the equinox, and their strength and fury are tremendous while the gale lasts. The two sheltered behind a wall of rock. An hour passed and Edward Arundel began to shiver in the damp shadow. Carita, too, feared that she felt symptoms of her old foe, rheumatism.

How unfortunate they were! If only they had been in the ambulance, or even the little buggy, they could have covered themselves with the bear-skins always spread over the seats.

There was no help for it; when the hail had stopped, with a sad rueful look into the Garden of the Gods, they gave rein to the horses, who were glad to turn homewards, and away they rode, hardly exchanging a word until they reached the Temple.

"No earthly paradise with nectar and ambrosia, 'drink divine,' for me, Carita," said the young man, sadly; as, tired, wet, and exhausted though he was, he helped her down from the saddle.

She little knew how much meaning lay in his words; but her anxiety lest he had taken fresh cold and might have a severe relapse, made her more tender even than usual in the little offices she was wont to perform for him, when he came in from his drives or rides.

The following morning he was too ill to rise at all. Dr. Starkwetter was sent for, and he confirmed all Carita's fears. "It is a case of acute pneumonia," he said, gravely, going into Mrs. Johnson's private sitting-room. "Did I not hear that the young man's father was coming soon? If he is not better this evening, you had better send a cablegram to tell him there is no time to lose if he would see his son alive."

Carita could hardly be induced to leave the sick-room; until Mrs. Johnson persuaded her that it was better for the sufferer to have an older nurse, at any rate part of the time. She sat beside his bed one evening, his thin wasted hand in hers, and his large dark-blue eyes gazing full into her own.

"I had such a heavenly dream this afternoon, Carrie," he said. "I thought I was riding swiftly and easily over yonder to the garden, into which I wanted to take you. The air was soft and sweet, and I seemed to be hastening on to find 'the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.' I read those two chapters at the end of the Bible to my mother when she was dying, and I had been thinking of them before I fell asleep."

He stopped exhausted, then after a little, seeing the tears fall fast from Carita's pale face—

"Don't cry, dear; don't cry! Do you know I thought that day we rode together, that I was going to get better; and that if I did I could perhaps have made you love me, and so have made life brighter for both of us. Don't turn away from me, dear," he added, sadly, noting a little movement she made on hearing his last words; "my love cannot harm anyone now."

Carita replaced her hand in his, and laying her head down wearily on his pillow, told him he must not talk any more, it would hurt him.

They remained quiet for a little while; the sun, setting in a glory of crimson and gold, sent long slanting rays into the room, and the eyes of the young man followed them out westward.

"At eventide there shall be light," he murmured. "Will you kiss me, Carita; then I will go to sleep again."

It was to the girl as though a solemn holy presence filled the room. She stood gazing at him a moment, and bending over him she kissed the wan, wistful lips, tenderly, lovingly, once; then again, saying, "This is for your sister, Edward."

The poor fellow smiled faintly, "And father," he whispered. So they two stood beside Jordan.

Then he lay back, turned his face over towards where Carita sat; and when Mrs. Johnson came into the room an hour later, she found he had passed through the gates in gentle slumber, whilst Carita, worn out with anxiety and watchings, lay with her head against his pillow fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Famous Epitaph.

One of the most famous of epitaphs is the following on the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, who died in 1621. It is usually attributed to Ben Jonson, but there seems reason to believe that it was written by William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals":—

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother—
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb."

At Peace.

A famous epitaph by a relieved husband is to be seen at Père la Chaise:—

"Ci-gît ma femme. Ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien."

In Married Life.—To hope in the married state to fetter by mere charms, bodily or intellectual, without the heart and without the reason, which alone knit and bind fast together, is to wish to make a chain of flowers, or a garland, out of flowers alone, without their stalks.—*Jean Paul.*

The Manufacture of Horses.—A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses: she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot," she said.

A Tale of Old China.—Some time in the last century, when the rage for old china was at its height, a dealer in the Strand had a fine jar, for which he asked the sum of fifty guineas. This valuable relic happened to suffer injury in a thunderstorm; but so far from the accident deteriorating its value, the versatile owner immediately advertised it as the only china vase in the whole world that had ever been cracked by lightning, and at the same time doubled its price.

A Strong Arm.—A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Power naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind which alleviate those calamities that we ourselves are not able to remove.

HIGH AND LOW FOREHEADS.—The forehead is to the face as the sky to a landscape: it lightens up the whole expanse. In no respect have modern form and taste more departed from the antique than in the shape of the forehead. The low growth of the hair was a feature of such attractiveness to the ancients as to be even imitated by skill—so Lucian tells us—where it did not occur in nature. The very reverse has been practised by the moderns, and that in the best period of art; for Castiglioni describes the Italian women as plucking out their hair in order to increase the height of the forehead, which may account for the undue size of this feature in some of Raphael's pieces.

BLACK CATS.—In the folk-lore of European nations the cat is regarded with suspicion as the favourite agent of witchcraft, and seems often to have shared in the cruelties inflicted on those who were supposed to practise the "black art." In Germany at the present day black cats are kept away from the cradles of children as omens of evil, while the appearance of a black cat on the bed of a sick person used to be taken as an announcement of approaching death.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

E. DE M.—We should advise you to write to the English chaplain at any large town in Germany where there is a permanent chaplaincy, tell him what you want, and he may be able to confer with the German Protestant pastor, who might give you a safe and respectable introduction, or perhaps be glad to receive you into his own family at a small charge. A friend of ours lived for two or three years in a German pastor's family to acquire the language. The best German is spoken in Hanover. We do not undertake to insert or to return MSS. Our staff of regular writers is full.

FANNIE.—1. You would not be eligible as a "nurse probationer" nor lady student in a hospital so long as weak and in delicate health. See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. ii., July 17, 1880, and procure meantime a little manual we have before recommended, "Sick Nursing at Home" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), which will prepare you for such a vocation. 2. See our article on "Girls' Own Pets," page 731, vol. iv.

CARITA.—For the "Art of Letter Writing," see page 237, vol. i., April 10, 1880. We are glad you "especially like the articles by 'A Lady Dressmaker.'" Rabbits are fed on any kind of garden vegetables, and parsley, dandelion, clover, and vetches also. If you give potatoes they should be boiled. Oats and barley-meal may be mixed with their bran, as they must have some dry as well as green food. Be careful in cleaning out their food trough before putting in a fresh supply. Let them have water to take or not as they please, but do not give them wet green food; shake off any water.

SWEET (?) SEVENTEEN.—If an hour be left for digestion after breakfast, and an hour and a half after dinner, five hours of study would not be excessive for a healthy girl in her "teens." But we should devote one of these hours to domestic training, in cookery, housekeeping, nursing of the sick, needlework and care of house linen, and calculations on the judicious expenditure of dress or housekeeping allowances, from the lowest sum on which a small house and certain numbers of inmates may be kept. The education of "our girls" is not sufficiently practical. Algebra will not teach them how to cook a dinner, nor a knowledge of harmony enable them to teach a nursery full of sick children to cough and cry in tune, nor turn their fretting into happy laughter. You are getting into a style of writing much too angular. Round your letters and slope them gracefully. As to exercise, it is desirable to take a walk daily, but as to prescribing "two hours" of it, there are many who walk for miles up and down stairs and in and out of rooms, within the walls of their own home, and have only too much "exercise!"

A WOULD-BE WORKER.—There are several training schools for the zenana missions in London, but you do not mention whether you require medical training (which we should strongly recommend). The Zenana Medical Training School and Home, at 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W., hon. sec., Dr. G. Griffiths, would suit you in this case; or the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, Miss Webb, secretary, 267, Vauxhall-Bridge-road, S.W. Write for information to either of them. See also answer on page 207, vol. iv.

HILDA LEA.—Write to the Kindergarten College and Practising School, 21, Stockwell-road, S.W. Alfred Bourne, hon. secretary.

NORA.—We never inquire whether our correspondents, or "our girls" who compete for our prizes, be "subscribers" or not. Suppose you had a dozen sisters, they might all compete, under the regular conditions applying to all alike.

RUBY.—Address a letter to the secretary, New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W., and make inquiries on the subject; or to Mrs. Thorne, hon. sec., 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., who will give all information concerning the medical education of women.

A. M.—Any Italian grammar would answer. We have heard that the "Ollendorf system" is the best for the student without a master.

E. A.—Such situations are obtained by advertisement, or through one of the many Governesses' Employment agencies in town.

A COUNTRY LASSIE.—One million is written in seven figures, 1,000,000. One billion is 1,000,000,000.

MUSIC.

MARION W.—1.—Much rolling of the letter "r" when singing is both unmusical and vulgar. Speak and pronounce distinctly but with a soft accent, attracting no attention by a strong emphasis or prominence given to any particular letter. 2. For all directions in reference to terra-cotta painting, see our article at page 225, vol. ii.

ANNIE.—We do not believe in learning to sing without a master, at least, at the first. But of course you could learn the notes and tune of any song, and sing after a fashion. A dozen lessons from a really good teacher would suffice, and you could then practise according to his directions, having tested the character of your voice.

ANNIE C.—You should study harmony, and you will require some lessons from a master at first. He will have a preference for some particular book, which you will have to procure.

ROSE-BUSH.—The "sackbut" named in the Bible corresponded with the instrument now called a trombone. The name given to denote that used by the ancients is derived from the Spanish words *sacar*, to "draw," and *buche*, the "stomach," as the breath needs to be drawn up with great force from the body, the word "stomach" formerly including what is now distinguished by the "chest." An ancient "sackbut" was discovered among the ruins of Pompeii.

MUSICAL CONE.—1. The term second, as applied to singing in part, is by no means synonymous with alto. The latter is the part taken by the highest male voice, corresponding to the soprano of a woman. It is sometimes called the counter-tenor. The tenor is the species of male voice below the alto, and next above the barytone, and extends from the "C" in the second space in the bass, to "G" on the second line in the treble. The barytone is the higher bass, a very useful kind of voice, and sometimes of considerable compass. The bass is the lowest male voice. 2. To sing a second means, in common parlance, to sing a part in harmony with the voice that takes the first part or tune.

JUDIE.—There is an organ school at 3, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W. Instruction given at £2 2s. the course, and you can have private lessons if you prefer it, either in the morning or evening. All information may be obtained from Scotson Clark, Esq., Mus. B., the principal. The institution has been established nineteen or twenty years, and is called The London Organ School and International College of Music.

BELLA DONNA.—You do not appear to know even the rudiments of music, and while we do not decline to answer any particular question, we do not undertake to teach the art. You should get a master or suitable instruction books.

SAD MUSICIAN.—Your case is indeed a trying one, being so accomplished in your profession. You should state your position to your master, under whom you have studied so long and successfully; he is the best person to give you introductions and recommendations. Ask your friends to interest themselves in finding you pupils, and put cards with your address in the shops of tradesmen whom you know or can induce to do so, stating that you would both undertake to attend private and public entertainments as an instrumental performer, and to receive or go to the private houses of pupils, stating your terms, or saying they could be a matter of private arrangement.

COOKERY.

A FRENCH COQUETTE.—1. The following would make a good wedding cake if iced:—Take one and a half pounds of flour, one pound each of butter and sugar, half a pound of candied citron and orange peel, two ounces of sweet almonds, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of allspice, ten eggs, and one glass of brandy. Beat the butter into cream, add the sugar to it, and stir together for some time; then add the pounded cinnamon and allspice, and work in the yolks of two eggs at a time; beat the whites till highly frothed, and work them in gradually, keeping the paste warm lest it become heavy. Cut the citron and orange-peel into thickish strips, and mix them with the almonds, raisins, and currants, which should be first well washed and dried, removing the gravel from the currants and the seed stones from the raisins. Stir in the sifted flour by degrees, and then the brandy, and with a whisk beat the whole mixture together for some time. Lay some sheets of white paper under and over the cake, and bake for three hours in a tin. 2. It is not now the custom to send wedding cake to friends, but you may give pleasure by sending some to members of the immediate family of the bride or bridegroom who were not present. Those who are generally take away some of it.

E. V. A. is thanked for the following recipe, which she much recommends, for "apple pickle":—Take one and a half dozen of good apples sharp in flavour, a quarter of a pound of the best whole ginger, one pound of sultana raisins, one ounce of mustard seed, six shalots, a quarter of a pound of salt, one and a half pounds of moist sugar, six good-sized onions, half an ounce of small chillies, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and three pints of the best pickling vinegar (white-wine vinegar being the best). Pare and quarter the apples, put them into a jar, and stand it in a saucepan half filled with boiling water. Place a piece of thick paper over the mouth of the jar to keep in the steam, and let it remain upon the stove or fire until the apples be quite soft. Chop the onions and shalots, and boil them in the vinegar until they also be rather soft. Pound the ginger, and sift it through a tin strainer or sieve; then mix all these ingredients together, place them in a clean iron saucepan (no other description of metal than iron) and boil the mixture for three-quarters of an hour, stirring continually, or it will stick to the bottom of the pan and be burnt. This pickle will remain good for years if well tied down in small pots, covered first with paper and then bladder. It should not be used until it has stood thus for two months, and keeping improves it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIAN B. and SARAH.—We thank you for kindly telling us that you feel wiser and better after reading this magazine. A "giaour" means "an infidel," and is a term applied by the Turks to one who does not believe in the religion of Mahomet. "Delhi" is a district, and the chief city of the same, in the Punjab (British India) lying north of Agra. The city was long the capital of the Mogul Empire, and is situated on the banks of the River Jumna. "Sarum" was the ancient Latin name for Salisbury, the capital of Wiltshire. We cannot read the fourth name in your list.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.—In speaking of weight, it is the universal practice to make an exception to the general rule, and employ the singular with the plural number unitedly, as eight stone ten, not eight stones ten. But while in speaking of height the same exception to the grammatical rule is very generally made, it is not of universal practice, nor do we regard it as equally correct. We feel much gratified by your assurance of the benefit which you have derived from this paper.

DORA.—Pronounce "miscellaneous" as "miss-sel-lay-ne-us;" in "drama" the "a" as in "apple;" in "bureau" the first "u" is sounded as it always is in French, and "reau" as "ro." In "sombre" the "m" is nasal. To teach the correct pronunciation of French it must be orally taught, not by the use of written English letters or syllables.

WALTER D.—1. The love of God, and that which He has implanted in a human heart for its fellow man, cannot be confounded together, because of a different nature one from the other, and they need not be mutually antagonistic. To explain this by a humble comparison, your fondness for a pet animal is not of the same nature as that for a friend, nor the love of a child for its doll as that for its mother. But if your devotion to any human object (with whose love God has blest you) should come between Him and you, and cause you to forget the Giver, or neglect your sacred duties, then the case is altered. Your Divine Redeemer should be the centre of your thoughts and hopes, and Supreme Object of your grateful adoration. Pray for more grace. 2. To study the Holy Bible, we recommend you to look for all the passages in connection with the various articles of our Christian Faith. The fall of man, and his need of a Saviour, the promise of the Messiah, the incarnation and divinity of Christ, the Holy Trinity, the work of the Holy Ghost, the Resurrection of the body the love of Christ, the promise of everlasting life, etc. Make a list of all such passages, and learn them by heart. You would also find Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia" exceedingly interesting and instructive. Write for it to the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row.

THISTLE, SHAMROCK, ROSE, and LEEK.—Our four young friends do their writing injustice by using a bad pen, and (apparently) holding on one side. The downstrokes are thus very feeble, and the strokes that should be fine are black and coarse.

GREYTAIL.—Your kind offer of sending cast-off clothing to The Girls' Own Home is accepted with grateful acknowledgments.

ROSY CHEEK.—A slow digestion will sometimes cause the face to burn after dinner. Erysipelas may result from an injury causing blood-poisoning, or it may be produced by a chill taken on a disorderment of the liver. The Bath waters are admirable for cases of erysipelas.

PHŒBUS APOLLO.—See "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, 219, and 383 ("Kleine Emilie"), vol. ii.; also see, under "Useful Hints," page 92, vol. iii., "Crystallised Fruits."

F. IBOTSON and F. STONE.—We are sorry to hear that you have written so often and received no answer, writing so nicely as you do. Before going to bed, and even earlier in the evening, when come home for the day, hold the blood-shot eye in the special glass made for the purpose, or eggcup, containing water as hot as you can endure it. As soon as it begins to cool add hotter water, and this will drive back the red particles in the blood, which should not be present in the white of the eye. Be careful to avoid any draught after this bathing, and never do it before going out. You write fairly well.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER is thanked for her grateful letter. We do not undertake to answer immediately, nor in the order in which the hundreds of letters arrive. Nor would it be possible to answer *all*.

WINIFRED IRENE.—We have very recently given a correspondent the origin and meaning of the term "lady." It has been completely diverted from its original use and signification, so that persons in the highest rank of society avoid its use altogether, excepting as a prefix to the name of a baronet's or knight's wife, or, preceded by the article "the," when forming the address of any peeress, or peer's wife or daughter, above the rank of a viscount. Of course, any woman ignorant of the rules of good breeding could not feel "at ease" in the society of persons thoroughly conversant with them. It is very essential that you should be "pleasant" in manner and in expression of countenance.

ONE WISHING TO KNOW.—Your digestion is much out of order, and you require a course of medicine and to attend to your diet. Your teeth, also, may need more attention than you give them, as stopping or extraction may be necessary.

CAMERONIAN.—1. We think that you had better send your brushes to be refitted with bristles, as we think that any attempt to bleach the old might injure the ivory backs and handles. 2. Clean steel ornaments with unslaked lime. Writing bad; so coarse and large.

RUBY.—1. Sal volatile is a good thing for the nerves under circumstances of much agitation and palpitation of the heart. 2. We do not know what age you mean by "little" children. At a very early age they cannot frame words as we do, and this is no evidence of their having "no idea of sound.' Let them pronounce as best they can. Very little ones ought not to be taught to read, nor to do anything beyond saying their prayers and the habit of instant unquestioning obedience. When teaching to read, make it as agreeable as possible by pointing to each word and making the child repeat it after you; not by spelling each syllable in the old-fashioned most wearisome way.

MOONLIGHT.—"Nellie" is a contraction or pet name for Elinor or Eleanora, which means "bright-haired." See the papers on "Girls' Christian Names," pages 40, 135, 235, vol. iv. Your writing is painfully ugly. You had better consult your mother, and have her permission.

EBONY JACK.—It is not usual to shake hands on being introduced unless there be some specially friendly circumstances attending the introduction. See "Spots and Stains," page 807, vol. iv.

JAMIE'S DARLING.—The meaning of the Italian sentence is, "By means of, or through, martyrdom he has come to this peace," *Evenni dal martirio a questa pace.*

SIS.—We fear old age is neither curable in mankind nor in parrots. Holding the feet in hot salt-and-water might do good if they were well dried afterwards.

POPLAR.—Pulaski was a Polish patriot and soldier. There were several of the name, all of whom were more or less distinguished.

COSIE.—You should make inquiry at the German Consulate in London as to the legality of the marriage in Germany, stating all particulars. Such mixed marriages are only permitted in England, we hear, under the condition that the children be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. In all cases of marriage with foreigners great consideration and care is requisite.

MAJORIE N.—1. We feel much for you under the painful circumstances in which you are placed, and we think that you might make use of the "friends" who have already "remonstrated with him" to advise you in so difficult a matter. Supply yourself with warm underclothing; and if you have not then the necessary means of procuring a bonnet, jacket, or winter dress, your condition will be visible to all, and for very shame sake, if not for common humanity you will be supplied with outside clothing. 2. You ought to take cod-liver oil in small doses, and for your head you should employ a lotion of borax and glycerine—two drachms of each to eight ounces of distilled water. In cases of baldness, use a lotion composed of equal parts of camphor, ammonia, chloroform, and aconite, to be rubbed on the bare places daily. Dr. Erasmus Wilson prescribes the following wash for persons whose hair falls:—Liquid ammonia, almond oil, and chloroform, of each one part, diluted with five parts of spirits of rosemary. Brush the head well, and, after good friction, apply the lotion.

TEA-ROSE.—The Church of England "as by law established" has never instituted nor recognised any ecclesiastical order of monks within her pale and under her rule. But there are some who, remaining within her communion, have formed a religious society, so-called, on their own responsibility. The Latin word *pax* means "peace," and surmounting a cross, means "peace through the cross of Christ."

NELLA STUART.—You will require a back-comb, or else two of the long bone double hairpins, to keep your hair up if done in a roll. Plaits may be coiled round the head and kept up by long hairpins. The hat is fastened on by means of a long pin.

CARLOSSA.—Oatmeal in water is very good for the skin, and is recommended for those who suffer in the cold weather from chapped faces. Willis, the American poet, wrote "Love in a cottage." The phrase means, we suppose, matrimony on the smallest means possible—just enough to maintain life.

LINCOLNSHIRE LASSIE.—Camellias originally came from Japan, and were introduced into Florence by a monk called Camellas, from whom its name was taken. Being natives of a warm climate, they should be reared in a greenhouse, and in a compost of cocoanut fibre or tan. If grown in pots, give plenty of water, and carefully sponge off any vermin from the leaves. If there be worms at the root, take up the plant and remove them all. In mild weather they may be placed out of doors. Your hand is fairly good, but would be improved by curtailing the tops, and tails, and flourishes.

A DROOPING VIOLET.—For directions in reference to the cleaning of any textile, see our new series of articles, "The Fairy of the Family." Write small round-hand copies.

ONE OF THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE "G. O. P." (Warwickshire).—The best thing for cleaning steel is unslaked lime. Be cautious in handling lime, as it may hurt the eyes. Steel articles kept in powdered quicklime will not suffer from rust, and the Government stores of fine steel articles are always packed in it for transmission abroad. Your letter does you credit, and we are glad to hear that you are doing so well in your place. Try to keep it long.

MIRIAM.—The 9th October, 1867, was a Wednesday; the 1st November, 1863, was a Thursday. We have often wondered why smoking should be so popular with men; but it is said to be soothing to the nerves, and perhaps takes the place of fancy work.

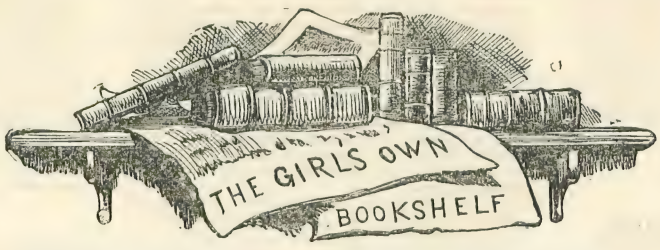
MOSS ROSE.—The grinding of the teeth and the thinness may both proceed from the same cause. You should avoid eating raw and unripe fruit or salad for a time, and should eat a good deal of salt, and for the rest we advise you to consult a doctor; if, on the slight information you give us, we have guessed aright, you will require further treatment. Under these circumstances you should leave off sugar and sweetmeats for a time. Tea is certainly not the cause, but you ought not to take it strong.

SEVENTEEN and H. C. L. appear to be in evil case, poor little girls! One cannot keep her presence of mind when she meets anyone in the street (they must be very bearish people to frighten her so much), and she generally says something silly. The other little afflicted one complains that she cannot talk to people without trembling. We imagine that you both suffer from some constitutional delicacy, and need regular out-door exercise, early going to bed, good salt-water spongings, a generous diet, and perhaps a tonic. But a doctor's advice should be taken on the subject of the tonic, especially as we do not know any of your physical peculiarities.

J. D.—We are glad that you have derived so much profit from the series of articles called "The Fairy of the Family," and those by Phillis Browne; but whether we shall bring them out in separate form we are unable to say.

A FRIEND.—We are glad that you have learnt so much from our paper. We are unable to answer your query, as we never before heard the word "gliding" in the sense you use it, nor "shening;" so we cannot advise you as to the best way of "stopping it."

LOHENGRIN.—1. The author of "Festus" was the poet Philip James Bailey (born 1816). 2. The sources of the Arthurian Romances are as follows:—The legendary chronicles composed in Wales or Brittany, *i.e.*, *De Excidio Britanniæ* of Gildas; the chronicles of Nennius (9th century); the armoric collections of Walter (or Gauliter), Archdeacon of Oxford; the *Chronicon sive Historia Britonum* of Geoffrey of Monmouth; and the floating traditions and metrical ballads and romances.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles, taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers:—*

CORA: or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. With numerous Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE GIRL'S OWN COOKERY BOOK. By PHILLIS BROWNE. With Prefatory Note by Sir RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S. Price One Shilling.—This book is not simply a collection of cookery recipes, although a number of recipes are to be found in it. It is intended rather to fill the place of a guide or key to Cookery. The object which the Author has had before her in writing it is to inform those girls who wish to acquire skill in the art of preparing food, concerning the method to be employed, with the why and the wherefore thereof.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY. By ANNE BEALE. Price Half-a-Crown. Reprinted by special request.

A CROWN OF FLOWERS. Being Poems and Pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Edited by CHARLES PETERS. Quarto. Six Shillings, cloth boards.—This is a large and handsome volume, containing several hundred choice illustrations drawn by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others; printed on fine paper. The poems—which are varied and interesting in character, and worth committing to memory—are by the best English writers, among whom may be mentioned the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherly, Sarah Geraldina Stock, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, the Rev. Wm. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, and the Dowager Lady Barrow.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. By LADY BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Price Half-a-Crown.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE. By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

To be Published shortly.

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE. By Lady BENEDICT, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Lady LINDSAY OF BALCARRES, CLARA A. MACIRONE, CHARLES PETERS, LINDSAY SLOPER, and others.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 219. MARCH 8, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW TO PAINT IN OILS.

BY JOHN C. STAPLES.

HAVING enumerated and described with some care and detail in my last paper the more important of the simple pigments, I have now to address to you, on the subject of the combination of colours, a few hints which I warn you, however, must be largely supplemented by your own independent and persevering experiments. The subject is far too large for exhaustive treatment in these papers. The infinity of tints and combinations of colours, in groups of twos and threes and more, is at once the resource and the despair of the artist. You might as well try to calculate the number of tunes that can be played upon the piano, as the number of varying hues that can be produced from the colours on your palette in all their range of intensity, from the deepest power to the most delicate tint. The aid which can be given by means of written instruction in this branch of our subject, or, for that matter in any other, but too closely resembles the help which the skater gives to his unpractised friend when, leading him ten steps upon the gleaming ice, he leaves Tyro with a "Good luck!" and a neighbourly shove to overcome for himself his slippery difficulties.

White, the first pigment on our list, and the most important of them all, when mingled with any other colour raises its tone—that is to say, lightens it. In mixture with the transparent colours it renders them opaque or semi-opaque, according as more or less white is used, at the same time causing a noticeable change in the quality of the colour. This may be remarked, for example, in the case of Vandyke brown, which, when largely reduced with white, becomes quite a cool grey.

You will observe that you have, in the above list of colours,* several natural

* THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, vol. iv., No. 179.

All rights reserved.]

secondaries,* such as burnt sienna and orange chrome, which belong to the orange class, emerald green and terre vert among the greens, and purple madder among the purples; but you will need to supplement these by admixtures.

Of course, any red with any yellow will produce orange, and there are only two main considerations to limit your free choice.

One consideration is that if you want to produce a transparent orange you must mingle a transparent red with a transparent yellow; if you wish a semi-transparent orange, one only of the *ingredients must be transparent*; and if you wish an opaque result, both must be opaque. The other consideration is one of expediency, and looks to the character of the result of the mixture. Thus, for example, it would be unwise to mix Naples yellow with Indian red, since the iron which is the base of the latter colour would cause the former to turn more or less black in time. A study of the character and origin of the various pigments, as they are set forth in my list, will prevent you from going very far wrong in this direction. The whole subject of the changes which paints suffer from noxious influences, and from their action one upon another, is fully treated by Field in his "Grammar of Colouring (Weale's Rudimentary Series, 'Painting')."

So, again, any blue with any yellow will produce a green, and the component colours may be used in combination freely, subject only to the limitations mentioned above. Black with the stronger yellows also produces a sober range of semi-neutral greens, very useful in landscape. Generally, it will be found that the pure blues and yellows form too crude a green: in such case a little red on orange may usefully be added to break the rawness. It is worthy of remark that no admixture of blue and yellow will give the peculiar hue of emerald green, a fact which renders this colour very useful and almost indispensable to the artist.

The above general remarks, of course, apply equally to the secondary purple, which, as you are aware, is a compound of red and blue. A little yellow or green may be used to reduce the extreme brilliancy of this colour.

Of the tertiary colours, olive, citrine, and russet, it is only necessary to say that they are formed by mixture of the secondaries in pairs, or by the mixture of *all* the primaries in varying proportions. In olive, blue predominates; in citrine, yellow; and in russet, red. The tertiary scale of colours will often form by far the largest part of your picture, and you can hardly devote too much time and trouble to study and experiment among the beautiful and subdued tints and hues which belong to this class.

Brown and grey are called semi-neutral colours; they have more of black in their composition than the others that we have been considering. The brown is, of course, the warm, and the grey the cool, semi-neutral. Turner painted some very precious studies and pictures exclusively in brown and grey before, in the course of study which he marked out, he trusted himself with the use of colour. Vandyke brown or raw umber mixed with a large proportion of white form beautiful cool greys, not too neutral in hue.

Black, the last colour on our list, is absolutely neutral—that is, it is not, strictly speaking, colour at all. It is a valuable addition to the palette, but should be used with great judgment and caution. A near approach to black may be made by the admixture in proper proportions of deep tones of red, yellow, and blue. Prussian blue, brown, pink, and crimson lake will make a fine transparent black which, when laid thinly on other colours, allows them to show through.

I wish here to guard carefully against an idea which may possibly dwell in your minds—the idea that it is necessary to mix your colours smoothly and intimately together in forming a compound hue. This may, indeed, be sometimes expedient, but mostly it will be found that much more brilliant, tender, and beautiful results will arise from the imperfect mingling of the colours upon the canvas or picture itself, a result similar to that obtained by stippling in water colour. To make my meaning quite clear, suppose that it is desired to represent a warm golden light in the lower part of your sky: if you dip one corner of your brush into a little pure red, and with the other corner take up more, in proportion of a suitable yellow, and with the brush thus charged, boldly scrape up enough flake white largely to temper these colours, you will, by applying them in their integrity to that part of the sky where they are needed, and then lightly working them together so as to leave traces of the pure colours apparent here and there, produce a luminous and aërial effect, which would have been entirely lost had you in the first instance mingled and rubbed the same brushful of colour into a flat and heavy tint. The remark here made is applicable, more or less, to every part of your picture, whatever it may be. Again, if a point of opaque colour be allowed to dry, and be then lightly touched over with a transparent colour of a different hue, the result will be far more brilliant than if the two colours had been mingled. This operation is called glazing.

The colours as they are supplied in tubes by the artists' colourmen are generally of a convenient consistency, and it is seldom, indeed, that they really require dilution. An exception may be made in the case of flake white, which is often too thick for some purposes, such as painting skies, where rapidity and freedom are requisite. For this and for similar purposes it is well to have some tubes mixed thinner. Of course you can temper your own thick colours for yourself, and it is only because so much more white is used than other colours that I recommend you to get it in two forms. These remarks bring me naturally to the consideration of the next portion of my subject—the oils, mediums, and varnishes, namely, which are used in painting.

Those in most general use are raw linseed oil, boiled linseed oil, otherwise called drying oil or driers, copal varnish, mastic varnish, and spirits of turpentine. Megilps or mediums are generally compounds of the above.

Plain linseed oil is the vehicle used by the manufacturers in which to grind up and prepare most colours, and if your paint (being a good drier) simply needs to be made more fluid, you may add a little raw linseed oil for that purpose, mixing the paint and oil thoroughly together with your palette-knife. Boiled oil is linseed oil which has been boiled, with the addition of sugar of lead. This causes it to dry rapidly, and renders it very useful as an addition to those paints which are deficient in drying quality. Mastic varnish and copal varnish are solutions of the gums respectively so called, in spirits of turpentine. They are useful in compounding mediums, to which they impart some of their distinctive characteristics, as well as for varnishing the painting when dry; an operation which, I take this opportunity of remarking, should never be executed without great care and judgment, and never until the painting is quite dry and hard, when a little varnish of copal may be applied sparingly, in just sufficient quantity, but no more, to bring out the depth and richness of the colours, and to protect them from dirt and the deleterious action of bad air and gases. Few things give a more vulgar and common look to a picture than the lavish and indiscriminate use of varnish.

A good medium for general use may be compounded of equal parts of drying oil and mastic varnish, which when allowed to stand for a few minutes turns to a jelly, and will be found very pleasant and effective in use. This medium may be mixed in small quantities, from time to time, upon the palette as it is required. There is ample choice of other megilps, mediums, and siccatives at the artists' colourmen's, where they may be procured made up in collapsible tubes like the paints.

The brushes chiefly used for painting in oils are made of hog's hair, flat or round, and some are made of sable, fitch, and other hairs.

You may begin with about a dozen brushes, say, two flat hog tools of the size known as No. 2, two of No. 4, two of No. 6, and two of No. 8; of sables, Nos. 1 and 3, one each, and a badger hair softener. This is a round or flat brush, with the hairs spreading outwards instead of coming to a point or edge. It is used for passing lightly over flat spaces in the painting, backwards and forwards, and in every direction to smooth and soften the tint. Many artists never use this tool, and all good artists use it with great caution, as its excessive use is apt to produce a "woolly" and insipid texture. The use of the other brushes need not be further dwelt upon than to say that the hog tools are used for the general broad, solid painting, and the sables for the more delicate portions. In choosing flat brushes for oil painting, see that you select those which come to a fine, even, chisel-shaped edge when wetted and smoothed out between the fingers. Note also the springy, flexible, and elastic quality which characterises the bristles of a good brush. Always use the largest brushes that the nature of your work will allow. Do not forget this—it is one of the best pieces of advice which I have to give you on the subject. The most delicate branches of a tree may be suggested better—that is to say, more artistically—by using the side or edge of a moderately large brush dragged lightly, delicately, and dexterously in the right direction than by the finest sable.

Never leave your brushes unwashed after you have finished painting with them. Nothing spoils a good brush so quickly and so effectually as allowing the paint to dry in it. Brushes should be washed in warm water with soap, and gently rubbed in the palm of the hand until the lather comes free from all stain of colour. The water should never be hot enough to dissolve or even soften the resinous cement which fastens the hair to the ferrule and the ferrule to the handle. The process of washing may be facilitated by rinsing the brushes first in spirit of turpentine or benzoline, and then washing them in the manner described above; or if at any time it is inconvenient to wash them at once, they may be laid in an oil-pan—an oblong tin trough, sloping downwards towards one end, into which has been poured a little raw linseed or poppy oil. The brushes are laid in this, and are thus preserved moist. When they are wanted again the superfluous oil may be removed from the hair by wiping on a rag, and the brushes are again ready for use.

In addition to the brushes, a palette-knife should be provided. Palette-knives are made of various shapes, but the chief quality to be looked for is flexibility. This tool is used for mixing tints on the palette when necessary, and for tempering the paint by the admixture of medium or oil. It is also used for scraping the paint away from the palette, or from any portion of the picture when it is desired to do so. A porte-crayon will be found useful. In one end should be kept a morsel of dry, soft charcoal, to be used in the first rough sketch

* The primary colours are red, yellow, and blue; the secondaries are orange, green, and purple; the tertiaries are russet, olive, and citrine. Brown and grey are semi-neutrals, and black and white are neutrals.

of your picture; in the other end you should keep a piece of black or red chalk, or a little charcoal which has been steeped in drying oil; either of these may be used for the careful drawing-in of the outline before commencing.

The palette should be as light as is compatible with strength, and should balance well upon the thumb, so as not to cause undue strain upon the muscles of that member. Though the colours may be allowed, for the sake of convenience, to remain upon the edge of the palette, where they are arranged as long as they will keep moist, and fresh portions be added from time to time as they become exhausted, yet the rest of the space upon the palette should be kept smooth and polished, so that the palette-knife will glide easily over the surface and remove the paint cleanly. It is well to moisten the face of the palette well with linseed oil, rubbing it in with rag from time to time for a day or two before beginning to use it. This prevents the paint from soaking in and staining the surface. Afterwards, the palette should always be cleaned when the day's work is over, first by scraping with the palette-knife, and then by rubbing with a rag and a little linseed oil or turpentine. A supply of clean rag should be kept in the paint-box for wiping the brushes or the palette, or for removing the paint, if necessary, from a part of the canvas where a mistake has been made.

Here my list of your tools and materials closes, for though there are other things in common use, they are not indispensable. Among them are a mahl-stick for resting the wrist upon while painting, a looking-glass or mirror for studying the accuracy of your drawing as it appears reversed in the reflection, a slab and muller for grinding up the colours, a T square, and a pair of compasses.

There are, however, three things which I have not yet mentioned: these are a paint-box, an easel, and a seat. Of convenient paint-boxes, many patterns may be seen at the artists' colourmen's, from which you may select the one which seems most calculated to meet your needs and your purse. It should be constructed to carry one or two canvases or panels in the lid without danger of smearing them while the painting is wet, and it should be provided with an arm or support to hold the lid firmly at a convenient angle while you are working on your sketch. You may thus dispense with an easel, by placing the box upon your knees, and painting your subject on the panel or canvas in the lid.

For my own use I have had a box constructed to hold canvases larger than can be contained in the boxes usually sold in the shops. It is made of thin soft pine wood, and is 24 inches in length and about 15 inches in breadth. In the back of the lid I fix, by means of drawing pins or tacks, a piece of loose canvas, and in front of this comes another canvas strained upon a thin, light stretcher, specially constructed to fit tightly into the lid. By this means I can carry with me two sketches about 14×22in. When packed they are face to face, and protect one another. The body of the box is divided into two main compartments, by a partition running from front to back in the centre. In one of these compartments are placed the oil colours, brushes, rag, turpentine, and oil bottles, etc., and these are kept in place by the palette, which is arranged face upwards to form a lid, and is fixed by means of small buttons or similar contrivances. In the other compartment may be placed small sketches or papers for chalk or pencil drawings, or, if you like, your water-colour box, with its water-bottle and a block sketch-book. The lid on this side is a piece of thin pine wood, clamped at the ends to prevent its warping, which forms a convenient drawing-board. A sketch of this box appears in the initial.

If, however, you find it expedient to use an easel, as you must for pictures beyond a certain size, then, if it is to be used for out-of-door work from Nature, see that the legs can be shortened or lengthened, to adjust the easel to any irregularities that may occur in the ground. The choice of a portable seat may be left to your own tastes and needs. If a square seat be chosen, I recommend those which fold quite flat, because they pack up with the canvases and the paint-box more neatly and securely, and form a protection for the former in travelling.

The last two drawing and painting competitions organised in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER were very disappointing from the large proportion of childish and tasteless productions which were sent in. Though discouraged by this result, the Editor does not despair, and in the hope that the subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will prove that the great revival of artistic taste which has been growing and spreading in this country has reached and influenced them, he has kindly consented to arrange a new competition, which will shortly be announced in these pages.

RHUBARB.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

IN all affairs of life, housekeeping and cookery affairs not excluded, it is a decided proof of wisdom to be able to make the most of what lies close to us, instead of wishing for something that is out of our reach. In the spring of the year, for instance, when apples are going out, and before fresh fruit comes in, rhubarb is plentiful enough; yet how many there are who scorn it!

It is a most excellent fruit, nevertheless, and may be converted into most delicious dishes. It serves to purify the blood better than almost any other fruit, so that it is valuable on this account. And as it possesses the quality of imbibing the flavour of other fruits with which it may be dressed, and imparting its own flavour very slightly, it is satisfactory to mix it with small portions of the first fruits of the year. Very good jam, too, may be made of it for ordinary use, although it is not advisable to attempt to keep this for any length of time, because rhubarb jam is not celebrated for its keeping qualities. Moreover, it should be remembered that rhubarb jam is best made late in the season, because when fully grown it contains less juice, and is firmer, and therefore less likely to ferment quickly.

If it is one sign of wisdom to make the most of the good things we have, it is a sign of strength of mind to overcome prejudice, and as I am convinced that it is not unfrequently prejudice which leads people to object to rhubarb, I beg to suggest that they should exert a little strength of mind, and try some of the ways of cooking rhubarb which I am about to describe. I will not give recipes for rhubarb pies, boiled puddings, tarts, or turnovers, because everyone knows how to make these dishes. I would merely suggest that in preparing rhubarb for people who say they do not like it, it will be well to put grated ginger with the fruit, or, if preferred, grated lemon rind and chopped almonds. This will slightly vary the flavour, and will perhaps be considered an improvement. Of these two additions I will confess that I am in favour of grated ginger.

The recipes which I am about to give are not very numerous, but they are very good. They make up in quality what they want in quantity. I will set them down in the order of my own preference for them, putting the dishes I regard as most excellent first.

Compôte of Rhubarb, then, is a real delicacy, especially when made in the early spring, while the beautiful forced rhubarb, which is of a bright pink colour, is in the market. This dish is at its best when accompanied by cream, and its pretty appearance renders it a suitable dish either as a sweet for supper, or as a substitute for jam at breakfast or tea. The fruit should be laid in a glass dish. As everyone knows, old rhubarb must be peeled, because the skin is hard, but the forced rhubarb should on no account be skinned, because the pink of the outside constitutes its chief beauty.

Wipe the rhubarb carefully with a damp cloth. Cut it into lengths of four or five inches. Put as much water as is required for the size of the dish into an enamelled stewpan with loaf sugar to make a good syrup. Boil this till it is clear, then lay in the fruit, and simmer very gently till it is soft without falling. Watch it carefully, and as each length becomes soft throughout lift it out carefully with a spoon and fork and lay it in the glass dish. When the fruit is cooked, boil the syrup a few minutes longer, let it cool, add five or six drops of cochineal to deepen the colour, and pour it over the fruit. There should be plenty of syrup. Some people dissolve a spoonful of isinglass or gelatine in the syrup to thicken it. Serve with cream and sponge fingers. Rhubarb stewed in this way is much superior to rhubarb stewed in the ordinary way, where the whole is reduced to one sightless pulpy mass.

Rhubarb Mould also constitutes an excellent sweet dish. Wash and cut into inch lengths as much rhubarb as will fill a quart basin. Put it into a stewpan with a gill of water, and boil it gently until it falls; then add refined white sugar to sweeten it agreeably, together with the grated rind and strained juice of half a lemon. Stir it well, and pour it out. Put with it half an ounce of gelatine (which has already soaked for an hour in as much water as will cover it) and dissolve separately; and add also three or four drops of almond flavouring and five or six drops of cochineal. Beat the rhubarb briskly for a minute or two, and when well-mixed and cool turn it into a damp mould and leave it to set. Serve it on a glass dish with cream or milk.

Rhubarb Flummery.—Prepare the rhubarb as in the last recipe, omitting the lemon-juice and substituting a cupful of good cream. Mix thoroughly, and when cool mould. If preferred, the yolk of an egg mixed with half a cupful of milk can be used instead of cream; but, of course, the rhubarb must not boil after this is added.

Rhubarb Fool.—Cut the rhubarb into short lengths, and stew it gently with very little water till quite soft. Sweeten it agreeably, then rub it through a wire sieve and mix with it as much cream or milk as will make it as thick as custard. Serve it in custard glasses or in a punch bowl, with knobs of Devonshire cream, or of whipped cream, here and there upon it; or, if the cream cannot be had, make a little pink sugar by rubbing crushed loaf sugar in cochineal for a minute or two, and sprinkle this over the fool just before sending it to table.

Rhubarb Charlotte.—Skin and cut into short lengths rhubarb to fill a quart mould. Stew this gently with very little water, and when soft sweeten it, flavour with grated ginger, and beat it briskly over the fire till it is stiff. Pile it in the centre of a glass dish, and arrange round it crumb of bread which has been toasted, cut into fingers, and spread with jam; or, if preferred, with sponge fingers.

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TOLD IN THE SUNSET.

WHAT a clever head Allan had! I always said there was more in that boy than half a dozen Freds! To think of such a scheme coming into his mind, and driving us all nearly wild with excitement.

Allan's strong will bore down all opposition. Mother's feeble remonstrances, which came from a sheer terror of change; even Uncle Geoffrey's sturdy refusal to budge an inch out of the old house where he had lived so long, did not weigh a straw against Allan's solid reasoning. It took a vast amount of talking, though, before our young autocrat achieved his final victory, and went off flushed and eager to settle preliminaries with Mr. Lucas. It was all sealed, signed, and delivered before he came back. The pretty cottage at Eltham was to be ours; furnished with Aunt Podgill's good old-fashioned furniture, and in the early days of April we were to accomplish our second flitting.

The only remaining difficulty was about Jack; but this Uncle Geoffrey solved for us. The gig would bring him into Milnthorpe every morning, and he could easily drive Jack to her school, and the walk back would be good for her. In dark, wintry weather she could return with him, or, if occasion required it, she might be a weekly boarder.

Mr. Lucas came back with Allan and formally congratulated mother on her good fortune.

I do not know if it were my fancy, but he seemed a little grave and constrained in his manners that evening, and scarcely addressed me at all, until the close of his visit.

"Under the circumstances I am afraid Flurry will have to lose her governess," he said, not looking at me, however, but at mother, and though I opened my lips to reply, mother answered for me.

"Well, yes, I am afraid so. Carrie depends so much on her sister."

"Of course, of course," he returned, hastily; and actually he never said another word, but got up and said good-bye to mother.

But I could not let him go without a word after all his kindness to me; so, as Allan had gone out, I followed him out into the hall, though he tried to wave me back.

"It is cold; I shall not open the hall door while you stand there, Miss Esther."

"Oh, I do not mind the cold one bit," I returned, nervously; "but I want to speak to you a moment, Mr. Lucas. Will you give Ruth my love, and tell her I will come and talk to her to-morrow, and—and I am so sorry to part with Flurry."

"You are not more sorry than she will be," he returned, but not in his old natural manner; and then he begged me so decidedly to go back into the warm room, that I dared not venture on another word.

It was very unsatisfactory; something must have put him out, I thought, and I went back to mother feeling chilled and uncomfortable. Oh, dear! how dependent we are for comfort on the words and manners of those around us.

I went to The Cedars the following afternoon, and had a long, comfortable talk with Ruth. She even laid aside her usual quiet undemonstrativeness, and petted and made much of me, though she laughed a little at what she called my solemn face.

"Confess now, Esther, you are not a bit pleased about all this money?"

"Oh, indeed, I am," I returned, quite shocked at this. "I am so delighted for mother and Dot and Carrie."

"But not for yourself," she persisted.

There was no deceiving Ruth, so I made a full confession, and stammered out, in great confusion, that I did not like losing her and Flurry; that it was wrong and selfish, when Carrie wanted me so; but I knew that even at Eltham I should miss The Cedars.

She seemed touched at that. "You are a faithful soul, Esther; you never forget a kindness, and you cannot bear even a slight separation from those you love. We have spoilt you, I am afraid."

"Yes, indeed," I returned, rather sadly, "you have been far too good to me."

"That is a matter of opinion. Well, what am I to say to comfort you, when you find fault with even your good luck? Will it make you any better to know we shall all miss you dreadfully? Even Giles owned as much, and as for Flurry, we had quite a piece of work with her."

"Mr. Lucas never even said he was sorry," I returned, in a piqued voice. It was true I was quite spoilt, for I even felt aggrieved that he did not join us in the drawing-room, and yet I knew he was in the house.

"Oh, you do not know Giles," she answered, brightly; "he is one of the unselfish ones, he would not have damped what he thought your happiness for the world. You see, Esther, no one in their senses would ever believe that you were really sorry at your stroke of good fortune; it is only I who know you, my dear, that can understand how it is."

Did she understand? Did I really understand myself? Anyhow, I felt

horribly abashed while she was speaking. I felt I had been conducting myself in an unfledged girlish fashion, and that Ruth, with her staid common sense, was reproving me.

I determined then and there that no more foolish expression of regret should cross my lips; that I would keep all such nonsense to myself; so when Flurry ran benevolently contemplated us, "I expect Flurry and I will be such constant visitors that your mother will complain that there is no end of those tiresome Lucases. Run along, Flurry, and see if your father means to come in and have some tea. Tell him Esther is here."

Flurry was a long time gone, and then she brought back a message that her

"I think I am getting jealous of Ruth," Carrie said, with a *gentle smile.*

And somehow the remark did not please me; not that Carrie really meant it, though, but it did strike me sometimes that both mother and she thought that Ruth rather monopolised me.

My visits to The Cedars became very rare after this, for we were soon en-

"I AM NOT GOING TO REPEAT WHAT HE SAID; SUCH WORDS ARE TOO SACRED."

in very tearful and desponding, I took Ruth's cue, and talked to her as cheerfully as possible, giving her such vivid descriptions of the cottage and the garden, and the dear little honeysuckle arbour where Dot and she could have tea, that she speedily forgot all regrets in such delicious anticipations.

"Yes, indeed," observed Ruth, as she

father was too busy, and she might bring him a cup there, and that she was to give his kind regards to Miss Cameron, and that was all.

I went home shortly after that, and found mother and Carrie deep in discussion about carpets and curtains. They both said I looked tired and cold, and that Ruth had kept me too long.

grossed with the bustle of moving. For more than six weeks I trudged about daily between our house and Eltham Cottage. There were carpets to be fitted and the furniture to be adapted to each room, and when that was done Allan and I worked hard in the conservatory; and here Ruth often joined us, bringing with her a rare fern or plant from

the well-stocked greenhouses at The Cedars. She used to sit and watch us at our labours, and say sometimes how much she wished she could help us, and sometimes she spent an hour or two with Carrie to make up for my absence.

I rather revelled in my hard work, and grew happier every day, and the cottage did look so pretty when we had finished.

Ruth was with me all the last afternoon. We lighted fires in all the rooms, and they looked so cosy. The table in the dining-room was spread with Aunt Podgill's best damask linen and her massive old-fashioned silver; and Deborah was actually baking her famous griddle cakes, to the admiration of our new help, Dorcas, before the first fly, with mother and Carrie and Dot, drove up to the door. I shall never forget mother's pleased look as she stood in the little hall, and Carrie's warm kiss as I welcomed them. "How beautiful it all looks!" she exclaimed; "how homelike and bright and cosy; you have managed so well, Esther!"

"Esther always manages well," observed dear mother, proudly. The extent to which she believed in me and my resources was astonishing. She followed me all over the house, praising everything. I was glad Ruth heard her, and knew that I had done my best for them all. Allan accompanied the others, and we had quite a merry evening.

Ruth stayed to tea. "She was really becoming one of us!" as mother observed, and Allan took her home. We all crowded into the porch to see them off; even Carrie, who was getting quite nimble on her crutches. It was a warm April night; the little common was flooded with moonlight; the spring flowers were sleeping in the white rays, and the limes glistened like silver. Uncle Geoffrey and I walked with them to the gate, while Ruth got into her pony carriage.

I did not like saying good-night to Allan; it seemed so strange for him to be going back to the old house alone; but he burst into one of his ringing laughs when I told him so.

"Why, I like it," he said, cheerily; "it is good fun being monarch of all I survey. Didn't I tell you I was cut out for an old bachelor; you must come and make tea for me sometimes, when I can't get out here." And then, in a more serious voice, he added, "It does put one into such good spirits to see mother and you girls safe in this pretty nest."

I had never been idle; but now the day never seemed long enough for my numerous occupations, and yet they were summer days, too.

The early rising was now an enjoyment to me. I used to work in the garden or conservatory before breakfast, and how delicious those hours were when the birds and I had it all to ourselves; and I hardly know which sang the loudest, for I was very happy, very happy indeed, without knowing why. I think this unreasoning and unreasonable happiness is an attribute of youth.

I had got over my foolish disappointment about The Cedars. Ruth kept her word nobly, and she and Flurry came perpetually to the cottage. Sometimes I spent an afternoon or evening at The Cedars, and then I always saw Mr. Lucas, and he was most friendly and pleasant. He used to talk of coming down one afternoon to see how I was getting on with my fernery, but it was a long time before he kept his promise.

The brief cloud, or whatever it was, had vanished, and he was his own genial self. Flurry had not another governess, but Ruth gave her lessons sometimes, and on her bad days her father heard them. It was rather desultory teaching, and I used to shake my head rather solemnly when I heard of it, but Ruth always said that Giles wished it to be so for the present. The child was not strong, and was growing fast, and it would not hurt her to run wild a little.

When breakfast was over, Dot and I worked hard, and in the afternoon I generally read to Carrie; she was far less of an invalid now, and used to busy herself with work for the poor while she lay on her couch and listened. She used to get mother to help her sometimes, and then Carrie would look so happy as she planned how this garment was to be for old Nanny Stables, and the next for her little grandson, Jemmy. With returning strength came the old unselfish desire to benefit others. It put her quite into spirits one day when Mrs. Smedley asked her to cover some books for the Sunday-school.

"How good of her to think of it; it is just work that I can do!" she said, gratefully, and for the rest of the day she looked like the old Carrie again.

Allan came to see us nearly every evening. Oh, those delicious summer evenings! how vividly even now they seem to rise before me, though many, many happy years lie between me and them.

Somehow it had grown a sort of habit with us to spend them on the common. Mother loved the sweet fresh air, and would sit for hours amongst the furze bushes and gorse, knitting placidly, and watching the children at their play or the cottagers working in their little gardens; and Uncle Geoffrey, in his old felt hat, would sit beside her, reading the papers.

Allan used to tempt Carrie for a stroll over the common, and when she was tired, he and Jack and I would saunter down some of the long country lanes, sometimes hunting for glowworms in the hedges, sometimes extending our walk until the moon shone over the silent fields and the night became sweet and dewy, and the hedgerows glimmered strangely in the uncertain light.

How cosy our little drawing-room always looked on our return! The lamp would be lighted on the round table, and the warm perfume of flowers seemed to steep the air with fragrance; sometimes the glass door would lie open, and grey moths came circling round the light, and outside lay the lawn, silvered with moonlight. Allan used to leave us regretfully, to go back to the old house at Milnthorpe; he said we were such a snug party.

When Carrie began to visit the cottages and to gather the children round her couch on Sunday afternoons, I knew she was her old self again. Day by day her sweet face grew calmer and happier; her eyes lost their sad wistful expression and a little colour touched her wan cheeks.

Truly she often suffered much, and her lameness was a sad hindrance in the way of her usefulness; but her hands were always busy, and on her well days she spent hours in the cottages reading to two or three old people, or instructing the younger ones.

It was touching to see her so thankful for the fragments of work that still fell to her share, content to take the humblest task if she only might give but "a cup of cold water to one of these little ones;" and sometimes I thought how dearly the Good Shepherd must love the gentle creature, who was treading her painful life path so lovingly and patiently.

I often wondered why Mr. Lucas never kept his promise of coming to see us; but one evening when Jack and Allan and I returned from our stroll, we found him sitting talking to mother and Uncle Geoffrey.

I was so surprised at his sudden appearance, that I dropped some of the flowers I held in my hand, and he laughed as he helped me to pick them up.

"I hope I haven't startled you," he said, as we shook hands.

"No—that is—I never expected to see you here this evening," I returned, rather awkwardly.

"Take off your hat, Esther," said mother, in an odd tone, and I thought she looked flushed and nervous, just as she does when she wants to cry. "Mr. Lucas has promised to have supper with us, and, my dear, he wants you to show him the conservatory and the fernery."

It was still daylight, though the sun was setting fast; we had returned earlier than usual, for Allan had to go back to Milnthorpe, and he bade us good-night hastily as I prepared to obey mother.

Jack followed us, but mother called her back and asked her to go to one of the cottages and fetch Carrie home. Such a glorious sunset met our eyes as we stepped out on the lawn; the clouds were a marvel of rose, and violet, and golden splendour, the windows of the cottage were glittering with the reflected beams, and a delicious scent of lilies was in the air.

Mr. Lucas seemed in one of his grave moods, for he said very little until we reached the winding walk where the ferns were, and then——

I am not going to repeat what he said; such words are too sacred; but it came upon me with the shock of a thunderbolt, what he had been telling mother and what he was trying to make me understand, for I was so stupid that I could not think what he meant by asking me to go back to The Cedars, and when he saw that, he spoke more plainly.

"You must come back, Esther; we cannot do without you any longer," he continued very gently, "not as Flurry's

governess, but as her mother, and as my wife."

He was very patient with me, when he saw how the suddenness and the wonder of it all upset me, that a man like Mr. Lucas could love me, and be so clever and superior and good. How could such a marvellous thing have happened?

And mother knew it, and Uncle Geoffrey, for Mr. Lucas had taken advantage of my absence to speak to them both, and they had given him leave to say this to me. Well, there could be no uncertainty in my answer. I already reverenced and venerated him above other men, and the rest came easy, and before we returned to the house the first strangeness and timidity had passed; I actually asked him—summoning up all my courage, however—how it was he could think of me, a mere girl without beauty, or cleverness, or any of the ordinary attractions of girlhood.

"I don't know," he answered, and I knew by his voice he was smiling; "it has been coming on a long time; when people know you they don't think you plain, Esther, and to me you can never be so. I first knew what I really felt when I came out of the room that dreadful night, and saw you standing with drenched hair and white face, with Dot in your arms and my precious Flurry clinging to your dress; when I saw you tottering and caught you. I vowed then that you, and none other, should replace Flurry's dead mother," and when he had said this I asked no more.

(*To be concluded.*)

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

It is Better Farther On. Words by the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. Music by Ernest Ford.—Pretty words, easily and pleasantly set to music.

A. COX.

Le Chant du Gondolier. Serenade. Par G. J. Rubini.—This piece presents no difficulties, and, combined with its effectiveness, is likely to become a favourite.

Festival March. By Louis Honig.—A very attractive composition. The varied changes and grand finale, without any difficulties, will be appreciated by many.

ROBERT COCKS.

The Holy Land. By William Smallwood.
No. 1.—"Jerusalem."
No. 2.—"Rachel's Tomb."
No. 3.—"Nazareth."
No. 4.—"Bethany."
No. 5.—"Lebanon."
No. 6.—"Jacob's Well."

No. 5, which we have now before us, is a march, entitled "Lebanon." The time is distinct, and the air martial sounding. There are no difficulties. Dr. Westbrook has arranged it for the organ, the pedal bass adding much to the effect.

Sweet Thoughts. Waltz. By P. Fiandra.—A good waltz, easy and pleasing, with coloured portrait.

The Dean's Little Daughter. Song. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Charles Marshall.—A story of a little, sensitive child, alive to the voices speaking to her through the bells, and filling the belfry with her imaginations of angels bringing holy messages to her. The music is descriptive and pleasing.

The Song of a Boat. Words by Jean Ingelow. Music by Alice Borton.—A poor widow looking out on the sea where her "sailor lad" was lost, and at the little nest, from which her nestlings have gone, feels that her only home now is where they dwell, and longs to join them there. The music is simple and appropriate.

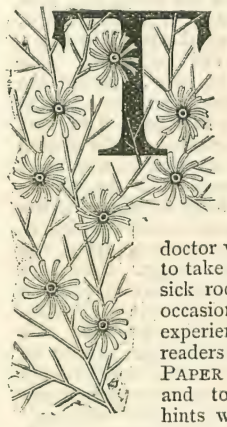
WEEKES AND CO.

A Soldier's Wooing. Words by M. E. Garth. Music by Frank H. Simms.—The air and accompaniment are easy and lively, without pretensions to high merit. The tale is of a maiden whose constancy is rewarded by the return of her soldier love, with riches to satisfy an exacting father.

Though thou art Far from Me. Words and music by the same composer and writer.—Of small compass and quite easy.

A FEW HINTS ON NURSING FOR OUR GIRLS.

BY A HOSPITAL NURSE.



THE fact that almost every woman has at some time to act as a sick-nurse is generally acknowledged, but only very little provision is made for training our girls to be intelligent and efficient aids to the doctor when their turn comes to take the management of a sick room. I wish on this occasion, as a nurse of some experience, to address the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as young nurses, and to give a few simple hints which may be useful either in attending sick friends, or on meeting with some of those cases of accident to which we are liable every day of our lives; cases in which a little knowledge and presence of mind may avert a great deal of trouble, sometimes may save even life itself.

To begin with, I have a piece of encouragement to give you as inexperienced nurses, if you are suddenly called upon to act. Remember that loving care, unselfishness, and obedience will make up for a great deal. If you can get your patient to like your attendance, and not to object to receive your assistance when necessary, you may, by obeying your doctor in every point, carry through a case very creditably without regular training. Still, study and experience are not to be undervalued; for one thing, even if you have had but a little, it is a comfort to yourself to know that you have at least a fair idea how things ought to be done from having done them before, or having seen others do them. I know from personal experience that even when the patient and friends are satisfied, and the doctor complimentary, there is yet a keen sense of incompetence, or, at least, of uncertainty; a feeling that if so-and-so had been done otherwise it would have been better; a haunting fear of something absolutely necessary for the well-being of the patient being left undone. This is all very foolish. When we go into hospital for training, we learn that what *we* have to do is to carry out orders; not to originate, or to fancy that things have been forgotten.

However, we must come now to practical matters. Suppose you have a member of your family laid up at home with a bad knee and the doctor orders a blister, would you know how to apply it? First be sure you know the exact place where it is to go on. Some doctors mark it on the patient's body, and it is a very good plan. The place should be washed clean, of course, leaving the mark. When you get the blister-plaister, if there is a little bit of stuff like silver paper over the flies (the brown part), take it off before applying, unless the patient's skin is exceedingly tender. Warm the blister slightly, holding the back to the fire. The doctor will tell you about how long it is to stay on and the signs by which you will know when it is to be taken off. The ointment for dressing the blister should be spread upon a piece of lint or old linen cut to the right size *before the plaister is removed*. Have a pair of sharp scissors ready, or, failing them, a needle will do. Then take the blister off as gently as you can without dragging. The best way to do this is to take it with both hands and draw it towards the middle from the edges. Have a piece of cotton-wool or old linen to catch the "serum," as the fluid that runs out is called, and if the blister has risen much it may be well to put a saucer underneath to save the sheets. In hospitals there are trays for such purposes. Snip or prick the blister at its lowest part, and the fluid will run out. If possible, do not let any flow over the healthy skin, as it is apt to scald. You may help it out with a little gentle pressure. There will be some dead loose skin. Opinions differ as to whether it should be cut off at first or not. It will come away in time. It is always removed if the blister is to be kept "open;" but the doctor will explain this to you. By keeping it open I do not mean leaving it uncovered; this is never done. I mean keeping up the irritation by means of some smarting ointment.

A blister should be dressed at least every morning and evening until the place heals up. In some parts of the body the dressing will keep its place if laid on, but it is generally well either to bandage it loosely or to fasten it down with two or three strips of strapping or diachylon plaister. If you use this for any purpose, heat it first by holding the back—the linen side—to the fire, or by putting it round a vessel of hot water. Otherwise unless the skin is very hot it will not stick.

Sometimes a poultice has to go on when the blister comes off. In this case, if you have to attend to all yourself, you must open the blister first, and cover the place with a piece of lint or old linen, while you make the poultice, which would be quite cold if you made it first, besides, it does not take long to prepare, and ointment is often very tedious to spread.

If you are set to make a poultice and are not in good practice, do not be afraid of having it too hot. It is much more likely to be too cool with all your pains. Do not be afraid, either, of having it too big if for a surgical case. In poulticing the breast cut a hole for the nipple.

First spread out your linen or whatever you are going to spread upon so as not to waste time after the poultice is mixed, then scald out the vessel in which you are going to make it. Throw away that water and pour in some more, as much as you think will do, from a kettle hissing and boiling furiously, put your meal in by degrees, stirring it in quickly until you have a thick smooth paste with no dry meal at the edges of the bowl. Always stir in the same direction, not backwards and forwards. Turn out on your linen and spread it evenly, about a quarter of an inch in thickness; cut the edges straight, leaving a good margin of linen to turn in like a hem. The linen should be double. I have

often seen poultices spread on lint, but it is great extravagance, for large ones, at any rate. Tow does very well for the purpose, but it requires some practice to lay it properly, and a badly-made tow poultice is very uncomfortable. Dipping the knife or spatula into boiling water makes it easier to spread the meal.

When taking off a poultice or any dressing, if it sticks never drag it; moisten it slightly with warm water and it will come away. If a poultice is likely to remain a good while unchanged, and is over an open sore, a very little oil spread upon it will keep it from sticking. Some people recommend oil with all linseed poultices. I do not. It is hard to put little enough, and it is rather dirty. A properly-made poultice ought not to stick, but in a case where one might not like to disturb a patient during the night I should use oil, as if left on many hours a poultice is apt to get dry.

A mustard poultice is an old-fashioned remedy for cold on the chest. The approved way to make it was to use cold water, and spread it on brown paper with a little bit of muslin over the front to protect the skin. This could not be kept on long. Perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is as long as one could bear it from the time it is first felt. Nowadays I generally see linseed meal mixed with the mustard, or mustard leaves are used. They are very good and clean and easily applied. When you take off a mustard leaf lay a folded pocket-handkerchief or a piece of old soft linen over the place.

The nicest way of making a bread poultice that I know is to grate up stale bread in a colander, pour a little boiling water upon it, and stir it up with a knife. It takes much less water than you would think, as it should be a pretty stiff paste, and if sloppy it is no good and will fall to pieces before coming off. With a little oil spread over it, it is a very soothing application, but this does not make a very hot poultice. If heat is required, and you use bread, first scald out your vessel, put in a little boiling water and then some coarsely crumbled bread, stir it, and leave by the fire or in the oven to soak for five minutes or so.

Most extraordinary mistakes have been made about blisters and poultices, though they seem simple things. It is not fair, however, *to expect people to know* what they have never been taught.

Not long ago I left a blister on a patient, and asked his wife, a middle-aged woman, if she knew what to do when the time came to take it off. She told me that she had never seen a person blistered but once, and then she fainted. The first blister I put on, many years ago, did not rise. If it had risen I should certainly not have known how to treat it, though probably some one in the house could have told me. It is, however, very stupid and very wrong of people nursing the sick not to ask for directions in a case of this kind if they are not quite sure that they know what to do. In some arts we learn a good deal by our own mistakes, but a nurse's mistakes mean suffering to her patient, and this being the case she ought never to be ashamed to confess ignorance and ask for instructions.

A clever person not long ago, who was too lazy or too proud to ask for directions in a simple matter, set about making a linseed poultice by blending up the meal with *cold* water — I suppose with a vague idea of making starch. If it ever reached the spreading stage it must have been a nice sticky mess. Many years ago a doctor in the North of Ireland, prescribing for one of his out-patients, gave the wife a blister, a bottle of medicine, and some other things that were required, with, as he thought, full directions how to use them. Calling a few days afterwards to see how the man was getting on, he found that the woman had put all he had given her into a saucepan and boiled it, giving the mess afterwards to the patient as a dose. The doctor said that the man would most certainly have been poisoned, only that the flies of which the blister was composed made him very sick, and he brought the whole thing up, so that after all no great harm was done.

Fomentations or stupes are often ordered to relieve pain. There is a peculiar kind of material called spongio-piline used in hospital for the purpose, but a stupe can be made quite well by wringing out coarse flannel in boiling water. If not wrung every day, a fomentation is about the most miserably uncomfortable thing that can be imagined, and is almost certain to give the patient cold. A good way to prepare one is get a strong towel and lay it over a wash-hand basin; then lay your flannel in the towel, and pour boiling water upon it until it is well soaked. By twisting the ends of the towel in opposite directions, you will not scald your hands, and you will be able to wring the flannel dry. Two people can prepare a fomentation much more easily than one. To relieve acute pain opium is sprinkled on the flannel before applying, and turpentine is sometimes ordered as a counter-irritant. If the stupe is to be plain hot water, bring the flannel to the bedside in the towel so as to keep it as hot as possible, shake it up just before applying, and it will keep warm much longer. Fold a dry towel and lay it over the fomentation when you put it on. In hospitals a piece of waterproof material is generally used for this purpose. Sometimes these stupes have to be changed very frequently, but the doctor will tell you this. If you have many to prepare it will be worth while to make a regular "wringer," by running a stick or lath into a hem at each end of the towel. By twisting these sticks in opposite directions, you can wring with little or no fatigue. The wrists soon get tired doing it the other way.

When a doctor asks you any question about yourself or anyone else, be quite sure you understand what he means. If you do not, tell him so. I remember once hearing a girl unintentionally quite deceiving a physician about a shivering fit she thought she had had; it was probably just a little chillness, but she made herself out so very much worse than she really was, that he thought she must have had a severe rigor, as it is called, and sent her to the fever hospital, where, I believe, they rather laughed at her, and sent her away in a day or two, as having nothing the matter.

Another thing: When you get a prescription made up at a dispensary, be sure you understand how the medicine is to be given. Doctors have ways of their own of writing directions, meant for the dispenser, not for you. A girl once brought me a piece of paper that had been given her with a bottle; from having been some time in the hospital as a nurse I could explain it to her, but before I went I could have made nothing of it. In most of the London hospitals I believe they have printed labels for all the bottles, "Take two tablespoonfuls three times a day," and so on. It is a good plan and ought to be universally adopted. If you do not understand the directions, however, and ask the dispenser, he will always tell you when and how the physic is to be taken.

There are a few simple things to be noticed in giving medicines that you may as well understand. It may perhaps be an unnecessary caution to tell you if you are directed to give, say, a tablespoonful of anything, only to measure it in the spoon and bring it to the patient in a cup or glass. I have known a spoon put to the sick person's lips with the dose. A moment's thought will convince you that is a most slovenly and uncomfortable proceeding. Always wash your cup and spoon immediately after giving medicine. If you have to give castor oil, first rinse your vessel and spoon in cold water; then put your milk, or brandy-and-water, or whatever you are going to give it on, into the glass, measure the oil in a spoon, and pour it as carefully as possible into the middle of the glass, not letting a drop touch the sides. It is well to pour out castor oil near the patient, as carrying it across a room is apt to shake it up. When it is desirable to make the oil act quickly it should be stirred up in hot water. This must be a most abominable dose; but, given as I have described, castor oil need not be hard to take at all. However, some children, and grown people too, are very obstinate, and if this medicine is ordered will point-blank refuse to take it. For them we had a plan in hospitals of shaking the oil up with about twice the quantity of peppermint-water in a soda-water bottle. Any bottle, of course, would do, provided it was clean and big enough. It takes a good deal of shaking until it comes into a sort of creamy stuff. It seems to me that this would be far nastier than the oil in its usual form; but I am bound to say that I have seen a boy who would roar for half an hour if you suggested castor oil in his hearing, but would take this mixture without the slightest fuss. A nurse, who has had large experience, told me that she never knew a child object to it.

Sometimes when a pill is ordered for a patient one is rather put aback by the statement that he or she never did and never could swallow such a thing. I have sometimes been able to persuade one of these incompetent people to try a very simple plan, which I never knew to fail even with a small pill, which is more difficult to swallow than a big one. Put it back as far as possible on the tongue, and take a drink of water; it is almost sure to go down. In case of a child, however, or a patient who is determined that he cannot take a pill on any terms, the best way is to scrape it up and mix it with a little sugar in a teaspoon. Then, of course, there is no further difficulty.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE SIGHT OF STEPHEN WAS BETTER THAN ALL DR. STARKWETTER'S TONICS."

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW FRIEND.

DR. STARKWETTER said the end had come even sooner than he expected. "It was so often in these cases," he added, and it was merciful when it happened; phlegm rising in the throat during sleep was the immediate cause. Had he lived longer it would have only been to suffer more. For himself it was far better, but it was sad for the poor father, who, travelling as rapidly as it was possible to do, could only arrive at the Springs in time to commit all that was left of his son to the grave.

He found Carita, about whom Edward had spoken much in his letters home, and towards whom his bereaved heart now turned in grateful kindness, ill in bed with a fever caused by weakness and sorrow.

He helped Mrs Johnson to nurse and watch by the bedside of the girl who had shed some brightness over the last months of his son's life; and by the time Carita got better—as, thanks to Dr. Starkwetter's skill, she did after three weeks had passed away, and Mr. Arundel was obliged to return to his parish duties—he had grown so fond of her that he meditated taking her to England with him to be a companion to his one motherless daughter.

"I don't suppose her friends will make any objection," said Mrs. Johnson, to whom he communicated his idea. "I've come to love the poor child very much myself, but I fear I must get someone a little stronger to help me here next summer. I should be glad to think she had a happy home and someone

to care for her. It's most time her folks were passing through this way again; they spoke of fetching her away in October, and to-morrow will be the first of November."

As Carita got better, it was towards Stephen Warner that her thoughts turned most longingly, for she had never doubted his love and care for her, and felt sure that, as soon as he returned from those far-away islands and missed her, he would come and take her home to himself again. And it was towards this parental love, strong and tender but less passionate, more restful and less agitating and exacting, that her heart turned as she lay resting in the long bamboo chair, day after day, out on the veranda. What would father say if his little daughter, as he used to call her, were to die before he got home? Ah, no! she must try to get better for his sake and the boys'.

Stephen Warner was just then only within a few days' journey of Colorado Springs, getting home sooner than he expected. On landing in San Francisco he had found a letter from Eleanor awaiting him at his friend's office. It was dated from Denver, and in it his wife told him that the loneliness of Elk Ranche had been too much for her, so she had joined an old friend here. There was not one word about Carita in the letter, which annoyed him, as all the others were mentioned.

When he reached the boarding-house from which it was dated, and learned where she was, Tom also telling him how ill she had been in the beginning of the year, he was very angry, and, refusing to listen to his wife's excuses and explanations, he hurried on to Colorado Springs at once, telling Eleanor she could follow with the boys as soon as they could get ready. He took an intense dislike to Eleanor's friend, the lively widow, and would not be induced to talk civilly to her.

Eleanor felt deeply injured, and the thought that her husband should leave her at once, to go in search of Carita, was most humiliating to her feelings as a wife. She could not bear to encounter the looks and comments of the other boarders in the house, so she packed up as quickly as possible, and passing Maniton depôt without sending any message to Stephen, went straight on up to the mountains to sulk there in quiet.

It was by far the best thing she could do, and so Stephen thought, when he got an affectionate scrawl from his boy Tom, posted in San Juan. Yet he grieved at not finding more sympathy in the mother of his children, and his generous heart led him to hope that a more genial, sociable life in San Francisco would bring about a better state of things between them.

* * * * *

I must leave you to picture to yourselves Carita's joy when Stephen arrived at the Temple of Health.

The same evening after she had gone to rest, Mr. Arundel—who was leaving in the course of a few days—Dr. Starkwetter, and Stephen sat smoking together on the veranda, and Carita was the subject of a long conversation.

To the clergyman's proposition to take his adopted daughter home with him to England, Stephen replied that nothing would persuade him to give her up to anyone; though it gratified him much to find how much she was appreciated.

"Is there anything radically wrong with her constitution, Doctor?" he asked.

"Nothing of any importance. She has had rheumatic fever, she tells me, and that usually leaves some delicateness behind; but with care she will live as long and be as strong as most of us. I should like to know her history. I have not liked to ask her to tell me much, as, to speak candidly, I do not think she has been very happy, although everyone can see how glad she is to see you again. But she is not your daughter; Mrs. Johnson told me that. I should have known it, anyhow, for there is not the slightest resemblance between you. Her name is a Spanish one; and from her face I can tell there is Mexican blood in her veins. And yet she is not of the pure unmixed breed."

"Do you think not? As far as I know she is of good pure Mexican descent. Refill your pipe, Doctor, and I will give you her story."

"I have watched our young friend very closely," said the Doctor, doing as he was bid. "She interested me from the first. You know I have lived over twenty years in California, and have been much in Mexico, and I feel sure that Carita is only Mexican on one side—the mother's, probably, for I believe rather in the notion that the girls in a family take after the father mostly, and the boys after the mother."

"Her face is purely southern in type, however."

"So it is, but the hands and feet are not; and her character is not what you look for in a Mexican woman. No, I should feel certain that her father was either American or English."

"Well, listen to my story."

And Stephen Warner told how he first found the poor babe hanging over the low adobe hut; and afterwards of the dying Mexican woman's confession, and the registry of Candalaria's adoption by Judge Lynchem.

Here Dr. Starkwetter interrupted him with an exclamation.

"How extraordinary! how very extraordinary! Unless I am very much mistaken I was at the deathbed of that villain who married a Mexican lady, and forsook her under pretence of seeking help for her. In what year did you say the child was born? and in what settlement?"

Stephen told him this.

"The very date and place! I had not been long out in California. One night a priest I knew well, a good, devoted man, came to my tent—I was camping out up the Sacramento River—and begged me to come with him to the help of a poor fellow who had been shot in a fray with some roughs. I could be of no use to the man, and I told him he had better look to his soul, for his hours were numbered. So I left him with the priest. As a last confession is, of course, sacred, I never heard the whole of his story; but one part of it Father Francis did tell me, as, he said, it might prove of importance to the living, some day.

"The man was an Englishman—one who had come out in the days of the first gold fever, yonder. He had bad luck in his gold seeking, and when war broke out in Mexico he went and enlisted there to try his fortune that way. Falling in with another Englishman, but a man, unlike himself, of good family, who had become an officer in the Mexican army, he made himself useful to him, and won his confidence. This man's name, he said, was Grierson; but whether it was his real name or an assumed one he did not know. He was a good, fine fellow, but had had some heavy trouble which had made him give up his country and friends, and seek change and excitement in war under a foreign flag. There were several other Europeans engaged as officers in this war.

"A Mexican general, a friend of Grierson's, was shot, and Grierson married this friend's only daughter. A little later Grierson, too, fell, and in dying bade his faithless follower take charge of his wife, and get her away to a place of safety. He tried to tell the man more and to give him more definite instructions, but death prevented this.

"Then the man told how he got the poor lady away north, and married her, and how he forsook her, leaving her in a hut at Fort Marshall, and taking most of her money away with him.

"Without doubt," said Dr. Starkwetter, in conclusion, "the baby born there was the child of this Englishman Grierson, but this is probably all you will ever know. The party her father and grandfather fought with lost everything in that war, and Grierson was probably not the Englishman's real name. But now, tell me—has the poor child any love troubles?"

"None that I know of."

"Try to find out if it be so. I believe that's what is chiefly the matter. An old doctor like me could tell that without having seen that toy in the shape of a heart which she has tied round her neck. I saw it when I sounded her, when she first took ill."

"Oh, that was the old woman's, the only thing she had to restore to her. And by-the-bye, the second letter engraved on it is G, which would stand for Grierson, and so confirm your man's story."

"Well, find out what is troubling the child's own heart, Mr. Warner, that's of more importance just now than to know who her grandfathers were, especially as you say you do not want to part with her."

The sight of Stephen was better to the invalid than all Dr. Starkwetter's tonics and Mrs. Johnson's jellies, good though these were; and one morning, the day after Arundel left for his Cheshire home, and the day before Carita was to start with Stephen for the San Juan and Elk Ranche, he told her the Doctor's story, and afterwards drew from her the story of her love. It enraged him to hear how this man, whom he had never seen,

should have won the heart of his child—for as such he always considered Carita—only to make light of it and to forsake her. He set his teeth, and then went off to smoke out his wrath a little before he could talk quietly with her as to the future which lay before her, and which must be always in his home.

What he had told her of her father had done her sore heart good. It soothed and comforted her to know that she came, at least on one side, from the same Saxon race as did Stephen and the boys. And in time she trusted God and prayed that He would strengthen her weak heart, and help her to give up what was most precious in it if such was His will. Her pain was, she tried to remember, small compared with what her poor mother must have endured.

Still, in all her prayers, Phil's name was mentioned, so there was not much chance of her love being forgotten

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD BREEDING AS SHOWN IN RECEIVING HOSPITALITY.

In giving our girls a little advice with reference to their conduct as guests, it is impossible to avoid going over some of the same ground which we had to traverse in dealing with the obligations of a hostess. Still, I may supply a few brief notes that may serve to contribute to a comfortable feeling of assurance when they try their wings for a first flight from the shelter of the old home-nest.

The duties of a hostess are more especially of an active character; those of a guest are comparatively passive or negative, and thus there seem to be more jottings in the memoranda I have made with reference to what they must not do rather than the contrary.

In the first place, on receiving an invitation to spend a few days at a friend's house, the intending guest must not take it for granted that a few days means a week. With some hosts the term may signify three clear days, or four, only; and you should ever place yourself in such a position that no possible humiliation could be entailed on yourself by seeing that you had outstayed your welcome, and no slightest inconvenience on your entertainer by a disarrangement of plans unknown to you. Propose, if possible, to leave one day sooner than you imagined to be the limit of your visit, to afford the latter the pleasure of asking for another day. There should always be a "press day," as we have heard this extra day called, to ensure the comfort of both parties concerned. Without this little margin, the host and the guest must part with a feeling of constraint and a misgiving on each side as to the possible impressions of the other. The former is apprehensive of having appeared inhospitable: the latter that she has worn out her welcome, and her society has not been appreciated. Nay, worst of all, that her entertainers consider her to have taken an undue advantage of their hospitality, and shown a lack of tact and delicacy in remaining to the very last day it was possible to keep her.

Once an inmate of a friend's house, and, however intimate with each other, never forget for a moment that although pressed "to make yourself at home," as homely folks are wont to say, though not in the higher circles of society, you never can with propriety do so. Good breeding exacts that you should have all the polite and graceful ease of manner that would contribute to the comfort of your hosts and their enjoyment of your society; but you cannot hold the distinct position of host and visitor at the same time, the duties and privileges of each being so entirely dissimilar.

Half-bred people imagine that to show themselves at ease in society they must conduct themselves with most intrusive familiarity, lounge about, laugh loudly, talk of their own family and friends by their Christian names, thus dragging them and their concerns into a position of unreal intimacy with persons who may tolerate the guest's acquaintance, but by no means desire to extend it to their relations. Tom, Dick, and Harry may be still more obtrusively vulgar, without some redeeming characteristics that they themselves possessed. While on this subject, I may take the opportunity of observing that even when the persons conversing together are equals in position, it is very ill-bred to speak of any third party by their Christian name to a person who would only address them with a prefix to their surname. This endeavour to force on the stranger a spurious kind of familiarity with members of your own family may be highly offensive, and is in any case objectionable.

I said that you could not act in the house of another person in every respect as in your own. For example, a guest may not open a window, draw up a blind, stir the fire, light a candle, put their feet on the fender, clear a place on a table to suit their own work, kiss their babies, nor feed dog, cat, or bird, without asking the express permission of the master or mistress of the house. Nor is this sufficient, for tact must be shown in these matters; and careful observation previously made as to the habits and little crotchets of those whose hospitality she enjoys. To kiss their children or feed their pets might secretly annoy them, yet they might be too gracious, or, at least, too polite, to make objections to it; and to draw up a blind might be against the ordinary rule of the house, when the sun shines on the carpet and curtains; or the extra amount of light might distress the hostess. To ring the bell and give an order to a servant would be a great liberty; and to invite neighbours to call and see you, or make plans with them, without consulting the mistress of the house, and asking her consent, is a gross act of impertinence. She must be asked to do you the favour of giving orders to servants, and invitations to friends, direct; and it is only in your own private room that the bell is at your service, and you may request the attendant to oblige you by doing what you require.

Should you be the only guest, and your hosts consist of a husband and wife, never forget that they may wish to be sometimes alone together. Retire to your room, or into the garden; or at least, do not follow them, unless expressly invited, should they adjourn to a second sitting-room. Very amiable, and otherwise well-bred, people show a sad lack of tact in following a married couple, or looking annoyed and "huffy" on account of an occasional absence from the general sitting-room. It is neither discourteous nor unkind on their part, as business cannot be wholly set aside, such as matters connected with the household, or, it may be, with your especial entertainment. Besides, this natural desire to be free from restraint in their personal intercourse forms an amply sufficient excuse for leaving you to yourself, from time to time, should your visit exceed a few days. But even were there no husband in the case, your hostess would be indiscreet and thoughtless of your comfort if she failed to relieve you of her presence at some period of the day.

I will now suppose that you retire to bed before your entertainers, a practice they will certainly appreciate for the reasons before-named, and I follow you in thought to the hour of your rising the next morning. Be careful to ascertain the breakfast hour, and on no account leave your room, unless to take a stroll in the garden, before the hour named for family prayers or breakfast. Wait for the sounding of the gong or bell, and then do not make any delay. It is an unpardonable fault to be late for prayers or meals, or any expedition on foot or by carriage.

I remember an awkward experience of my own, very many years ago, when visiting at the house of some elderly people who kept unusually late hours. My sister and I were tired of remaining in our room, and, hungry for breakfast, sallied out to see whether by any mischance we had failed to hear the bell. All appeared ominously quiet. No sound of feet nor of breakfast-trays in the hall, and we stopped short at the drawing-room, a large double room of irregular form. To our discomfiture we saw a housemaid in the further part of the second room, still busy with her duster, who looked unpleasantly at us, as if we were unwelcome intruders. But this rebuff was nothing to what followed as a punishment for our indiscretion. On turning round to beat a somewhat ignominious retreat, whom did we see but our hostess, without any kind of head-dress, no false hair, and no teeth, so far as we could see, draped in a very ancient, shady-looking dressing-gown, and scarcely recognisable, hiding behind the door to avoid the notice of her youthful guests. Of course the maid had looked shocked, and of course the old lady felt annoyed, and showed it by emerging from her hiding-place and leaving the room without appearing to recognise our presence. But she never alluded to the circumstance, and the momentary displeasure left no shadow on her countenance when she afterwards bade us "good morning" in the breakfast-room, as if that meeting had been the first that day. The worthy old lady—long since gone to her rest—had come down, regardless of her own comfort, to give some directions, probably connected with that of her guests, and this exposure was the reward of her painstaking. But we had learnt a new lesson, and I give you the benefit of our humbling experience. Shy and sensitive, we were keenly alive to our indiscretion, and felt not a little uncomfortable when we next met our indulgent hostess.

I will now suppose you to be at breakfast, and in receipt of letters. Ask to be excused for opening them; mention from whom you have heard, read aloud any item of news that

might possibly interest your entertainers; and if you be at liberty to hand a letter to your hostess, so much the better.

Occupy yourself comparatively little in private letter-writing while in a friend's house, and take opportunities for correspondence when alone. Otherwise, read aloud portions of what you have said, or make known at least to whom you are writing; for a voluminous and mysterious private correspondence should not be carried on between you and your unknown friends. It tends to create a sentiment of curiosity and of distrust. Your hosts wonder what you can be telling with reference to them and the ordering of their house.

During your visit plans may be formed for your amusement. Be scrupulous of taking an undue advantage of your hostess's kindness when you accompany her to any exhibition. Pay for yourself if you can (unless you be a little girl in her "teens"), but if she overrule your so doing, at least never express a wish to see extras of any kind, thereby adding to the expenses, nor to remain to see the last of a performance, when the question is put to the vote. Your hostess will probably be glad to return home early, as there may be domestic affairs to attend to; or she may be tired, having had more than usual to do.

Try to make yourself agreeable, not merely to those whose hospitality you enjoy, but specially for their sakes, to your fellow guests. This will relieve the former of trouble and anxiety, and you owe it to them. To what purpose was your education, if you cannot thus turn it to account for the pleasure or the profit of others? Search your memory for subjects, or stories, or episodes in your own experience that may give half an hour's entertainment and start an agreeable theme for conversation. If you have any accomplishment, let no nervousness nor *mauvais honte* on your part deprive them of a little gratification. Do your best, however small that may be. No one will criticise harshly any effort to oblige them that is made unostentatiously, and with that becoming modesty which adds an attractive grace to all you do.

Remember that you should take it for granted that all those invited to meet you are suitable acquaintances. If you cannot feel this much confidence in the discretion of those whose hospitality you have accepted, their house is no place for you. Custom, no doubt, does not at the present time accord the same degree of liberty in the matter of making acquaintances as it once did in this country; but then society was at a low ebb in morals, and the upper and lower classes were distinguished from each other by their costumes.

At about the middle and latter end of the seventeenth century (and even later still, I believe), fashionable people used to walk much in Spring Gardens, the Mulberry Gardens, the Mall, St. James's Park, and afterwards in Hyde Park. They went out in the forenoon, returned to dinner at two o'clock; many slept in the afternoon and went out to promenade these gardens and parks till late at night, some till past midnight. In the course of these walks, persons fashionably dressed in the distinctive costume of their class might accost each other without being considered intrusive. But in these days, being so far less guarded, reliable introductions are essential, or the guarantee of meeting in a friend's house, and so shielded from making undesirable acquaintances under their responsibility.

Lastly, I must touch upon the vexed question of fees to servants, which is both painful to the entertainer and perplexing to the guest. In some of the great houses their acceptance is absolutely prohibited, and a notice to that effect is placed in all the guest-rooms. To persons of small means they prove a heavy tax; but especially vexatious because of the invidious comparisons known to be made between them and their wealthy fellow-guests; whereas their trifling gratuities might bear a larger proportion to their means than the gold lavished by others.

When fee-giving is permitted, a lady must give something to the housemaid and parlour-maid, and to no one else within the house, unless under special circumstances. If she employ the lady's maid she will have to pay her, but not otherwise; and should she have heavy trunks to be carried up and down stairs, she would naturally give a trifle for helping to break the porter's back. But heavy luggage is most objectionable. Far better have two small trunks, easily carried, than one monster, that will over-strain the porter, and risk the breaking of lamps and knocking the paint off your hosts' walls.

Dean Swift endeavoured to bring this custom into ridicule by the plan he adopted of wrapping up farthings in pieces of white paper, and, on presenting each of the men in attendance at the door with one of them, he hurriedly entered his carriage. It is said that, on one occasion, having opened the papers, one of the men ran after him, crying out that he "had made a mistake." Putting his head out of the window, he shouted aloud, "Oh, not at all! Keep it, my good fellow; I never give less, I never give less!"

To remedy this infringement of the principles of hospitality, and this outrage on a host's feelings, let the mistress in hiring servants inform them of the general amount of company entertained; state clearly that all gratuities are absolutely prohibited, and that the wages expected to cover all work rendered are "so much." It will then be optional with the servants to accept or to decline the terms, and the mistress of the house will be spared the painful feeling that her guests are compelled to pay her domestics; more especially so when the young, or comparatively necessitous, may have been primarily invited to relieve the pressure of expense in the humble *ménage* at home. I should be sorry to think that self-gratification in the enjoyment of our friends' society, or mere returns of hospitality received, were alone considered; but that the spirit of the Divine Master may be sometimes exemplified, and invitations given to those who can render no equivalent in the attractions of their society, or accomplishments, those who may be old or "slow" (excuse the term), and may be placed in the category of such as "cannot recompense thee." See St. Luke xiv. 13, 14; and St. Matthew x. 42; and xxv. 40.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

THE FOLLIES OF TRESSIDA.

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS passed, and found all well with the two young couples. Susan, in her neatly kept home at Southdale, presented daily to observant eyes an image of contentment, while David Peet showed himself appreciative of his good fortune by unshaken sobriety. Early in the morning he was to be heard at work, until even those who had predicted the worst of him were glad to hope for the best. Tressy, bright as health and gay apparel could make her, came often to see her friends, making light of the four-mile walk, and being always accompanied home by her attentive husband. In those days the mother's anxious eyes could not detect much amiss with her favourite daughter, except a growing extravagance in dress. She gently remonstrated after a while, but Tressy laughed.

"Luke earns good wages, mother" (he was foreman to a firm of builders in Barstowe). "You would have him give me a new dress sometimes?"

"Aye, but you have a new one on now, and a fortnight ago you came in another. If Luke do earn good wages, there's a time of sickness to be thought of. Young folk do well who begin by laying by."

"There's time enough for that," said her daughter, lightly; but she did make a promise to take heed of the warning, being aware that her husband had greatly diminished his savings in the furnishing of the cottage he had taken for her on the outskirts of Barstowe, as Tressy had willed the furniture should be of a style much superior to that generally seen in like dwellings.

One morning Susan Peet went into Barstowe to make some purchases. Having finished her business she called at her sister's cottage. It was yet early in the forenoon, for Susan wished to be home betimes in order that her husband's dinner might not be less comfortable than usual. There was no Tressy in sight as she went up the garden path; after tapping in vain at the street door, she went round to the side of the house, where was the kitchen window, looking out on a gay pasture which Luke in his leisure time made "to blossom like the rose." Then Mrs. Peet saw a sight which roused indignation in her housewifely breast. At the table by the window sat Tressy, the breakfast crockery unwashed; around her the hearth unswept, making a fitting tomb for the ashes of the expiring fire; while the fair Tressy herself, quite in keeping with the general untidiness, was too absorbed in a book she was reading to be aware of her sister's arrival. Not until Susan raised the door latch and entered did she look up, and then her glance was startled and vacant, as if a person recalled to earth from transient contemplation of regions far away.

"La, Susan, how you startled me!" she said, rising to kiss her visitor.

"I tapped at the street door, and at the window, too, but I couldn't make you hear," said Susan. "What book is that you're reading? Not Miss Warren's 'Housewife,' I'll be bound."

"Miss Warren's 'Housewife,' indeed! I believe you go to sleep with that book under your pillow, Susan. No, this is called 'On the Way to a Coronet.' Such a book! You must go through with it when you've once begun; you feel like screaming till you get to the end of it."

"Humph! Luke will be in soon, won't he, dear? It is nearly eleven o'clock."

"Is it so late? I didn't mean to open the book this morning; it does beguile one so," said Tressy, putting her novel out of sight. She then twisted up her hair, and began to bustle about the untidy kitchen. "Bother the fire! This is such a bad grate for drawing—it lets the fire down directly your eye is off it."

"I hope Luke doesn't want much cooking to-day," observed Susan, who was vexed with her sister's thoughtlessness.

"Oh, he doesn't mind. He's quite content with a crust of bread and cheese, and an excuse. So he ought to be," said Tressy, with a toss of her pretty head.

"I wouldn't make shift too often, if I were you, Tressy. A man expects his comfortable meals, as he has a right to, when he earns them hard."

"How sober you look, Susan! You don't suppose I can be always bothering about cooking—sweltering before the fire this hot weather. Why, you'd make men out to be all greediness itself."

"There, there, you know better," said Susan, good-naturedly lending a helping hand to straighten the domestic confusion. She soon desisted, however, for she found divers secrets were unearthed, which are abominations in the sight of tidy women—yesterday's plates hidden away in the rinsing tub; a bundle of tea-towels turning sour and mildewed for want of cleansing water; and, crowning offence, one of the young housewife's best tablecloths thrust aside, crumpled up along with apple parings and plum stones; all of which indicated that Tressy's reading might often be pursued at the expense of her domestic duties. "However," thought Susan, as she went home, "she will do better by-and-by. She was young to get married, that's the truth; and being naturally giddy, makes managing come harder to her."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

LOVE OF SELF.—The greater the love towards God and man the less will be the love of self; the more swiftly a planet moves round the sun the more slowly does it turn round itself.—*Richter.*

SAYING AND HEARING.—She who says what she likes, will hear what she does not like.—*Terence.*

WORDS ARE VAIN.

Wherefore should I vainly try
To teach thee what my love will be
In after years, when thou and I
Have both grown old in company,
If words are vain to tell thee how,
Mary, I do love thee now?

A FRENCH TRANSLATION.—A French author has translated a passage from one of Cooper's novels, as follows:—"He descended from his horse in front of the château, and tied him to a large grasshopper." The original reads, "a large locust" (tree).

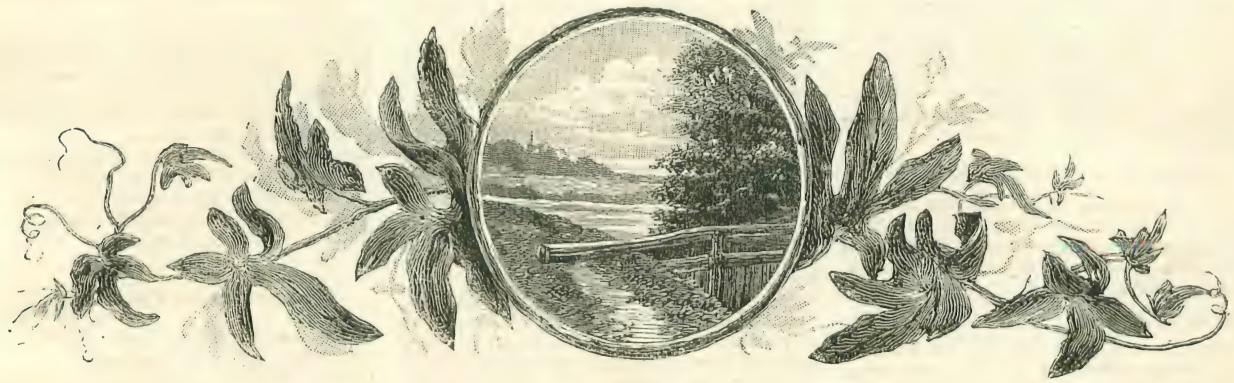
HAPPINESS AND MISERY.—I see in this world, said a good man, two heaps—one of human happiness, the other of human misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.

A PROFITABLE REFLECTING.—Nothing worth having is got by sin. Nothing worth keeping is lost by serving God.

WISE AND FOOLISH.—Many have been the wise speeches of fools, though not so many as the foolish speeches of wise people.

HOUSE-RENT IN ARABIA.—House-rent in some parts of Arabia is certainly not extravagantly high. Mr. Palgrave, in his "Arabia," mentions his taking a comfortable dwelling at Bereydah, possessed of two large rooms on the ground storey and three smaller ones, besides a spacious courtyard surrounded by high walls, for which he paid eighteenpence per month.

HIGHER EDUCATION.—A young lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays was asked if she would have a second supply of roast beef, when she replied, "No, I thank you, gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity." The young lady was not invited to take second helping again.



BETTER THINGS.

A LITTLE child, with tumbled golden hair,
And blue eyes brimming o'er with angry tears,
Holding out eager hands for what appears
To baby eyes so precious and so fair.
"No, dear, it is not good," the mother says, and tries
To soothe the childish grief and still the cries;
"That pretty rose has many a thorn to wound and sting—
See, I will give my pet some better thing."
But baby still sobs on; she cannot understand
'Tis love denies the gift she would demand.

A youth with thoughtful brow and earnest eye,
Up Learning's Mountain bravely plodding on,
Towards that fair height he has set his heart upon,
Fame's glowing mount that towers against the sky—
When poverty's black clouds o'er his horizon spread,
High aims must all give place to toil for bread;
He sees not from this seeming ill what good will spring,
How 'tis God's preparation for some better thing;
God's way of fitting him for work more high—
A broader life, a grander destiny.

An earnest soul, seeking the good and true, a heart
Yearning all wistfully that it might also find
A portion in the love and work that seems to bind
About all other lives, leaving hers out—apart;
Watching while other lives float on, into the gleam,
Praying to see good in what dark doth seem;
Learning in loneliness closer to Christ to cling,
And thus God giveth her a better thing;
Life-work she found, 'twas set before her plain,
And who dare say her other prayer was vain?

How often it is so; we cannot understand
Why prayers are not answered, why God should
Our heart's wish so deny; we ask but what is good;
We see not how 'tis so He leads us by the hand,
How so, past unknown snares, He tenderly doth guide,
Safe to that home where hearts are satisfied.
Our yearnings: what are they but angels' wings,
Bearing us upwards unto better things?
And when Heaven's door seems closed against our prayer
'Tis oft that some more precious thing God holdeth there.

RESULTS OF THE PLAIN NEEDLEWORK PRIZE COMPETITION.

NIGHT DRESSES.

Examiners { DORA DE BLAQUIERE. ANNIE E. NASH.

THE competition this time consisted of night-gowns, and the terms of it may be found on page 710, vol. iv. Being intended for both ladies and young girls, no particular size was insisted upon, but it was simply stipulated that they "should be well-fitting, according to their dimensions."

The number of competitors was seventy-seven, of various ages. On the whole the prize nightgown of the youngest competitor was the best as to finish, shape, and cleanliness in the whole competition, which, however, is not an unusual thing.

THIRTEEN YEARS (One Competitor).

Prize. — Work excellent, especially the feather-stitch and knotting. The hemming and "stocking-in" also worthy of commendation. This nightdress was in every way up to the "selling mark," which is the most practical test to which we could put it.

FOURTEEN YEARS (Four Competitors).

Work very poor in this class. The seams sewn on the outside, contrary to the terms of the competition. The making clumsy. Button-holes, gatherings, and stocking-in all badly done.

FIFTEEN YEARS (Five Competitors).

Work on prize garment excellent, and beautifully clean. Much fault, nevertheless, to be found with some of the other night-dresses on this score, as well as on the question of the patterns used, which were old-fashioned and clumsy. The feather-stitch not very good either upon any garment.

SIXTEEN YEARS (Seven Competitors).

The button-holes in this division were not good, and the feather-stitch deficient. The stocking-in and gathering better than in the last. The finishing-off in some cases not at all satisfactory.

SEVENTEEN YEARS (Nine Competitors).

The competitors in this section were all much behind their age in work; and good work in many cases was spoilt by careless finishing. In consequence of this few certificates were given, as these are intended to be thoroughly sound and reliable certificates of merit. The button-holes were bad, but the hemming and stitching pretty good.

EIGHTEEN YEARS (Fourteen Competitors).

Several of the competitors used twilled calico, which is not a good material to work upon. The running and hemming were good, but the feather-stitch and button-holes poor. In many cases the seams were made on the outside.

NINETEEN YEARS (Ten Competitors).

The work was generally better in this competition, but the feather-stitch still remiss; the button-holes not good, and the shapes of the garments not sufficiently modern. The work of the first-class certificates thoroughly good; in one the embroidery was performed by the competitor herself, and was beautifully executed.

TWENTY YEARS (Five Competitors).

The hemming generally beautifully performed, but the button-holes bad. The prize garment and first-class certificates were exceedingly good, and all the work very clean.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS (Five Competitors).

The work good. The finishing of the seams in some cases a little careless; but the merit was generally equal as to work; any differences decided by the button-holes, finish, and feather-stitch. Some of the competitors put only one button-hole at the neck; thus getting over the difficulty of not being able to make them very well.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS (Seven Competitors).

Many competitors sent in "coral-stitch" instead of "feather-stitch;" and several have stitched the tucks in front, that should have been run in. Thick cording round the yoke is not to be recommended; a neat row of stitching being better and more modern.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS (Five Competitors).

The competition was very close in this section. The work was good and the finish excellent. It might be called really "saleable work." This, as we try to impress on all our girls, is the true test by which we judge and give both our prizes and certificates. Plain needlework is now an important part of a girl's education, and may be a help to her in gaining a livelihood. But the plain needlework of to-day has a certain standard of excellence, which must be attained. In particular, the patterns used must be modern and comfortable in wear. Deep yokes are old-fashioned, and so are collars. Feather-stitching is used as well as coral-stitch; the seams are "run and felled," and the work is distinguished by its thoroughly neat finish. Corners and ends are to be made tidy, no knots visible, and the button-holes beautiful, and really ornamental.

Amongst the faults committed by our competitors, we noticed that of over-neat work, shown by taking too small stitches. A neat, even stitch of fair size is always preferable to tiny finical stitches that can hardly be seen, many of them showing a very serious fault in hemming, *i.e.*, splitting the threads of the material, and showing hardly any stitches on the right side. The correct shape of the stitch in hemming is a succession of V's, half the V being on one side, and half on the other. Between the points of the V there should always be four threads.

In stitching, also, there is a tendency to make the work too fine. The old rule, and one generally observed at present, is to take two threads back, and then four threads, so that there is again a two-thread stitch on the needle. I find, however, that this is the rule for learners, but that past mistresses in the art of plain needlework do not by any means adhere to it, but take three or four threads, as the case may be, with the effect of making a much prettier stitch in ordinary plain work.

Great praise must be given to our Indian girls who compete, and whose work for cleanliness and shape, as well as the work itself, is quite equal to that of their English sisters, showing a high order of teaching in Indian schools.

PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA.

Greenwood, Mary (13), Tadcaster.
Cooper, Lily (15), Uppingham.
Witherington, R. S. (16), Sulhamstead.
Mowat, Louisa (17), Stamford.
Pratt, Jessie (18), Northwich.
Floyd, Minnie Evelyn (19), Rajputana, India.
Peddar, Margaret (20), Bath.
Tucker, Emma, (21), Norbiton.
Postans, Lilla (22), East Dulwich.
Holmes, Helen M. A. (23), Wadsay.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Smith, Mary Jane (14), Bradford.
Fuller, Alice May (15), Lansdowne.
Blunt, Mabel Edith (15), Poona, India.
Mayo, Penelope Worsfold (15), Salisbury.
Gregory, Agnes (16), Yatton.
Brown, Ada (16), Westbury.
Cannon, Minnie (16), Bexley.
Fuller, Helen Maude (17), Lansdowne.
Blackburn, Eliza Adeline (17), Poona, India.
Smith, Edith (17), Redland.
Lisson, Bertha (18), Naburn Vicarage.
Finney, Augusta (18), Droitwich.
Shearne, Elizabeth (18), Beaford.
Kirke, Kathleen (19), St. Servan, Ille-et-Vilain, France.
Powell, Emily (19), Hoxton.
Deane, Mary Adelaide (19), Oxford.
Bazeley, Florence M. (19), Plymouth.
Rodocanachi, Arghiro (19), Gloucester-terrace.
Ingall, Helen D. (20), Greenhithe.
Hunter, Kate Marion (20), Rockcliffe Hall.
Morgan, Georgie Emma (20), Dan-y-bryn.
Veasey, Ethel Mary (21), Shepherd's Bush.
Hunter, Frances Alice (21), Rockcliffe Hall.
Jennings, Ella (21), Bruton.
East, Mary Elizabeth (22), Westbourne Park.
Miller, Evelyn Florence (22), Clifton.
Skinner, Helen (23), Strawmarket.
Daly, Mary (23), Cropredy Vicarage.
Batton, Annie (23), Longuey.

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

McGovern, Annie (15), Poona, India.
Swatridge, Kate (16), Taunton.
Glwyas, Alice (17), Helston.
Ames, Mary (18), Henley-on-Thames.
Stopford, Louisa (18), Pimlico.
Mayo, Amy Margaret (18), Swallowcliffe.
Clarke, Louisa Maria (19), Ellesborough.
Shorter, Hattie M. (19), Woodford.
Lachlan, Lily (20), Beckenham.
Williams, Frances Matilda (21), St. John's Wood.
Hunt, Emma Jane (22), Longport.
Peachy, Kate (22), Chichester.

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Griffith, Lily (14), Anglesey.
Mathews, Henrietta (14), Openshaw.
Andun, Dorcas Emma (15), Poona, India.
Inglis, Florence (15), S. Hackney.
Badcock, Ethel Maude (16), Ledbury.
Naylor, Louisa Emma (17), Mildmay Park.
Nickisson, Minnie (18), Newport.
Caldnott, Minnie (18), Basingstoke.
Postans, Mary (18), East Dulwich.
Wilkinson, Edith (18), Burrough Rectory.
Upton, Evelyn S. L. (18), Gateshead on-Tyne.
Colfax, Margaret (19), Westmead.
Kilbride, Violet B. (19), Gorey, co. Wexford.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

HELIOTROPE.—1. There are reflective or active intransitive verbs, and a similar form of expression "that cannot be explained" (according to Dr. Angus), "a form in which we do not mark the doing of an act by an agent, nor the suffering of an act by an object; but something between the two," as "The message does not read well;" "A rose will smell as sweet (not sweetly) by any other name;" "Honey tastes pleasant" (not pleasantly); and just as in the parallel case you name, "It looks pretty" (not prettily). There are four kinds of "transitive verbs," and the latter holds a middle place amongst them, having both an active and a passive voice—as "It tastes sweet," an adjective being employed in such cases in connection with it, instead of the ordinary adverb. We advise you to procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Joseph Angus, D.D., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. Books of reference may be suggested, or lent, to our girls who are competing for our prizes; but of course they must write after having finished reading; they may not copy nor quote from memory; but, having obtained the information required, make every statement in their own language.

POJARSKY.—Yes, the Russian language is very difficult, and you would require a master if you wished to acquire it. He will provide you with a book suitable for a beginner.

ROWENA.—Yes, there is a department recently opened for women at Owen's College, in Manchester. The number of these students already amounts to some eighty. Of these a few are reading for degrees, and are permitted to attend the senior graduating classes of the college.

ALLIE. — 1. The next entrance examination at Girton College will be held in March, 1884, when a scholarship of £50 per annum for the three years, offered by the Skinners' Company, will be competed for, and awarded on certain conditions. Any particulars may be obtained of the secretary, Miss Rensington, 22, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, W. 2. The term, a "cock and bull story," dates back to the period of the Reformation, when any discredited statement or tale was so stigmatized. The Popes' mandates were named "bulls" after the great seals attached to them, called "bulla." On the seal was a device representing St. Peter and the cock (that crew twice on the occasion of his denial of Christ, and reminded him of the warning given him), and as the Protestants had a contempt for these "bulls," they adopted the phrase for application as above explained.

ROMA.—The University of London has opened its degrees to women. Address for information, the Registrar, University of London, Burlington-gardens, W. Read the article on "Teaching," page 26, vol. v., where you will find full information.

A FUTURE M.D.—Your letter might have been written in the Dark Ages, you show so little knowledge of modern events. You will find all you require at page 119, vol. ii. "G.O.P.," on the subject of the study of medicine, and you had better write to Mrs. Thorne, hon. sec., 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., for information and advice.

IVY IRISH.—We should advise you to join a correspondence class, that, for instance, of Miss Roberts, Florence-villas, Torquay. Write, enclosing a stamped envelope, for her advice and assistance.

CHEMICUS.—Many thanks for your correction. We gladly state that the Pharmaceutical Society do admit women to their laboratory, and that there are five young women at work in the Bloomsbury-square laboratories.

CIGARETTE.—You could only obtain such a position through an agency for foreign governesses, or by an advertisement in the *Times*, or some other high-class paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATE BRANS.—See "Summer Drinks," page 547, vol. ii. In case you may not have that volume, we may enable you to procure the article by saying that it is in the part for June, 1881.

E. S. D.—We think the effects of the ammonia might be removed by the use of an acid. Try a colourless vinegar. This is following the idea that if an acid change the colour of cloth, ammonia will restore it. But be careful and try a small portion first. The original phrase, "cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God," is from Bacon's "Advancement in Learning," book ii. It was quoted by John Wesley, in a sermon on dress, as "Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness.' We do not know of it as a quotation from the "Koran."

BLACK BESS. — 1. We think the saying is only a proverb of no particular origin. 2. You should put "care of," of course, in case your friend should be on a visit. You have spelt whether "weatker," in your note. Use dog biscuits for pug dogs, and feed them only twice a day.

HENRIE.—Rest your eyes as much as possible, and if you read, let it be large clear print, always sitting with your back or side to the light. Employ yourself in some other way than reading at candlelight, and go to bed very early. Bathing the eyes in cold weak vinegar and water has done much service to many having weak eyes.

MOONLIGHT.—Your simple way of extricating yourself from a very painful difficulty would be to say, "My father desired me to say (in case of inquiry being made) that we had not got the complaint you name." In answering thus you will only have spoken the truth, and given no false statement of the case on your own part.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—There could be no objection to your taking an opportunity of saying that you felt an apology was due for an impolite reply thoughtlessly given, through a third party, to the kindly-meant request made to you, some time ago. You will be able to judge of how matters stand, and how you should act in the future by the reply made.

GWENNY CARFAX.—A recipe to clean and polish shells was given on page 15, vol. iii. Your quotation is from Psalm 78, verse 65.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—As you have made no promises to anyone, we can see no reason why you should not change your mind if you wish.

AN ILLUSED GIRL.—We should think your digestion was out of order. You might try buttermilk, or sour milk, for bathing your face. Both are considered good; also bran and oatmeal-water.

ADA STANTON.—The bridegroom in England provides the house linen, but there is nothing to prevent your parents presenting you with some if they choose.

BILLY.—All tricks of the kind are unladylike, and you are quite old enough to leave them off.

VICTORINE.—We should advise you to try some gymnastic exercises; they are said to improve the digestion and the general health.

AN IVY LEAF.—In case of a marriage by licence, the suppression or alteration of a name does not invalidate the marriage. In a marriage by banns, the case is different if both parties were cognisant of the fact.

IGNORANT SEVENTEEN.—Mr. Coventry Patmore was born in 1823, and is the author of several volumes of poems, viz., "Tamerton Church Tower," "The Angel in the House," in four parts, "The Unknown Eros," and the "Children's Garland." We do not know to which Ruskin alludes.

PSYCHE.—An answer about the Battle of Nagara was given lately, at page 112, vol. v.

VICE VERSA.—A bonnet to match is usually worn with a wedding dress of coloured silk or satin. The bridegroom provides the household linen.

R. M.—Such a marriage would not be legal, as the bill did not pass last session of Parliament, and your friends are very wrong in giving you such bad advice, as you would not be legally married at all.

WINIFRED ROSE.—We think, from your account, the wood was not quite dry, when the table was made, and if so, there is no help for the spots. The top might be French-polished again to make it look better.

GLADYS.—From your writing and spelling you seem to have left school too soon, and at any rate thirteen is too young to give up study. You had better help your father as he wishes, and find a night school or classes that you can attend, or have a master to give you lessons at home.

IGNORAMUS.—Read "How to Improve your Education," vol. ii., page 794.

JANET.—We should think that a situation as nurse or mother's help might suit you, or you might endeavour to fit yourself for a housekeeper.

DAMARIS.—The biscuits are a patent medicine, and we know no more than yourself about the method of their manufacture.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We should advise you to turn your mind to some more useful consideration, and wait in patience and quiet until you be asked.

VERY MUCH IGNORAMUS.—If you owe a visit at a house, you must of course pay it, and ask for "Mrs. So-and-So." Leave your card for her husband if he be absent; you need not make any remark about it.

A RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.—The School of Cookery is open to all classes. Many ladies send their cooks to be instructed there.

P. V. S. D.—The first number of the "G. O. P." was issued on the 3rd of January, 1880; the present volume is the fifth.

CLARA.—See "How to Make Alum Baskets," on page 623, vol. i.

ETTA.—We suppose you mean the audiphone, a fan-shaped instrument, to be obtained from most of the optical instrument makers.

MABEL.—You will find an excellent article on "How to Prepare for a Children's Party," at page 183, vol. iii.

MAYFLOWER.—Call on the bride as soon as possible, or else write a kind letter of congratulation.

HERO.—Of course you should send an answer. If you accept, say, "Miss So-and-So accepts with much pleasure Mrs. So-and-So's kind invitation for——" or "Miss So-and-So regrets she is unable to accept Mrs. So-and-So's kind invitation." In either case you must call immediately afterwards.

FOG OF THE ELEVENTH.—Your query is like that of the little child who wanted to know "if she sat up all night should she see how the flowers grew." We fear that even as a student of botany you will be obliged to content yourself with passing over this important matter without understanding it.

THE NORTHERN FLOWER.—We are much obliged by your kind long letter. With regard to the flushing and redness of the nose of which you complain, at night, we think you should leave off beer and stimulants, and too much farinaceous food. Take plenty of exercise, and wash the face with hot soft water and no soap.

A LANKY MAIDEN.—You had better find a library containing French and German books near you. There is surely one in such a large city.

SUSAN.—If you had read our replies to correspondents, you would have seen the answer to your question repeated over and over again. We must request our readers to look for the information they require in those columns, and to refer to our indexes themselves before writing to us for duplicate answers. The application for numbers of the "G. O. P.," and for missing indexes, title-pages, and pictures must be made to the Publisher, as the Editor has nothing to do with that department in the office.

E. M. D.—The 6th of February, 1871, was a Monday. We have just given a West Indian correspondent a full account of the origin of "All-Hallows' Eve" and its various quaint observances. You will find it in one of the correspondence columns.

MUFFIN.—To make your name-sakes you will find a recipe at page 799, vol. iv., in the answer given to "Anxious Inquirer." Write to Mr. Tarn about your subscription. Read all we have said about the treatment of the hair.

PANSY II.—Pumice stone will do no harm to your hands or feet in washing. Your writing promises well.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—1. You will find directions for cleaning every description of glove, as well as of material, in our new series, "The Fairy of the Family." We are glad you like our stories so much. 2. Send subscriptions for the Girls' Own Home to the hon. secretary, John Shrimpton, Esq., 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. We gave this address at page 7, vol. iv.

BEE.—It is very easy to amuse children. The games known as post, forfeits, magic music, hunt the slipper, how when and where do you like it, the one-horned lady, or fox and geese, quartetts, and dominoes, will supply amusement both for little ones and older children.

WILL ALICE.—The amusement you name being a dangerous one, we recommend you to be guided entirely by the wishes of your parents. They have a right to be consulted in the matter as your natural guardians. If you have none, then whoever has the care of you must decide for you. Why not substitute archery? We do not know who you mean by "other people."

COSMO.—See our answer to "Old Nell," on the subject of the Eagle Lectern. The 20th of January, 1866, was a Saturday.

G. T. S. has our thanks for her grateful letter and for the good wishes expressed for us and our assistants. She tells us that to keep a piece of lemon or orange peel in the water jug, helps to soften the water for washing the face, and gives it of course an agreeable odour likewise.

ANNIE B.—It is impossible for us to give any opinion on the subject of your corresponding to a young gentleman as a friend, without knowing any of the circumstances of the case. Were you his nurse when a child? Or, if a younger person, is the correspondence approved of by the young gentleman's family, and also by your own mother or family? Otherwise it is not desirable that such a correspondence should continue. We thank you for the recipe, but consider that the pudding contains too many eggs, and would be much too sweet.

SNOW MOUNTAIN.—No girl should go into society (at least they never do in its upper circles) until she have attained her eighteenth year. She ought to give her whole attention to her education, reserving only due leisure for exercise, games of play, and meals.

MERIT.—Do not put salt, but vinegar, in the cold water in which you bathe your eyes, making a weak solution. Endeavour to rest them at night for a time; out-door sketching, when fine weather favours it, is less likely to do you harm than copying designs at home, as looking at distant objects and over green fields is less fatiguing to the eyes. Beware of damp feet and of draughts; read less, while employing your eyes so much in drawing, and to go to bed early, so as to have an extra hour of sleep.

"PRICELESS PEARLS!"—1. How could any girls be so vain as thus to appraise their own merits? They have only to read some of our answers to correspondents very recently given to see their query respecting "All-Hallows' Eve" fully answered. 2. No one should have fewer than eight hours of sleep; delicate persons, young children, old people, those having weak eyes, or have overstrained them, and those who have considerable mental labour during the day, should have nine hours of sleep if they can manage to obtain as much.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—Never allow any man to pay a fare or toll for you, excepting he be your father, uncle, brother, or affianced husband.

CANDALARIA.—Your letter was indeed most welcome to us. That our paper should have been the means of your taking a new step in life, and have led you to become a communicant, is most encouraging to us, and we thank you for confiding the circumstance to us. In reference to manuscripts, you should write on one side only, and number each page. It is optional on your part whether you add *the title of* the story at the top of each page; it is not necessary to do so, as they will be safe enough in a reader's hands if fastened with a clip at the left-hand corner at the top, so many pages in every clip. You do not spell very well; and should study grammar.

UNEXPRESSED.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

THERE are sweeter words than were ever said,
And sweeter songs than were ever sung,
And fonder tears than were ever shed,
By the eyes of the old, or the hearts of the young.

For the love that speaks is the love that dies,
And soonest yields unto Time's control;
But the deathless love is the love that lies
Deeply shrined in the speechless soul.

For the tenderest music the spirit knows
Is the music that cannot be expressed,
And the fondest tears of man are those
That lie unwept in his breaking breast.

For the soul is strong, and the flesh is weak,
And fonder far than the words we hear
Are the words our lips refuse to speak,
When they whom our souls love best are near.

Ah me! to think that it must be so,
To think, ah me! in the morning light,
That the hearts we love must never know
The tears we weep through the lonely night.

Ah, ever thus with the old and the young,
Till both are laid with the quiet dead—
The sweetest songs must remain unsung,
And the fondest words must remain unsaid.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 220. MARCH 15, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

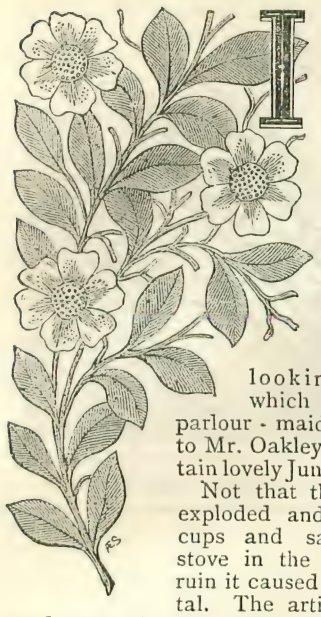
HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

All rights reserved.]

"THAT INNOCENT-LOOKING LETTER."

CHAPTER I.



IF a bomb-shell had burst in the middle of the breakfast table, it could hardly have caused more wreck and ruin than did that innocent-looking letter, which Alice, the parlour-maid, handed to Mr. Oakley, on a certain lovely June morning.

Not that the missive exploded and smashed cups and saucers, or stove in the urn. The ruin it caused was mental. The articles damaged were the tempers of the young people, the wreckage was one of bright hopes and pleasant anticipations.

Bad enough, you will say, and so Mrs. Oakley felt it to be, as she looked at the elongating faces of her young people, when the contents of that letter were made known to the family assembled round the Brinnington breakfast table.

They formed a goodly group, for, besides the parents, there were half-a-dozen olive branches, and Mr. Oakley's niece and ward, Hilda Cranswick, who had been for six months past an inmate of Brinnington Hey, the home of the family.

There was Frank, the eldest, and his father's right-hand at the works, who was just twenty-five and soon to leave the parental roof for a home of his own. Allan, Gladys, and Dorothy followed at intervals of two years.

Hilda Cranswick, an orphan, a beauty and an heiress, abundantly conscious of all her advantages, personal and otherwise. She was still called eighteen, but was nearly nineteen, but, in all except years, much older than her cousins, the Oakley girls.

Lower down a long way, came John, or Jack, as everybody called him, and Janet, the twins and inseparables, who were, according to papa, "rising twelve."

They were chiefly remarkable for the scrapes they got into, their intense affection for each other, and their equally strong objection to lessons and indoor pursuits generally, and for the amount of employment they gave to the seamstress. Having gone through our list, we must see what caused so much consternation in the family group.

Midsummer Day was past and gone, leafy June was all but ended, and hot July almost within sight and reach. As a natural consequence, the dwellers in and near towns and cities became possessed with a spirit of unrest and a longing to run away from their ordinary abiding places.

Imagination ran riot and bent the face to catch the sea-breeze, or climbed Alpine heights, or sauntered down the field path, whilst the waving corn at each side rustled a welcome. The ear seemed to become conscious of voiceless invitations, from gnarled tree trunks and mossy banks, bidding the weary townsfolk come and rest upon them, making the while a closer acquaintance with Nature's glories.

The family at Brinnington had already laid their plans for a summer holiday. They did not all intend to go together, but were to have divided into two parties. Mr. Oakley's party was to consist, besides himself, of Allan, Gladys, Dorothy, and Hilda. These were to start first, and all their talk was about glaciers, snow-mountains, peaks, and passes.

Switzerland was old ground to father and son, but the girls had never yet left their native England, and were wild with delight at the prospect of visiting the many lovely spots of which the father and brother spoke with so much enthusiasm.

Mrs. Oakley had not been very strong of late, and it was decided that the fatigue of travelling would be too much for her. So she, the two little ones, with a couple of servants, and Aunt Lydia, one of the most delightful of maiden relatives, were to spend the time, during which the others would be absent, at a lovely spot near one of the English lakes.

Frank would remain at Brinnington, in order that Mr. Oakley might have no anxiety of mind about business matters during his absence. With his good, steady, clear-headed son to superintend at the Brinnington Machine Works, the father could leave home with a mind free from any anxious care.

"I never will go from home on a pleasure trip, if I must carry the works along with me. I must leave the business, or I will stay in the midst of it," Mr. Oakley had repeated, year after year.

It seemed, however, that everything now promised well for a pleasant tour. Route, stopping places, excursions, had all been planned with wisdom and forethought, after much consultation of guide books and calculations, founded on figures from the pages of the Continental Bradshaw.

The young people—girls, I should say—had been eagerly calculating how much ground could be traversed in how little time.

Papa, with the wisdom born of years and travelled experience, left a reasonable margin of time for possible hindrances on the score of weather, or the temptation to linger a little on some specially attractive spot.

"I want to bring you back again looking brighter, stronger, and better, with mental furniture increased by observation. If you are to gather knowledge and store up pleasant memories, you must have time to look about you. Remember, girls, the question is not how much ground can be scampered over, and in how short a time, but how we can derive the greatest amount of healthful, innocent enjoyment from our wanderings? How we may not only make the pleasure our own for the time, but, by means of our happy memories, add to the cheerfulness of the stay-at-homes, by carrying them in imagination to our favourite resorts, without leaving their own firesides.

"I shall never forget," added Mr. Oakley, "the appearance of two married friends of mine on their return from a short tour in Switzerland. They had tried to 'do' the country in three weeks, and truly, you could hardly mention a place they had not passed through. The consequence of this rush over the length and breadth of the land was, that they knew almost nothing about its principal objects and places of interest. The husband looked twenty years older, and the wife, who left home comely and blooming, returned to it as haggard as a pictorial witch. Both were worn out with over-fatigue and constant excitement, and needed months of home quiet before they regained their normal condition as regarded health and good looks."

(N.B.—This bit of paternal wisdom is here inserted for the benefit of those misguided travellers, whose great desire is to speak of the number of places they have seen, and countries they have "done.")

To come back to the breakfast table and the letter.

Mr. Oakley opened it without any misgivings. It was in Aunt Lydia's well-known handwriting, and was expected to tell the train by which she intended to travel, and the probable hour of her arrival at Brinnington Hey. Instead of that, it brought the intelligence that the writer was on the point of setting out on a totally different journey. Her and Mr. Oakley's younger brother was dangerously ill. There was a large young family at his home, the last arrival being only three weeks old, and the mother not nearly strong enough to undertake her ordinary family duties, to say nothing of the extra cares entailed by sudden sickness.

So, as a matter of course, dear Aunt Lydia, who was invaluable alike in seasons of joy and sorrow, was appealed to, to come to the rescue.

What could she do? She had been scarcely less interested than the young people in the plans for the approaching tour, and to her, as to them, the disappointment would be very great, should these be overturned or deranged,

There was, however, no hesitation on her part when the news of her brother's illness reached Aunt Lydia. Before her letter was in Mr. Oakley's hands she would have taken her place, as everybody's helper and comforter, in the home where her presence was so imperatively needed.

Mr. Oakley positively shrank from proclaiming the sad tidings, and lingered over the missive long after he had mastered its contents. Mamma at length looked up inquiringly, and, receiving no immediate satisfaction, asked, "When are we to expect Aunt Lydia? I have promised that Jack and

Janet shall go in the carriage to meet her."

"I am afraid, my dear, that Lydia will not be able to come so soon as we expected. My brother Maurice is seriously ill, and as you know how things are just now, Lydia has felt it her duty to set off at once to help to nurse him and look after the family."

If there is one test of character more reliable than another, it is bad news. We see at once of what sort of stuff people are made by the way in which such intelligence is received and the consequent words and actions of the recipients.

The first thought of the selfish is, "How will this affect me? Will *my* comfort, means, or convenience be interfered with by what has happened?"

The loving, tender-hearted listener pictures at once the position of those who are most immediately concerned in what has happened, and by force of hearty sympathy suffers with them. Her thought is all for the troubled ones; "She weeps with those who weep."

The active and helpful ask themselves, "What can we do to dry the tears, or, sharing the burden, make it the lighter for the shoulders on which it is now pressing?" With them the feeling of sympathy produces active effort on behalf of the sufferers. Words and tears of pity will not suffice for such as these; their sympathy is satisfied with nothing less than personal effort.

Then there are the easy, good-natured hearers, who never feel very deeply what concerns themselves, and can, therefore, hardly be expected to trouble their minds much about what happens to others, and more especially the absent. They hope that all will turn out right in the end, say they are sorry in a decent sort of fashion, and then dismiss the whole thing from their minds as rapidly as possible.

These last are very much like the good-natured people, with plenty of money in their pockets, who subscribe to everything, not because they care a single pin about the work or the object to which the contribution is to be applied, but because they find it easier to give than to say no to a friend. As to the success of the sowers, or the harvest reaped from their labour of love, they neither give a thought to the one nor offer a prayer for the other.

There were hearers of all the above sorts amongst the family group round the Brinnington breakfast-table that morning.

Miss Cranswick was the first to express her views, and she did so, not a little to the surprise of her hearers.

"What a nuisance!" she exclaimed. "If people must be ill, I wish they would manage it so as not to inconvenience everybody else. But surely Aunt Lydia will not think of staying to nurse Uncle Maurice! She had promised to go to Fell Foot, and I do not see that she has any right to break one engagement of long standing to enter upon another. If it only concerned herself, it would be different; but there are more of us to be thought of besides Uncle and Aunt Maurice, with their tribe of children, sadly too many already. There is one comfort in it. She was not going with our party, and so our trip will not be interfered with."

Everybody turned with astonished looks to the speaker, hardly able to believe that, at such a time, self could so far assert its reign as to make a young girl forgetful of all beside. Forgetful of the father and active man of business taken from his work of bread winning, and laid prostrate and helpless; of the mother, in her weakness, rendered doubly hard to bear, because of the extra anxiety and call for additional strength to sustain it; of the troop of little ones, too young to be of much use, and wanting constant motherly supervision.

If Hilda thought of these at all, it was evidently only as so many possible hindrances in the way of her own pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Oakley were deeply distressed at the tidings received, and the latter even began to think if it would be possible for some new arrangement to be made, which would enable her to share the task of nursing and housekeeping with Aunt Lydia. But against this there was raised a chorus of dissenting voices.

Mamma needed rest and change, and must have them. "What could the young ones do?" was rather the question to be considered.

To give them justice, whilst feeling that all their delightful plans might be reversed, all their aerial castles demolished, no selfish remark issued from any lips save those of Hilda Cranswick.

Genuine sympathy was manifested in various ways.

In a thoughtful, manly fashion by Frank and Allan, the former being particularly alive to possible results, should the head of a large concern be long absent from his place.

Dorothy's tearful blue eyes told of the tender heart which realises the sorrows of the absent. Jack and Janet could hardly understand all the possibilities, but they were far from indifferent to the fact that Aunt Lydia was not coming, for one immediate disappointment awaited themselves. There would be no going in the landau to the station; no sitting on the box in turns and taking lessons in the art of driving a pair of horses, as they had hoped to do.

With the happy temperament of children they left all in papa's hands, and, with equally blessed faith in the paternal wisdom, felt sure that he would be able to make everything right somehow.

It would not, however, be true to assert that there was not a strong sense of disappointment in each young breast, and that the feeling was shared by the parents who realised, more fully than their children could do, the probable consequences of that innocent-looking letter.

They left the room in turns, that father, mother, and Frank might talk things over and decide for the rest.

Gladys was the last to go. She lingered a moment, however, until the rest were out of earshot, and then turning her sweet face towards her parents said, "Mother, if it is only a question of finding a companion for you in place of Aunt Lydia, there need be no difficulty. I will gladly—no, I should say, willingly—give up the Swiss tour and go with you and the children to Fell Foot."

The three hearers turned loving looks towards the good, true face of the girl who had so cheerfully and readily offered to fill the gap if, by a sacrifice of the long-anticipated tour, she could smooth the way for the others to enjoy it.

"That is like you, Gladys," said Allan, who thoroughly understood the sister between whom and himself there were close union and perfect confidence.

"I could not desire a better companion, my dear," replied Mrs. Oakley, "if I thought of myself only. But I know what the loss would be to others and your own disappointment if you were left behind."

"I do not pretend to say that I should be glad to stay behind, only willing. We have all reckoned so much on this trip. But it would be better for one to relinquish it than for all to suffer by what cannot be helped, and what we are so sorry for. And when they were once fairly off, I should settle down very happily at Fell Foot. With you, mother, I could not help it, though I might seem a little grumpy at first."

Gladys gave a little bright laugh as she suggested this possibility, but Mrs. Oakley shook her head.

"Ah, Sunny! you need not threaten me with a first dull chapter in our holiday annals. You would be sure to make any place bright. But I hope some plan may be devised to render your presence at Fell Foot unnecessary. Now go to the others, my dear. We shall not forget your proposal."

(*To be continued.*)

GRADUATES IN HOUSE-KEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

Meanwhile, how were Adrienne and her aristocratic father faring? Their fortunes had been more varied than Narcissa's, for after she left them the quiet little English town where they had settled for a time seemed intolerably dull, and they soon went abroad again. Moving from place to place, they presently lighted upon a little town in Normandy which seemed to suit them admirably. For here living was so inexpensive that Adrienne was no longer worried beyond endurance with the struggle to make both ends meet; and Mr. St. Adrian was happy in meeting with plenty of his fellow-countrymen, whom he was pleased to consider his equals in position. Some extracts from a letter from Adrienne to her sister at Spike House will tell us best of her welfare.

"Ouville. March 1st.

"My dear Cissa,—Many thanks for your nice long letter. You seem to be busy at any rate, which, I suppose, in Aunt Gwen's opinion, ought to constitute happiness for a right-minded girl. . . . .

"We are getting on very happily here in our little white cottage, and this is such a delightfully cheap place. Is it not dreadful of me, instead of being struck first of all by

the beauty or interest of a place, my first thought is always of the sordid kind! But you have not forgotten the old days yet, so you can excuse it.

"The people we mix with here are all, happily, in the same impecunious state as ourselves, though of course we none of us mention such vulgar facts, and all live here because we prefer Normandy to England. . . .

"You ask me to tell you any new ideas I pick up on domestic affairs, for the benefit of your most eccentric school. Perhaps I can give you a few new hints. Some of our friends here, who have lived a good deal in Russia, when they hand you tea also hand a plate with slices of lemon about the size of a crown piece. You take a piece of lemon and drop it in your tea instead of cream and sugar. It is rather sharp, certainly; but when you get used to it it is very refreshing, and improves and brings out the flavour of the tea.

"Everyone here lives on very light fare, at least so it seems to me after being accustomed for some months to the very substantial food of England. But I really like the light food better, and shall soon get into the way of making a hearty breakfast on an omelette, and dining fully on soup maigre and a salad.

"Our last new friends are an Italian family, who have introduced us to all sorts of cookery, new to me, which makes a great show, and, as they candidly admit, costs next to nothing where eggs and milk are plentiful, as they are here. They use cheese on all occasions, and I must tell you how to make a delicious cheese fondu, or puff, which they have constantly. They use the ordinary skim-milk cheeses, which, you remember, are so common everywhere on the Continent under different names. Our friends say they are quite as good for the purpose as the Parmesan cheese they have been accustomed to use in Italy, and I am sure the English or American cheese would do better still, as it is so much richer than either Parmesan or Normandy cheeses. If you find it too rich, try using half Cheddar and half Gruyère or Parmesan. This is the recipe for the fondu:—

"Put 2 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, a saltspoonful each of mustard and pepper, with a very little nutmeg and salt, into an enamelled stew-pan, with half a pint of milk. When the butter is melted add ¼lb of grated cheese, and three eggs, beaten up, yolks and whites (but if I were not in this land of plenty I should use egg powder instead; I have tried it and it does quite as well). It must be well stirred, till it is about the consistency of a soufflé, and quite smooth, but it must not boil. Then pour it either into small paper cases, or scallop shells, or small tins, or anything else you like, but they must not be filled too full, as the mixture rises a good deal; bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes.

"Another kind of fondu is prepared just in the same way as the last, only before putting in the eggs, add ¼lb of macaroni, which has been previously boiled and cut into pieces about an inch long.

"Either of these dishes are very nice after a little French dinner, or they would do for entrées at the vegetarian dinners you tell me you are going in for.

"Then there are two or three rather more substantial cheese puddings which they have taught me to make; we often have one for our déjeuner. This is one of them:—

"Six oz. of stale bread-crumbs, dried in the oven and pounded, 4 oz. of grated cheese, mixed with one well-beaten egg, a little salt, pepper, and mustard, 1 oz. of butter, and about half a pint of milk. Pour it into a dish, sprinkle a few more bread-crumbs over the top, and bake in a rather hot oven till it is a light brown. It takes about three-quarters of an hour.

"The other variety is made by soaking some slices of bread in milk, in which an egg has been beaten up. Put the bread in layers in a pie-dish, with grated cheese sprinkled thickly between each layer; when the dish is full pour the remainder of the milk over the top, but it must not be too moist; grate a very little nutmeg over it, and bake in a moderate oven.

"Of course, too, they always hand grated cheese to sprinkle over clear soups, as well as with soups thickened with tapioca, vermicelli, and such like; but you will remember that peculiarity from our old days in Italy. Nor need I remind you of cheese ramakins, and macaroni cheese, for if I remember rightly there are various recipes for both in all English cookery books; but I think it is a pity that they, the latter especially, should be used solely as a small item in the course of a long dinner, while they are quite sufficiently nourishing alone to form a luncheon, with the addition of fruit, or other similar light dishes.

"Father is very well and happy, for all the neighbours think him a prince in disguise; or at any rate he thinks they do, and that answers equally well."

Adrienne's letter came opportunely, just before Miss Down's promised lecture on cheese was given. Narcissa read some extracts from it aloud, and explained to the girls that dishes of this kind are much used in foreign countries, where people depend less upon meat than we do.

Miss Down then took up the question of the nutritious value of cheese, and informed her scholars that it is a very valuable article of food, because, like peas and beans, it contains a large proportion of a tissue and force or heat forming element, called "casein;" almost too much, in fact, and it needs to be eaten with fruit and vegetables, which contain but little. Further, it contains very little water, only about half as much as the average of meat. Cheese is unusually rich, too, in phosphate of lime, which is a valuable bone-making substance. The only objection to its constant use is that, uncooked, many persons find it indigestible, but this can be overcome in two ways; first, by cooking it in some of the methods already described; and secondly, adding carbonate of soda, which has the quality of dissolving casein, and thereby aiding in its digestion. These dishes can be made perfectly harmless, therefore, by the addition of a small quantity of carbonate of soda to the ingredients mentioned, about a teaspoonful to each half-pound of cheese used.

The rules Miss Down gave the girls for choosing cheese were that it should have a smooth skin, neither rough nor very dry, nor having cracks in it. No cheese should be bought which is much swollen, though on the other hand if it has sharp edges, and straight sides, not at all rounded, is certain to be poor. For the rest, tastes differ in cheeses as in everything else, and they should always be tasted before purchasing. For cooking in any way for which it has to be grated, a rather dry and not very rich cheese should be chosen, taking care, however, that there are no mites in it, and that it is not mouldy.

Miss Down always tried in her lessons to give the girls a little instruction suitable for the poor as well as the rich, and accordingly told them to try some experiments in economical cookery with cheese. Amongst other dishes, they made porridge of oatmeal, sago, or rice, with grated cheese stirred into it directly it was poured into the plates, also several varieties of the cheese pudding Narcissa had taught them; and a very substantial dish, suitable for working men—a cheese and potato pie. Cold boiled potatoes were mashed smooth, with a little milk or gravy, a small piece of butter or dripping, pepper and salt, and some grated cheese. A pie-dish was filled with this, the top smoothed over, and a few morsels of butter laid on, and then baked in the oven. The result was too substantial for any but hard workers, but several labouring men to whom they gave plates of this pie were warm in its praises. On several occasions, when there chanced to be remains of cold fish in the larder, this was taken off the bones and beaten up with the potatoes and milk, and added much to the savour of the dish.

The only cheese recipe for home use Miss Down gave them was one for an exceptionally nice macaroni cheese. The instructions were as follows:—

"Break some macaroni into pieces about two inches long, throw them into a saucepan of boiling water, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Drain it, and put it into another saucepan in which has been previously melted a little cheese, and a very small piece of butter, with some black pepper. Simmer the macaroni in this, with the addition of enough milk to keep it from becoming too stiff. Pour it into a dish, sprinkle a little more cheese over the top, and just brown in a hot oven, or with a salamander."

Meantime James had been getting on well, winning favour with the ladies and his fellow-servants too. They all liked his droll ways and his anxiety to please, while his truthfulness and efforts to overcome his faults all tended to make him a favourite. It is true that Green sometimes shook his head, saying that new brooms sweep clean, but Green was always known as a grumbler, and up to the present time nothing had occurred to shake confidence in Jim.

Now, however, something happened which considerably damped the regard in which he was held. Minnie Selby came running with tears in her eyes to Miss Gwen, to tell of the loss of a ring.

"You should not wear rings; I cannot bear to see them on young girls," said Miss Gwen, rather sharply.

"But it was the one papa gave me when he went back to India," said Minnie, crying outright.

"Then you should not have left it about," replied Miss Gwen, still unsoftened. "How did it happen?"

Minnie explained that whilst practising before breakfast she took her ring off and laid it on the piano, fancying she played more freely without it. When James came in to dust the room she went away, and forgot the ring till after breakfast, when she thought of it, and ran at once to the music room, but no ring was to be seen. Further inquiries from the servants and others elicited that no one had entered the room in the interval excepting James. Everyone knew his unconquerable propensity for pocketing any trifles that took his fancy, and no one doubted him to be the delinquent. But to the surprise of everybody he persistently denied the theft. Minnie repeated her tale, and was quite certain of having placed it on the little ledge above the key-board. Someone suggested that the playing had jerked it off, for Minnie's was a spirited, not to say thundering, style of performance. The floor was thoroughly searched, and the front of the piano taken out, though there was no crack down which the ring could possibly have slipped. But all in vain, and suspicion thus fixed itself immovably on Jim. Ruth Stanley had always been his particular friend and instructress, and if anyone could influence him it was she. So at Miss Gwen's request she took him alone for a quiet talk, but all to no purpose—he still denied it.

"Don't be afraid of confessing, Jim," she pleaded, "you have met with nothing but kindness here, and I can promise that this will make no difference if you will restore the ring, and promise not to steal again."

"I can't say no more than wot I've said, miss, which is that I never even seen it, so there!"

"I never knew you tell an untruth before, Jim," said Ruth, sighing sadly.

"No, nor I ain't telling a lie now, neither. I'll tell you what it is, miss; I wish I had a taken of it, that I do, and then it would have saved us all this bother. But I ain't goin' to tell no lie about it, not even to please you, miss."

The affair was quite a trouble at Spike House. Ruth and a few others still trusted that Jim would come to a better mind, and confess his fault, but all looked a little coldly on him, and there were many expressions of surprise that Miss Gwen did not send him away at once.

(*To be continued.*)

ESTHER.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

WHEN Mr. Lucas took me to mother, she kissed me and shed abundance of tears.

"Oh, my darling, if only your poor father could know of this," she whispered; and when Uncle Geoffrey's turn came he seemed almost as touched.

"What on earth are we to do without you, child?" he grumbled, wiping his eyeglasses. "There, go along with you. If ever a girl deserved a good husband and got it, you are the one."

"Yes, indeed," sighed mother; "Esther is everyone's right hand." But Mr. Lucas sat down by her side and said something so kind and comforting that she soon grew more cheerful, and I went up to Carrie.

She was resting a little in the twilight, and I knelt down beside her and hid my face on her shoulder, and now the happy tears would find a vent.

"'WHAT, LITTLE WIFE, STILL SCRIBBLING?'"

"Why, Esther—why, my dear, what does this mean?" she asked, anxiously; and then, with a sudden conviction dawning on her, she continued in an excited voice—"Mr. Lucas is here; he has been saying something, he—he." And then I managed somehow to stammer out the truth.

"I am so happy, but you will miss me so dreadfully, darling, and so will Dot and mother." But Carrie took me in her arms and silenced me at once.

"We are all happy in your happiness; you shall not shed a tear for us, not one. Do you know how glad I am, how proud I feel that he should think so highly of my precious sister! Where is he? Let me get up that I may welcome my new brother. So you and your dear Ruth will be sisters," she said, rallying me in her gentle way, and that made me smile and blush. How good Carrie was that evening! Mr. Lucas was quite touched by her few sweet words of welcome, and mother looked quite relieved at the sight of her bright face.

"What message am I to take to Ruth?" he said to me, as we stood together in the porch later on that evening.

"Give her my dear love, and ask her to come to me," was my half-whispered answer; and as I went to bed that night Carrie's words rang in my ears like sweetest music—"You and Ruth will be sisters."

But it was Allan who was my first visitor. Directly Uncle Geoffrey told him what had happened, he put on his broad-brimmed straw hat, and leaving Uncle Geoffrey to attend to the patients, came striding down to the cottage.

He had burst open the door and caught hold of me before I could put down Dot's lesson-book. The little fellow looked up amazed at his radiant face.

"What a brick you are, Esther, and what a brick he is!" fairly hugging me. "I never was so pleased at anything in my life; hurrah for Mr. Lucas at The Cedars!" And Allan threw up his hat and caught it. No wonder Dot looked mystified.

"What does he mean?" asked the poor child; "and how hot you look, Essie."

"Listen to me, Frankie," returned Allan, sitting down by Dot. "The jolliest thing in the world has happened. Esther has made her fortune; she is going to have a good husband and a rich husband, and one we shall all like, Dot; and not only that but she will have a dear little daughter as well."

Dot fairly gasped as he looked at us both, and then he asked me rather piteously if Allan was telling him a funny story to make him laugh.

"Oh, no, dear Dot," I whispered, bringing my face on a level with his, and bravely disregarding Allan's quizzical looks. "It is quite true, darling, although it is so strange I hardly know how to believe it myself. But one day I am going to The Cedars."

"To live there? to leave us? Oh, Essie!" And Dot's eyes grew large and mournful.

"Mr. Lucas wants me and Flurry. Oh, my darling, forgive me!" as a big tear rolled down his cheek. "I shall always love you, Dot; you will not lose me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what am I to say to him, Allan?"

"You will not love me the most any longer, Essie." And as I took him in my arms and kissed him passionately, his cheek felt wet against mine.

"Oh, Frankie, fie, for shame!" interrupted Allan. "You have made Esther cry, and just now, when she was so happy. I did not think you were so selfish."

But I would not let him go on. I knew where the pain lay. Dot was jealous for the first time in his life, and for a long time he refused to be comforted.

Allan left us together by-and-by, and I took my darling on my lap, and listened to his childish exposition of grief and the recital of grievances that were very real to him. How Flurry would always have me, and he (Dot) would be dull and left out in the cold. How Mr. Lucas was a very nice man; but he was so old, and he did not want him for a brother—indeed, he did not want a brother at all. He had Allan and that big, stupid Fred—for Dot for once in his sweet life was decidedly cross. And then he confided to me that he loved Carrie very much, but not half so well as he loved me. He wished Mr. Lucas had taken her instead. She was very nice and pretty and all that, and why hadn't he?

But here I thought it high time to interpose.

"But, Dot, I should not have liked that at all. And I am so happy," I whispered.

"You love him—that old, old man, Essie!" in unmitigated astonishment.

"He is not old at all," I returned, indignantly; for, in spite of his iron-grey hair, Mr. Lucas could hardly be forty, and was still a young-looking man. Dot gave a wicked little smile at that. In his present mood he rather enjoyed vexing me.

I got him in a better frame of mind by-and-by. I hardly knew what I said; but I kissed him and cried, and told him how unhappy he made me, and how pleased mother and Carry and Jack were; and after that he left off saying sharp things, and treated me to a series of penitent hugs, and promised that he would not be cross with "my little girl," Flurry; for after that day he always persisted in calling her "my little girl."

Dot had been a little exhausting, so I went down to the bench near the fernery to cool myself and secure a little quiet, and there Ruth found me. I saw her coming over the grass with outstretched hands and such a smile on her dear face; and though I was so shy that I could scarcely greet her, I could feel, by the way she kissed me, how glad—how very glad—she was.

"Dear Esther! My dear new sister!" she whispered.

"Oh, Ruth, is it true?" I returned, blushing. "Last night it seemed real, but this morning I feel half in a dream. It will do me good to know that you are really pleased about this."

"Can you doubt it, dearest?" she returned, reproachfully. "Have you not grown so deep into our hearts that we cannot tear you out if you would. You are necessary to all of us, Esther—to Flurry and me; and as to Giles——"

But I put my hand on her lips to stop her. It was sweet, and yet it troubled me, to know what he thought of me; but Ruth would not be stopped.

"He came home so proud and happy last night, "She has accepted me, Ruth," he said, in such a pleased voice, and then he had told me what you had said about being so young and inexperienced."

"That was my great fear," I replied, in a low voice.

"Your youth is a fault that will mend," she answered, quaintly. "I wish I could remember Giles's rhapsody—'So true, so unselfish, so womanly and devoted.' By-the-bye, I have forgotten to give you his message; he will be here this afternoon with Flurry."

We talked more soberly after a time, and the sweet golden forenoon wore away, as we sat there looking at the cool green fronds of the ferns before us, with mother's bees humming about the roses. There was summer over the land and summer in my heart, and above us the blue open sky of God's Providence enfolding us.

I was tying up the rose in the porch, when I saw Mr. Lucas and Flurry crossing the common. Dot, who was helping me, grew a little solemn all at once.

"Here is your little girl, Essie," he said, very gravely. My dear boy, how could he?

"Oh, Esther," she panted, for she had broken away from her father at the sight of us, "Auntie has told me you are going to be my own mamma, in place of poor mamma who died. I shall call you mammy. I was lying awake ever so long last night, thinking which name it should be, and I like that best."

"You shall call me what you like, dear Flurry, but I am only Esther now."

"Yes, but you will be mammy soon," she returned, nodding her little head sagely. "Mamma was such a grand lady; so big and handsome, she was older, too——" But here Mr. Lucas interrupted us.

Dot received him in a very dignified manner.

"How do you do?" he said, putting out his mite of a hand, in such an old-fashioned way. I could see Mr. Lucas's lip curl with secret amusement, and then he took the little fellow in his arms.

"What is the matter, Dot? You do not seem half pleased to see me this afternoon. I suppose you are very angry with me for proposing to take Esther away. Don't you want an old fellow like me to be your brother?"

Dot's face grew scarlet. Truth and politeness were sadly at variance, but at last he effected a compromise.

"Esther says you are not so very old, after all," he stammered.

"Oh, Esther says that, does she?" in an amused voice.

"Father is not old at all," interrupted Flurry, in a cross voice.

"Never mind, so that Esther is satisfied," returned Mr. Lucas, soothingly; "but as Flurry is going to be her little girl, you must be my little boy, eh, Dot?"

"I am Esther's and Allan's little boy," replied Dot, rather ungraciously. We had spoiled our crippled darling amongst us, and had only ourselves to blame for his little tempers.

"Yes, but you must be mine too," he replied, still more gently; and then he whispered something into his ear. I saw Dot's sulky countenance relax, and a little smile chase away his frown, and in another moment his arms closed round Mr. Lucas's neck; the reconciliation was complete.

What a happy autumn that was! But November found us strangely busy, for we were preparing for my wedding. We were married on New Year's Day, when the snow lay on the ground. A quiet, a very quiet wedding it was. I was married in my travelling dress, at Giles's expressed wish, and we drove straight from the church door to the station, for we were to spend the first few weeks in Devonshire.

Dear Jessie, my old schoolmate, was my only bridesmaid; for Carrie would not hear of fulfilling that office on her crutches.

I have a vague idea that the church was very full, and I have a misty recollection of Dot, with very round eyes, standing near Allan; but I can recall no more, for my thoughts were engaged by the solemn vows we were exchanging.

Three weeks afterwards, and we were settled in the house that was to be mine for so many happy years; but never shall I forget the sweetness of that home-coming. Dear Ruth welcomed us on the threshold, and then took my hand and Giles's, and led us into the bright, firelit room. Two little faces peeped at us from the curtained recess, and there were Dot and Flurry. I had them both in my arms at once. I would not let Giles have Flurry at first till he threatened to take Dot.

Oh, how happy we were! Ruth made tea for us, and I sat in my favourite low chair. The children scrambled up on Giles's knee, and he peeped at me between their eager faces; but I was quite content to let them engross him; it was pleasure enough for me to watch them.

"Why, how grand you look, Essie!" Dot said at last. "Your fingers are twinkling with green and white stones, and your dress rustles like old Mrs. Jameson's."

"'And she shall walk in silk attire,
And siller have to spare,'"

sang Giles. "Never mind Dot, Esther. Your brave attire suits you well."

"She looks very nice," put in Ruth, softly; "but she is our dear old Esther all the same."

"Nonsense, auntie," exclaimed Flurry, in her sharp little voice. "She is not Esther any longer; she is my dear new mammy." At which we all laughed.

I was always mammy to Flurry, though my other darlings called me mother; for before many years were over I had Dots of my own—dear little fat Winnie, her brother Harold, and baby Geoffrey—to whom Ruth was always "auntie," or "little auntie," as my mischievous Harold called her.

As the years passed on there were changes at Eltham Cottage—some of them sad and some of them pleasant, after the bitter-sweet fashions of life.

The first great sorrow of my married life was dear mother's death. She failed a little after Harold's birth, and, to my great grief, she never saw my baby boy, Geoffrey. A few months before he came into the world she sank peacefully and painlessly to rest. Fred came up to the funeral, and stayed with Allan; he had grown a long beard, and looked very manly and handsome. His pictures were never accepted by the hanging committee, and after a few years he grew tired of his desultory work, and thankfully accepted a post Giles had procured for him in the Colonies. After this he found his place in life, and settled down, and when we last heard from him he was on the eve of marriage with a Canadian girl. He sent us her photograph, and both Giles and I approved of the open, candid face and smiling brown eyes, and thought Fred had done well for himself.

Allan was a long time making his choice; but at last it fell on our new vicar's daughter, Emily Sherbourne; for, three years after our marriage, Mr. Smedley had been attacked by sudden illness, which carried him off.

How pleased I was when Allan told me that he and Emmie had settled it between them. She was such a sweet girl; not pretty, but with a lovable, gentle face, and she had such simple kindly manners, so different from the girls of the present day, who hide their good womanly hearts under such abrupt loud ways. Emily, or, as we always called her, Emmie, was not clever, but she suited Allan to a nicety. She was wonderfully amiable, and bore his little irritabilities with the most placid good humour; nothing put her out, and she believed in him with a credulity that amused Allan largely; but he was very proud of her, and they made the happiest couple in the world, with the exception of Giles and me.

Carrie lost her lameness, after all; but not until she had been up to London and had undergone skilful treatment under the care of a very skilful physician. I shall always remember Dot's joy when she took her first walk without her crutches. She came down to The Cedars with Jack, now a fine well-grown girl, and I shall never forget her sweet April face of smiles and tears.

"How good God has been to me, Essie," she whispered, as we sat together under the cedar tree, while Jack ran off for her usual romp with Winnie and Harold. "I have just had to lie quiet until I learnt the lesson He wanted me to learn years ago, and now He is making me so happy, and giving me back my work."

It was just so; Carrie had come out of her painful ordeal, strengthened and disciplined, and fit to teach others. No longer the weak dreamy girl, who stretched out over-eager hands for the work God in His wise providence withheld from her, she had emerged from her enforced retirement a bright helpful woman, who carried about her a secret fund of joy, of which no earthly circumstances would deprive her.

"My sweet sister, Charity," Allan called her, and the poor of Milnthorpe had reason to bless her; for early and late she laboured among them, tending the sick and dying, working often at Allan's side among his poorer patients.

At home she was Uncle Geoffrey's comfort, and a most sweet companion for him and Jack. As for Dot, he lived almost entirely at The Cedars. Giles had grown very fond of him, and we neither of us could spare him. They say he will always be a cripple; but what does that matter, when he spends day after day so happily in the little room Giles has fitted up for him. We believe, after all, Dot will be an artist. He has taken a lifelike portrait of my Harold that has delighted Giles, and he vows that he shall have all the advantages he can give him; for Giles is very rich—so rich that I almost tremble at the thought of our responsibilities; only I know my husband is a faithful steward, and makes a good use of his talents. Carrie is his almoner, and sometimes I work with her. There are some almshouses which Giles is building in which I take great interest, and where I mean to visit the old people, with Winnie trotting by my side.

Just now Giles came in heated and tired. "What, little wife, still scribbling?"

"Wait a moment, dear Giles," I replied. "I have just finished."

And so I have—the few scanty recollections of Esther Cameron's life.

GLASS PAINTING.

THE USE OF COLOURED ENAMELS IN GLASS PAINTING.

FIG. 1.

We have hitherto confined our attention to the treatment of glass in the browns and silver stain, and it will be as well here to say a few words on colouring glass by means of enamels. As we have before pointed out, the only stain that can be applied to glass after it is made is that produced by nitrate of silver, which, at a certain temperature, colours the body of the glass itself. All other colours, whether of the nature of tracing colours, such as ancient, umber, vandyke brown, or black, or the coloured enamels or fluxes, are merely fused to the surface of the glass, and in no chemical sense become part of the glass itself.

Glass is coloured in its molten state with the oxides of certain metals, and the finest coloured windows are those produced by binding the pieces of various tints together, the only colours employed being the browns and yellow stains. Windows coloured by the use of various pieces of divers tints, fitted together something like a child's puzzle, are called "mosaic" windows, and can only be treated in a broad manner, and the subjects must be designed with special reference to the lead lines, and hence only comparatively large subjects can be wrought in this way. For a long time small subjects were traced in the brown colour on panels of white glass, and shaded with thin washes of the brown colour, and merely stained yellow. But after a time artists began to enhance their small subjects with blue enamel, then green, ruby, and other colours were employed, until pictures almost as elaborate as those painted on pottery or porcelain were wrought on glass.

The Dutch and Germans in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were noted for these small enamel windows, often containing in the space of a square foot several subjects, usually taken from sacred history, and painted with great skill and elaboration. But, besides these figure subjects, heraldic designs were very successfully treated in enamel colours, this class of design lending itself to this method of treatment perhaps better than any other. It must be confessed that these old enamelled windows have a peculiar charm of their own, and it must likewise be conceded that they were wrought by artists who knew exactly what best to do with the material they worked in.

It may be as well to mention here that this enamelled glass entirely superseded the old leaded stained glass which made our churches and cathedrals so magnificent in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and part of the sixteenth centuries, and for nearly 250 years in this country stained glass windows ceased to be produced. As long as enamelled glass was confined to small subjects and heraldry no harm was done, but when glass painters attempted to paint large windows by means of coloured enamels laid over the surface of white glass, the art of stained glass painting rapidly decayed, and for a long time remained dead, until revived some forty years ago by the exertions of a few men, foremost among them being Mr. Charles Winston, who examined the remains of old glass in our ecclesiastical buildings, had some fragments of old stained glass analysed, and slowly and with infinite trouble we have retraced our steps back some 400 years, to the time when the art of staining glass and combining it into windows was most successfully practised.

It may be asked how should the employment of enamels on glass have led to the decay of genuine glass painting. The answer is not perhaps obvious to those who have not troubled to compare windows of various periods and styles; but we will endeavour to explain the cause, as it will materially help the subject we have under consideration. The chief beauty of the old stained-glass windows is their colour, and the art of the glass painter was to combine the various pieces of coloured glass into a harmonious and appropriate design.

FIG. 3.

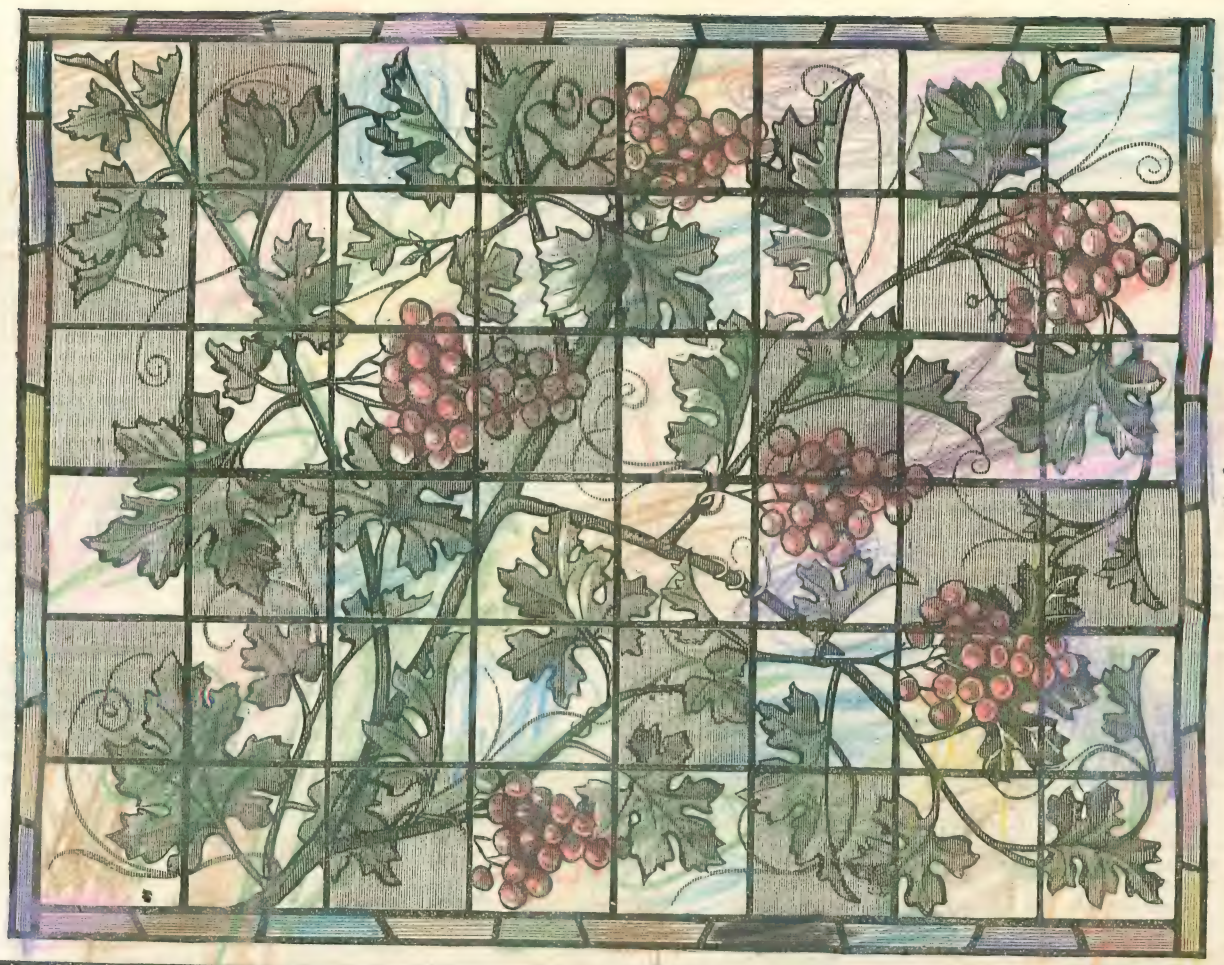


FIG. 2.

FIG. 4.

Colour can only be given to glass in its molten state if it is to retain its gemlike beauties of transparency and translucence. Glass coloured by means of enamel is dull, flat, and opaque compared to "stained" glass, and the "gem like" qualities in the old windows, which makes them still so beautiful, are entirely wanting in enamelled windows; for the most beautiful enamels made cannot have the same transparency as glass coloured through its entire substance. As long as the enamels were employed in small masses, as they were in the small subjects and heraldic devices of the old German glass painters, no harm was done, but when men proceeded to fit church windows with these painted windows, they were setting up a false art in place of the one they dethroned. Such windows are dark and gloomy and funereal. Enamels are quite legitimate when used appropriately and sparingly, and we will now give a few hints on how best to employ them.

The old German painters were very careful to outline their work in tracing brown, and to produce a good solid finished effect in this way before proceeding to use the enamels; just as though we drew in a design in Indian ink, filling all the portions that are to tell dark, and getting the finished effect as far as possible in the black, leaving certain portions that are to be emphasised with colour quite plain. In addition to this they used the silver stain very largely, and by this means confined their enamels to small portions of the design, often in greater position to parts made dark with the tracing colour, for they were not afraid of using this in good solid patches; and thus the enamels had almost the appearance of gems in dark surroundings. They restricted the enamels usually to blue, green, and ruby, though they had two or three different tints of each of the two former colours. Glass enamels can be had ground up in oil in tubes like Lacroix's china colours, and are about the same price, varying from sixpence to a shilling each.

There are other makers besides Lacroix, but I have found from experience that his are as good as any, and, being in tubes ready ground, are much handier to use. I find the following selection sufficient for all practical purposes.

Bleu fin No. 1 makes good greys when used thinly without stain, and with stain cold greens can be used thicker for deeper tints, but is apt to look crude if employed on large surfaces.

Vert intense, No. 6 transparent, makes good rich greens with stain, and without bright greens. Can be tried with Brun M.

Rouge feu and orange red, good for autumnal leaves, as with stain produces good orange tints.

Rouge chair foncé, deeper and more laky in tone than the last. Useful for colouring fruit, drapery, etc. Both these reds can be used thinly for flesh.

Brun M is useful for drapery, shading, toning greens and reds.

Brun No. 2 foncé for deep markings, solid bits of colour, stems of trees.

To these might be added black, transparent yellow for lightening greens, deep purple, intense transparent blue-green, and if on the test palette there is any colour that seems very nice you might add it to your list. I have endeavoured to give the fewest colours possible, because too great an assortment is both expensive and bewildering. Great variety can be obtained by judicious mixing, and by using the stain at the back of the glass.

It is advisable, whoever maker's colours you employ, to try them on a piece of plain glass, so that when you come to use them you have some idea of what the ultimate effect will be; for glass colours, like all vitrifiable colours, often undergo a considerable change in baking. If you buy enamel colours in powder you must mix them in turpentine and fat oil, as in ordinary china painting, taking care of course not to use the fat oil too lavishly. The colours in the tubes merely want thinning with ordinary turpentine.

Now for a few hints as to the best method of using glass enamels, and the sort of effects most suitable for their employment. The design should be firmly outlined with either "tracing" or "ancient brown," mixed with water and sugar, as described in first article. In the case of leaves, in addition to the outline, you want to put in the characteristic markings, such as the principal veins, and I find it a good plan to wash in the shadows also with brown. I generally outline the forms, first of all, of the whole design, without troubling about the details; and when this is done go over the work, supplying the marking and other characteristic touches, putting them in a free and more or less sketchy manner. Let your colour be thin, and allow it to flow freely from the brush, and, as before observed, make it indicate the shadows and strong touches, as well as the details of the forms. These shadow washes must not be too dark or the design will appear heavy. The advantage of doing as much with the tracing colour as possible is that it saves your after-work, all you have to do then being to use your enamel colours as thin washes over the tracing colour; for the ancient brown being mixed with water and sugar, is unaffected by turpentine. The glass enamels must on no account be painted on too thickly, otherwise they turn opaque and heavy. Lay them on in broad washes with a full brush, and keep them as even as possible. To this end do not let the brush marks show more than you can help. If you want to get one side of a leaf rather richer in colour after the first coat is dry, go over it again; by this means you get on an extra thickness of colour, being careful to avoid disturbing the first tint.

The colours must not be made too thin, or you will not get a sufficient body of colour on the glass. There is, unfortunately, a tendency to crudeness in the glass colours, which, unless guarded against, is very painful, and is really the reason why so many glass painters avoid their use. To obviate this defect I use the yellow stain at the back of the glass as far as possible. In fact, the better plan is to stain your glass as though you were not going to enamel it, and use the colours merely to enhance the effect of the stain. A great variety of tints can be obtained by using the stain in various degrees of strength, or the same stain on in the thinnest wash, where the colours are to tell lightly, and darker where the effect of colour is to be richer. You can really get some splendid tints by colouring in front of stain, for, as has been stated in a former article, the stain must be kept at the back of the glass, and never come in contact with any of the colours. The expression "with stain" always means the stain used at the back of the glass, and never mixed with the enamels. A wash of blue over white glass gives a soft grey tint, and white flowers may be shaded in this way, and if thin stain be employed in addition, some charming tints can be obtained. To produce a good orange tint, red in front of stain will give it; and, in painting apples, pomegranates, or autumnal leaves, combinations of red or brown, and stain in varying degrees of strength, are very effective. I would not advise, except under strong temptation, the use of enamels as backgrounds. If employed to cover large surfaces, their effect is weak, cold, and altogether unsatisfactory.

If you want a background to throw up white flowers or some light object, use a thin tint of amber brown, or, better still, yellow stain. Suppose, for instance, you were painting a long, narrow panel of white lilies as in Fig. 1. The flowers, to make them effective, want relieving in some way, and the best plan is to stain all around the flowers, and graduate it off as you work towards the bottom, until the stain loses itself among the leaves. And this brings us to the question of the kind of designs best adapted for this sort of glass painting. In the way of figures, little more need be said, as we touched on that in the earlier part of the article. Prints of these old Germany figures can be bought for a few pence per sheet at many stationers' shops. Subjects after the style of Walter Crane's and Caldecott's picture books would also be effective if properly treated. If your space to fill with glass is large and comes near the eye, it is better to use a number of small subjects distributed over the space than one large one. In the case of foliage and flowers, it greatly depends upon the shape of the window and the style of design adopted. For narrow, upright panels, such as are frequently seen at the side of hall doors, flowers like the lily, iris, yellow flag, are effective. If your glass is cut up into squares you can treat it with a design running over it, without reference to the lead lines, and then such growths as the vine, Fig. 2, blackberry, wild rose, and clematis can be employed if treated in a somewhat conventional or ornamental manner. We may remind our readers that all designs for glass should be of this character, as glass painting is a very different kind of art to water-colour drawing. In glass painting you want to suggest the plant you select as your *motif*, and bearing this in mind throughout your work you will only endeavour to indicate the colours of nature, and in no way attempt to imitate them. You cannot paint pictures on glass if you try, for the effects, easily obtainable in oil or water-colour, cannot possibly be produced with enamel colours on a transparent body like glass. After all, painted glass should not wholly obscure the light, and the decoration should just enrich the window, without giving the appearance of heaviness or gloom. Light, delicate designs and not too crowded are the best. The illustrations accompanying this article will, it is hoped, assist the reader in understanding these few remarks. We must reserve our remarks on the Mosaic style of glass painting for a future article.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1 shows the treatment of lily, suitable for the side of doorway. The whole design is traced strongly in brown. The background is stained to throw up lilies, and is graduated off towards the bottom. The leaves are both stained and enamelled; the buds and flowers might be shaded thinly with blue. The pot is intended to be cut out of a grey glass, and the fish are merely traced; and the background of conventional water is both traced and stained, so as to throw the fish into relief. Stain at the back of grey glass produces extraordinary tints. It is not advisable to have the glass in too large pieces, hence the two lead lines running across the panel. The inner line of dark glass would look well in varied coloured low-toned greens, the outer line tinted white. We may here note that narrow strips of glass at the outside of windows are technically known as "lines."

Fig. 2 shows a window composed of squares of light glass, treated with an all-over pattern. This is a most effective way of painting glass, and when well done has a particularly rich and varied appearance. It will be noted that some of the squares of glass are tinted. It looks much better to have the squares cut out of various tinted "whites," than all out of the same colour.

Fig. 3 shows the treatment of a panel of glass for "stain" and enamels. It was one of four panels drawn to suggest the seasons, this one being autumn, and they were de-

signed expressly for the use of enamels, and the treatment of the apple is consequently rather more natural than it would have been if it were to be stained only.

Fig. 4 is given to show the sort of treatment of figures for enamelled glass. It forms part of a procession, the figures of which were drawn by Mr. Ryland, and requires little comment. The figures should be solidly outlined, and they can then be enhanced with stain and enamels. The walk at the back should be traced thinly in ancient brown, and matted over with umber brown, leaving the flowers white. The legs of the second figure and dress of the third figure might be left white, as the wall being tinted will throw them up sufficiently.

FRED MILLER.

A FEW HINTS ON NURSING.

By A HOSPITAL NURSE.

II.

Now as to a few of the accidents which we may come across. Suppose a neighbour was to faint away: are there many young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who would know what to do? Supposing the patient faints in a chair, there is a quick way of restoration which you probably would not think of for yourself. It is to draw the head forward towards the knees. Another way is to lay the patient flat. On no account raise the head of a person who has fainted; it is simply the worst thing you can do. The reason of this is that fainting is caused by there being too little blood in the head, and the object is to get it back again. You can see that if you raise the head it helps to keep the blood away. Loosen any tight clothing, especially about the chest and throat; a little water given to drink as the patient's senses return, will help recovery, but there is no object in drenching a person, as is sometimes done. Sal volatile, or smelling salts, may be used if they are at hand, but the patient will generally come round without much difficulty if placed in a proper position, and given plenty of air. Do not let people crowd round a fainting person. Anyone who is not of use had much better keep quite away. If you are alone with someone who faints do not be frightened; generally it does not signify much.

If, however, you should see a person become insensible with flushed and purplish face and heavy breathing, this is another matter, and may be very serious indeed. In this case get a doctor as soon as possible, and in the meantime raise the patient's head, as there is too much blood to it; bathe it with cold water, unfasten any tight clothing, and put hot bottles to the feet. If you have not got a regular tin or jar, an ordinary glass wine bottle will do. The water, of course, must not be so hot as to crack it, and the cork must be carefully tied in. The bottle ought also to be wrapped in something to keep it from slipping about. One should never make these heaters so hot as to hurt the patient, and this caution is specially necessary if he is insensible. In any case I would put the sheet at least between the bottle and the skin.

I suppose all of us some time in our lives come in contact with hysterical people, and though we may be very sorry for them, and not like to seem harsh or unkind, yet we must remember in dealing with them that humouring and coaxing them is the very way to make them worse. I should not like to say that hysteria is all nonsense—I have, unfortunately, seen too much of it for that—but I am sure if a girl has self-control, and her friends do not make her worse by mistaken indulgence, a great deal can be done to shake it off when it begins. A girl gets low-spirited and miserable for no particular reason, mopes about, takes whims and fancies about her food, and about her family, imagines that certain people have taken a dislike to her or takes herself an unfounded dislike to someone, feels inclined to cry if anyone speaks to her, more especially if that person speaks kindly. I entreat of you, girls, if any of you ever have these or kindred feelings, do your very best to fight against them and shake them off. There are few women who have not had some of them at one time or another. If you knew what they may lead to, making you a burthen to yourself and to all around you, I think you would struggle hard to get rid of them. They are caused partly by disease, I know, but it is a disease which the sufferer can do much to remedy. Having plenty to do is a very good cure. If you are with a person who is hysterical, and can succeed in making her a little bit angry with you, you will be treating her far more kindly than if you coax and humour her.

If you happen to have the care of a person recovering from ether or chloroform you must not be caressing in your manner. I remember the first time I was set to watch such a patient, an experienced nurse saying to me, "Now, when she comes to, whatever you do, don't speak kindly to her." This sounded very cruel about a poor creature who had just gone through a severe operation, and I felt relieved when the nurse came back before the girl had recovered her senses, so that I could watch her and see what she really meant. Very soon I saw the wisdom of her directions. Sometimes after chloroform people are inclined to cry, then if you coax them it makes them ten times worse. Sometimes they say queer things before they are quite restored—of course, unconsciously. I remember once hearing of a girl saying, "Oh, I can't bear that So-and-so," meaning the house-surgeon, who, unfortunately, was standing at the foot of her bed at the time.

Bleeding from the nose is a common accident, which is often made far worse than it need be by improper treatment. Holding the head down over a basin is the very way to increase the flow which you wish to check. In a case of this kind let the patient lie down flat, and draw up the arms above the head. Apply a door-key or smoothing-iron, or anything cold to the back of the neck—an ice-bag is often used in hospital. These simple remedies generally give relief, but there are cases where the nostrils have to be plugged by a surgeon. If the bleeding goes on long you should send for one.

In an ordinary cut if you press tightly on it with your finger, or hold something firmly against it, the bleeding will generally stop sufficiently to let you tie it up. If you cut your finger, hold it up; do not let it hang down. The same way with your arm or leg. Raise the bleeding part, and hold something, say a piece of folded linen, against it. Cold helps to stop bleeding, as it closes the vessels; a piece of ice, if it can be had, laid over a trifling cut, will stop it directly. If, however, it is a bad gash, and you see the blood, of a scarlet colour, spouting out in jets, send for a surgeon at once, and, in the meantime, tie something firmly round *above* the place, and hold a little pad of linen over the cut with your thumb. I remember reading a story of a girl who was at work in a hay-field with several other people, when a man gave himself a severe cut with a scythe. While some of the neighbours ran for a doctor, she snatched off her garter and tied it tightly above the wound, thus probably saving the man from bleeding to death.

Don't be frightened if you see blood. In fact, those three words, "Don't be frightened," contain a very important lesson for a nurse, and women who are not naturally timid have a great start of others who are so. Still, as we go on, if we learn to forget ourselves in the interests of our patients, we learn to forget our fears too. If, however, you do scream or faint at the sight of blood, you had much better keep out of the way when there is an accident. If we are not of any use ourselves, at least we need not hinder the usefulness of others.

I think one has to go into hospital to learn the value of ice. I have told you it will stop bleeding; in cases of vomiting, too, ice will sometimes stay down when nothing else will. In vomiting blood, which is not a pleasant accident to witness, little pieces of ice are sometimes given to the patient to suck, also in blood-spitting when in any quantity. It sometimes gives relief in the latter case when applied to the chest or between the shoulders. An ice-bag laid on the lower part of the body may help to check the bleeding from the bowels in typhoid fever.

A small piece of ice in milk makes it a very pleasant drink for an invalid, whereas milk alone will make him thirsty. I have often put this to the proof. If I had no ice, and was giving a patient milk to drink, I should add a little water to it.

The worst of ice is, however, that valuable as it is, it is not at all easy to keep. If you want it to last any time you must let the water drain away from it, otherwise it will melt directly. In some hospitals it is wrapped in flannel and kept in a box with a false bottom formed of wooden bars, through which the water drains, and is carried away through a little spout. In a private house I should make a flannel bag for ice, and hang it up to drip, in the coolest place I could find. The best way to break it is to get a moderately-fine needle, and drive it in with a thimble on your forefinger. This way makes no noise for one thing, and you can break off as much or as little as you want. If you use a hammer you will probably waste a good deal. An easy way to make an ice-bag to apply to a patient is to soften a bladder in hot water, and put some broken pieces into it; when the ice is melted it is of use no longer. A bag of this kind down the back was an old-fashioned remedy for sea-sickness. To keep ice at the bedside tie a piece of flannel loosely over a bowl, and lay the pieces on it so that the meltings can drain away. It lasts thus a great deal longer than it does if you lay it in a saucer, and let it melt in the water. In Germany ice is often used as linseed poultices are here. It sounds rather cold comfort.

Burns and scalds are very common accidents, and the sooner they are attended to the better. Dust the injured skin thickly over with flour. In slight cases this gives relief at once. Of course, for a bad burn you must have a doctor's advice, but I would use flour at any rate, and lay a piece of old linen over it. Blisters, if they rise, may be let out with a needle, but be careful not to tear the skin. Carron-oil, a mixture of lime-water and oil, first used at the Carron Ironworks, is a very common dressing for burns. It is a useful thing to have in the house in case of accident; lint or old linen is steeped in it, and laid over the place; cotton-wool is apt to stick on burns. These injuries are generally very painful. In a severe burn this is a favourable sign, as sometimes when most dangerous they are accompanied by no pain at all. I remember seeing a poor little baby brought into hospital with its back literally charred. It seemed quite numbed, and only lived a few hours. Another small boy a good deal scalded about the head and face screamed and cried, and would scarcely let himself be touched; he suffered a good deal, but recovered, except for a few scars. In a dangerous scald the skin is of a pearly whiteness. Bad cases of this kind will generally be taken

into hospital, but if you have one to dress at home take care to leave it exposed to the air as little as possible. Have all the fresh dressings ready before you take the old ones off. This rule applies to all surgical dressings except poultices.

When dressing a burn or any discharging sore, be very careful about your own hands. If there is any cut or scratch upon them, cover it over with a bit of sticking plaister before you begin, and if you get any discharge down behind your nail, for instance, wash your hands immediately in *cold* water. It is a good plan to hold them under a running tap, so as to cleanse them thoroughly. If you put them in warm water at first the poisonous matter is apt to soak in. I have known several instances of nurses in the wards being more or less maimed or disfigured for life by neglecting their hands when doing surgical dressings. It is a great pity, for a little care would probably have prevented permanent mischief.

If your dress catches fire and there is no one at hand, lie down at once on the floor. Roll over, and if you possibly can, roll the rug or carpet round yourself. We all know, I suppose, that it is about the most foolish thing possible to run about with one's clothes blazing, thus fanning the flames; however, unfortunately, from lack of presence of mind it is often done, and terrible suffering, if not death, has been the consequence. If you see anyone else catch fire, make her lie down, or throw something thick round her—a quilt, or anything you can lay hands on. A lump of alum dissolved in the water in which print dresses, &c., are washed, would prevent them blazing if they did take fire.

I told you that the blisters caused by a burn can be let out with an ordinary sewing needle; the same is true of the blisters you may get on your feet in walking. I remember some years ago limping about for two or three days with one of these; but when I showed it to a friend, under the impression that it was something terrible, she just pricked it with a needle, and I felt it no more. Tight boots will blister and deform your feet, and lame you in various ways. I hope you all have too much sense to wear them.

If a child in your care was seized with croup, would you know what to do? Send for a doctor, of course, for croup is very dangerous; but the child may choke in the meantime. If you have linseed and mustard at hand, make a poultice and put it round its throat, and let it breathe steam. If you cannot get the poultice, pieces of sponge or flannel wrung out in boiling water, and laid across the throat, will answer the purpose. You should have two, and as you take one off put the other on. Keep the child in bed, and as warm as possible.

There is another disease called child-crowing, or spurious croup, which is very seldom fatal. The child draws in its breath with a sort of scream, and the face turns dusky. Open the windows and give the little patient plenty of fresh air, loosen its clothing, wring out the end of a towel in cold water, and flap it across the face and chest. It will probably recover quickly. Rickety children are subject to this disease.

Babies, especially those who are improperly fed, are liable to fits while teething, or when getting measles or scarlet fever. A warm bath is the best cure in these cases; but caution should be used, for I have known this piece of knowledge grossly misapplied. Test the heat of the bath by putting in your elbow. Keep the child in for about five minutes, then wrap it in warm blankets. The same treatment is good in rheumatism. If you have not a regular bath, let the patient sit in a tub of warm water, with a blanket thrown around to keep in the steam. Rheumatic people often find great comfort in lying between blankets instead of sheets. I remember a young girl in hospital who was threatened with rheumatic fever; when brought in she was given a warm bath, rolled in a blanket and put to bed. On being asked, about half an hour afterwards, how she felt, she made answer: "Oh, I'm much better." She escaped the fever after all.

I have spoken to you about teething fits, and I want to tell you what probably concerns most of us a good deal—a simple remedy for the toothache. Wet a towel in cold water, wring it pretty dry, fold it to about the size of your face, and sprinkle a little vinegar upon it. Lay the aching side against it, and I think you will find it will draw the pain out and probably put you to sleep. Most of the things you buy to put into your teeth injure them. I would specially caution you against putting things into your ear to relieve the toothache, as these are sometimes very injurious.

If you take a feverish cold in time, you may save a great deal of trouble and suffering. Do everything you can to get into a heat. It is one of Nature's ways of carrying off mischief. Take a warm bath, or bathe your feet. If you put mustard in your foot-bath it makes it more heating; however, you must be careful not to get a chill afterwards. Just as you lie down in bed take a hot drink—black-currant jam or jelly in water, if you can get it, or hot milk or weak tea.

In the first part of this paper I spoke to you of a rigor; now I want to tell you what that is, as, if you saw one for the first time and were not prepared for it, it might frighten you very much. It is a severe fit of shivering; the teeth chatter and the lips turn blue. I have seen a heavy iron bedstead shake under a child of eight years old with a rigor as if it was coming to pieces. This kind of shivering comes on at the beginning of a fever, or when an abscess is forming; or sometimes in surgical cases, when things are going very wrong, so it may be a very serious matter; but I can tell you for your encouragement that I have seen a very bad one come to nothing after prompt treatment. With the child I mentioned it was supposed to be caused by a tight bandage on his leg, which had been torn by a wheel passing over it. Now, if a patient in your care begins to shiver violently, and cannot possibly stop himself, what are you to do? Simply everything in your power to promote heat. Cover him well, put hot bottles to his feet, give a hot drink — brandy and water, hot milk, anything you have, in fact, so that it is hot. Very likely the warmth will make him sleep when the shivering fit is over, and he may be much better when he wakes. Still, I would have you remember that a rigor generally takes place at the beginning of an illness.

Any of you who have been in hospital have probably heard a good deal about "bed-sores," but you may not all know that a person lying day and night in bed is very apt to break out into sores about the back and hips, or, indeed, any part of the body that is either very thin or subjected to much pressure. Patients are sometimes brought into hospital with them, and they make a most distressing addition to any illness. In most cases they can be prevented. Carefully wash the part of the body on which the sick person lies every morning with soap and lukewarm water, dry it thoroughly, then dust the parts over pretty thickly with powder—fine starch powder does very well. If you see any redness or hear any complaint of soreness, and the skin is not broken, pour a little spirits of wine into the palm of your hand and rub it in every day. If the skin is broken, call the doctor's attention to it at once; you don't know how quickly these things may spread. Two kinds of patients are specially liable to them—large, fat people who perspire freely, and those who are worn by long illness. With the latter, indeed, it is almost impossible to prevent something of the kind unless one has a water-bed or at least a water-cushion; however, as the sores are caused by pressure, this can be relieved by a little round pad or cushion, such as any of us can make, with a hole in the middle to come under the tender part. Crumpled sheets are very likely to cause bed-sores, and a patient with this tendency ought never to have an under blanket. If you are filling a water-pillow, use lukewarm water, and do not make it quite full, or it will be very stiff and disagreeable to lie on. You can easily tell by feeling with your hand when it is full enough. If a mackintosh sheet is used to protect a water-pillow, it will last much longer than it will if merely laid among the bed linen. Never on any account put a water-pillow next the patient's body. I should not think this caution necessary if I had not seen hospital nurses make the mistake, to the great discomfort of the patient as well as the destruction of the cushion.

I hope in the few hints I have given you about accidents I have not suggested remedies beyond the reach of the readers of this paper. Flour, hot water, a sewing needle, such simple things as we use or see used every day of our lives, may with the help of a little knowledge and presence of mind be made most useful in preventing serious trouble and suffering. Never lose an opportunity of learning all you can upon this subject; you do not know how soon you may be in circumstances where you would give anything to know what to do.

It is a noble work to relieve pain, even in the smallest way. Remember that it is one way in which we can follow the example of our Saviour, who looked with special sympathy upon the sick and suffering, and extended His loving care to the diseased bodies of men.

VARIETIES.

A Wilful Helpmeet.

A headstrong wife who oft came in for blame,
When charged with scant obedience, would reply,
"Why snarls my spouse? our wishes are the same,
He would the ruler be, and so would I."

Our Duty.—We have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty only is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life. The truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."—*Dr. Smiles.*

True Faith.—It is the heart which feels God, and not the reason. This is what true faith is: God felt by the heart, and not by reason.—*Pascal.*

The Pastor.—The pastor is the deputy of Christ for the redeeming of men to the obedience of God.—*George Herbert.*

How to treat Time.—Since time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honour him with cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.—*Goethe.*

The End of Disputing.—A woman who is fond of disputing will, in time, have few friends to dispute with.

THE FOLLIES OF TRESSIDA.

CHAPTER III.

THE family at The Grange was small, consisting of Mr. Warren, his two daughters, and his sister. Of Mr. Warren the world around saw but little. Since the death of his wife many years before he had gradually withdrawn from society, and now lived secluded among his books. The management of his fine house and the charge of his daughters he left to his sister, who held the reins of domestic government very wisely. Within the last two years his nieces had come home for good, from their fashionable boarding-school: a couple of high-spirited, dashing, dressy girls, fond of society, who soon succeeded in their efforts to upset the gravity and seclusion that had so long reigned at The Grange. As both were attractive and well dowered, both were soon engaged to be married; therefore the reign of gaiety they had instituted at their home promised to be but a brief one.

Miss Warren, besides her literary tastes, was an ardent admirer of "old crockery," as her nieces disrespectfully termed it. The room devoted to her use was crammed with a collection of china and porcelain of value. Now and again she took a holiday—"Aunty's day with her old crocks"—among her treasures, dusting and arranging with fond assiduity, on which occasions her god-daughter Tressy was summoned to assist her, being the only person ever entrusted with that high and special service. Light of foot and of touch, the slim girl made her way dexterously among the "old pots," never once letting one slip or break, regarding them with respect that almost amounted to awe, and listening dutifully to her mistress, who liked to descant on the merits of her collection as they were busied with it.

It might, perhaps, have been better for Tressy Quale had she not been so frequently at The Grange. The Misses Warren were young ladies who never considered the effect their example might have on others; their brilliant toilettes made them appear paragons in the eyes of the foolish girl whose good looks were equal to theirs, and who aped, as far as she dared, and far beyond what she could afford, the extravagances on which she gazed with so much admiration. After her marriage this disposition was so dominant that Miss Warren felt herself bound to check it.

"Is that a new dress you have come in today, Tressida?"

"Yes, ma'am; Luke bought it last week."

"Hark ye, Tressida! Never come here again to work in a new dress. You have so many new things, I should advise you next time Luke wants to buy you anything, let him bank the money instead—it will do you more good."

During the second winter after her daughter's marriage Mrs. Quale fell ill; rheumatism seized her and crippled her. At that time both her daughters tended her well—Susan, who lived so near, looking in several times a day, while Tressy frequently walked from Barstowe. Her mother noticed that Luke Carpenter did not often accompany Tressy on her homeward way. "He was working overtime," was the explanation given. The widow was uneasy for her daughter's safety on so long a walk, and always insisted on her starting for home while it was daylight. When she was getting better she said:

"You need not be coming to and fro so often now, my girl. Besides, Luke will be missing you from his home."

"He'll spare me when I am wanted, surely," replied Tressy; *then added, with a* catch of her breath, strangely like a sob, "He'll find it none too hard to comfort himself. Mother," she went on quickly, "you see more of Susan than I do; is she happy in her married life, do you think? I mean right down happy."

"Aye, she is, thank God!"

"Does David Peet meet her expectations, in keeping away from drink?"

"Aye, Tressy, he do; never a drop do he take. Why should he, with such a wife as Susan makes him? always thinking of her home, always thinking of his comfort. The first year they were married I used to laugh at her, for when I went into their cottage, there was Susan, with her cookery book spread open before her, propped open on the mantelshelf, easy for reading, maybe; while she was studying how to make up some cheap, tasty dish or other. You should see her book, turned down in a dozen places—it always opens of itself at David's favourite dishes.

"'NEVER COME HERE AGAIN TO WORK IN A NEW DRESS.'"

She does not use it so much now, though; I suppose she has it by heart."

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Tressy, who seemed very thoughtful that afternoon.

The following summer brought Susan Peet a new happiness—a little infant life to guard and love. How absorbed was the young mother in her first-born! what pity she could spare for all wives who were denied that crowning blessing of maternity! how she wished that her sister might one day be as fortunate as herself! but Tressy, as yet, held out no expectations of those good wishes being fulfilled.

Some weeks after this event, on a lovely summer's afternoon, Mrs. Peet took the opportunity of a proffered drive in a neighbour's cart to go into Barstowe to see her sister. She had heard that Tressy was suffering from a severe attack of toothache and neuralgia; so she armed herself with a bottle of her mother's camomile decoction, which both the girls considered highly useful for alleviating the pangs of that distressing ailment. As she went up the path of the cottage garden a neighbour looked over the palings.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Peet; your sister is abed. I've looked in to help her a bit, but she does not seem wishful to get up."

Rendered uneasy at this, Susan lost no time in going into the house. As she went upstairs, she perceived that the bedroom door was standing open, and heard, with surprise, her sister's voice speaking earnestly, and it seemed appealingly. A bold-looking woman sat within view of the door.

"Do have patience," Tressy was saying, "wait a little while, Mrs. Brook!"

"I have waited, as you know, Mrs. Carpenter."

"Yes, you have, but do give me a little longer! I haven't the money just now, indeed I haven't!"

"Oh, for that matter, if you ain't got the money, I daresay you have, what will make it," observed the woman with a coarse laugh; and veiled whatever might be too offensive in remark by a critical glance around on the furniture. While so doing, she caught sight of Susan, and rose, saying, significantly, "Well, we will say Friday evening, Mrs. Carpenter; Friday, without fail. Good afternoon. Don't trouble, ma'am; I'll let myself out."

Susan, entering the chamber, found Tressy sitting up in bed, flushed and nervous. She stole a guilty look at her sister's serious face.

"Did you hear what that woman was saying, Susan?"

"I am sorry to say I did. What does she mean, Tressy?"

Here Tressy broke into a fit of hysterical weeping. Susan tenderly placed her infant at the foot of her bed, and taking her sister in her arms, soothed her as best she could for some minutes. "Be calm, darling. I thought you was bad with the toothache. Mother has sent you some of her camomile; see!"

"So I was bad, but I'm over that now. Oh, Susan, I wish it was only the toothache!"

"Well, do tell me; perhaps I may help you. What does Luke say?"

"No, no, not Luke. I'll tell you," said Tressy, drying her tears, with an effort; and then her miserable little story came out.

Fond of dress, always craving for new things, she had, from her very first married days, considerably exceeded what her husband could afford for that purpose, and had consequently encroached upon her other housekeeping funds. Result: she went gradually into debt, and was unable to get out again. Her husband, on discovering this, and receiving her tearful explanation, acted very kindly; he paid all she owed, but made her promise never to offend again in like manner. It was not long, however, before Luke found out that she was again slipping under the influence of temptation; he thereupon adopted a plan which he thought the best for their mutual welfare, by taking the housekeeping expenses under his own control. This happened about a year after their marriage, and had been bitterly resented by the young wife.

"He keeps the money so tight, Susan," she continued, again crying. "I have to ask him even for a pair of gloves when I want them. Right down mean of him, I call it. He took me away from earning money, and he might let me have the disposing of a little."

Susan hardly knew what to say. In her heart she approved the measure adopted by young Carpenter, whom she had not thought capable of firmness where Tressy was concerned, yet she could not add to her sister's distress by expressing her opinion. "No doubt 'tis only for the present, Tressy. By-and-by you will become a better manager, and then Luke will trust you again. You see you have managed to get into debt again, in spite of all. What does that woman want who was here just now?"

"That is Mrs. Brook; she that keeps the tally here."

"Oh, Tressy, I wouldn't have gone there."

"No, you wouldn't, no more did I; she came to me, showing me things and saying I needn't pay for goodness knows how long. And she's so dear! You know that fur-lined jacket I was wearing last winter, Luke gave me 18s. for it (men are such stupids!), but it cost £2, and I had it from her. Then there was my quilted skirt—and other things."

"How much do you owe her altogether?"

"Four pounds," returned Tressy, wringing her hands. "Four pounds! where am I to get them? Nasty cat! She says she must have the money by Friday, or she'll tell Luke. Oh, Susie, you don't know—but never mind that now. Listen, dear; can *you* lend me the money?"

Mrs. Peet reflected for a moment. "I might, but I should have to tell David."

Tressy drew a long face.

"Would you be obliged to tell? I thought you might have a something of your own, perhaps."

"Even so, David would have to know. But, Tressy, why do you not speak to your godmother? She might befriend you over this, if you tell her just as you have told me."

"I have thought of her; but you know she is so strict—I feel afeerd of telling her. However, I am going to work for her to-morrow, I will see if I can muster courage to speak to her."

"In any case, before you start for home, come to my cottage and tell me what you have fixed on. Anyhow, if you let me tell David, it will be hard if we don't help you."

"Thank you, Susan; only if I let so many know, Luke will come to hear of it."

"Luke will be sure to hear of it if Friday comes and you've nothing to give that woman," rejoined Susan.

Shortly after this she took up her sleeping infant and prepared to depart.

"How happy you are!" cried her sister in a burst of envy. "When we were first married yours was the worse outlook of us two; but now everything seems to go just as you would wish it. David is getting on, and is so steady; and now here's baby. You are happy!"

"So will you be happy, dear, by-and-by, when you grow wiser," rejoined Susan, who did not consider that a fitting time to lecture the young woman, who seemed determined to make havoc of her domestic peace. "And so will you have a dear baby, mayhap; I wish you might; Luke would be pleased."

"Perhaps he would; but I shouldn't care for one."

"Oh, yes you would, when it came. Well, good-bye, dear. Be sure you let me see you to-morrow, when you leave The Grange."

The evening had crept on while Mrs. Peet was with her sister, so that objects outside were indistinctly seen, unless close at hand. When she had gone a few paces she looked back at an approaching man, whom she would have supposed to be Luke Carpenter but for his unsteady walk. He stumbled against the gate and went in. As she paused, a woman with a basket on her arm came from the same direction, and accosted her civilly; she then recognised the neighbour whom she had seen that evening.

"How did you leave your sister, Mrs. Peet? Ah! you are looking after him, I see. Poor young thing, she has something to put up with now!"

At this astounding revelation Susan felt ready to sink to the ground. "Surely," she stammered, "surely you don't mean to say——"

"Ah," returned the woman, shaking her head. "There's no need for me to say when folks can see. Which way are you going, ma'am? I'll walk a few steps with you."

"Do you mean to tell me that Luke Carpenter has taken to drinking?"

"Well, ma'am, you saw for yourself just now. I was behind him up town, and noticed him then. Mind, I don't say he's what one may call a regular drunkard; but now and then, when anything vexes him like, he will drink for two or three days at a spell."

"Oh, dear, dear! this is trouble."

"So it is."

"My poor sister, what a disgrace!"

"There's not much of that yet; folks seem not to have noticed it much yet. You see, his character was so good for a many years. Of course, I see more than most, living next door to them. And I'll tell you what, Mrs. Peet," continued the good woman, lowering her tone, "you being her sister may put things before her. I believe it is not yet a bad habit, and if she would try she might get him out of it. For she drove him to it, that's the plain truth; she ain't kept his home as she ought to. Haven't I lived next door to them since they first came home together, a young cheerful couple, and seen things go wrong, little by little, she neglecting him many a time, with no thought to have the comfortable meal ready that a man looks for? There's no man stands that long, Mrs. Peet—no man. He'll find his comfort somewheres."

"My sister never breathed a word to me of this."

"She might not like, feeling herself to blame for it. However, there's time to mend, both of them. You do as I say, Mrs. Peet, give your sister a good talking to, and let's be hopeful for a change."

Poor Susan's dreams that night were not pleasant ones. The voice of her sister, in various distressing situations, was continually calling to her for help; while Luke Carpenter seemed slipping down a frightful abyss, which he viewed with the wildest horror. She rose very early, glad to end so restless a night.

(*To be concluded.*)

CONRAD HERZOG AND CO.

La Prière d'un Vierge. By T. Badarzewska.
Ecoutez-moi. Romance sans Paroles. By J. Funke.
Edelweiss. Idylle. By Gustave Lange.
A Ray of Sunshine. Morceau de Salon. By Carl le Duc.
Carnival of Venice. By Th. Oestem.
The Battle of Prague. Descriptive sonata. By F. Kotsward.

These pieces are edited and fingered by A. H. Brown.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Old Memories. Words by M. Powis Bale. Music by J. T. Musgrave.—A simple and flowing melody set to very pretty words. We recommend this to the notice of our young friends.

Camille. Waltz, for the piano. By J. T. Musgrave.—A well-written, melodious waltz, well worthy of recommendation.

ALFRED HAYES.

Liebe's Fraume (Love's Dream). Waltz. By C. E. Rawstorne.—Is well-written, bright, and fresh.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Faust (Gounod). Pianoforte duet.—Mr. George Frederick West has arranged five of the most charming airs from this celebrated opera in a facile and pleasing style. We have pleasure in recommending it to the notice of our young friends.

Une Cascade de Fleurs. By Frederic Lemoine.—A graceful piece, requiring a little skill in the cantabile style on the part of the executant.

Standard Classical Pieces for the pianoforte:—

No. 32, *Le Tambourin et Rigaudon avec Double.* By J. Rameau.—A quaint and most effective drawing-room piece.

No. 36, *Moments Musicaux.* By F. Schubert. No. 1, in C major; No. 2, in A flat; No. 3, in F minor.—Three studies of moderate difficulty.

Three organ pieces. No. 1, March; No. 2, Air with Variations; No. 3, Pastoral. By Dr. W. J. Westbrook.

Autrefois. Allegretto. By Brinley Richards. Arranged for the organ by James Partridge, Associate R.A.M.

These organ solos will be specially welcomed by amateurs.

BANKS AND SON.

Ella. Tempo di Gavotta. By Arthur Sample.—A neatly-written and effective piece, which we have no doubt will be appreciated.

Corelli's Gigue in C. From the violin sonatas. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Walter Macfarren.—This charming composition has been most pleasingly arranged as a pianoforte solo, and will find favour with those of our young friends who have a taste for classical music.

Bourrée in D. Composed by Walter Macfarren.—A melodious subject treated in a masterly style, in which the special character of the dance is most faithfully preserved. We recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Beethoven's Les Adieux.—His last composition. A soothing and expressive lullaby, indicative of the last moments of this great master.

PITMAN.

Mitcham Town. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by Placide Malva.—A little romance in connection with Mitcham Town put into words and set to music; both subject and arrangement of the music telling.

The Bud and the Flower. Words by B. Westmacott. Composed by George Buckland.—A simple little song, easy to catch and sing.

The Church. Descriptive Song. Music by J. W. Hobbs.—An effective song of moderate compass. There is accompaniment for the cornet with the pianoforte.

Unfading Beauty. Written by M. A. Barnes. Music by W. C. Levey.—The music is simple and the words truthful.

Christmas Carols, Hymns, etc.—A capital collection, amongst which we notice many old and valued friends, also some new ones, the greater number of which possess considerable merit.

Ruth. Sacred cantata. Words by A. C. Dey. Music by Alan Reid.—This short cantata is written for four mixed voices and chorus, with pianoforte accompaniment. The music is pleasing, although cut up into rather small numbers; but the simplicity of its harmonies will undoubtedly make it useful for class singing.

I will hearken what the Lord (Christmas anthem).
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh.
O clap your hands.
The harvest is the end (harvest anthem).
Great and marvellous.

All these anthems, of which the music is composed by Arthur H. Brown, will be found within the reach of ordinary church choirs. We prefer "Great and marvellous."

Sixty-six Country Dances. Arranged for pianoforte by T. Crampton.—All lovers of old dance-tunes, hornpipes, and jigs will do well to purchase these.

Popular Instructor for the Pianoforte.—A good instruction-book in the hands of a teacher, though we have our doubts as to the efficacy of self-instruction for any one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROSE.—The article, entitled "The Disadvantages of Higher Education," is to be found at page 333, vol. iii.

A LONDONER.—We recommend you to read "How to Improve the Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. You should apply yourself diligently to learn spelling, and write small round-hand copies daily.

JANUARY BIRD.—1. It is not desirable to omit the "u" in "favour," "flavour," etc., as we should thus lose the trace of our old Norman derivations, and there is greater elegance of style in retaining it. 2. Do not say, "tell me to whom I would apply," but, "to whom I should apply." You are not competent to teach children while ignorant of how to employ your tenses and moods. For all information respecting the Cambridge Local Examinations, we have often told our readers to apply to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College. Your writing is good.

EDUCO.—We recommend you to apply to the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, London, W.C. No. 2 class is the one that would suit you. It is for non-resident students, terms £15 per annum, or £8 for six months. The object is to give special instruction in the "art of teaching." You will thus obtain all the information necessary as to the present course of high-class education. Address the principal, and papers giving full particulars will be sent to you. You are not at all too old to learn any new system. 2. The address of the College of Preceptors is 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Pupils' examinations are held half-yearly, fee 10s. The certificates of the college are recognised as guarantees of a good and general education, but the Home and Colonial School Society is the best suited for your requirements.

M. J. WILLIS.—1. We have already given information to many of our correspondents respecting "reading societies," and must be excused if we decline repeating our answers an indefinite number of times. For one of the above-named societies, Miss McLandsborough is the secretary, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. 2. We are not acquainted with any such society as the other which you name.

FLOSSY.—1. Look at the key-board, of course, when playing without music. All the great pianists and composers do so. 2. The German character, in writing as well as in print, is different from our own and the Russian. In all other European countries there is but one character for writing and print respectively. You should inquire for the instructor you require at some library. We do not undertake to advertise the publications of other firms.

HARD WORKER.—Have you ever thought of nursing as a profession? Read our article at page 454, vol. i. Or else, would you like mission-work? If so, you might write for information to the Deaconess Training Institution, Mildmay-park, London, N.; or to the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East (secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall-bridge-road, London, S.W.), at which institution Englishwomen are trained for zenana work and also for school-teaching in the East, which would be a change from daily governess work here: You might get in as a letter-sorter if above five feet in height, should you fail to obtain a clerkship in the post-office; but you must write for information to the Civil Service Commissioners in Cannon-row, S.W. With reference to being a nurse, we think your age might prove a difficulty at present; but you must either go in person to see the matron at St. Thomas's Hospital, or write to Henry Bonham Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, W., as he is the secretary of the "Nightingale Fund."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLEURANGE, ERIC, and TRIXIE are thanked for the kind thought that prompted the sending of valentines to the Editor.

DAMASK ROSE.—Whoever tried to explain away the miracle of the feeding of Elijah the Prophet, by the service of ravens, by representing the birds to be men (Arabs as you say), was what is called a "Freethinker," viz., one who would fain be "wise above what is written." We can only pity the want of depth of mind or lack of due reflection, in the individual who could not see that the Almighty Maker of both man and bird could make either of them do His bidding, as easily as He could form them at the first, and endue the one with a responsible soul and intellect, and the other with as much animal instinct as He pleased to bestow. We only employ our Blessed Lord's own simple argument when He said, "Whether is it easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say 'Take up thy bed and walk?'" But vain man would be wise (in his own conceit) though he be born like a wild ass's colt, knowing little more than the way to his mouth!

D. P.—Certainly; no one, employer or not, has the smallest right to take possession of another person's private letters, whether picked up in their house or obtained by other means, and whether with or without her knowledge. It is possible that, under certain peculiar circumstances, such as the recognition of a son's writing and discovery of a clandestine correspondence with one enjoying their confidence, thus dishonourably abused, they might be tempted to act in a manner equally dishonourable on their part. But this betrayal of their confidence confers no legal right on them to steal or read the letters. Their proper course would be to present them unopened and unread to the governess, and to say that the writing outside being recognised, they must request, for the sake of the mutual regard between all parties, that an explanation be given. But either to read, to retain, or to obtain any letter "privately," would be highly reprehensible. But we are only suggesting exceptional circumstances. In your case, you should write and say, that, "a third application proving fruitless, you would be reluctantly obliged to take legal proceedings." This you could do by sending them a lawyer's letter, for which they would be charged 6s. 8d. each time.

A YOUNG GIRL.—1. Minnie is a nickname employed, as being less formal, for Matilda, Mary, Wilhelmina, and other names. 2. The name Parry is a surname. Hubert is a German name, and means "bright in spirit." We are shocked at your contemplating the idea of walking out of doors with any man "who has never been to your father's house," or without the express permission of your parents. Your spelling and writing are wretched, and your English composition worse. It is well that you have two more years of a schoolgirl's training before you, as your education is so backward. You are not of an age at sixteen to begin thinking of marriage. When your lessons are over your first business is to endeavour to be useful at home and "requite your parents."

NESTA.—We call all girls "our girls," whether discourteous to us or not, whether British or foreign, old or young, correspondents or only readers. Certainly you may compete for any of our prizes with a

clear conscience. We make you truly welcome to any pleasure or assistance we can offer you.

MIDNIGHT.—Have you a little garden in which you could cultivate either flowers for bouquets, or raise vegetables, so as to supply, as far as able, some shop? If you had flowers you could plant cuttings and keep them in some unoccupied room during the cold months. Also, if you have a very small piece of ground, you could cover in a poultry-run, and raise chickens. If you think you could do both, all the better. There would be some little outlay at first. But any florist would give you what he has thrown aside gratis, and show you how to make the cuttings at the joints or budding places on the old stems. You ought to be much out of doors, and never without some cheerful or busy companion.

SENGA H.—The list of "Famous Women" given must be followed correctly, although you need not undertake the whole hundred unless you like.

TAFFY.—We consider £25 the least salary that could reasonably be offered you, and £30 more in proportion to all that you had to do. But we warn you not to give up a home, if otherwise satisfactory, at your early age, unless very certain of securing one as agreeable at a higher salary. Clergymen are often unable to give much beyond a home, where all meet on equal terms, and live together. A certificate for a short term of residence does not carry much weight. We recommend patience.

AUTUMNA.—It is not at all necessary that you should thank your hostess for "a most agreeable evening" if it have been a particularly dull one. Give her a pleasant smile, and do not let her see any look of dissatisfaction. Nor is there any reason why you should give any opinion of the prettiness of a baby. Smile at it, and take its little hand, and give kind looks at it, which will obviate any apparent obligation to tell stories. As to a picture, to give no opinion is unfavourable. Ask some question instead, or remark on the picturesqueness of the view instead of speaking of the workmanship. To remove the inkstain from the white marble, try cream of tartar and salts of sorrel, one ounce of each; mix well, and keep in a stoppered bottle. Should this fail, the recipe given at page 511, vol. i. (number for August 7th 1880), might answer.

A. L. B.—There are several homes for invalids who require a southern climate, and have not the means, unassisted, to obtain the benefit. At Mentone there are two: one at Les Grottos, apply to Mrs. Dudgeon; the other at the Villa Imberti—Mrs. Morberly. At San Remo, apply to the secretary, Villa Teresa; or to Miss Macdonald Lockhart, The Lees, Lanark, N.B. The charge in this home amounts to twenty-five or thirty francs a week.

GIPSY.—To marry at seventeen would be very unwise. A girl should be in the schoolroom at that age; and, when introduced into such society as that to which her parents belong, she should wait for two or three years at least—so as to make more acquaintances and have a choice—before taking so serious a step in life as marriage. The young recruit sees little more than the becoming uniform, the delights of travel, and the inspiriting drum and fife and military band. Just so the raw, inexperienced schoolgirl contemplates the *trousseau*, the fête and wedding presents, and the dignity of being a matron over a household of her own. And so both rush blindly into anxieties, pains, and penalties, of which neither had previously formed any idea. To "stick to a fellow, although all the world be against him," may be praiseworthy in a wife, but would be an evidence of a very headstrong, perhaps undutiful, girl—wanting in common sense, under other circumstances.

VEILCHEN.—The irritation in the scalp, and on the spine between the shoulders, evidently unconnected with the state of the skin, is caused by the condition of the nerves. Dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in some boiling water, and apply it to the back of the head with a small sponge, as hot as you can possibly bear it; and then rub and brush dry. If you dip a tablespoon into boiling water, and place it all hot against the spot on the back where the tingling irritation troubles you, it will remove it.

"THE MOST MISERABLE GIRL THAT EVER LIVED," is the name adopted by a little girl only just brought into association with older people. She feels shy, and has not been so trained as to feel otherwise than awkward and out of her place. We doubt that her condition, painful as it is, could justify our shy little friend's claim to such a name. We advise her to read our article on "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," page 675, vol. ii. It may help her a little under her difficulties.

ANNIE G.—We do not know any such word as "Misper" nor "Zisper." Possibly you have rendered in writing the vulgar pronunciation of the person who asked the question; and had they pronounced it correctly they would have said "Mizpah." You could have found it in the Bible; see Genesis xxxi. 49. The name signifies a beacon, or watch-tower. There you will see that Laban so named a heap of stones, and called God to witness the vow between him and Jacob, that neither of them should pass over it to the other "for harm."

QUANDUM.—It is very vulgar to say, "Beg pardon;" and the phrase does not mean what the speaker intends. He means, "I beg *your* pardon;" instead of which, by omitting the "I," he commands you to beg *his!* When anyone thus desires you to excuse any accidental unpoliteness on their part, you should reply, "Pray do not mention it," or "Thank you, it is of no consequence," or "Not at all;" "No harm is done, thank you."

MICHAELMAS DAISY.—See "Christmas Festivities," pages 153 and 171, vol. iii. In case you have not got the whole volume, we may assist you by saying that the numbers are respectively for December 3rd and 10th, 1881. As to the impertinent observation respecting your friends regarding our correspondence as "a hoax," we are utterly indifferent to their opinion; but such a remark very nearly deprived you of your answer.

SHAMROCK and FLEUR-DE-LIS.—In the highest circles of society the pronunciation of English is pure throughout the country, as a standing rule. Nevertheless, exceptions are met with in the northern counties; as likewise in Devonshire and Cornwall, in the south; where many of good family and connections have apparently caught the provincial twang peculiar to the lower orders of each particular county. In London society such peculiarities are rarely heard. "Paleo" is the Greek for "ancient," and "crystal" from the Greek and Latin for "ice," "frost," "clear," etc.

CARRIE.—The intermitting of the pulse is generally attributed to some gastric disturbance. Some filaments of the pneumogastric nerve run through the

THE STANDARD AUTHORITY.

stomach and the heart, and irritation at one end must affect the organ at the other. In old people an intermitting pulse is common, and indicates the natural wearing out of the machinery. However, we once knew a hale old lady who had never had an illness in her life but small-pox, and who lived to be upwards of ninety-six, and died of no complaint at the last, and she had had an intermitting pulse all her life.

DOMINO.—There is a verb to dapple, or variegate with spots. Shakespeare speaks of

"The gentle day (that)
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

Here the present tense is used. Prior speaks of

"The dappled pink and blushing rose."

Here the preter-imperfect tense is employed. Dapple is likewise an adjective, and is derived from the low-German *dippeln*, to spot. The idea is taken from the word apple, as the term *pommelé* signifies spotted or mottled like an apple or *pomme*. Thus a spotted horse is described as dappled, *i.e.*, dapple-bay, and dapple-gray, not dappled-gray, because in this case used as an adjective. Sir Walter Scott says, using the term in this sense—

"O, swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed."

A LOVER OF FAME.—We sympathise with you under the depressing influence of such an expression of family opinion, and approve of your determination to try again, whenever you fail. But if, as you say, your family is not at all famous, you must make allowance for their down-heartedness, when they tell you that you will be of no use, and try all the same to do better. If bent on doing something famous, and you select to write a book, the kind of paper required is not the first consideration. You should choose your subject, collect your books of reference and all your own thoughts, and then procure the foolscap paper and pens. First catch your goose, and then cook it. In your case the goose is evidently still running about, so you need not light the fire to roast him! Do not waste your pocket-money in buying foolscap until you have got some ideas to write. But you might be famous at home in making yourself very helpful to others, busy with your needle, and in many little ways, and then no one will grieve you by saying you are of no use.

MARIE.—The name "beefeater" is a corruption of an old French term, *beaufetier* (now *buffetier*), or one who waits at the buffet or sideboard. The guards at the Tower of London used to be drawn up at table on the occasion of royal banquets and festive occasions, and thus the term *beaufetier*, corrupted into "beefeater," was applied to them. For nearly 400 years these guards have worn the same uniform, with scarcely any alteration.

SOMEBODY'S LASSIE.—You will have to apply to several steamship companies direct, and supply good recommendations. The situation of stewardess is not easily obtained, as there is but one to each passenger vessel. On the Allan Line to Canada, they are re-elected after each voyage, if found efficient. You will be asked whether you are a good sailor or not.

A PAISLEY CAT is informed that we do not answer impudent letters, and hers is consigned to the waste-paper basket on this account.

A PUPIL TEACHER.—Perhaps your ears need syringing by a doctor or chemist, as there may be too great a secretion of wax. Sometimes an onion poultice does good; but your safest plan is to get something from a doctor to drop into your ears at night.

C. G. BULLER.—Sometimes freckles are natural to the complexion, and not the mere effect of the summer's sunshine. Vaseline, or glycerine and water in equal parts, are both softening to the hands.

CISSIE.—Refer to the indexes given in the first, second, and fourth volumes of this paper, and you will find what you want in reference to chilblains.

GRACE.—Consult the indexes of the first and second volumes, and you will find what you want.

BABA.—We have no prescription to give you that will cure you of the silly habit of crying, excepting that of sending you to your room for half an hour to enjoy the luxury by yourself.

JUANITA.—We are gratified by your kind letter, and glad that you have recovered your voice—a sign of stronger health. A box of powder for cleaning sponges is to be had at any chemist's.

WARRINGTON.—Write to the Publisher, at our office, in reference to all such matters.

AN EARLY FRIEND.—We do not imagine your friend, the discharged army sergeant, would obtain employment in one of the foreign health resorts, excepting, possibly, as an English waiter at an hotel, which would be rather beneath his condition. He might find something to do at a southern watering-place at home. Torquay or Penzance might suit you.

ALICE LISTER.—We were much pleased with your nice grateful letter, which does you credit. We are quite of your opinion respecting the silly little girl who thinks she has "engaged herself" to "a boy, not a man." No such engagement is legal nor binding on either of them unless fully sanctioned by the parents of each; and they have a right to change their minds and withdraw their consent at any time before the marriage has taken place if either of the two minors should lose their health, their pecuniary means or prospects, or misconduct themselves in any way.

RUTH.—Your kind letter and good wishes were gratefully appreciated. It is indeed a full reward for any trouble taken by us and our coadjutors to learn that our paper has been of service to you in reference to your eternal as well as temporal interests. You write very well.

BLANCHE J. PAUL.—The line you quote is taken from Richard Crashaw, who flourished between 1616 and 1650. It forms a part of his own translation of his own Latin epigram, "Aquæ in vinum versæ," page 299. That is to say, on our Lord's miracle in turning the water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana. The correct rendering runs thus:—"The conscious water saw its God and blushed." Dr. Johnson attributed the line to Dryden, when a student in Westminster School. Dryden flourished between 1631 and 1701.

PEARDROP requests us to "send her the birth and death of George Eliot." There is something very ambiguous, and even lugubrious, about this request. If Peardrop desire to be informed of the respective dates of the birth and death of Mary Ann Evans (Mrs. Cross), we may tell her that she was born in 1820 and died in 1880. Writing unformed.

JULIANNA, another funny little correspondent, inquires, "Could you tell me what it means when your elbow itches?" One of the witches in *Macbeth* informs us that she knew "by the pricking of her thumbs" that "something evil this way comes;" but, as we are not versed in her uncanny craft, we are unable to tell Julianna what may be prognosticated by the phenomenon she reports concerning her elbows. We can only hope that it portends something agreeable.

MIGNONETTE.—In the street when walking you should always keep to the right. The lady bows first to a gentleman.

B. E. S.—The competitions are free to all our girls, and we do not doubt but that you could manage some of them.

VOL. V.—No. 221. MARCH 22, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.

To most persons who looked at Brinnington Hey, the home of the Oakleys, it would not have seemed a very terrible fate had its inhabitants been compelled to stay there all the year round.

The dwelling was large and handsome. All its appointments were suggestive of abundant means, good taste, and a love of the beautiful. It was no city habitation, surrounded by interminable streets, squares, and terraces, but one side of the house looked across miles of charmingly undulating country. The Hey itself stood high, and was isolated from other dwellings by its large grounds, which were tastefully laid out. It had all the surroundings of what is called a "gentleman's place," and yet it was on the actual edge of the ugliest district in England—the Black Country.

Looking downwards from the back of the house you saw a portion of the valley of the Stour, and all along its banks were ironworks of various kinds. Indeed, within a quarter of a mile of the Hey you found yourself amongst smaller workshops, and within hearing of clinking hammers, wielded by men, women, and girls, who were busily engaged in nail or chain making. These lesser factories were dotted irregularly along

All rights reserved.] "'SURELY THERE ARE NURSES ENOUGH TO BE HAD FOR MONEY,' SAID HILDA."

the winding and sloping road, which led to the banks of the river.

Nearer the Stour were vast works, in each of which hundreds of men were employed. In these, anchors and anvils were forged, and the larger kinds of chains and cables made. Peep into one, in the early gloaming, when the work was in full swing, and the vast fires kept blazing, not by mere hand-worked bellows, but by steam-worked fans, and you would witness a scene which could hardly be rivalled in its way for picturesqueness.

Wonderful effects of light and shadow could be studied. In one shop, half open to the welcome breezes, the descendants of Vulcan were perhaps forging the stem of a mighty anchor, which, when completed, would be weighed by the ton. The vast mass, placed on a sort of truck, was run backwards and forwards with the greatest possible ease. Now thrust deep into the huge blazing fire, heated to a white heat, and then brought below the ponderous hammer, by which it was bruised and beaten, and pounded into shape; and all the while it would be turned and twisted as easily as a cook turns a carrot to scrape its whole surface; or as the workman in the village smithy turns a horseshoe from side to side.

Wonderful and bewildering was it to see the capabilities of the huge steam hammer, which are so wide in their range that a nut can be cracked by it without injury to the kernel, and tons of iron shaped with equal facility into whatever form the master-mind may will.

Then to turn to another portion of the works and see the square hole punched in an anchor which was nearer completion. The punch placed on the red-hot metal, and driven further and further in by rapid blows, given by a circle of workmen in regular time, each striker uttering a species of exclamation as he delivers his blow. The sound is a sort of cross between the interjection "ha!" and an attempt to clear the throat in a room where somebody is asleep whom it is undesirable to rouse.

Anyway, it seems to relieve the workman who wields the hammer, and it comes with every stroke. When the punch is partially through, the single-handed hammers become useless and a mightier instrument is needed. This is wielded by three men, who sway a three-handed hammer, and are assisted to raise it by other two, who prop the heavy tool behind lest it should swing back instead of delivering its mighty blow upon the punch already far sunk into the fast-cooling metal.

A few more blows and the work is done. The perspiring workers wipe their brows and retreat into another part of the building to cool and rest. Turning round, a watchful observer would pause to notice a man who is using a machine with which he slices off lengths of iron an inch and a half in diameter, as easily as the aforesaid cook would slice her carrot after having scraped it. The pieces, slanted in the cutting, are bent into shape and then welded together, link by link, to form cables for those great anchors, or for like uses.

Two boys collect the lengths as they drop and convey them away, too much accustomed to the sight to think it strange that solid metal should be thus easily divided into lengths.

Peep into another long building and you may see that its floor is channeled from end to end, and that in each rut huge cables are lying. These are in process of testing, the ends being attached to machinery by which every link is subjected to a strain far more severe than it is likely to experience when in actual use. If found wanting it is promptly rejected; if perfect it receives a stamp which guarantees its soundness and quality.

Yet another turn and you might glance into a vast ware-room filled with shovels of every size and shape that can be needed in farm or field, in street or yard, above ground in the garden, or below it in the mine. You are seized with a desire to witness their manufacture, for the sight of shovels by thousands is amusing to unaccustomed eyes. Your desire will be gratified if you go a little further and step into another shop, where the roughing out of the handles is going on.

Slabs of tough, hard wood are carried in, rapidly marked with chalk lines. through which the circular saw is constantly gliding one after another. The saw-feeder must mind his fingers, or they would be sliced off as easily as the corners of wood are cut away in shaping out the rude outline of the handle which next passes to the turner to be rounded.

The turner's task completed, the handles are boiled in great cauldrons, then fixed in a rack and bent by more machinery into the proper curve. Meanwhile the shovels have been cut or forged out. In the latter case two thick lumps of iron have been beaten out by the steam hammer, both at once, a handful of small coal or ashes keeping them apart through all the heating and hammering. The edges are curved, the upper portion rounded for the reception of the handle, then, when the metal is red hot, wood and iron are duly united, riveted together, and the utensil, after being varnished and cleaned, is ready for packing or warehousing.

Now we have glanced through the Brinnington Works, of which Mr. Oakley is the sole owner, and which, with many others of kindred character, may be seen from the windows on the north side of the Hey.

Before Frank was fully initiated into the business Mr. Oakley rarely took holiday at any very great distance from home. He liked to be within a few hours' railway ride of the works, giving as his reason that a man with half-a-dozen youthful responsibilites could not afford to lose the chance of a good contract by a prolonged absence. Brinnington cables and anchors were to be found on many of her Majesty's vessels. Communications from high quarters were not uncommon at the works, and, as Mr. Oakley said, "If things were wanted in a hurry they must be ready for such paymasters."

Now he could say, "Frank is as good a man of business as myself. I am at your service, girls, for a two months' ramble, unless you become weary and beg to come home before the time is out."

The very idea of such a thing was scouted by all. When does youth own to the possibility of weariness in the pursuit of pleasure, or when in search of change or novelty? When, too, can youth realise that any good can result from present disappointment?

After the reading of that letter which brought at least a prospect of change in their plans, some of the young people retreated into the garden to give vent to their feelings according to their several temperaments

"If Aunt Lydia's letter had not looked so innocent, I should have felt it less aggravating," said Allan, trying hard to joke about it. "One has a right to be startled when letters come with black edges, or telegrams are delivered at the Hey. At the works such things come by the dozen, for they are always wiring about something; but Aunt Lydia's epistle was so calm and reassuring in its outward appearance. It is like adding insult to injury to have one's arrangements upset by it."

"I do not see why our arrangements should be interfered with. Surely there are nurses enough to be had for money!" said Hilda. "Engage one to take Aunt Lydia's place beside Uncle Maurice. This will set her at liberty to go to Fell Foot. Or, if she will stay—for I know how obstinate she is when she gets it into her head that it is her duty to do something disagreeable—let someone else go with Aunt Oakley into the country."

Dorothy shook her head. "You little know Aunt Lydia's value if you think her place could be so easily supplied either by Uncle Maurice's sick-bed or as mamma's companion," she answered, gently. "And you seem to forget that, to say nothing of the anxiety she must feel about her brother, the disappointment will be great to herself. I know she had been reckoning quite as much on a quiet time in the lovely neighbourhood she enjoys visiting, and especially with my mother for a companion, as we have counted on our more exciting journey."

"Yes," interposed Allan, his face blushing with indignation at Hilda's speech; "if Aunt Lydia takes it into her head that it is her duty to do something disagreeable, the unpleasant part is certain to be the one she chooses that she may spare others."

A curve of Hilda's lip and a half-contemptuous laugh told how little she valued the "old maid of the family," as she usually styled the one unmarried aunt, though Miss Oakley was only ten years her niece's senior.

But twenty-eight seems old to eighteen, especially when eighteen is represented by a girl who has been made an idol of from her cradle, and credited with all sorts of excellences which she did not possess for the sake of the loveliness she undoubtedly did.

Stay, perhaps I am wrong in using the word loveliness instead of beauty.

There are plenty of fair faces which are by no means lovely.

To be this, goodness must find an outlet beneath the silken lashes, sweetness must hover about the coral lips, and modesty must tint the rounded cheek of beauty with an ever-changing colour. She must open her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness must be in her tongue. The willing hands must be ready to serve the weak, and the feet be swift to run on behalf of the helpless. Let each deed of kindness be the fruit of the love of God, divinely implanted in the heart, and then—aye! then it will matter little what is the colour of the eyes, whether the complexion be brown or fair, the features regular, or the stature low or tall. There will be true loveliness, which is better far than beauty, and which will last, in spite of age, while life remains.

Hilda Cranswick possessed no such traits as these, and yet it would be hardly fair to blame her for their absence. Made of the first importance in her father's home, and taught to pride herself on her beauty and the wealth she would some day possess, how could she grow up otherwise than vain and selfish?

No wise friend had taught her to thank God for having made her fair, or to pray that she might also be kind, humble-minded, pure, and kept "unspotted from the world." No wise voice had whispered that with wealth would come a solemn responsibility, and that it should be regarded as a talent to be unselfishly used and faithfully accounted for to Him who has said "The silver and the gold are mine."

A few words will suffice to give an outline of Hilda's history. She was the only child of Mr. Oakley's sister, who at nineteen had become the wife of a man twenty-five years her senior. Mr. Cranswick had wealth and position, a good name, a bright temperament, and true affection to offer. He was a man of a noble presence and cultivated mind, and so, in spite of the disparity in their ages, no one wondered that pretty Miss Oakley became his wife.

The marriage was a happy one, for the girl was proud of her husband, and strove to make herself day by day a truer helpmeet and intellectual companion for him. Mr. Cranswick appreciated her efforts and the affection which prompted them. While directing her studies and cultivating her mind, he was careful not to check her bright spirits or rob his girl-bride of her youth.

For many years there was only one drawback. No child brightened the luxurious home. Then for a little while a lovely babe rested in the arms of a happy mother, and the husband's cup of joy was full.

Then a lonely man, become old all at once, mourned over a motherless infant and a desolate home.

It is not pleasant to tell the story of childhood and beautiful girlhood, marred by over-indulgence and developing into a being whose first thoughts were for self and self-pleasing. So we will pass over Hilda's. Too late, Mr. Cranswick wished he had shown his love by wise restraint instead of unlimited indulgence, and when he left his only child and her fortune in the faithful hands of Mr. and Mrs. Oakley he prayed them, so far as in them lay, to undo what he had done.

By his will, Hilda was to reside at Brinnington Hey, and to be treated exactly like her cousins in every way. A sum was to be paid to the Oakleys sufficient to cover every cost, and, until she was of age, a portion of the income derived from Mr. Cranswick's property was to be devoted to certain charitable institutions.

A few days before Mr. Cranswick's death he had a long conversation with his brother-in-law.

"I do not wish," he said, "that the money which is not spent upon Hilda should accumulate during her minority. Poor child! In any case she will have more than it is good for a girl to possess. I have left ten thousand pounds to my cousin Marian, your brother Maurice's wife. He has an increasing family, and would have an increasing business also; but I fear he is somewhat restricted for want of capital, his wife's little fortune being strictly settled by her father's will. The ten thousand will give Maurice a better chance. You must let Silvermere for a term of years. If you and yours could live here with Hilda, I would say keep it as it is. But you are tied to Brinnington, and it would be out of the question for a girl so young as Hilda to remain here as mistress, even under supervision. She will be better in your home, and counting as one amongst the rest of your children. There are a few legacies, and a sum larger than any of them left to you, but only in trust. I will tell you for what purpose."

Dropping his voice still lower, Mr. Cranswick gave certain instructions to his brother-in-law, and when he had done so, added, "You understand me, Edward, and you will carry out my wishes?"

"I will, if you insist upon leaving the sole responsibility in my hands; but I wish you would let it be shared by some other friend."

The sick man made a deprecating movement.

"No, no. Let it be as I have willed it—in your hands, and yours only."

Thus the matter rested, and when, a fortnight later, Mr. Cranswick's will was read, it was found that he had left five thousand pounds to Mr. Oakley as a small token of gratitude for his goodness in undertaking to fill a father's place to testator's daughter. Another sum of twenty thousand was left to him in trust, but the purpose for which it was to be held was not named. The will only stated that the testator had given verbal instructions respecting it to Mr. Oakley, the sole executor, who would carry out his wishes.

There were certain stipulations with regard to the young heiress. Should Hilda marry without the consent of her guardian she was to receive only the income allotted for her maintenance as Mr. Oakley's ward until she attained the age of twenty-two. Then, however, Silvermere, the lovely home of her lifetime until now, with the estate pertaining to it, and the bulk of the personal property would become hers to give, spend, or bequeath as she chose.

Mr. Oakley was not a little troubled at the charge which had thus devolved upon him. "I can take care of the child's money, but there is the training of a spoiled, selfish girl, on whom a great responsibility will rest in a few years time. If only she were not so fully aware of what the future is to bring her! Or if only there were not so much for her to unlearn!"

"We will do our best, Edward," replied Mrs. Oakley. "We did not seek this stewardship, so let us take it as coming from God's hand. If our responsibility be a heavy one, at any rate we are not disposed to undertake it without seeking the help of Him in whose wise providence it has been laid upon us. You know the old motto we chose in our early married days, Edward, and when we first felt the solemn responsibility of being entrusted with the training of our own dear little ones. 'More care more prayer.' All has been well when we have acted upon it. All will be well in the future also."

"True, dear Mary, and your part in Hilda's training will be even more important than mine. We shall work together with the same end in view, and, as Hilda is still young, much may be done in three or four years by our united efforts for her good."

(*To be continued*).

OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Howling winter's fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.
—*Campbell.*

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.
—*Idem.*

"I LEFT it behind me in the hurry of packing." This is an excuse we very often hear made by way of accounting for the absence of some article which, when travelling, we might have found extremely handy. Now, no one who is about to travel has any business to hurry the work of packing. Packing one's boxes previous to a long journey is one of those employments which is very delightful indeed, if performed at the right time—namely, some days before the start; if left unfinished till the last, packing is a penance and a pain.

As a rule I practise what I preach, but in this one instance an unexpected letter sent me scudding away northward as fast as the Flying Scotchman could carry me, and now on sitting down to write my monthly contribution, I find that it has been forgotten.

"What is it?" do you ask.

Why the pattern of the doggie's coat I promised in the very last sentence of my last paper. There is no time now to trace another. My very Newfoundland, the splendid

prize winner, Hurricane Bob, who is lying at my feet as usual, looks up at me with those brown intellectual eyes of his, and I seem to read in them the words, "Master, dear, how could you have been so careless?"

I would far sooner have forgotten the Highland plaid that forms so cosy a wrap in wintry weather in this

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,"

for that money could have replaced, but not the promised pattern. Well, I know I am forgiven; that at least is some consolation. Fortunate indeed is the author whose readers are girl readers.

I have just mentioned my friend—or may I say our mutual friend?—Hurricane Bob, for ere I cease to write for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I hope to make you acquainted with many of his strange ways, and much of his history. This dog, I was going to say, has been the sole companion of my joys and sorrows for the last two months of my wanderings throughout the length and breadth of bonnie Scotland. We have had many adventures he and I—nothing, perhaps, wild enough to stir the blood of our brothers of *The Boy's Own*, but interesting enough nevertheless. The idea of travelling in the dead of winter through the most romantic parts of the Scottish Highlands with only a dog for a companion, is one that might not commend itself to every one, but there is a charm about it, for all that. The birds, those friends of my early years, are all clad in their winter dresses now—sombre dark and brown, like the leafless boughs among which they flit. No need for display till spring sunshine melts the snow that covers over hill and dale, and brings back the grass and calls out the primroses and gowans; there is no song now heard from mavis or thrush, only a peevish, half-complaining cry or twitter, as they go scurrying through the blackthorn hedges.

"Winter has come on far, far too soon," they all say; "there is hardly a hip or a haw left, and whatever will become of us we cannot imagine."

But the robin and the ever-impudent sparrow keep close to the houses and the farm ricks; they do not lack for food; and as for the crows, they have found out the benefits of early rising, and visit the corn-yards in clouds long before Farmer Scott has laid aside his woollen nightcap and rubbed his eyes preparatory to getting up. Birds of prey are very busy just now, especially the hawks.

Taking a long walk up Glen Scaur the other day, Bob and I came upon a splendid specimen of the blackcock which had been recently killed and partially devoured. We took the legs or claws as a souvenir, which we have had mounted with silver and cairngorm stones, and made into brooches; and most charming they look. We have come across polecats and weasels, foumerts and whitterets by the score, and we never go hillwards without seeing beautiful specimens of the white hare.

The pine forests look very dark and gloomy against the white and radiant snow, but we have a strange pleasure in boldly entering them and wandering about in them; there is a beauty about these forests now that is all their own, that no pencil could depict, no pen describe.

In some of the woods the heather and blackberry bushes grow rank, and when Bob comes out again into the open he is no longer a black dog, but white from stem to stern. A shake or two clears him, however, but he is seldom five minutes the same colour, for whenever he comes to a wreath of snow standing high up in front of him, with its top curled over like a breaking wave, he just goes in under it, and in about half-a-minute he manages to cut right through it, and come out smiling at the other side

"It is the strangest sensation in the world, master," he tells me; "you really should try it."

But I haven't taken the good dog's advice yet.

The mountain streams that in summer were mere burns, are now swollen into brown raging torrents. It is a fine sight to see one of these come down, as it is called. There may have been no rain in the valley where you are walking along, and the stream may be comparatively small and innocent-looking. The day may be fine; there may not be hush in the leafless woods. But far away on the hills a storm has come on, and presently on your ears falls a sound like wind roaring among forest trees, or waves breaking on a sea beach. Louder and louder, and now it comes, a bank of water a yard high dashing onwards over the boulders with resistless fury, carrying with it rolling stones, masses of moss, branches, and even trunks of trees, the spray and foam leaping madly up the banks on every side, and tearing the gravel from the roots of the trees, causing them to nod and shiver and shake like creatures in agony. It is indeed a grand sight, something to think about, and mayhap dream about in after life.

Sunsets in this mountain land are often very gorgeous in summer; in winter the afterglow of the sunset is sometimes weird in the extreme, and almost terrible to look at. I have only to lay down my pen, and go to my bedroom window even now to witness one of these.

Though the sun has set a good hour since, you see all along the western horizon is a belt of gleaming yellow-red light, against which the pine trees on the hill-top are traced as with a pen dipped in the blackest ink. Above this light belt is another of deep sea-green, and this deepens as it ascends into the dark blue of the sky, where stars are shining. Even as I gaze, little ominous inky clouds rise out of the west, looking forebodingly dark against the fiery sky. They go scudding rapidly away, as if bent on some mission of evil, and still as the evening is at present, before morning the wind will be howling through the woods, and every cottage in this wee village will quiver to its foundations.

I am aroused from my reverie by Bob. He is nudging me with his great head. He wants me to spread the plaid for him in front of the fire, that he may sleep soundly thereon until morning, "For remember, master," the dear fellow tells me, "I am not so young as I once was. It is seven long years since you and I first forgathered."

"True, dear Bob, true," I say, as I smooth his noble brow, "and the white hairs are thickening round your lips, though they do not mar your beauty. I'll be good to you, Bob, my lad, as long as I have you."

And this leads me to say a few words on a question which I feel sure will be of interest to a good many of my readers. How should we treat a favourite dog in his declining years? We cannot bear the thought that cold death will soon step in and claim our pet as his own, stiffen the limbs, and

"Close for aye the sparkling glance
That dwells on us sae fondly."

Can we by any means prolong a dog's life? We can; of this I am convinced, and if you have a pet, say ten years of age, there is no reason why you should not have him near you for five, or even six years yet to come; and this, too, with comfort and even pleasure to the animal himself.

But remember this, an old dog needs extra care and attention. Without, on the one hand, coddling him too much, you must, on the other, take the greatest precautions against his running any risks detrimental, or likely to be so, to his health. In order to make my remarks as plain and useful as possible, I put them in numbered paragraphs.

1. Food for old dogs.—This is important, because not only is the digestion weaker than when the animal was young, but the teeth in many instances are not so good. Also, because badly-digested food gives rise to many painful symptoms, and these may be but the precursors of deadly inflammations. Feed old favourites three, or even four, times a day. Let the breakfast be slight, but tasty; for if the dog goes long on an empty stomach, froth and bile collect in it and nausea is induced. A little meat or milk and bread, or butter and bread, may be given in the morning. Give nothing between meals, unless it be a very large soft bone for gnawing and amusement. The dinner should be tasty and appetising, but no meal should be over-abundant.

If the dog goes too often to the water-dish it is a sign his system is too hot, and the diet should be lowered. Well cleaned and well boiled tripe is excellent for old dogs, so is steeped biscuit or bread, with gravy and broth and well-minced vegetables.

Put a pinch or two of salt, according to the animal's size, in every diet. Some old dogs are fond of curry; it does them good at times.

If the minced greens do not keep the dog regular and cool, give once a day oatmeal porridge instead of bread. If bread be used it must not be fresh, but stale; lunch or sweet biscuits and all kinds of sweets are bad for all dogs. Suet pudding is a capital change of diet, and so, to smaller pets, is pudding of any kind. But no kind of badly-cooked food or tough meat should be given. Water, fresh and pure, *should* be allowed in abundance.

2. Grass is a thing that all dogs, young or old, must have access to. In towns it may be grown in pots or boxes for them. This is a hint worth remembering.

3. Exercise is as essential to the health of old dogs as to young, but it must not be forgotten that their joints and ligaments are no longer so supple as in the days of yore. Walking is therefore preferable to running, and on no account should they be forced to follow a horse and trap. It is dangerous, though I know it is a frequent practice, for many to run old dogs in this way, under the sadly-mistaken notion that it stirs them up and does them good. A dog, old or young, will run if need be until the heart stretches and breaks, when he will lie down and die; but no one ought to take advantage of his courage by forcing him to take violent exercise unsuited to his age.

Pets that ride in carriages should be well wrapped up in cold weather; an old dog's blood is very thin, and a chill is quickly caught.

4. Bed and bedding.—The old dog should sleep in a well aired room entirely free from draughts. Most old pet dogs should have a jacket to wear in cold weather out of doors, and this should be put on at night as well. An old dog's bed should be soft. There is nothing in the world better than a sheepskin mat. Do not let the animal lie much in front of the fire by day nor in bed or on the sofa.

5. Medicine.—The less of this an old dog gets, unless he requires it very much indeed, the longer is he likely to live. A little sulphur now and then, or, still better, a little gunpowder mixed with the food is a very good thing. The dose of gunpowder is from a small saltspoonful up to a large teaspoonful. It is composed of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal. Take care how you handle it, however. I would indeed be pained to know that in physicing her favourite any one of my readers blew herself out at the window and into the street, doggie and all.

Castor oil, made warm before giving, is a nice mild medicine for an old dog; the dose is from a small teaspoonful up to a tablespoonful, or more, mixed with half the quantity of syrup of buckthorn, and half the quantity of syrup of poppies. Those who have old dogs that are apt to ail occasionally should keep this mixture ready made up; it is a most valuable one:—Castor oil (the best) one part; syrup of poppies and syrup of buckthorn, of each, half part.

6. Now, in conclusion, here is a bit of advice which is worth more than all I have said yet.

Whenever your old pet is seen to be out of sorts, with perhaps dulness, roughened coat, dry nose and redness of eyes, you must not on any account begin to worry yourself or the dog either. If he sees you are frightened for him, he will at once set about being frightened for himself. Leave him entirely alone for some hours to lie in some comfortable extra warm place. Warmth and rest, and absence from food, will do more real good than all the physic you can force down his throat.

When an old dog ails like this you must try to cure him either by fair means or by foul. Now warmth and rest are the fair means, physic is the foul. Try the former first, and do not resort to the last till that seems to have failed.

Don't always trust a favourite dog to the ordinary horse doctor; it is far better you should treat him yourself. The easiest way to give a dog medicine is to open the mouth gently and firmly, and pour it little by little into the back of the throat.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOLLIES OF TRESSIDA.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day seemed long; but when the evening came, hour after hour passed away without bringing Tressy. Next day Susan's baby was ailing, or anxiety would have taken her to Barstowe; however, she told her husband she greatly wished to see her sister, whereupon David kindly promised to close the smithy early, and drive her over to the town. About an hour before they proposed to start a message came from Mrs. Quale, in consequence of which Susan repaired immediately to her mother's cottage. There she found the widow in tears, and Miss Warren, with nervous perturbation, trotting up and down the room, while awaiting her arrival. "Come in, Susan Peet," cried the little lady. "Come in; look me in the face and answer me truthfully. Do you know of any distress your sister Tressida may be in?"

"Susan, dear," began the mother; but Miss Warren interposed—

"Hold your tongue, Barbara. I ask you, Susan, have you heard if she was in any difficulty, in any want of money, just now?"

Susan turned pale, apprehensive of some blow; but her sisterly loyalty was firm. She stammered for reply, "Will you tell me why you ask that, Miss Warren?"

"Susan, child, I can read your face. You know more about your sister than you will tell. Tut, tut; never be afraid of me; you have no need to screen her from me. I am quite as anxious for her good as you are. Now listen: Tressida was with me on Tuesday, helping me in my rooms, as usual. In a chest of drawers, seldom opened—indeed, where I store articles not likely to be wanted for some time—were twelve yards of black silk velvet, the best Genoa, along with some silk, and scarlet flannel. The other articles are there, but the velvet is gone. It had lain there for some months; it was there on Monday, to-day it is gone."

Susan's pale cheek grew paler. She glanced at her mother, who was crying silently. Then she spoke slowly and distinctly.

"Do you take my sister for a thief?"

"What do you say to this as a witness?" said Miss Warren, producing from her reticule a bow of cerise ribbon, with a little star in it, of rather peculiar pattern, which Susan had last seen decorating her sister's glossy hair. "I found this in the drawer under the papers which had held the velvet. Everything else was undisturbed. This had evidently been dropped inadvertently."

"This may have been put there by the thief," said Susan. "And how could Tressy have carried out a parcel without being seen?"

"Tut, tut! she was often alone, of course; she could easily have put it in the grounds, and taken it away when she left. Now, Susan, I want you to clear this up. Let us keep it to our three selves. If either of you let it out it is your own fault. I have told no one, yet."

"I will go to my sister at once."

"SHE THREW UP HER HANDS AS IF TO WARD OFF DETECTION."

"Yes, do so; tell her to speak the truth. Tell her she is still my goddaughter, but I want the truth; and if she took the velvet I must know what drove her to do so. You had better have the gig."

"Thank you, ma'am, but David has the cart out; it is ready by now," replied Susan, who felt she could not accept a favour from Miss Warren at that moment. She then threw her arms round her mother's neck, "Oh, mother, mother, take comfort. I am going to prove Tressy innocent."

David Peet, always a man of careful words, troubled his wife with but few remarks during their ride. He saw she had something on her mind, but he had confidence in her will to tell him what it was at a right time. He "bided" that time, only stealing a look occasionally at her grave face as they jogged along.

They drove straight to the Carpenters' door. Susan went, without preface, into the house. Alas, for her theory of innocence! It needed but one look at Tressy to annihilate that. She was sitting doing nothing, her hands clasped across her knees, blankly staring out at the flower-garden. The fading sunset lay on it and her; but she sat forlorn in the warm light, looking the image of despair. She started at Susan's entrance, the gloom in her face changing to the ashy hue of fear; then threw up her hands, as if to ward off detection, swift and sure, which she saw presaged by her sister's face.

"What have you done with Miss Warren's velvet?" These were the only words that would come to Susan's dry lips.

"I took it to Mrs. Brook," said Tressy, hoarsely, who then began to tremble violently, and she darted a frightened glance beyond her sister, for it seemed to her, neophyte in crime, that the law must needs follow in with summary punishment.

This confession was, for the moment, too much for Susan, who dropped half fainting into a chair.

"Oh, Susan, Susan, don't faint! Speak to me. What a wicked girl I am!" cried Tressy, falling on her knees, and caressing her sister in a paroxysm of fear and remorse. "You are better now—say you are better now."

"This," moaned Susan, "will kill mother."

"I wish I was dead!" said Tressy, now breaking into sobs. "I don't know what made me do it. But Miss Warren was in one of her queer ways—I couldn't speak to her: and I was so afraid of Luke; and Mrs. Brook told me she would take anything, anything. I wish I was dead! What's the use of living now? Everybody will know."

"It won't be so bad as that," said Susan, sitting straight and trying to calm herself. "Miss Warren has kept it to ourselves so far. She's very kind; more than many would be."

"I don't know what made me do it, Susan—it must have been the devil tempting me. The velvet had been there so long; it seemed forgotten."

"You will have to make a clean breast of it now, Tressy; there's no help; you must tell your husband. And that velvet we must get back."

"When Luke knows, I will run away," said Tressy.

As the words left her lips, they heard a step on the gravel path—a step they both knew to be that of Luke Carpenter; but why was he coming from work thus early? Tressy stood up as the young man came in. He regarded her with stern, yet wrathful eyes—never had Susan seen such a look on his handsome face.

"How came you by that velvet?" he asked, throwing down on the table a parcel which contained Miss Warren's purloined property.

He paused, but receiving no answer from either of the startled women, went on—

"I asked you how you came by it, but I don't want to know—I don't, for I might hear that I've married a thief. Mrs. Brook called me into her shop just now and gave me this, which, she said, you had given her; she didn't care to keep it, she said, for it might get her into trouble. So, you've been running up a bill there again! However, I've paid it—paid it once more. Here's the receipt. Now I've made up my mind what to do. You're ruining me with your extravagance and your thriftless ways, and you're bringing me to drink—aye, to drink—to drink, I say!—so I'm going away. Here's all the money I have." He emptied his pockets—gold, silver, and coppers rolled about the table—perhaps three pounds in all. "You've yourself to blame that there's no more. The furniture you can have. Hold your tongue, Susan Peet; keep your breath to give advice to this sister of your'n; she'll make a drunkard of me if I stay with her any longer. Curse her! I was a fool to marry her."

With these words he turned away. His wife, uttering a despairing cry, rushed to him, and threw her arms round him; but he shook her roughly off, passed David Peet, who had entered and would have attempted a remonstrance, and went out into the world a bitter, penniless man!

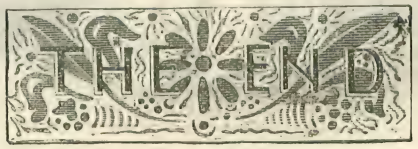
After this, Tressy fell very ill. She went home to her mother, where Susan carefully nursed her. Had it not been that all were so kind to her and that her misdeeds were known to so very few, she might never have raised up her head again; as it was, she recovered slowly. Good looks and high spirits were all lost during her long illness, from which she emerged, humbled and penitent, fully conscious of her past follies, and anxious to make reparation for them, should that ever be possible in this world. She put on black when she first came downstairs, and expressed her intention of wearing it during her husband's absence; "for I mourn him lost, whether he is dead or not, while he stays away," she said. She lived with her mother until the death of the latter, which occurred in about a year's time; and then again rented the cottage she and her husband had occupied during their married life, supporting herself by letting furnished rooms and by needlework. Although suspense was hard to bear, she never gave up hopes of her husband's return, not even when three years had elapsed without bringing news of him. At length, her fidelity was rewarded. As she sat at work one evening in her little parlour, she caught sight of a figure walking slowly to and fro before the house—a well-remembered figure; next moment she was weeping for joy on her husband's breast.

"Oh, Luke, I knew you would come back!"

"Aye, my girl, you know where my heart was, sure enough. I've often seen you, unbeknownst to you, while I've been away, and I've marked how you've changed and kept true to the change. I've been working at Southsea Docks for a long while past, and now I've got a little home again, which I want you to come to. Our second home will be happier than our first one was, Tressy."

"Oh, yes, yes, Luke; please the Lord. It was my folly spoiled our first; but we'll leave the remembrance of that behind us, in Barstowe, along with my good looks," she added, smiling.

"You are nicer-looking now, in my eyes, than you ever was," said her husband, affectionately.



ON READING,

AND HOW TO PROFIT BY IT.

WHAT a blank life would be to many of us without books, especially to those home-birds (and how many of our readers are such!) whose lives are bounded by four walls! What would they do without books to speak to them of the outside world they know so little of, to prevent them growing narrow-minded, to keep alive the divine spark of intelligence within them? Let us thank God—those of us who cannot imagine what their lives would have been without them—for good books.

We live in a reading age, an age in which we may say, as Solomon did, "of the making of many books there is no end." Magazines and light reading especially have multiplied wonderfully within the last few years, and herein lies a danger. It seems as though our age were too busy, our lives too full of hurrying activities, for solid, detailed book reading. Everything must be condensed, our knowledge of men and things must be swallowed in gulps; we have no time to quietly digest them in detail. Yet what is the result of this superficial reading, in which a man's life is given in a page or two, and a subject needing volumes to fully explain is summed up in a few columns? Why, just this, that in many cases it is as speedily forgotten as though it had never been read. This would seldom prove the case had the imformation been read in detail, in book form. There is such a thing as cramming apart from schools and examinations, and this is why we believe a few words on reading and how to profit by it will not be out of place.

First, a word or two on fiction as contrasted with more solid reading. Not so many years ago it was condemned by many religious persons as sinful, and a novel was to be shunned as worse than poison. We have grown wiser to-day, or else our fiction has grown better and purer. There is no need for the strictest person to put a veto on all tales and novels. Of the corrupting mass of sensational novels we do not speak. They, alas! find too many readers among young girls, too shallow brained and ignorant to know the harm they do themselves. Such books but pander to a morbid taste for information on subjects where surely ignorance is bliss indeed; they weaken the intellect, give false views of life, and deaden every pure or noble thought before possessed by their readers.

It is useless to lay down any hard or fast rules as regards reading fiction. Treat the mind as you would the body, is good advice. One man's *meat is another* man's poison. What harms one will not hurt another. What will violently excite some will not move others. To some a larger amount of fiction reading is safer, and perhaps more desirable, than to others. Doubtless, too, some are so constituted that a small amount is all that is safe or necessary. As in food, so in fiction, some can live considerably higher than others. The medium in both cases is perhaps the best, as it is for the majority of us. Let us remember only that fiction is a luxury, and must be used as such. To read nothing else is as hurtful and unwholesome as it would be to live entirely on pastry or cake. A varied diet best supports the body. Varied reading best nourishes the mind. Mind and body cannot live without food of some kind. Both grow on what they feed on. Starve either, and it dies. We can exist, it is true, with no mind, but mere existence is not *life*. Those who read only fiction become in time unable to read anything else, because fiction requires the least amount of concentration of mind to understand it. We read a tale without an effort, whereas other reading often requires a certain amount of close and fixed attention.

Those who never exercise this faculty find it difficult to do so. The less it is done the harder it becomes, till, in time, the power of bringing the mind sufficiently under control, of concentrating it upon a book, to the forcible exclusion of every thought at variance with the subject, becomes lost altogether. Worse still, tales themselves will pall; everything a trifle deeper than the surface, every little digression which contains perhaps some gem of thought worth the whole, will be hurried over or skipped. Descriptions of scenery, maybe the novelist's best point, will not be read, only the mere plot itself glanced at or cared for.

We would urge, strongly and earnestly, on all our readers who value their mind's health, to make at least an effort, an attempt at some solid reading. It will be found difficult at first to get the mind to follow the words read, and the subject may seem dry and uninteresting. But do not give up. Determine to devote half-an-hour a day to it. If one has time to read tales, one has the same time to read other works. Place the elbows on the table, stop up the wide-opened ears, read word by word, and over and over again if need be. Only make up the mind to understand, and find interest in the book, and at last interest will come, the attention will be fixed. Do not give over because the first solid book read has seemed dry and uninteresting, and not worth the time and effort it has cost to read it. In most cases the fault is not in the book, but in our own vacant minds, which know nothing of the subject. To another the interest may far exceed that of any tale. What buildings are fuller of interest than the grim Tower of London or the old Abbey of Westminster? Yet what interest does a person totally ignorant of history find in them? Truly little indeed. To him they tell nothing, they mean nothing. So it is with solid reading. The reward soon comes; the second work read is more entertaining than the first, the third than the second, and such reading gives a solid satisfaction afterwards, where light reading often leaves behind a dissatisfied feeling. Again, how very soon such reading enlightens all other reading, making it clearer, fuller, more interesting, more enjoyable. The more we read the more we enjoy reading. Can we say this of fiction? Come, now, those who read tale after tale, novel after novel, do they increase in interest or do they fall flat, and seem the same thing over again? Like body, like mind. According as each be fed so will it grow. The Scotch child, fed on porridge, grows big-boned and sturdy; whilst English children, reared on insufficiency of milk and white bread, are often the reverse. Read fiction only, and the mind will be light, superficial, lacking firmness and decision, incapable of judging, of forming an independent opinion, listless, vacant. Read but some solid reading, and the mind must grow in strength and compass, capable of thinking, of judging for itself; capable of receiving new ideas and of forming them as well.

We have said far more than we intended on this subject, more, we are sadly afraid, than those who most need it will read. But the subject is one that needs urging, when hundreds of well-educated girls, after the last examination is over, never dream of reading, say, a history or book of travels even. When so much depends on our reading, it is not a matter of choice or indifference what we read, but a duty, a talent of which we must give account. Those are truly fortunate who have some judicious parent, elder brother, sister, friend, or relative to direct their reading and choose or suggest books. Those who are not so happily situated must be extra careful as to what they read. A bad book is a personal enemy.

Now for a few practical suggestions as to how to profit by one's reading. It is a good plan always to have some book on hand to read, and we should try to let our reading be as regular as possible. In reading, as in most other things, such as out-door exercise, music practice, or needlework, a short time devoted to them every day is far better than spending a long time over them at irregular intervals. A chapter only a day will soon bring one to the end of a volume. Many would be astonished to find how many books they can read in a year by reading a small portion daily. Then let us try to get as much out of everything we read as we possibly can. Any sentence not quite plain must be studied till it is. If the thread of the subject be lost owing to wandering thoughts, we must go back till it be found again. Overlooking a single sentence will often cause pages to be misunderstood, which is not so much the case in stories. Make frequent use of a dictionary. Come, that is going too far, some may think. Is it? Macaulay, learned as he was, did not think so. We have heard that he wore the binding off his dictionary three or four times, owing to his frequent use of it. He might have covered it, of course; but that does not alter the argument! Have an odd scrap of paper always by you on which to dot down any word you do not know the meaning of. If we look out for them, we shall be astonished at the number of strange words we shall find. Not strange words only must be looked out, but those of which, if anyone asked us, we could not there and then give a plain definition.

There are hundreds of words that people think they know, but which they only guess at, or have very vague ideas as to what they mean. Often the word has a very different meaning from that which we thought it had. The stock of words most of us use is very limited in extent. This will help to enlarge it and be a great help, as not doing so is a great hindrance to our enjoyment of books. A good plan is to keep a little note-book and divide the pages into three columns, one for the "words," the other for "meanings," the third for "derivations." Then hunt up the words from the dictionary, and write down both meanings and derivations under their proper headings. We can recommend "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary" as most excellent for the purpose, as each word is traced to its root, and the history of a word is often interesting. For example, in "Decima's Promise" we found the word "martinet," meaning a strict disciplinarian, and which, the dictionary tells us, is derived from a certain very strict officer in the army of Louis XIV. of France, whose name was Martinet. Or take the word "palladium"—any safeguard. It comes from the statue of Pallas, on the preservation of which the safety of ancient Greece was supposed to depend. Many more words might be mentioned, as "ostracise," "sybarite," which any who do not know them will do well to look out. Also words relating to buildings, as "donjon," "portcullis;" war terms, like "fosse," "stockade," are among those of which we often have but hazy notions of the real meaning.

At least, a list of all books read should be kept, with the titles, authors' names, where published, date, price, by whom lent. Thus at the end of a year one can see at a glance the number and kind of books one has read. This list will often be useful to refer to, for the memory frequently plays one amiss. It will serve as a sort of record of the means by which the mind has grown. Better still will this be, if a brief review or notice of each book be written after reading it. It will not take much time, as the notice need only be very short; a few words are better than nothing. We must not try in any way to imitate a newspaper or printed review, but just say simply what we think of the book, giving our reasons for so thinking. Or we may state roughly the contents of the volume, mentioning anything that has especially struck us in it. This will prove a great help in recalling a book to mind, in helping us to remember, instead of forgetting what we have read. We ought each to be able to give our own (not another's) opinion on every book of any length that we read. Not only give an opinion, but our reasons for that opinion. Yet how few can! "It was very nice," or "I did not like it," those two phrases sum up the answer of the majority of persons to the question of "What do you think of such and such a work?" Let us beware, in our notices of books, of a habit of finding fault and picking holes in all we read. It will be no proof of wisdom, but will rather show our want of it. Anyone can find fault. Not everyone can understand good writing. Better praise too much than condemn too much.

Writing about what we read does good, so does talking about what we read. Some persons are so selfish. They read much, yet not a word do they say to anyone about their reading. One would think them full of anecdotes, good stories, facts and knowledge, yet one waits in vain to hear a word. They will read the paper through, and not tell their companion (who perhaps has no time to read it) a single item of news it contains. Certainly their reading does others no good, whatever it may do them. We strongly suspect the good to them soon passes. Many read simply to pass the time, so the words pass through the brain as through a sieve, leaving little or nothing behind. Those who take interest in what they read, who think of it afterwards, cannot fail, we think, to want to share their enjoyment with others. What should we think of anyone in the home circle who ate some luxury all by herself, and let no one else have a taste? Yet many do so as regards intellectual luxuries. If food for the body is sweeter and more delicious when shared, how much more food for the mind and brain? Telling others of what we read, talking over what we both have read, and hearing another's thoughts and opinions on the subject, how it adds zest and enjoyment to our reading! How it makes all things plainer, and helps us to remember everything to a far greater extent! There is nothing that helps us to understand a subject so much as *talking about it*. Then let us cultivate more the habit of talking over what we read with some one. Never mind if that some one has not read the book. Perhaps some will say they have no one who would understand or take an interest in their reading. Have they ever tried? How can they tell till they do? There are many who have little time for reading, to whom this would be doing genuine kindness. It would give others new thoughts, new interests, and help to draw the mind away from itself, away from its own troubles and anxieties. It will amply repay all who will try it by creating a bond of sympathy, unknown before, between two persons. And it is not always the so-called educated persons that are needed to appreciate such talk most. We know that to us reading would lose half its delight did we not talk over all we read, be it history, biography, travel, or articles on the most wide-apart subjects, with one who has read comparatively few books.

Reading aloud is another good way of enjoying and getting the most from a book. Others can work while one reads. How one wishes this were more often done in the family circle on wintry evenings! To read well is a valuable art, as worthy of practice as singing or music playing. All should try to read well. No one, we think, can fail to do so if the mind and thoughts are full of what they read. If such be the case, the voice naturally

interprets the thoughts the mind feels; the right words receive their due emphasis; without an effort on the reader's part, the tone of voice will suit the words. Bad reading is often caused by trying to read well, by thinking of ourselves instead of what we read. So long as we read distinctly and clearly, we may leave the rest to take care of itself. We are not reciting at a Penny Reading. Those who are not used to reading much aloud will find the voice get dry and thick, causing pain to both themselves and their hearers. But practice will soon enable one to read for hours at a stretch without inconvenience. A good reader has the power of giving a vast amount of pleasure. Any intelligent person who understands what he reads cannot fail to read intelligently, so that others may understand it too. Bad, monotonous reading is often caused by merely reading word after word, without taking in the sense of the reading—at least, taking no interest, no pleasure in it. We should look upon being asked or allowed to read to others as a privilege, and read as though it were so, making the living voice give life and soul to the dead words, bringing out the meaning of the author, as only reading aloud can do.

Another good plan is to keep a small memorandum book always in the pocket, in which to note down brief extracts. We should be ever on the look out for these in stories as well as heavier reading, short sentences that contain the gist of the matter in hand; sentences that put a fact or truth in terse language, or that strike us as being well written and worth remembering. We cannot carry all we may find in our heads, but we can in a book where we can often read them. The tales of Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo are rich in such sentences. Here is one, just to show what is meant. Many, we hope, will recognise it, as it appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in 1883, but it will bear repeating:—

"We have got to begin early to make life worth living, if we are to begin at all. It is soon too late. It is a terrible thing to look back down one's life, and feel as if nothing would have been a bit different if one had never been born at all. Perhaps it is something to be thankful for if one does not seem to have done any harm, only one never feels sure of that."

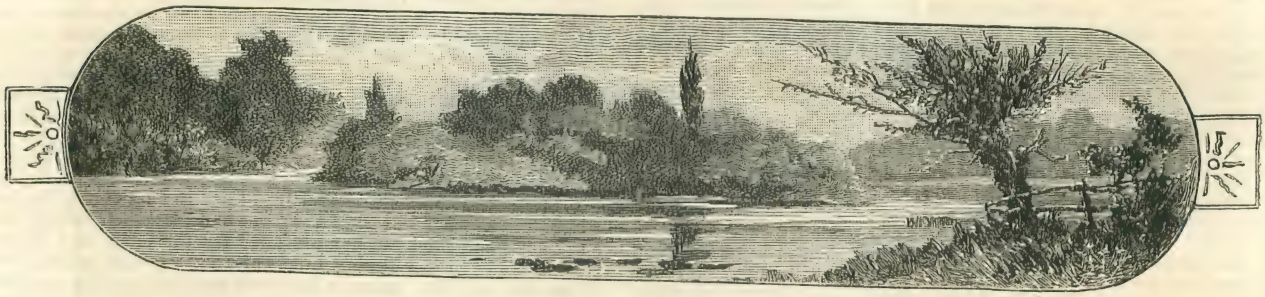
Or, take this extract from a tale by Miss Agnes Giberne, which tersely tells the truth about that misquoted and misunderstood phrase of, "Trust in God."

"That means that if you are God's faithful servant and child, you needn't worry and fret for your future, but when you've done the little you can do, you may trust Him to do all you can't do, and to care for you in need. But I tell you it don't mean that you are to live a life of self-indulgence and pleasure and trust God to do for you what He has given you the power to do for yourself, just to save you a bit of trouble and thought."

An excellent paper has already appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on "How to Keep a Common Place Book," to which we must refer our readers. All who act on the advice will find their reading profit them much more than it would otherwise.

In conclusion, let us try to get as much from all we read as we possibly can, extract all the sweetness from it, draw out all the knowledge. Let us form a habit of thinking about what we read after we have read it. Let us try to understand all that is not quite clear, comparing and arranging facts in our brains. In reading travels, we shall be wise if we look out every name of a place we come across on a good map. Never let us go on reading in a fog as to where or what we are reading about. Never mind taking trouble. Nothing worth doing is done without it. Let our motto be "well," not "much." It is not the number or quantity of the books we read that form the mind. To read a few well, to really know a few works, is far better than skimming them by the dozen. This does no lasting good, and only leaves behind the poor satisfaction of being able to say we have read them. Perhaps that is all those who so read can say about them.

WILLIAM A. LIDDELOW.



ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE LATER GERMAN PICTURES.

WE will leave our quaint, early nameless painters of the Rhine countries, and, passing quickly forward through several rooms (not allowing ourselves to be tempted to pause by the many beautiful landscapes of Poussin, Claude, and pictures by other later masters), will continue our way straight on until we turn into Room No. 12.

Again we find ourselves among the German, Flemish, and Dutch masters, and can continue to trace the progress of art with the story of the painters of the Rhine countries and of northern Europe.

We glance down the long, handsome room, its walls rich with the glowing canvases that represent the work of three successive centuries. How different from the general aspect of the first room we entered! At the farther end we can recognise a few pictures in the painfully elaborated method which we have already described. Pictures, let us always remember, lovingly painted, though by feeble hands; painted for churches, when the church walls were the Bible and primer of the poor and ignorant; painted for people who had no other story books, nor indeed the knowledge to read them, had they possessed the books.

But, before we begin to look at pictures that really do look like pictures, that no longer harrow us with anguish, or irritate us by their incongruous efforts at naturalism, we must pause and look well at this quaint portrait placed on a screen, in so important a position that we hardly could pass it by if we would.

No. 186. "Portrait of a Flemish merchant and his lady, Jean Arnolfini and Jeanne de Chenany, his wife," as the catalogue informs us, "standing in the middle of an apartment, with their hands joined." The room is very German in its arrangement, being a handsome well-furnished sitting-room, with a large and comfortable-looking four-post bedstead in it with crimson hangings. There is an old-fashioned round mirror at the far end of the room, in which one sees distinctly reflected the backs of the merchant and his wife, and even two other people who may be supposed to be behind the spectator. In the frame of the mirror (the mirror itself cannot be more than two inches across) there are ten minute circular compartments, in which are painted subjects relating to the Passion of Christ. One would need a powerful magnifying-glass to see them. One scarcely knows which to envy most, the painter's power of eyesight or his power of patient work. All the details in this picture are worked up to a point that is something truly wonderful, quite like a miniature; and yet they do not in any way detract from the general effect, nor from the rich and powerful colouring—

How wonderfully fresh are all the tints! It looks as if it was painted yesterday, instead of in the year 1434, as the inscription above the mirror informs us that it really was. But it is not on account of its wonderful details, nor yet on account of its full rich colour, that I beg your earnest attention to this picture. But it is for this reason—

It is the earliest picture painted in oils in the National Gallery.

What, then, have we been looking at hitherto? you may perhaps inquire. Chiefly at pictures painted in *tempera*, that is, painted on panels of wood, with colours mixed with size or thin glue. They received a coat of varnish after being finished, to prevent the colours from getting washed off. No wonder that the early pictures have such a look of laboured miniatures. No wonder the colours look so dry, and flat, and hard.

This picture was painted by John van Eyck, and the names of John and his elder brother Hubert stand out, famous beyond all artists of their time, immortalised for having made the important discovery of painting in oils.

They were born at the little village of Maas Eyck (on the river Maas in Belgium), from which place they derive their name; but they resided chiefly at Ghent and Bruges, where they founded a great school, and painters from all parts, even from Italy, came to learn their newly discovered method from them, by which such vastly improved results could be obtained.

The great difficulty with which the artists

"THE DUTCH HOUSEWIFE."

(From the painting in the National Gallery.)

had previously had to contend was that of getting the varnish to dry that they put over their pictures after they were finished, in order to preserve them from injury, and many artists in many countries were trying to meet this difficulty, some in one way, some in another, in the time of the Van Eycks. Vasari, the historian, in his "Lives of the Italian Painters," describes the different methods that had been tried and failed. His description of the final success is so pleasantly told that I feel tempted to quote it at length.

The date of the story is supposed to be 1410.

"These matters were often the subjects of fruitless discussion when artists met together, and the same object was proposed by many eminent painters in other countries besides Italy, in France, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere. While things were in this state, it happened that John of Bruges, pursuing the art in Flanders, and much esteemed in those parts for his great skill, set himself to try different colours, and being a man who delighted in alchemy"—(it is amusing to think what alchemy can have to do with paint-pots, except that at that moment they were both subjects concerning which people knew but little, and that alchemy was then considered to be the key to all undiscovered knowledge)—"he laboured much in the preparation of various oils for varnishes and other things, as is the manner of inventive minds, such as he was. Now it happened upon a time, that after having given extreme labour to the completion of a certain picture, and with great diligence brought it to a successful issue, he gave it the varnish, and set it to dry in the sun, as is the custom. But whether the heat was too great, or that the wood was badly joined or insufficiently seasoned, the picture gave way at the joinings, opening out in a very deplorable manner." We cannot help feeling sympathy for the artist, who, after labouring hard for months with his painfully careful stippling in of all those delicate and elaborate details, with his thin colours mixed with size, which must have been used much in the way our miniature painters used to work, met with such a disappointment as this; to see his picture split up bodily before his eyes, the great cracks opening out, and the colours shrinking back on all sides with the heat of the sun.

However, brave man as he was, he acted at once upon the motto, which I have no doubt he knew in some ancient form, "Never say die!" "And thereupon," continues Vasari, "John, perceiving the mischief done to his work determined to proceed in future so that the same thing should never again injure his work in a like manner, and as he was embarrassed both by his varnishes and by the process of tempera painting, he turned his thoughts to the discovery of some material that would dry in the shadow, to the end that he need not expose his pictures to the heat of the sun. Accordingly, after having made many experiments on substances pure and mixed, he finally discovered that linseed oil and oil of nuts dried more readily than any others of all he had tried. Having boiled these oils, therefore, with other mixtures, he thus obtained the medium which he, or rather all the painters of the world, had so long desired."

He seems also to have found out that mixing this medium with his colours, as he painted, gave a much better effect, was infinitely pleasanter to work with, and also dried better than by merely using it as a final varnish on the old plan.

Our quotation exultingly concludes the account of the discovery thus—"Rejoicing greatly over this invention, as it was reasonable he should do, John then commenced a multitude of paintings, with which he filled all those parts, to the great delight of all who beheld them, as well as with very large gain to himself, his experience increasing from day to day, and his pictures constantly attaining to a higher degree of perfection."

This sounds great praise from the old Italian writer, but we must reflect that without efficient tools and suitable materials no good technical work is physically possible, as, for instance, one could not play a sonata of Beethoven on a banjo, nor could one produce a satisfactory specimen of handwriting on a tablecloth; so, in order to execute a fine piece of painting, the artist needs, besides his own steady hand and knowledge of form, a surface that will receive and retain his colours, and colours so prepared that they will dry to command, slowly or quickly, as his kind of work requires.

The colours also must retain permanently the amount of lustre with which they were in the first instance applied.

All these good qualities this new method of using oil and varnish possessed. Most of these qualities had been wanting in the colours and medium with which the poor fellows had previously toiled on with their tempera work.

All honour to John van Eyck and his brother Hubert! The Italian historian mentions John only, but I believe it is considered that to Hubert, the elder of the two brothers, and not to John, the real honour of the important discovery belongs. Indeed, in 1410, the date given by Vasari, Hubert was working in the prime of life, while John could have been but a youth.

We must not omit to mention their sister, Margaret, who lived and worked, side by side, with her brothers, in that pretty old town of Bruges; its quaint carillons ringing in their ears as they painted happily together; a pleasant group to think of in a bright autumn day of the olden time, a pious and meditative group, full of domestic poetry. We possess three wonderfully brilliant works by the younger brother, John, the one I have already described, and two others, heads only; all marked by the same fresh rich colour.

The old Flemish proverb, "Als ich kann" ("As I can," not "As I would"), which the Van Eycks modestly took for their motto, was often written by them on the frames of their pictures. It appears on the frame of one of these portraits (No. 222) along with the date, and the signature of John.

But to see their finest works we must visit the country where they dwelt. Their masterpiece is "The Adoration of the Lamb," painted for the Church of St. Bavon, Ghent. Originally it had double folding-doors, or wings, on each side. These wings were also painted on, both inside and outside. When the doors were thrown open, the whole of the inner part of each door showed a separate subject, so that it was really not one picture, but a whole series, the chief being the centre one, viz.: "The Adoration of the Lamb by all Nations and Peoples of the Earth," the idea taken from the Apocalypse. It is considered the finest work that the Van Eycks have left. An inscription on the picture informs us that the design and the chief parts were the work of Hubert, but that as he did not live to complete it himself, his brother John carried out what Hubert had left unfinished.

Herbert died in 1426. His talents were so highly esteemed by his fellow townsmen that his good right hand, the hand that had worked so well, that had surely done "all it could," if "not all it would," was preserved in an armoire of iron, in the porch of the Church of St. Bavon, where his famous picture was; and it was shown, as the bones of saints were, for popular veneration.

After this important discovery of oil painting, there arose many clever painters who, sooner or later, forsook the early tempera method in favour of oils.

The illustration given with my last paper is a copy of two pictures by Jacob Cornelissen, which were probably painted on the folding doors of some such an altar-piece as I have now been describing. Cornelissen was of the Dutch school, a little later than the Van Eycks. They were of the Flemish. The two schools were in all respects similar at that date. This fragment of an altar-piece would be a very early specimen of Dutch work in oils.

Roger van der Weyden, Hans Memling, Dierick Stuerbout (or Bouts) at Haarlem, Quentin Matsys at Antwerp, Jan de Mabuse, Lucas van Leyden, Jan Schoorel at Utrecht, Albert Dürer at Nuremburg, and many others followed closely in the steps of the Van Eycks. With their new material, and with the ever-increasing facility of using it, pictures continued to improve with each generation. Artists were still chiefly occupied with painting altar-pieces for the churches or portraits of the rich Flemish merchants and their wives. But now, occasionally, other subjects were painted, subjects of general interest for town halls or other public places.

Roger van der Weyden was the most famous of the immediate pupils of the Van Eycks. He was the first to paint upon canvas. All the early work was upon panels of wood. Van der Weyden retained an affection for tempera painting, and continued often to use the earlier method—even, it is said, preferring it to the more brilliant one. A picture by him, "The Deposition in the Tomb," painted very carefully in tempera, is hung near to the richly coloured portraits in oils by Van Eyck in the National Gallery. It looks very pale and poor in effect by comparison.

Dierick Stuerbouts was appointed official painter to the city of Louvain. He painted two large pictures for the Council Hall there, illustrating a story known as the Golden Legend, and related in the chronicles of the City of Louvain. The legend belongs to the beliefs of the middle ages. It concerns a noble lady wrongfully accused. She appeals to the trial by fire, and appears before her emperor holding a bar of red hot iron in her hand, thus proving her innocence! As it was believed that none but a pure and innocent person could grasp iron when red hot unhurt, she is at once acquitted, and her accuser condemned as guilty. How such a belief arose, and how it could be maintained for some centuries, as was the belief in the ordeals by fire and water, creates wonder in our minds at the present day. Doubtless the converse was true, that the guilty could not hold the red hot bar unhurt. But that seems hardly a sufficient proof that the innocent could. The idea was, however, a very popular one, as many legendary stories bear witness.

Bouts received 230 crowns for this work. Let us observe that a town council, in this instance, orders the pictures, and that the subject chosen is historical. Hitherto, nearly all those we have referred to have been commissioned by church authorities and painted for churches.

The subject of the work by Bouts in the National Gallery is the Exhumation of St. Hubert (No. 783). Rather a ghastly subject. The dead body of the saint, richly dressed in his robes as bishop of Liege, the mitre on his head, is being lowered into a vault in a fine large Gothic church; many gorgeously attired priests assist at the ceremony, while the Frankish king stands by, holding his crown in his hand, bare-headed, out of his respect to the saint. The picture is so full of rich colouring and elaborate details, that for a long time it was attributed to the master hand of Van Eyck.

Quentin Matsys, the celebrated blacksmith

of Antwerp, was first distinguished for his skill in iron work.

There is a draw-well opposite the great door at the west end of Antwerp Cathedral, protected by a canopy of beautiful tracery work in iron, which we cannot speak of without interest. It was hammered out by the blacksmith lad, before he had seen that pretty young girl who so filled his head with thoughts of love, that win her he must and would. Perhaps she came down daily to this very well to fill her bright copper pails with the sparkling water for the family use. Perhaps she lingered daily to admire the dainty workmanship of the new canopy. Perhaps she praised the clever lad whose work it was. Anyhow, the father, a painter himself, would hear naught of a blacksmith for his girl. His son-in-law should be a painter, and nothing else. Therefore our blacksmith set himself right vigorously to work with canvas and brushes. The artist feeling was in him when he hammered out the lovely tracery work in iron, of which we have spoken.

"By hammer and hand
All arts do stand,"

was the motto of the guild of ironworkers of his day, which implies that they were not mere blacksmiths, but as we should say now, artists in iron. Quentin Matsys' great success in the art of the brush soon compassed his utmost wishes.

A tablet placed to his memory in Antwerp Cathedral bore the following curious inscription in Latin, "Connubialis Amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem;" which may be rendered "Connubial love turned Vulcan into Apelles."

One of his most noted works is "The Misers," a man and woman counting their money. This is now in the Royal Collection at Windsor. The North Gallery possesses a double picture by him (No. 295). One half represents the head of the Saviour, called "Salvator Mundi," on account of the attributes. The left hand holds a crystal globe surmounted by a golden cross; the other is lifted in the act of blessing. On the other half picture is the head of the Virgin Mary, her hands joined as in adoration. From the shape of this double picture we may suppose it to have been doors or wings intended to close over some large centre subject—a similar arrangement to that we have fully described already in relation to the Van Eycks' great typical picture, "The Adoration of the Lamb."

Of Quentin Matsys we may note that he was among the first painters who visited England, we having at that time no native artists. This was during the reign of Henry VII. Matsys painted a family portrait for that king, which includes the king himself, with the future Henry VIII. and his sister, then two chubby innocent little children.

To Albert Dürer we may be almost said to owe wood-engraving, so rudimentary was the state of that art before his time, and with such devotion and enthusiasm did he work out his quaint and thoughtful designs both on wood and copper.

Of Lucas Cranach, it is interesting to remember that he was the friend of Martin Luther and his wife, Catherine Bora. He was present at their marriage, and had even helped to bring it about. Cranach painted his friend's portrait several times, and introduced himself and Luther in a prominent position in the foreground of a large picture of the Crucifixion, now at Weimar. This sort of thing was quite in accordance with the curious practice, which we have already alluded to more than once, of introducing the familiar surroundings of the day into sacred subjects.

We must suppose that painters liked to try their hand at pictures sometimes, now, and did not care to be always making altar-pieces, for painting "saints, and saints, and saints again," must become montonous when carried on more as a trade than as an art, for so it apparently had become; and accordingly we are interested to learn that at a great fair or public market, held twice a year at Bruges, among all the other stalls there was a painter's stall, and some very good painters of the time regularly took this means of showing their pictures to the public and selling them. We may call this a rough kind of beginning of the practice of summer and winter exhibitions held now so regularly in London, Paris, and other great cities. Perhaps there was hardly so fashionable an attendance of visitors.

As we stand in the midst of the pictures in the Gallery, our impulse will probably be to hurry on to the many attractive ones that invite us forwards on all sides. But as we, at home, afterwards, try to think over all we have been looking at, we pause a moment as the thought forces itself upon us of the immense, the astounding difference between the painters of the fifteenth and the painters of the sixteenth centuries. Down to the fifteenth century, even after the invention of oil painting, there is a certain similarity in colour and subject in all the pictures.

We feel inclined to ask, What can have happened to the world of painting?

Much, very much had happened, but primarily to the world outside the world of painting. In fact, we may say that everything was then happening which has made Europe the comparatively civilised world that it now is.

The various discoveries of modern times affected the whole tone of European civilization, and incidentally changed the character of art also. The invention of printing brought books into every man's house; the power to read them followed; the invention of wood engraving brought cheap pictures into many homes. Contemporary with all this came the Reformation, which gave the Bible into the hands of all men, and stirred up individual thought. The revived study of the old classic writers, too, opened a new world of subjects to the painters, as we shall see more fully when we leave the North and turn to the Italian schools. The painting of altar-pieces still went on, but art was less devoted to sacred subjects.

The art of engraving, however, seems, for a time at least, to have almost taken the place of painting in the northern countries. Many who might have painted pictures followed the example of Albert Dürer, and took up engraving instead, and we therefore scarcely find the artists of this time represented in our Gallery. But the study of engraving had one noteworthy influence upon the painters of this and the following centuries. It directed their attention to the effects of light and shade, as we shall at once see in the group of painters whose pictures will next rivet our attention.

Then, again, this striving after effects of light and shade made painters more observant of nature around them. The bright sunlight on the wide, slow, winding rivers, the long sunset shadows of the old church towers over the flat green Flemish meadows, where pastured the sleepy kine, the grandeur of cloud and storm; all these unfolded themselves to their minds, and landscape painting arose, as men began to see how many, how varied, and how beautiful are the forms in which nature presents herself for our loving admiration.

Then, too, in the great cities, Antwerp and elsewhere, the printing presses were busy pouring forth editions of the old classic philosophers and historians. The strange legends of the early ages fired the imagination of the painters, who set themselves to realise with their brush the strange old stories that were now for the first time brought before them. From this time onwards the histories of Greece and Rome, but more especially Rome,

"With all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,"

which that history presents, afforded favourite subjects for the painter's art. Now, as we move forward in the Gallery, leaving behind us the quaint old painters, we look round with admiration at the glorious blaze of colour that meets our eyes as we gaze upon the varied subjects of Rubens, that master of splendour; of Rembrandt, with his rich effects of light and gloom; while the golden sun-lit landscapes of Cuyp and Both, and the rolling clouds and splashing waterfalls of Ruysdael, show us that men's minds have awoke to the perception of the beauty of God's wonderful works.

Here is a glowing canvas (No. 38) by Rubens. The old Roman story of how in early times the Roman soldiers stole their wives from their friendly neighbours. All is rush and movement. The fair, handsome, well-dressed woman in the foreground, whom the soldier flings reluctant upon his great, white, champing horse, how florid and well-to-do she is! Rubens was a wealthy man; he lived at court, and we can see that, as an artist, he is not uninfluenced by the handsome, luxuriant society he lived amongst, and that he represented the kind of people he saw daily, even as formerly our stiff early painters of Cologne and Bruges represented the life they saw around them.

On the other side of the room hangs "The Brazen Serpent" (No. 59), a splendid painting, figures life-size; more sober in colour, as befits, than the classical subjects. The scene is treated with the feeling of a great historical painter. The intense realism and ascetic sentiment of the early masters have become things of the past.

Rubens had an unusually brilliant career, both as man and as artist. Ambassador to several European courts, knighted twice, first by the Spanish king and afterwards by our own Charles I., his successful life seems reflected in his powerful drawing and large and glowing canvases. He excelled in every phase of art that he attempted. His figure pieces are full of interest and varied action, his portraits of noble and dignified character, his lion hunts of excitement, movement, and masterly drawing, while his landscapes glow with the rich tints and driving clouds of autumnal effects. There is a fine view in the Gallery by Sir Peter Paul Rubens (to give him his full title), of the Chateau de Stein, his own residence, where he lived in princely splendour.

There is an anecdote told of him, that a chemist once made him an offer of a share of his laboratory, including his near hope of discovering the philosopher's stone. Rubens invited the visionary into his painting room, and showing him the pictures he was then at work upon, said that the offer was made twenty years too late; for, said he, "it is just so long since I have found the art of making gold for myself with my palette and brushes."

Alternately with Rubens, down this room, made so rich by his gorgeous displays of colour, are the luminous depths of that master of light and shade, Rembrandt.

Nature's shady places alone appear to have attracted his marvellous brush. He has taken the subject of the nativity (No. 47), called "The Adoration of the Shepherds," as an opportunity to paint a night scene. The whole background of the stable, the manger, and the cattle are but dimly discernible, the kneeling shepherds scarcely more so, while the light appears actually to *emanate* from the Infant Saviour in his lowly bed; while His mother, as she leans over the Babe, is lighted by the rays. A truly poetical idea! A some-

what similar effect is produced in that marvel of light and shade, "The Woman taken in Adultery" (No. 45), one of the gems of which our Gallery is justly proud. Rembrandt's portraits are as noted as his subject pictures.

Rubens had travelled and studied in Italy, and we find, probably in consequence of this, that his historical and ideal subjects are treated in a large manner and with nobility.

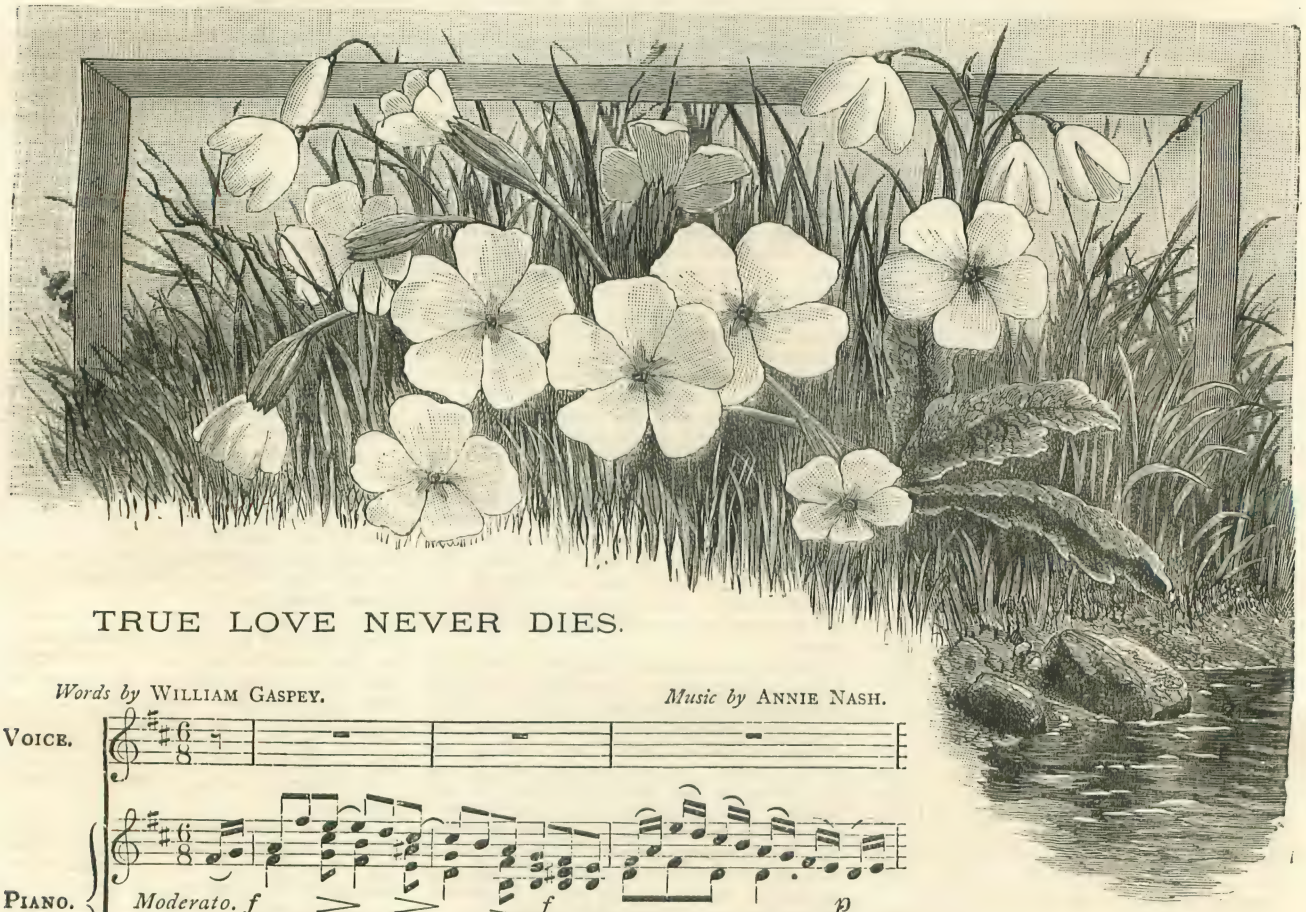
Rembrandt's sole claim to be called a poetical painter is from the marvellous veil that his depths of shade throw over his figures, which seem to tempt, yet to evade, the eye, as the spectator seeks to penetrate the depths of gloom. His feeling for individual character was low and common in the extreme. His boors are most boorish; his portraits are full of character, but one is led to fancy that his sitters were mostly very commonplace and very vulgar people, and that he has hit off their characteristics in a marvellously truthful manner. But he painted the life he saw around him, as he saw it, with a powerful unerring brush, and he has taught us to see how much of poetry can be lent to the commonest objects, simply by half veiling them—even as the mist lends an added charm to the mountain by half hiding it.

Rembrandt had many followers; painters who gave themselves up entirely to the representing of the everyday life they saw about them, with a simple and healthy enjoyment of our common human nature in all its homely ways; and their brilliant light and shade, their rich yet subdued colour, and their familiar naturalness and truthfulness, make all these pictures very delightful things to look at.

These painters are known as the Dutch School. We give as an illustration of this style, "The Dutch Housewife" (No. 159), a girl scraping parsnips, a child by her side watching her. It is by Nicolas Maas, a pupil of Rembrandt, and distinguished painter of these kind of subjects, known as *genre* pictures.

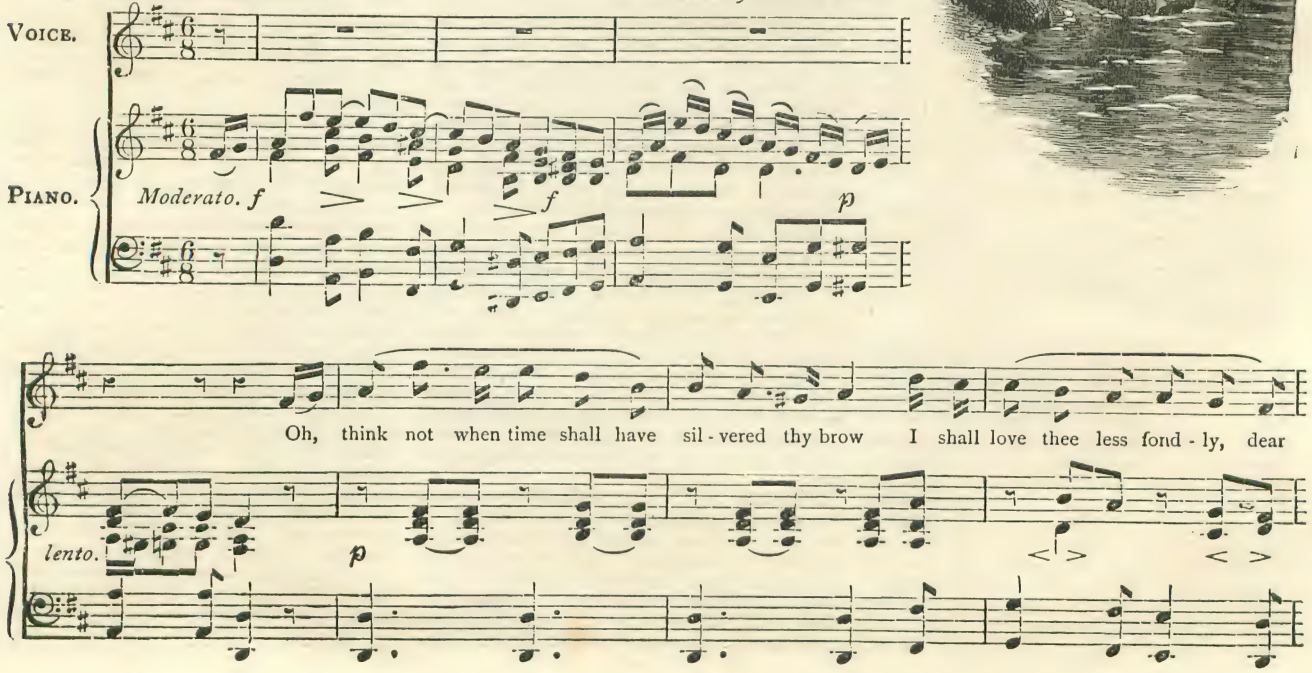
Teniers and Gerard Dow are perhaps the most distinguished names of this very numerous and very popular manner. The object of these pictures is to please and to amuse, not to instruct or to elevate. They are in every respect the reverse of those which we commenced with describing. For, with them, the painters had, with unskilled hands and inefficient materials, attempted to portray the unpaintable; whereas, these later men, with thoroughly skilled hands and perfected materials, have attained a great success in realising a comparatively low aim.

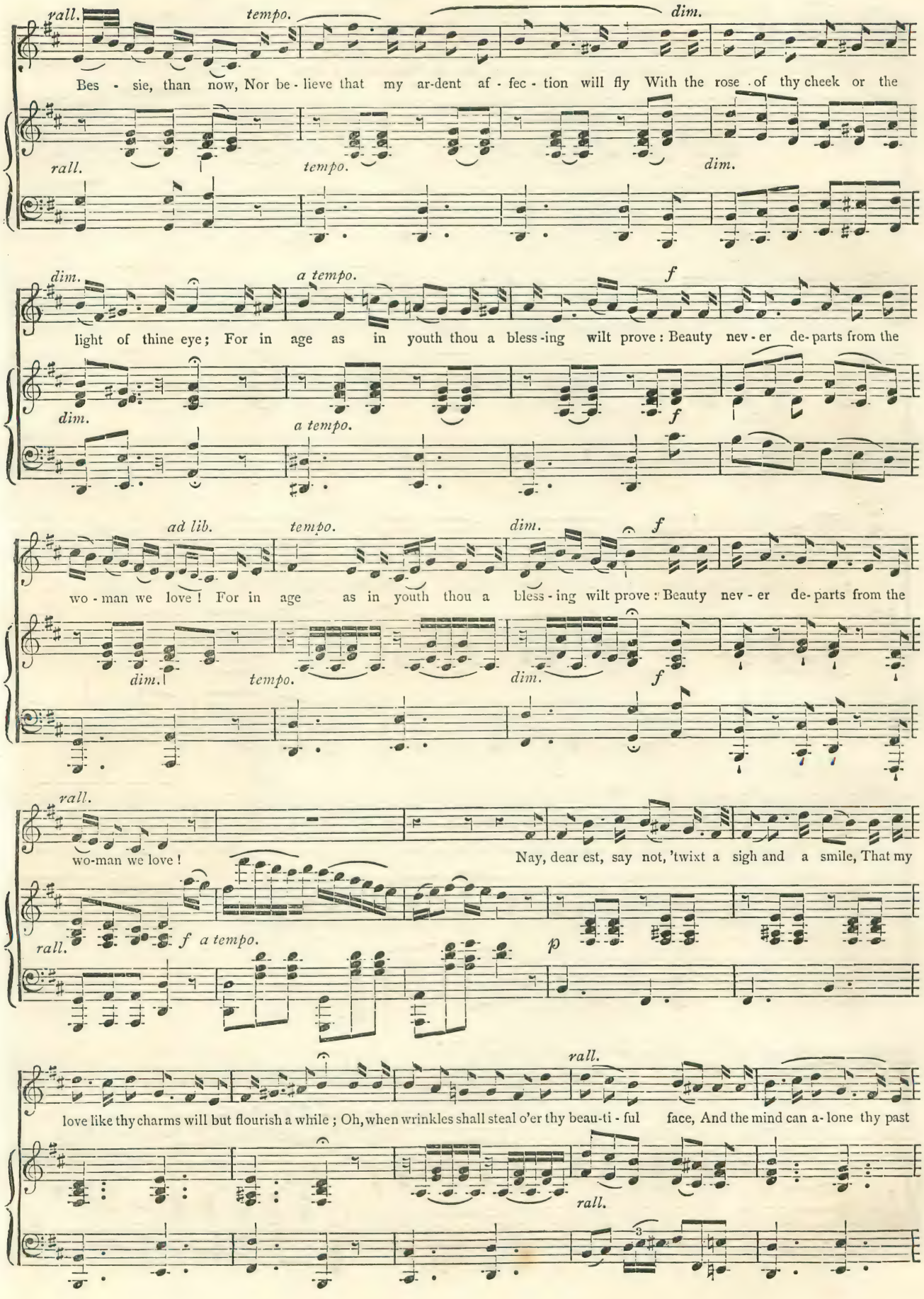
E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

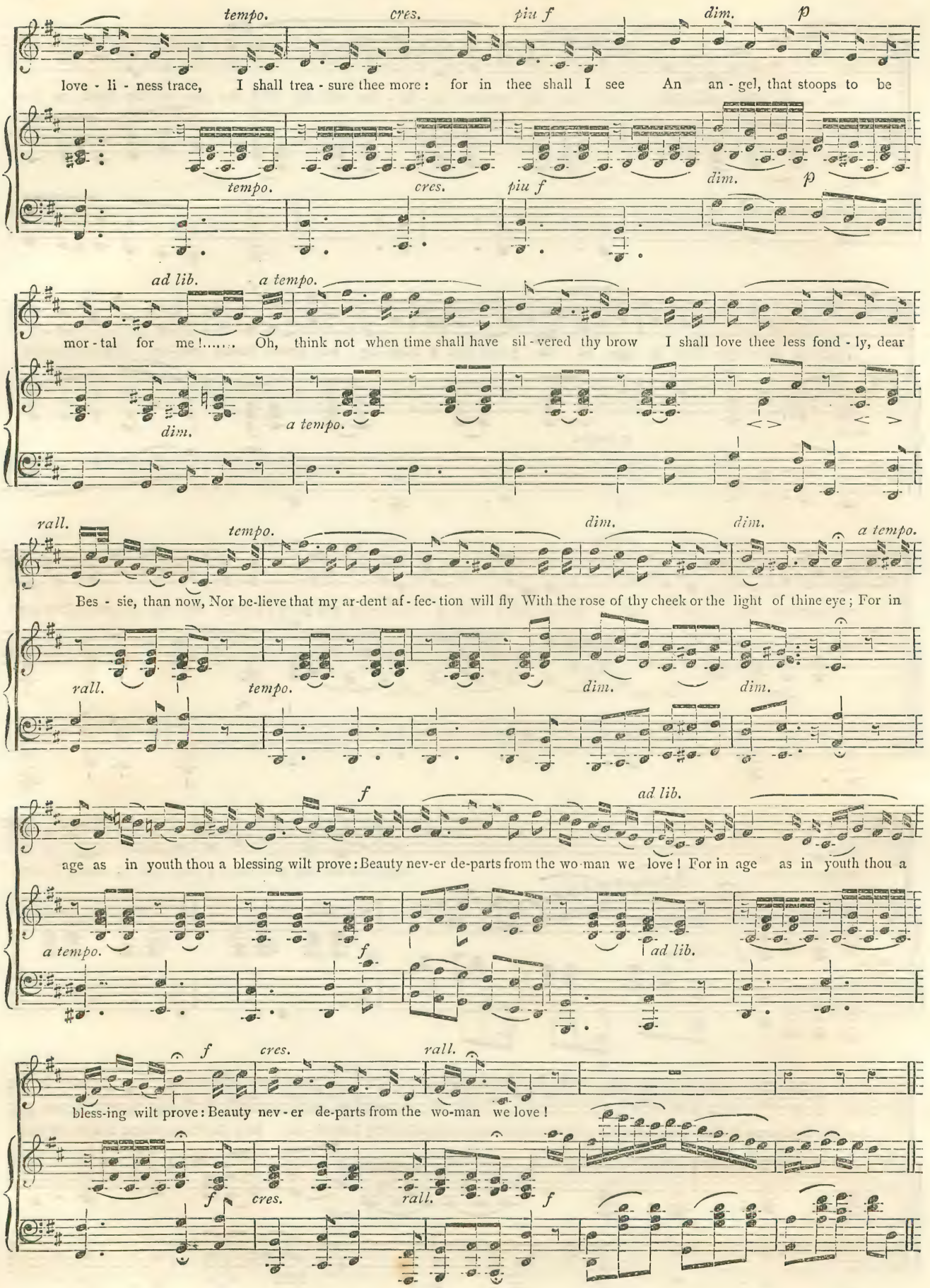


TRUE LOVE NEVER DIES.

Words by WILLIAM GASPEY. *Music by* ANNIE NASH.




rall.
tempo.
dim.
Bes - sie, than now, Nor be - lieve that my ar-dent af - fec - tion will fly With the rose of thy cheek or the
rall.
tempo.
dim.
dim.
a tempo.
f
light of thine eye; For in age as in youth thou a bless-ing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de-parts from the
dim.
a tempo.
f
ad lib.
tempo.
dim.
f
wo - man we love! For in age as in youth thou a bless - ing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de-parts from the
dim.
tempo.
dim.
f
rall.
wo-man we love!
Nay, dear est, say not, 'twixt a sigh and a smile, That my
rall.
f
a tempo.
p
rall.
love like thy charms will but flourish a while; Oh, when wrinkles shall steal o'er thy beau-ti - ful face, And the mind can a-lone thy past
rall.
3


tempo.
cres.
piu f
dim.
p
love - li - ness trace, I shall trea - sure thee more: for in thee shall I see An an - gel, that stoops to be
ad lib.
a tempo.
mor - tal for me!..... Oh, think not when time shall have sil - vered thy brow I shall love thee less fond - ly, dear
rall.
Bes - sie, than now, Nor be-lieve that my ar-dent af - fec - tion will fly With the rose of thy cheek or the light of thine eye; For in
f
ad lib.
age as in youth thou a blessing wilt prove: Beauty nev-er de-parts from the wo-man we love! For in age as in youth thou a
bless-ing wilt prove: Beauty nev - er de-parts from the wo-man we love!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CONSTANT READER.—What you mean by a "mission woman" we do not understand. Any society or incumbent of a parish would expect more education on the part of a Scripture-reader, whether man or woman, than the mere knowledge of "how to read and write."

QUEEN BESS.—The examinations held by the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., would suit you.

AN ANXIOUS STUDENT.—Your letter is too vague. Do you mean us to recommend you a college? or did you wish to inquire about one, and forgot to put in the name?

JEANIE.—In the sixteenth century, owing to defects in the calendar, and the wrong calculation of the solar year, there was a difference of ten days between the two, the vernal equinox falling on the 11th instead of the 21st of March. Pope Gregory XIII. ordained, to obviate this error, that in 1582, the year should consist of 355 days only, the 5th October becoming the 15th. Though you do not give the year, we suppose it was 1583 or '84, and that in order to prevent mistakes the days were written in that manner for some time after the change, 19-29 April.

A CONFUSED ONE.—"Do you mind my having, or doing," such a thing is not incorrect.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Miss Roberts's correspondence classes would suit you. Her address is Florence Villas, Torquay. We suppose the correspondence is carried on as master and pupil, and if so your sister is fortunate. But we do not know enough of the facts to judge, and we have no doubt your sister will take her mother's advice when she needs it; a sister's fault-finding is not good.

EXCELSIOR, B. E. SMALLS, INCOGNITO.—You will find the address of a school in Germany on page 239, vol. v. The Senior Cambridge Examination is for women over eighteen years of age.

VERITE.—"On," used in the sense of progression, onward, is an adverb; as, "move on merrily," or "cheerily on."

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.—The duties of a nursery governess differ in nearly every situation. Generally she teaches the rudiments of English, French, and music, needlework, geography, and history; mends the children's clothes, and teaches them to mend them; walks with them, and has her meals with them. If a nurse be also kept, the situation is easier, and the salary also varies very much.

DURDEN.—The conditions of admittance into St. Bee's College are testimonials from two clergymen of the Church of England—one as to character and the other as to education; testimonials from former tutors, if a university man. A certificate of baptism is required. Limits of age twenty-one to thirty-five. Students enter in January and August.

WHITE PLUSH.—Apply to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge, for information connected with correspondence classes. There are also classes at St. George's Hall, 7, Randolph-place, Edinburgh. Apply to the secretary; also private classes by Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay. Yes, the authors were brothers.

NITA.—1. We think that you would derive much information from a small illustrated work entitled "The Flowers of the Field," by the Rev. C. A. Johns, F.L.S. Also a Handbook for Ladies on Indoor Plants, etc., by E. A. Maling. 2. If you took the initiative—which we suppose you had the right to do—and called on the strangers first, after they returned your visit, it was your business to invite them to some entertainment, great or small, and invite neighbours to meet them, so as to give them introductions.

HOLMES AND UEL.—Professors of education advertise themselves in the daily papers. You should look for some addresses of the kind. We know of no place to which you "might go to make you a star." We should be glad to go there ourselves!

ASTRONOMY.—You should procure a book called "The Midnight Sky," price 7s. 6d., at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LITTLE EMILY.—Write for all information to the Civil Service Commission offices, in Cannon-row, S.W.

ROTHESAY BAY.—1. In reference to losing caste, we do not see anything to choose between one profession and the other; your position at present is not at all better than it would be if you made the change you contemplate. 2. Your letter, we regret to say, was buried under a heap of others, or you should have had the answer you desired.

IMOGENE.—Write direct to C. B. Hodgson, Esq., secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., for all information you may require.

MARY HAMILTON.—See "How to Improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. (Number for July 2, 1881, and September 10). You write very well.

A WEARY ONE.—Perhaps you had better apply at the Children's Hospital, in Great Ormond-street. They take nurses on trial at an earlier age than in other hospitals. But if your name be well selected, you are not a suitable person for hospital work. 2. Of course it is not wholesome to sit in a close room all day.

A WOULD-BE WORKER.—It is not a good sign in one desiring to be employed in missionary work to contemplate acting in opposition to the wishes of your family the moment you become of age. Your first duty is to "show piety at home, and to requite your parents," or those relations who have stood in their place, and acted a parent's part. At the early age of sixteen your whole object should be to serve God by dutiful obedience to them—an obligation from which your attaining the age of twenty-one will by no means absolve you. Later in life you may be granted your wish of serving God in the particular way you may prefer. Meantime your prayer should be, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" "Not my will, but Thine be done."

AN IRISH CATHOLIC GIRL.—The College of Preceptors is at 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. The secretary is C. R. Hodgson, Esq. Write and inquire of him, and papers will be sent to you. You have in Dublin an excellent collegiate institution for women, more accessible to you,—*i.e.*, the Queen's Institute, 25, Molesworth-street. The Lady Principal and founder, Miss Corlett. We recommend you to write to her also. Your writing is not bad. Round your letters a little more.

EMILE OF ERIN.—Apply for all particulars direct to Miss Buss, head mistress. For a reading society apply to Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. We thank you for your pretty card and good wishes.

SEVENTEEN.—Write to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and ask her advice, but do not go anywhere merely through advertisements; you should have really good private introductions. Rest your eyes by candle-light, and try bathing them with cold weak vinegar and water. We think that your first experiment with the oil as an eye lotion or bath would certainly be the last also!

A. B. C.—The week after you wrote to us you might have seen your question answered in an article on medicine as a profession for women. In the course of the correspondence recently inserted, you will find that information about Indian medical training has been frequently given.

ART.

AN ART STUDENT.—There is a home for art students at South Wimbledon; hon. sec., Miss Bennett. Terms, 35s. per week, with a studio in the house. Also another, Brunswick House, Brunswick-square, W.C. Expenses, 15s. to 25s. Also at Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C. Inquire of hon. lady managers in both cases.

ALIE.—You will find the information you need on page 180, vol. v. We should think the classes held by Miss Collingridge, 9, Beaumont-street, Portland-place, W., would suit your purpose.

WHITE AZALEA and SHENE NIEMAND.—The picture is a pencil drawing in private hands. *Noblesse oblige* means "Nobility imposes the obligation of nobleness of feeling and of conduct."

ALICE V. W.—Send the money for the numbers required to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

E. L.—The picture must be taken to the different offices which purchase such things; no one (not even our long-suffering self) will go and look at it; you must take it in your hand, and exert your own self, if you wish to do anything.

ROSARIA.—Try the "Patent Glacier Window Decoration." It is moderate in price, and effective. We see it advertised everywhere, so think you will have no difficulty in getting either it or "Vitremanie," which is also a pretty way of decorating back windows, hall windows, and doors, and of hiding any offensive views.

J. E. C.—Your request is certainly a reasonable one, *i.e.*, to reprint our article on "Crystoleum Painting"! Possibly you might borrow a copy of *Silver Sails*; but if our readers wish for our articles, they should procure them as they come out.

GLADYS.—You must do as we are always recommending our correspondents to—send specimens of their work to shops, and endeavour to obtain trade orders.

ECLECTIC FROG will easily be able to obtain lessons in painting in Italy. 2. If your invalid sister be suffering in her lungs, she should go to Pisa. Bathe your ankle in hot salt and water.

POPSY.—1. The second fair—held a few days after the statute fair, where servants seek to be hired, carters fasten their hats to a piece of whipcord, shepherds to a lock of wool, and grooms to a piece of sponge—is called a "mop." When hired they mount a cockade with coloured streamers, as recruits; and those who have failed try their chance of being hired at the "mop," so-called because this second fair sweeps or mops-up all the rejected ones. 2. A lych or lich gate is a shed or covered gateway to a churchyard, designed to shelter a coffin and mourners while waiting for the arrival of the clergyman. The name is derived from the Saxon *lic*, a dead body.

TWIN SISTERS.—We are not acquainted with any such society as that which you require. Writing fairly good.

PUSS.—In painting on stones with water-colours their porous character must be considered, as they will absorb the paint. To prevent this you must saturate the surface with white of egg; and when quite dry paint with body colours, and then varnish with white spirit varnish. Write small, roundhand copies.

LILLY.—You must show your cards at stationers' shops, and obtain orders from the trade, if you can. The sales are very uncertain, and, in any case, slow in repositories for ladies' work, and in some of them the terms are not advantageous for the contributor of articles, and the rules not always agreeable, the exact amount of their income being inquired into before admission as a m mber. Your writing is rather pretty.

LORNE DOONE.—1. Inquire at any artists' colourman's; if they have not got cardboard panels ready prepared for oil-painting, they will prepare some, no doubt. 2. Refer to our articles on "Window Gardening," page 483, vol. ii., and "A Chat about British Ferns," pages 198 and 455, vol. iii.

THE ROBIN'S LITTLE FRIEND.—The picture screen may have an inexpensive framework, for you may employ a common folding clothes horse, a nail, a firm piece of unbleached calico to all the squares of woodwork, and gum or paste the pictures upon it. A coloured binding may be nailed between each compartment, when the mounting of the pictures is completed, to hide the tacks and edges of the cloth. Of course you may wear a ring.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—You will find "Painting on Tiles" in the number for *January 8, 1881*; painting on glass, described in the article called "Occupations for Invalids," in that for August 6, 1881; a "Medium for Painting on China" in that for March 26, 1881. But the best reference we can give you is to the number for May 29, 1880, where there is an illustrated article, "How to Paint on China," and one on "Tile-Painting," in the number for August 13, 1881. We give you the dates, instead of the pages and vols., that you may purchase or borrow the single numbers required. We cannot repeat ourselves, nor give articles and recipes a second time because our young friends send away their copies. They should be returned.

NEAT SEVENTEEN.—Polish the wood in the ordinary way employed by cabinetmakers before the fretwork is begun. Trim the rough edges with a sharp penknife, and rub the perforated holes with fine glass-paper. This would be our own method of procedure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RHODA.—There is an institution recently formed for the purpose of promoting the raising of stock in goats. It is called the British Goat Society, and it already numbers 252 members. Every information on the subject could be obtained on application at the offices of the British Dairy Farmers' Association. The president of the Goat Society is Mr. W. F. Taunton.

INDIANA.—1. The best travelling dress for your voyage to India should be of serge, or some kind of dark strong cloth. A jacket of the same would do, and a wide-brimmed hat, for the shade it will give, well secured by a long pin and elastic, as it is often windy on deck. A black silk trimmed with lace and coloured ribbons will be the best for evening wear. It is sometimes cold at night, so a short flannel jacket proves a comfort to sleep in. 2. As to sea-sickness, a bottle of essence of Jamaica ginger may subdue it, taking a few drops on a lump of white sugar daily before breakfast, dressing being a trying time. In cases of severe and long protracted sickness, an American ice-bag, placed all down the spine, and the swallowing of small scraps of ice before and after eating, is the best possible cure for it. The ice-bag is composed of a series of small pockets in a gutta-percha or indiarubber strap, three inches in width, and each is filled with broken ice as fast as it melts.

SHEBA.—Never wash your face and hands in cold water after taking exercise; it is a dangerous practice. The use of cold water in washing is desirable, "baths" of cold water must not be confounded with washing in a basin. Comparatively few could take them with safety. Sea-bathing is also a different thing. Besides this, when cold water is prescribed you must understand the summer temperature of cold water, which is 60° Fahr., not icy-cold as in winter, and employed when your own circulation and powers of reaction are at their lowest.

ANNIE MASSEY.—To find fault with the dispositions of Providence is a grave sin. God has "made one vessel to honour, and another to dishonour," one "member of the body" a head, while another is only a foot, doing its useful work humbly, even in the dust, guided and ruled by the head. To repine against this ordinance of His Providence is rebellion, which is "as (or equal to) the sin of witchcraft;" it is the sin that lost Paradise, man's will opposed to his Maker's. He has decreed that "the poor shall never cease out of the land," and were all made equally rich one year, multitudes would be poor again the next. But they may serve their Divine Master as acceptably in their "obscurity" as the great in their higher spheres and vocations, and there are special promises for the consolation of those poor who are "rich in faith." No one whose opinion is worth caring about, "looks down upon," or "treats as dirt," anyone, however poor, who is sober, honest, and well-conducted. The worthless, lawless, and insolent must expect to meet with their deserts. As to mere "purse-pride," *it is regarded by well-*bred persons as the extreme expression of vulgarity, not to say unchristian feeling. You write a pretty hand.

SYLVIA JAMES.—You have been using too much beeswax on your floor. Use some turpentine on the hard polishing brushes, and have the floor thoroughly rubbed.

MURIEL YORKE, A DEVONIAN, MARY O., GRAVATT, ROSE, TIDDIE, JOSEPHINE.—If you refer to almost any page of our "Answers to Correspondents" you will see the name of Mr. Tarn, of our office, in connection with every inquiry respecting this magazine, and its indexes, title-pages and pictures, as well as in reference to all books published by the Religious Tract Society. The Editor has nothing to do with the sale of any of them. "Tiddie" is thanked for her kind letter. "Muriel Y." should hold her pen so as to point the top slightly outside the arm, not straight over the shoulder.

A WEARY ONE.—We think that you are rather out of health. Possibly the digestion and liver need attention, and in any case a doctor might be of more service to you just now than a divine. Think less of your own shortcomings, and more of the wonderful love of your merciful Saviour. The latter part of your letter is the best written, and is very fairly good.

"WESTWARD HO."—Pronounce "receipt" as "receet," "recipe" either as "ress-sep-pe" or "re-ceep,"—the former when the word is applied to a medical prescription. "Knowledge" as "no-ledge," so generally pronounced at Oxford; although, formerly, at least, as "nol-lege" at Cambridge. Of course the "h" is mute in the word "honour." We gave you a list of the exceptional cases where that letter should not be aspirated.

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"The sweetest thing that ever grew" refers undoubtedly to "Lucy Gray," but the verse is very lame, and poorly expressed. All that is quite certain about the word "selah" in the Psalms is that it is a musical note. It seems likely that it refers to the orchestra, or for the music to assume a *forte* or loud character.

SCOTCH CHARLIE.—1. If the lady be unknown to you, you would send the present to the bridegroom-elect, with a little note of kind congratulations and good wishes. Or else your visiting card, and kind regards on it. 2. Certainly say "good morning" to the servants with whom you are acquainted, at any house where you are in the habit of visiting. Such tokens of kindly interest and remembrance are always highly appreciated, and show true politeness and a thoughtful, kindly heart.

LE JUIF ERRANT.—"Elizabeth Wetherell" is the *nom de plume* of Susan Warner, the authoress of the "Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," and many other works of fiction. Her sister, Anna B. Warner, writes under the name of "Amy Lathrop," and is the author of "My Brother's Keeper," and other works, including several written in conjunction with her sister, "Elizabeth Wetherell."

M. J.—All coins of the Hanoverian sovereigns must be in perfect condition. The names of dealers in coins would be found in the London Directory. Our prices are given from the most recent authorities, such prices being determined by the prices obtained at sales of coins.

BUTTERCUP.—The use of washing soda to the hair would render it brittle and harsh. A simple wash of camphor and borax is the best. We hear from many of our correspondents an excellent account of wire hair brushes, and the good they have done.

L. C. B. should purchase Herbert Fry's "London Charities," price 1s. 6d., in which she will find a notice of all such schools and institutions.

EDITH CLIFFE.—We are told that electricity will sometimes do wonders toward relieving stiff and painful joints, and the swelled joints caused by rheumatic gout.

NORTH STREET.—You had better plant the bulbs, and try. If they have any life in them and are not too dry, they will grow with care.

G. G. GRACE had better consult a doctor, as her general health probably needs attention; meanwhile, she had better leave off beer if she takes it, as that has a bad effect on the skin.

ENQUIRER.—Where you quote the dates from the G. O. P. Calendar, always mention the fact, putting the other date as well, if you wish.

CURLS.—You may write "Esqre." or "Esqr.," as you please, both ways being correct. The word "chic" is French slang, and whatever the original meaning was, may be rendered in English by another slang term, "quite the correct thing," or something similar, as "quite the thing." Some people prefer to translate it as stylish.

CHARLIE'S SISTER.—We suppose you mean "hair dyes," and not "washes." Most hair dyes are injurious, we believe, and lose their effacacy after a time; and now that white hair is quite the fashion there is no need for anyone to use them. The 19th of August, 1835, was a Wednesday.

LADY SILVIA THE HAPPY.—We think the idea of Mary Queen of Scots having a daughter is not a fact, but only a tradition, and it was made use of by Miss Yonge in her pretty tale. Take some pretty writing to copy, and so improve your own.

ANNE EARNEST RYTER.—No one who has lived much with animals and observed them can be ignorant that they both think and reason, are capable of a feeling of shame, and a sense of pride and loyalty. Their reasoning powers are of course less in degree than ours, and they may have "minds," but not necessarily "souls."

F. H. HAMLYN.—We were very glad to receive your pleasant letter and to add you to the many "girls' brothers" who seek comfort, information, or advice. The only way to do is to send your novel or other literary effort to a publisher, and see what he thinks of it; perhaps, like Charlotte Brontë, you will go the rounds of the publishing houses before you find anyone to take it, and even then the best offer made to a young author is generally "half profits and half risks," which means sharing half the expenses. The book must have much merit to get as much as this even. Another plan is to accept the book and publish it without cost to you, but to pay you nothing till after a certain number of copies are sold.

MIDNIGHT MANIAC.—The best cure for gluttony is to turn the eyes of the person who sins toward "His temperance" who was our example in all things. As Christians we must all make war on the "lusts of the flesh," and gluttony is such a loathsome form of sin that you had better try to show him as he appears to others.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER has our sympathy, as she suffers from an "ill-shaped nose," produced by "heracipales." There are some who profess the art of changing the shape of that feature, by means of certain metal appliances worn upon it, but we do not recommend her to make such an experiment.

MIGNON.—Your writing is fairly good though too large; better at any rate than the composition and whole style of your rude letter. Do not spell "believe" "beleif." We imagine that the friends you name may be mere shams.

SNOWDROP.—The dead fronds should be cut off, but not too close to the plant.

A GERMAN DUMPLING.—As a rule, all teachers now require to have passed some examination, and we should advise you to endeavour to pass one—say that of the College of Preceptors—before trying to procure pupils.

A. A. S.—Apply, either by letter or in person, to the secretary. You must be provided with first-class references or you will not be accepted, and you should have had some previous experience.

W. G.—Of course you must take your exercise daily, but can you not rise an hour earlier in the morning?

MIRIAM.—We think the mother, having supported her children and herself for seven years, would be entitled to protection, and had better apply to a magistrate, taking a lawyer's opinion as well.

A FRENCH WOOD VIOLET.—There is no reason why you should not send in your essay, but unfortunately your age (being twenty-five) precludes your taking a prize. Your English does you credit, and we are glad that you like our paper. To improve your English you should make some English acquaintances, or sometimes attend the English services on Sundays, if there be a resident chaplain, or even one during the summer, at Strasburg.

DOLLY D.—Take plenty of exercise and a daily bath; eat fruit and vegetables, and leave off beer. We do not think your troubles have anything to do with the blood. You will lose them as you grow older.

HARRIE.—We fear we cannot help you if the numbers be out of print. You might obtain them by an advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart*, or purchase the whole volume at a bookstall.

WHITE LILAC.—"The Hon. Mary Jones" would be correct.

VOL. V.—NO. 222. MARCH 29, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT is the decision?" asked Hilda, when Frank rejoined the younger group after leaving Mr. and Mrs. Oakley.

"You are to be kept on tenter hooks for a day or two."

"Nonsense, Frank!" exclaimed Hilda, with an impatient gesture. "Tell me, are we to have our trip or not?"

"That is just what I cannot tell. My father and mother wish you to go if possible, but Uncle Maurice must be thought about before anything is settled. It is no trifle to leave a large concern to manage itself, and, should this illness be very serious, it might be necessary for one of us to take temporary charge of my uncle's affairs. However, my father will see him to-day. It is only a three hours' journey to Sheffield, and he will start at one o'clock, visit Uncle Maurice, talk with Aunt Lydia, and either return to carry out our first plan or stay longer if needful."

"It is too bad. First Aunt Lydia, then your father running after Uncle Maurice. There might be no one else

All rights reserved.]

"SHE RUSHED TO HER SIDE."

to think about! I wonder whether he has fever or anything infectious? If so, Uncle Edward ought not to think of going. I have such an horror of infection!"

"Make yourself quite easy, Hilda, you have nothing to fear. My father has you to think about, and would certainly run no risk which might involve others in its consequences."

Hilda blushed a little, for Frank's sarcastic words reminded her, without saying it, that it was not likely her uncle would be careless of his own family even in his anxiety for his brother.

"*You are teasing, Frank,* as usual. Now just tell us all you know."

"All I know! You either estimate the extent of my information at a very low figure or you are prepared to exercise an amount of patience in the character of listener that I should never have supposed you to possess. With what branch of scientific knowledge shall I commence? Or would you like to know how many frying-pans can be forged out by the little steam hammers in ten working hours?"

Hilda felt inclined to give an angry retort; but she controlled herself, and quietly answered, "You know what I mean well enough."

"Yes, I do; and I ought to be more considerate for the feelings of all present. Seriously then. My father will pay this visit, find out all about Uncle and Aunt Maurice, and then make arrangements for the general benefit. If there is reason to hope that the invalid will soon be well again, my father will stay for a few days in order to relieve his brother's mind about business matters. Nothing helps to retard a man's recovery more than the thought that everything may be going wrong during his enforced absence."

"And then?"

"We should spend the interval in looking forward—you to a tour necessarily deferred a little, but not to be shortened when it does come off because of the previous delay in starting; I to being left in solitary state, 'monarch of all I survey,' both at Brinnington Works and at home when your backs are satisfactorily turned."

"You do not want to go, Frank," cried Jack and Janet with one accord. "You will have Constance quite near, and you will like——."

A sudden tweak of Jack's ear and Janet's pendant locks caused a diversion. "*You need not* trouble yourselves to go into further details," said Frank, with a warning look. "You are quite mistaken in supposing that I do not want a holiday as well as the rest of you. I shall be ready for mine when you have had yours, and hope to have quieter company than yours or——"

"Mine," interposed Hilda.

"He means Constance for the quieter company!" shouted the irrepressibles, giving a dive under the table, and reappearing at the opposite side, in order to avoid their brother's outstretched hands.

The interest the youngsters took in Frank's approaching marriage, however gratifying, was sometimes manifested at inconvenient seasons, and in ways objectionable to the parties concerned.

"You need not try to pull our ears, Frank. Janet and I know all about it, and what day in August the wedding is to be; for we were behind the hedge when you and Conny were telling mamma."

There was a burst of merriment at this revelation. Frank's rather pale face became crimson, and he looked angrily at his young brother, as he said—

"I know you do plenty of thoughtless tricks, and get into endless scrapes, Jack; but I never believed you would be mean enough to listen."

"We never did. Janet and I were burying a sparrow which the cat—horrid thing!—had killed. We had made a grave in her garden just behind the summer-house, and you brought your talk to us. We were just covering up the grave and were going to fence it round with twigs, when we heard mamma say, 'So you have decided on having the wedding in——.'"

"Be quiet. Not another word!" cried Frank; and the youngsters, realising that he was in thorough earnest, made a rapid exit by the open French window into the garden, and disappeared from view without making the final revelation which he wished to prevent.

"I suppose we shall have a moment's peace now," said Dorothy, as she fastened the window behind the twins. Gladys had left the room when Frank named her father's intended journey, and was already assisting Mrs. Oakley in making the necessary preparations for it.

"But about Aunt Lydia? Supposing that your father's help is not required in those horrid business matters, will she be able to go to Fell Foot? and if not, I cannot see that we shall be a step nearer to Switzerland perhaps for a month to come."

"Someone has offered to take her place and accompany mamma and the chicks."

An exclamation of delight burst from each of the trio of listeners.

"How charming! So soon, too!" cried Dorothy.

"Much better news than I expected," said Hilda.

"Or I. But who is to be the substitute?" asked Allan, too cautious to build any more mental castles without being sure of his foundation.

"Gladys. When she saw how disappointed you all were, she stayed behind to say, 'I will go with mamma and the youngsters to Fell Foot if I can do all instead of Aunt Lydia."

"She is the dearest, most unselfish girl in the world," said Allan, warmly. "Always the first to offer to fill a gap, or to fill it without saying a word about it. Just think, girls, what it must have cost Gladys to make such a proposal, for no one reckoned on the Swiss tour more than she did."

"I should not like to leave Gladys. I would rather we all stayed at home."

Dorothy gave a little regretful sigh as she thought of all they had counted upon with such confidence; but she was in earnest.

"I do not agree with you, Dolly. Why should it be better for five people to be disappointed than one? I should be very sorry indeed to leave Gladys, for," added Hilda with unconscious selfishness, "she is always so bright, and makes things pleasanter for everybody else. Nobody likes better to have Gladys's company than I do, so you must not imagine that I am indifferent whether she goes or stays behind. I should enjoy the whole affair far more with Gladys than with anybody else."

Allan immediately rose from his seat and made a profound bow.

"On behalf of everybody else, Hilda, I wish to acknowledge your extremely complimentary speech. We all value Gladys so much, that we are quite contented to accept your lower estimate of the charms of our society for the sake of your manifest appreciation of her to whom we cheerfully assign the highest place. We admire our eldest sister, and take your praise of her as to ourselves, even though you administered a verbal cuff to each and all of us at the same time."

Hilda's face flushed at this rebuke.

"You may take it as you like," she answered; "I was thinking of Gladys, not of you. And I do like her thoroughly, and am sure she is one of the best girls living. I could not have offered to stay behind; but perhaps, after all, she thinks she will be as happy with aunt at Fell Foot."

"No, Hilda, Gladys does not pretend she will like to give up her bright anticipations any more than you would. If she is anything, she is true, and when she had nearly said that she would *gladly* stay behind, she carefully substituted 'willingly.'"

"Well, I am honest, too, and I could not even be willing to give up the Swiss tour for anyone living. I have been a prisoner all my life, and I want to see something of the world now."

Hilda's hearers looked at her and each other in blank astonishment.

"Do you not understand me?" she continued. "What else was I at Silvermere? When I was a child my father grieved so much after mamma's death that he saw scarcely any company, and when I was old enough to have travelled about with him he had become too delicate and feeble to bear the fatigue. So we stayed on and on at Silvermere, only knowing just the few families within a little circle. I saw the same faces so often that I nearly hated the sight of them. I had teachers and masters to instruct me in all sorts of things with the least possible trouble to myself. I never asked for anything but I had it; in fact, it was a change and a pleasure to want and to wait for a new thing sometimes. I daresay you all thought I ought to be a very happy girl because money was spent upon me without stint, but you never made a greater mistake. Always the same round within the same narrow circle. I tell you, I was sick of it; and even Brinnington, with its forges and furnaces, its grimy-faced people, and the everlasting click of hammers, big and little, was a change which I was glad of after Silvermere."

"I must go at once and get within hearing of some of the music you describe as so charming," said Frank. "It is not often that my ears are so long out of reach of the aforesaid clinking. But for this upset, I should have been at the Works an hour ago."

"I really do not know how you can bear to be in it from morning till night, Frank. These workpeople are such a *common* set to live amongst, and you seem to look forward to nothing better. Before I came here, when I heard the Works spoken of as so grand and extensive, I thought those who owned them were gentlemen, at any rate. I was astonished when I found that you, uncle, or both of you, went off every morning to business. It seems to me that you are just asmuch tied by those Works as if you kept a shop."

"And so we do, my dear Hilda; in fact we keep quite a lot of shops rolled into one. And you must remember that the bigger the shop the more need there is of the master's presence to make it a useful and profitable one, and to ensure steady workmen and good work. As to being indifferent to the quality of our goods, I hope you do not suppose I feel no pride in the high repute which Brinnington shovels have won, to say nothing of chains and anchors?"

Frank lifted his hat as a general good-bye and departed, leaving these last words to be digested by his cousin as best she might. He usually answered her lofty speeches by apparently assenting to them, and then, in a good-humoured fashion, showing her their absurdity.

Allan and Dorothy remained perfectly silent after Frank was gone. The girl was grieved, her brother indignant; and Hilda, seeing that something was amiss, turned an inquiring glance towards each in turn; then with a little independent toss of her head, she said, "You are both vexed at something. Is it because I do not profess to be proud of the Brinnington shovels?"

Allan could scarcely help laughing at the question, especially as a mischievous expression was visible on the fair face of his cousin. But he conquered the inclination to smile, and answered gravely enough—

"Dorothy and I are not sufficiently enthusiastic to quarrel about the articles made at the Works; but we are old-fashioned enough to honour our father and mother. We have been so little accustomed to hear either of them spoken of with contempt, that you need not wonder if your words——"

"What have I said? I never mentioned either my uncle or aunt," interrupted Hilda, without waiting for Allan to finish his sentence.

"You spoke of the Works, and said that, when you heard how large they were, you thought those who owned them were, at least, gentlemen."

"I remember, now. But whoever supposed you would take such words as spoken in earnest. I was only teasing Frank, and he had sense enough to take my words as they were meant, and answer them with a joke."

"Frank might speak good humouredly, for he seldom shows signs of temper, even when he is pained. But he was not jesting. He meant what he said. He cares for the place, and throws his might into all that he does. He cares for all the poor hard-working people, whom you are so fond of calling 'common.' Every time you apply that term to them I dislike it the more. In such a sense it sounds so horribly hard and cruel, and from the lips of a young girl, too."

Dorothy was the speaker, and a something rising in her throat compelled her to pause for an instant. But she bravely battled down the emotion of which the moistening eyes and tremulous voice gave ample evidence, and continued—

"I do hope, Hilda, that you speak in that way because you have never thought much of the matter. You have not lived amongst the masses of toiling people as we have done all our lives. I am sure when you give your head that proud little toss, and curve your lips when you name those 'common people,' you must forget that each one of those who spend their days in unceasing toil was formed, like you and me, to know joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure. Has not the same Almighty hand fashioned their bodies as fearfully and wonderfully as ours? Have they not hearts to love and suffer, and souls, precious souls for which Christ died? Shall we think less of them, and call them 'common,' because it has pleased God to give us a thousand daily blessings which they have never enjoyed? My father always says that he should never like to live where there are no poor, for there is nothing more hardening than to be always surrounded by well-to-do people who need nothing from us. He has taught us to consider it both a duty and a privilege to visit these 'common' people and try both to make them happier and to learn lessons of thankfulness when we see their daily trials, and then turn to look at the portion which His love has allotted to us.

"Say what you like about my father and Frank, they are as true gentlemen as any about Silvermere; for they have hearts to feel for the suffering, and the will to relieve them. They strive to follow Him who, when He was on earth, went about doing good; and I am sure those who best deserve the name of gentlemen are the persons who follow that Master the most closely."

Seldom had Dorothy Oakley delivered such a long speech, but the words and sneering manner of her cousin had deeply stirred the girl's feelings. Habitually gentle and yielding where her own inclinations were concerned, it is probable that no amount of personal teasing could have roused her to retort sharply; when it became unbearable she would simply have run away from her tormentors. Speak against or contemptuously of those she loved, and Dorothy was at once brave in act and ready in speech.

On this occasion her intense earnestness and brave, honest words silenced Hilda and astonished Allan not a little. Perhaps the effect of her eloquence was somewhat spoiled by the bit of everyday Dorothy which followed, for she ended her speech by bursting into tears.

Poor child! she called herself to account for her impetuosity almost before she ceased speaking. Had she not promised, indeed, had not all the young ones of the family pledged themselves to help their parents in the charge they had undertaken by being tender, patient, and forbearing towards Hilda?

They had been taught from their earliest days that they had a place in the world to fill, and a work to do for others, that they held a three-fold duty to God, their neighbours, and their own souls.

And Hilda, with all her worldly advantages, had not been trained in such a school. A little queen at Silvermere, and made of the first importance by all around her, how could she help being selfish? Whatever fortune might be hers, surely a girl was to be pitied by those who had tender parents and kind brothers and sisters!

Not one of these had Hilda, and it was this memory which brought the rush of tears into Dorothy's eyes, and made her hide her face on the sofa cushion and sob ignominiously.

Hilda was really fond of her gentle cousin, and sorry for having pained her. She rushed to her side, poured a torrent of apologies and loving words into the willing ear, and wished she was half as good as either her uncle or Frank. Then, passing from earnest to jest, she declared her willingness to pay a round of visits with Dorothy by way of penance. Only there must be an understanding as to the number of babies she should be expected to kiss, or perhaps it would be better to go only where there were none, at first.

Hilda even declared her intention of trying to be proud of Brinnington shovels and of interesting herself in the hammering of frying pans, if Dorothy would forgive her.

It was impossible to help laughing at Hilda's pleading, and to Allan her half-droll, half-rueful face was irresistible. His gravity broke down first, then Dorothy looked up, trying hard to preserve hers, but failing utterly. A smile came rippling across her fair face as a flash of sunlight glides over the dark waters of a lake and covers them with a glittering glory. In another moment the arms of the two girls were round each other's necks, and the little scene ended appropriately with a reconciliation.

Immediately afterwards Dorothy was called from the room, and Allan went to join his father. His sister's plain speaking had gratified him not a little, and he devoutly hoped that Hilda might not soon be able to forget her earnest words.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OBSERVER.

THE old rhyme about the cuckoo tells us that :

"In April, come he will,
In May, he sings all day,
In June, he changes his tune,
In July, away he'll fly,
In August, go he must."

The same rhyme is sometimes quoted of the nightingale, but it is especially true of the cuckoo, which generally begins its song about the middle of April. It has a particularly thin and delicate skin and seems less able to endure cold than other birds, and the first sign of waning summer drives it back to the warmer shores of Northern Africa. Its note is one of the most easily imitated by voice or instrument. Mitford says that it first begins with an interval of a minor 3rd in its song, and goes on "changing his tune," through a major 3rd, 4th, and 5th, but that its voice breaks before it can reach a minor 6th. Its usual note is a minor 3rd, sung downwards, though sometimes late in the season it seems to be reversed, and is a 3rd, or greater interval, sung upwards. Its voice is hoarse in drought, but becomes mellow again after summer showers. Its voice gradually dies away in the autumn, and its note becomes irregular, as another old rhyme says :

"At first koo—koo, sing still can she do ;
At last kooke—kooke—kooke, six kookes to one koo."

The cuckoo feeds upon insects, and its eggs are always laid in the nest of some insectivorous bird, in order that the young ones when hatched may be provided with the kind of food they require. The nest chosen is generally that of a small bird, such as the hedge-sparrow, or wagtail. The young bird's ungrateful habit of turning out its little foster-brothers is too well known to need describing, but it is a curious fact, which should be pointed out to young observers, that although the full-grown cuckoo is a large bird, its eggs are quite small, very little larger than those of the bird in whose nest they are laid, and are marked very like those of the hedge-sparrow, so that they are at first not easily distinguishable from those of their foster-parents.

Nearly all the birds are singing by this time, larks, thrushes, blackbirds, and the other members of the "feathered quire," are all in full song. Almost without exception, our song birds are all small; none of our large birds sing, though many of them, such as the cock, crow, and magpie, as well as the sea-gull and other sea-birds, make various noises.

April is a good month for the study of sky and cloud effects; and one may become to a certain extent weather-wise by careful observation of their changes. Small cumulus clouds floating about the sky towards evening predict calm, fine weather; but if they increase much in size and number about sunset, it is generally considered a sign of rain. If they are dark and shaggy, and rolling over each other, cold and stormy weather will probably follow. They frequently appear silvery white before thunder. The approach of a thunderstorm is also often heralded by masses of clouds coming up against the wind, or at all events against the wind blowing on the surface of the earth. Other signs of rain are the sun going down into a bank of cloud ; or dark clouds about the sky with white flecks passing across them, or light clouds with dark flecks. Strong winds speedily follow the appearance of anvil-shaped clouds, that is, clouds with a kind of thick stem and an overhanging, anvil-shaped top ; they are frequently followed by a gale of wind, but not, as a rule, by rain. "Mare's-tail" clouds, with long thin tails, and varying a good deal in shape, betoken windy, unsettled weather; though when they are seen during light winds, after stormy weather, they may be taken as a sign of a quiet, fine day. If currents of clouds are seen going in two opposite directions, rain will surely follow, probably accompanied, in the summer, by thunder.

These rules will serve as a basis from which girls can make their own observations, and rules are no use without observation and experience, which will be greatly aided by the practice of making notes of what one sees.

Many trees are coming into flower or leaf now. The ash, oak, and elm flower, in an ordinary season, towards the beginning of April, but the leaves do not open till the close of this, or beginning of next month ; though all these rules are subject to exceptions, as trees are so much influenced by their situation.

This month is a favourable time for seeing the planet Mercury, which will be found in the north-western sky immediately after sunset. Saturn and Venus can be easily found, too, as they are both in the constellation Taurus, directions for finding which were given in January; but it must be remembered that though the position of these constellations with regard to one another is always the same, they are all moving gradually towards the west, so that they are in a slightly different position each month. DORA HOPE.

HOW I FORMED A SMALL LIBRARY.

ONE of our readers (FELICIA CLINTON) has sent us the following for publication :—

IT will be a year this August since I first read in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER an article on "How to Form a Small Library," and I thought I should like to try and form one of my own. I immediately went round to all the shops to try to get a bookcase, for that was the first thing spoken of as being most necessary, as it would be no use getting books to let them lie about to get dirty. I was not able to purchase one small enough for my purpose at any shop, so I ordered one with three shelves, and folding doors ; I had it made of deal wood, and then stained to imitate mahogany. This only cost me eighteen shillings, which I thought cheap, for it really is a very nice-looking piece of furniture. I then began to collect books, buying one now and then when I could afford it, with the article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for a guide as to what sort of books to get.

I have now collected about forty volumes, which I am still increasing when able. Amongst them I have books of poetry, standard novels, and a sprinkling of history and literature. One side of my bookcase I devote to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which I read continually, and have from the very beginning, and which now forms three nice volumes ; in a little over two months I shall be able to add the fourth. My bookcase stands in my bedroom, and forms a very pleasant spectacle, for which I have to thank THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

I would advise any girl who may be anxious to form a small library for herself to read the piece I refer to, which was published in vol. ii., page 7, and to take that as her guide, and I am sure that in time she too will have to thank THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for giving her the incentive to something so useful, interesting, and instructive, not only to herself, but to her home circle and friends. I would also advise her to get none but good and instructive books of all kinds, and, above all, not to get them with paper covers, for after a little wear they burst out, and look very untidy, being anything but an ornament for a bookcase ; whereas if nice cloth covers are procured, they will last almost a lifetime if carefully used, and will always look neat, even though they may be well worn. I wish that all girls that possibly can would begin to form libraries ; they have no idea how interesting and fascinating it becomes.

With every new book added, there is something to show how the life of the owner has been spent, and what sort of recreation she has preferred—in fact, a girl's character may be known by her occupations. Any girl will find that by thus doing she gains respect for herself in other people's eyes, for anybody is always glad to find a girl who prefers spending her money on something so useful, instead of frittering it away without anything to show for it. I have found, too, that many a kind friend will now and then add a volume to your library, and thus help you to increase your stock, which will both at the present time, and in the future, prove so interesting, and always be a source of useful information, both to yourself and others.

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Milkmaid's Song. From Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Music by W. H. Jude.—A lively, tuneful, and musician-like composition, set to the Laureate's well-known verses. We recommend it to those of our young friends who have a fairly good and flexible soprano voice.

Only in Play. Words by Lewis Macdonald. Music by Frank L. Moir.—An interesting song, set to a sympathetic melody.

The Reign of the Roses. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Caroline Lowthian.

My Own Familiar Friend. Words by the same author. Music by J. Stuart Crook.

Through all the Years. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Godfrey Marks.—Three very pretty songs, with a *tempo di valse* refrain.

The Golden Path. Song, with harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). Words by Nella, music by Henry Parker.—A simple and pathetic story, set to a sympathetic and well-written melody; the effect is greatly enhanced by the addition of the harmonium.

Now and for Ever. Words and music by the same author and composer.—Simple and poetic verses, combined with expressive and pleasing melody.

J. AND W. CHESTER AND W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Parting. Words (translated from the German of Heine) by J. Snodgrass. Music by Frank J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon.—A refined, graceful, and sympathetic song; words and music in good taste.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Heyday. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by Edwin St. Lemare.—A charmingly conceived and well-written song. We recommend it to our young friends, and think it will become popular in the drawing-room.

Answered. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Walter A. Slaughter.—A simple, but most interesting little song, presenting no difficulties.

Class Copies of Vocal Duets for Ladies' Voices.—No. 12 contains three well-known favourites easily arranged: "Fading Away," "Twilight Dreams," and "Beautiful Dove." The type is good, and they are especially adapted for the young. The price, one shilling each book, will attract purchasers.

J. CURWEN AND SONS.

A Christmas Party. A tableau with music, suited for school and home gatherings. Music composed and adapted by Josiah Booth.

The Glad New Year. By the same composer.

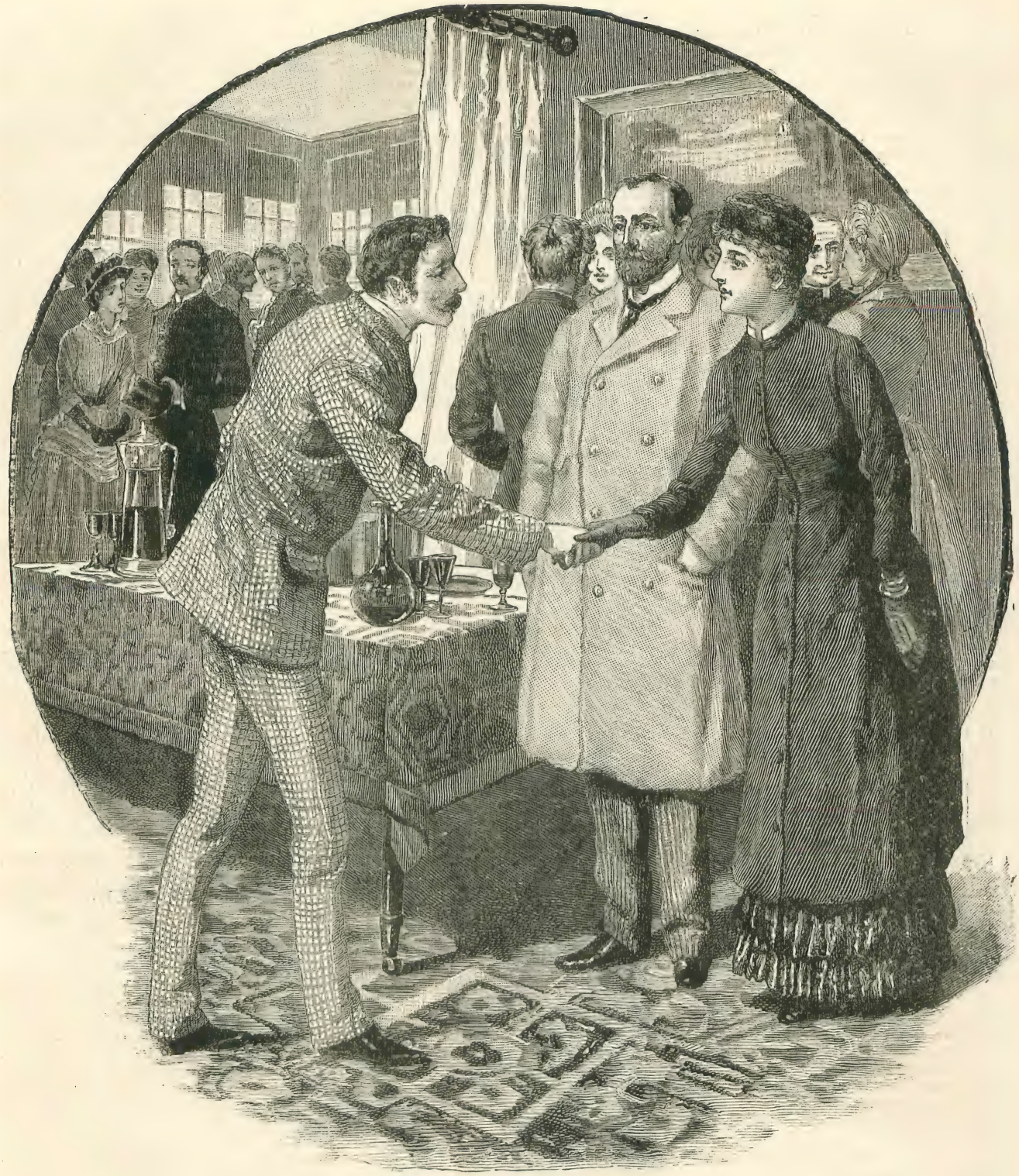
We are very pleased to recommend these compositions to our young friends, as being well worthy their attention at all festive seasons.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

Album Leaves. Three short pieces for the pianoforte. By John Gledhill. No. 1, "In the Forest." No. 2, "Nocturne." No. 3, "Romance."—We can with every confidence recommend "Album Leaves" to our young friends ; the pieces are short, and are sure to become popular in the drawing-room.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Promise of Love (a Seville love song). Words by Hamilton Aidé. Music by William Fullerton.—A composition of very distinct merit, written in the composer's happiest manner ; it is full of feeling, and the accompaniment is bright and characteristic. It will, we think, be received as a graceful addition to the *répertoire* of the salon.



"'SO KIND OF YOU TO COME!' HE SAID."

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

AT FOWLIS LODGE.

IT was the day of the Fowlis Agricultural Show, and the little town of Fowlis wore a very different appearance from its ordinary leisurely, and, indeed, sleepy aspect. Down the country roads converging towards it drove vehicles of every size and sort, from the heavy farm cart, with gaily-bedecked horses, to the minister's well-worn gig, with its sedate old pony. The travellers were as varied as their equipages. There were farm servants of both sexes, smartened up for the occasion, their substantial masters and mistresses, blushing misses from manse and school, and aged peasants, lingering at hotel doors to descant over the glories of past days, and to deprecate the changes brought about by "the railways," even while they indulged in the purchase of petty luxuries brought to their hand by those decried locomotives.

Ever and again the conversation was diverted by the appearance of neat carriages, sure to evoke criticism, favourable or the reverse, on the county gentry who occupied them. These carriages, almost without exception, drove swiftly through the steep tortuous byways of Fowlis, across its spacious market-place, and down the straight trim road which led to Fowlis Park, that they might deposit their occupants at Fowlis Lodge, there to be hospitably entertained by the young marquis, on whom had fallen the last and somewhat tarnished glories of the house of Fowlis.

Among this class of vehicles, yet itself unique, was one after which everyone stared with mingled curiosity and admiration.

This was a low chaise, which seemed to have been constructed with a special view to lightness and strength. It was drawn by two tiny, shaggy ponies, whose appearance was fitly commented upon by a small boy, who shouted to his still smaller sister to "get out o' the way o' the wild beasties." They were driven by a young lady, whose refined complexion and clear cut features were lit by eyes of singular blueness and brightness. Her hair, of a soft auburn hue, was tightly braided beneath her closely-fitting, unornamented sealskin hat, and she wore a plain pelisse of bottle-green cloth, only relieved by a white linen collar at the throat. Beside her sat an elderly gentleman with flowing iron-grey hair, clad in looseish, nondescript garments, which suggested the habits of one accustomed to make himself comfortable in spite of wind and weather, and to do what was right in his own eyes, regardless of the dictates of fashion or custom.

"Looks like business, that, doesn't it?" said one of the rustics, gaping after them.

"Who are they?" asked another.

"Somebody that's somebody," volunteered an elderly man, who had a reputation for shrewdness. "There's always more fussation about the nobodies. I reckon they're folks who are so used to liveries that they count no more on 'em than we do on our signboards. I'd like to know if I ain't right?"

"They're taking the Castle-road," said one of the others, gazing after them with shaded eyes.

"Why, don't you know who they are?" asked Forbes, the host of the Fowlis Arms, coming out of his house behind the group. "They be Stewart of Balacluva—a great laird up in the Shetland Islands, and that's his only daughter Miss Margaret Stewart, and," he added, archly lowering his voice, "there's them who think they know, and who may easily make a good guess, who say that that young lady there, a-drivin' away so prettily, is the Marchioness of Fowlis that is to be."

Such a statement naturally called forth a chorus of exclamations.

"Oughtn't our marquis to marry some duke's daughter?"

"He ought to think of his duty to the estate."

"But it's hard he shouldn't get his will as if he was a common man."

"She's a sweet, pretty creature!"

"She knows how to hold the reins."

"Where did he meet her?" asked the old countryman. "In London, I suppose? The ends of the earth all meet there, and there's nothing left behind anywhere else."

"No, he didn't meet her in London," decided the knowing host of the Fowlis Arms, delighted to checkmate the elderly grumbler. "He met her up in her own island, when he went there with his tutor, a-reading mathematics and a-shooting solan geese. The Stewarts are rare home-keepers; they do say the laird hasn't slept away from his own roof for the last twenty years. What little going about there has been in the family has been done by Miss Margaret and her mother."

"What's brought him out at last?" asked a coarse-faced woman. "I suppose it's because he's keen to make up this grand marriage."

"No, it isn't," said Forbes. "The two ladies always did have a run south at this time o' the year—just in the fall—to set themselves up in their spirits, and in new needlework and notions for the long winter o' their parts. And this year Lady Balacluva is invalided, so the laird made up his mind to take her place, so as to keep things going as usual."

"Lady Balacluva!" echoed one of the women. "Then the mother has got a title of her own?"

"No, no," said Forbes, "only of old times, the Shetland folks always gave that honour to their great laird's wives, and an old servant o' the Stewarts who's with them, and who comes to my bar sometimes, keeps up the ancient habit. It's from him I've heard all about them, you know," conceded Forbes, "so I speak as he does."

"Where are they staying now?" inquired one of the group.

"At the Manse of Fowlis — the minister was a college mate of the laird's, ye see," said Forbes.

"You wouldn't think the manse was a very gay place just now for such gentry," said the dismal old countryman, with a melancholy wink.

"Ah; but from all I hear, Balacluva's old friends will not miss him when they most want him," returned Forbes. "But I'd better go inside and be looking after my own proper business."

Meanwhile the little chaise had trundled gaily onward, slackening speed at last to take its proper place in the line of vehicles streaming through the gate of Fowlis Lodge. The modern lodge stood behind the ruined castle, farther out from the town. The castle had its park, fairly well-kept, and which, though it was the marquis's private possession, was now treated as public property. There the show was to be held, and the level sward of its "race-course" was already gay with booths, bunting, and banners, while the slopes of the natural amphitheatre around were animated by crowds of human beings settling down according to their respective tastes, to doughty ecclesiastical discussion, to luncheon basket, or to quiet flirtation.

With Fowlis Lodge it was different. There the marquis lived, as it were, behind his grandeur. The ruined castle and the park suited his rank, the lodge and its parterres suited his diminished means, and could be the more frankly economical because of the frowning antiquity which sheltered them in more ways than one.

Everything within the gates of Fowlis Lodge was very simple, perfectly simple, but in a style which permitted one to transpose the words and say, "simply perfect." The house itself had originally been a dower house, where the ladies of Fowlis had retreated in widowhood, or as elderly spinsters; but the original building was almost lost in the additions which had been made to it since it had been for two generations the home of the reigning family. The present marquis made the third. But on entering Fowlis one got instantly an idea of stability and assurance. As it was to-day it seemed as if it might have been for ever, and that so it might remain. Nothing was new; everything was fresh. Nothing was old; all was mellowed. Much of its furbishing, if looked at in parts, would have been below all canons of taste, but taken as a whole it was above criticism.

There were many gentlemen, some in knickerbockers and some in plaids, standing chatting about in the hall, but Balacluva and his daughter were at once received and led through these groups and through sundry antechambers to the dining-room, a long apartment, brown in tone, with subtle gleams of crimson. It, too, was crowded with guests, laughing and talking among each other, but somehow there was one tone which caught the ear at once, it seemed to make a little silence round it, and there was one figure which the eye instantly singled from the crowd. It was Lord Fowlis.

How was it? He was but a slight, polite, kindly young man, with less brain power and a frailer physique than many there. The castle of his ancestors stood in ruins, an apt symbol of that feudal system which had reared and kept it. His wide acres were heavily mortgaged, but the halo of ancient territorial power hung about him, and if it influenced others it certainly affected himself most of all. As a man, he was timid and shrinking to the last degree, but as the Marquis of Fowlis he took courage. He had no faith in himself, but he had faith in his title and in his ancestry. For their sake he dared to display his own kindly simple-minded character, which, without their support, might have been hidden in a bushel.

He came forward, beaming, to meet Margaret Stewart and her father, quite unconscious of glances of subdued significance which were going to and fro in the apartment.

"So kind of you to come!" he said. "Of course, this is quite a gala day to us local people; but it is so good of strangers to take an interest! A glass of wine? No? Then here is some lemonade. Balacluva will help himself, I hope."

"Do you notice a change here since

the other day?" he went on, seeing Margaret glance round the room. "Yes, I've actually had the pictures rehung. Quite revolutionary, isn't it? But I did not think that the 'Murder of Rizzio' and the portraits of one's ancestors were the most appropriate decorations for one's dining-room. It did not seem respectful to keep one's great grandparents standing round the room to watch one eat! And some of them frowned terribly, as if they thought as much. So I've put them into the corridors and the library, and have brought all the Cuyps and Salvators and Claudes out of their retreats in those places. I can't say I admire them much, do you?"

"Of course, they are interesting and valuable in the history of art, and I don't think it is treating the best kind of pictures well to hang them where one dines," said Margaret Stewart.

"Ah, that's it—that's what I meant; that states my feelings exactly," rejoined the marquis, delightedly. "But we are not an artistic people in this neighbourhood. The new lights have not penetrated yet. There are very few among us, I fancy, who would not think it a duty to admire the yellowest 'old master' before the noblest work of a modern artist. That's the reason why I'm so glad you're here to-day. You'll know what I mean. For many things I'm rather sorry you are here to-day, when there is such a fuss and bustle, and so many people about—so different to our quiet rides and drives about your grand Balaclava! But for this one reason, I'm glad. I want to get your opinion about the work of a young girl, who used to be a sort of *protégée* of an old lady for whom my mother had 'a respect,' as they say here."

Margaret Stewart smiled.

"I will do my best," she said; "but I am afraid I am not much of a judge of any needlework, except it be Shetland knitting!"

She rather wondered where his lordship saw any link between this topic and his pictures.

It was Lord Fowlis's turn to be puzzled.

"I don't mean needlework," he said. "The girl draws—she even paints a little—and she has never had a single lesson, though she may have seen some of her old patroness's performances on satin or rice-paper; but, of course, they don't count, though they may have stimulated her ambition. I think her work promises well; but the schoolmaster smiles at it, and the minister's wife thinks she might be better employed. I shall be so glad of your impartial and enlightened opinion."

"Does she belong to this neighbourhood? What is her name?" asked Margaret.

"She belongs to this neighbourhood very much indeed," answered Lord Fowlis. "Her name is May Castle."

"May Castle!" echoed Miss Stewart. "That does not have a local sound."

"A strange name with a strange story attached to it," said the marquis. And then he had to turn aside to welcome some later guests.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

READING AND THINKING.—Always have a book within reach which you can catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you can give fifteen minutes a day, it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they are right they afford a portable pleasure, which one may travel or labour with without any trouble or encumbrance.

MOCK HUMILITY.—A mock humility is one of the worst forms of pride.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.—God in His providence sometimes seems harsh with those He loves, and speaks roughly to those for whom yet He has great mercy in store.

NEEDLESS FEARS.—Some people sink all enjoyment of present comfort in the foreboding apprehension of future evils which may never happen.

MYSTERIOUS NIGHT.

The best sonnet in the language, according to Coleridge, was the following, by Blanco White, addressed to night:—

Mysterious night, when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
  Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
  Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

IN DANGER.—Riches expose a woman to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and great fondness for the present world.—*Addison.*

LAYING RELIGION ASIDE.—A woman who puts aside her religion because she is going into society, resembles a person taking off her shoes because she is about to walk upon thorns.

HOW TO DO THINGS WELL.—In everything we do, however trifling, we ought to reflect and reason, otherwise we shall never do anything well.

THE ASSOCIATIONS OF MUSIC.

The most powerful effect of music is due to its adjuncts and associations. The call which accompanies the heaving of the lead is extremely simple; but when heard at midnight on the sea, it is indescribably solemn. The bell of a village church is laden with beautiful and touching recollections. A melody familiar to us in childhood, is for ever after linked in our imagination with the things and persons most dear to our memory.

The "Ranz des Vaches" is little more than a signal played by a shepherd on a cow's horn; and "Erin go bragh" and "Lochaber no more," would have but slight effect upon the ear if the associations did not touch the heart.

WELL AND ILL.—They who pray constantly when they are well, may pray comfortably when they are sick.

"ADIEU!"—*Adieu* is an expression of farewell, familiarly used by all classes of people; but its derivation, which is a beautiful one, is not perhaps as generally known. It comes from the French words *à Dieu*—to God—implying, I depart from you but leave you to the protection of heaven.

GROWING RICH.—A man does not become rich by laying UP abundance, but by laying OUT abundance; that, is by laying it out for God.—*Chrysostom.*

WOMAN'S WORLD.

What most I prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect.
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
* * * * * *
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. —*Longfellow.*

A GOOD story was told of an old man who had endured many of the ills of life in his long journey. His friends, upon one occasion more trying than usual, condoled with him, saying that he really had more troubles than other men. "Yes, my friends, that is too true. I have been surrounded by troubles all my life long. But there is a curious thing about them—*nine-tenths of them never happened.*"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

'Tis difficult often to know which to choose,
  One resembles the other, 'tis hard to decide;
Inclination and pleasure our senses confuse,
  And we find what, too late, their appearance belied.

---

1. "Sic transit gloria mundi!" I know
  These words now are trite, but my moral they tell.
A king of old Scotland, a long time ago,
  Erected a palace wherein he might dwell;
But of that royal palace no vestige remains
  To show where its towers and bulwarks have been;
Yet the Town that *grew round it the "Royal"* retains,
  And a title confers on the son of our Queen.

2. He was nam'd as an hireling, and well understood
  How, by stooping his shoulders the burdens to bear;
He saw the land pleasant—he knew rest was good—
  And he bought by a tribute the right to be there.

3. At Rome there's a spot, near the old city gate,
  Much frequented by tourists, that sight-seeing race;
Where a king sought repose from the cares of his state,
  And advice from the Spirit that haunted the place.

4. A strange-looking Bird, seeking moorland and marsh,
  Where his dagger-like beak fish or reptile can spear;
His aspect's ungainly, his accents are harsh,
  But his beautiful plumage fair ladies will wear.

5. That enlighten'd barbarian, Peter the Great,
  Built a Town where the genius of commerce presides,
Where Circassians and Cossacks do most congregate,
  And bring hither their sheep-skins, ropes, tallow, and hides.

XIMENA.

NEW MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

"April and May one moment meet,
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,
How May and April love each other."

LUCY LARCOM: *The Sister Months.*

THE weather of the spring months is of so varied a character, that all dresses made to wear in them are of woollen fabrics, and sufficiently warm in make and lining to guard the wearers from taking cold when the winter furs are relinquished. Plaids have apparently entirely disappeared, and in their place the French have introduced stripes of nearly two inches wide, in three and even more colours. This striped material forms the bodice and overdress, or polonaise, to the plain underskirt of cloth or velvet. In England plain materials are much more worn than fancy or figured ones, especially for walking dresses and for home wear, and velvet and velveteen is the most popular trimming both for woollens and silks, and a most becoming and effective mixture it forms, besides its good and economical wear. The skirts of all dresses worn by day are short, and the use of the perfectly plain underskirt is on the increase, the edges alone being ornamented with a quilled silk frilling.

The walking dresses worn for April weather, with its alternate showers and sunshine, are carefully shown in our sketch. The figure in the bonnet wears a braided serge with a fully box-pleated skirt; and the girl's costume is also of serge, made with a tucked bodice and tucked underskirt. The third figure wears a dress of thick beige, trimmed with flat velvet bands, and a shoulder-cape of plush, edged with light grey feather trimmings. Instead of longitudinal tucks, they are now often run horizontally, two inches wide, from the edge of the skirt to the waist, being so arranged that each tuck shall hide the trimming of the next. I think I

DRESSES FOR INDOORS AND EVENING.

mentioned in my last article the revival of pinking as a trimming for dresses. Of course this requires a close, firm material that will bear it well, in which case strips of pinking are laid on one over another, like flat flounces; they also border the gathered flounces. The shapes of the pinking-irons used are more elaborate than they formerly were, and are cut in the shape of leaves or shells; and, wonderful to relate, the undertakers are the people who advertise to perform pinking, as they have naturally a large assortment of irons of many different patterns, for puncturing and cutting out the trimmings of coffins.

The spring materials most used are cashmere and beige and the other limp woollen textiles. They are made very frequently with narrow bias flounces, with very little fulness, the edges French hemmed, and the tops having no heading at all. They are carried up to the waist, or as far as the underskirt shows. Gathered flounces will very probably be the spring rage, for even velvet is now gathered. Some flounces are straight, and some are gathered, but in either case the edges are ornamented with small tucks when they are not pinked out. This is a decidedly economical way of making dresses, as well as of making-over old ones. The middle figure in the indoor dresses shows one of the gathered and pinked-out flounces put on at the edge of the skirt.

Other plain skirts have bands of velvet at regular intervals, and others have half-a-dozen very small tucks, and then a band of velvet of another colour, dividing the tucks into groups. These velvet bands of a different colour are put on dresses which are made of a mixture of plain and broché woollen. One of the new introductions had a turned-under or balloon puff for an overskirt, which was cut on the straight and very slightly fulled on. This is an easy method of making an upper skirt.

And now I must say a few words as to tunics and overskirts. There is nothing very new in shape, and they are of all

HAIR DRESSED HIGH, WITH A PLAIT OR COIL.

APRIL SHOWERS. WALKING DRESSES.

sizes; the most popular seems to be the pointed ones, with the point in front instead of at the side. Polonaises are much worn, and are decorated with bibs and velvet plastrons of all kinds, as well as waistcoats. The skirts both of polonaises and tunics are drawn up very high, however long they may hang in other parts of the skirt. Chenille plastrons and cuffs are a novelty, and look well as additions to a plain dress in the house.

The basques of plain bodices are very short indeed over the hips. With jacket bodices waistcoats are still used, but they are not so much shown or so prominent as they were, and the jackets are cut off so sharply that they look like the old-fashioned Zouaves we wore so long ago. Many ladies are reviving old bodices or making half-worn ones new by putting the long bibs into the front; they are full and loose from the waist to the neck. At the waist they are drawn into flat folds, and below it they fall in a loose bag. Sprigged lace, both black and white, is used for these bodices, and a light shade of the dress or a contrasting shade for those dresses it is desired to enliven.

The small jackets with fur, feather, and chenille borders will be much worn all the spring for young girls, and will be made in thin ribbed silk or cloth. Dark red or green seem to be popular colours. Mantles will be made long in front and short at the back, and the only attempt at novelty seems to be made in the sleeves, which are quite past description, they are of so many shapes. I can only advise my careful readers to avoid any of the very remarkable inventions in purchasing or making up their mantles, as they will be sure to look *outré* soon.

Capes will be as much worn as ever. Some cloth ones are very pretty, trimmed with silk embroidery, and others of satin were rather larger than usually worn, and covered with jetted trimming. Young ladies are wearing the long, tightly-fitting jackets, generally made of some light cloth, without trimming.

All collars, both for dresses, mantles, and jackets, are made as high in the throat as possible, coming quite under the ears, like the pictures of the beaux when the early Georges reigned in England. If they are of velvet, they are made to turn over, but if of chenille or feathers, they are only wide bands which stand up closely about the neck as high as the ears.

The very unbecoming style of showing no white at the neck is growing more popular. Sleeves are not quite so high at the shoulder as they were, but the fulness seems merely to have dropped lower round the arm, and are gathered into it in a way that suggests a return to the old-fashioned "gigot," or leg-of-mutton sleeve, worn by our grandmothers. In some dresses the top of the sleeve appears as if slashed with pleats set in between. Cuffs of small size are used again.

In what are known as tailor-made costumes we find very full, plain skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist, quite in the old way; so perhaps we shall see the large hips of some years ago. Plain cloth dresses are made by them with plaided waistcoats and trimmings, and corduroy is used for dresses, the skirts and trimmings being of this old material, with Scotch tweed jackets and polonaise.

The newest riding-habits are made in various-coloured cloths, instead of, as formerly, in black, blue, and dark green. Some are in smoke-grey, called "London smoke," others in plum-colour, rifle green, brown, and neutral tint. No change has occurred in the shape.

There is little to notice under the head of millinery, and very few new shapes, none of any importance. The hats and bonnets of straw that have been prepared are so fine that they rival chip, and they are, as they were last year, dyed in all colours. The newest straw hats worn are deep red, and the chief new shape has a higher crown than that so long worn and known as the "French hat," or "Henri III.;" the brim is narrower and the edge is turned up. The most popular hat is of velvet to match the dress in colour; felt hats are most worn, of boat shapes, and have very little trimming; in fact, no hats have as much as they had a few weeks ago. All the new bonnets are square crowned, and generally have coronet fronts, which are of gathered velvet, beads, &c. The strings worn are short and wide. Pins, studs, beetles, moths, butterflies, and dragonflies are used for bonnet strings, and for placing on both bonnets and caps. Flowers seem a little at a discount, and to be less favoured than feather brooches and gilt ornaments. Of course in the spring we always know the season by the sudden advent of yellow flowers—of wallflowers, oxlips, cowslips, and primroses.

I have given two illustrations of hair dressed high on the head. In the method shown of dressing a young girl's hair, the small coil is a little too small, but the style is the same, the hair being drawn up from the back of the head to the front, and twisted up just at the back of the cut and curled front. This way of dressing the hair of young girls is suitable to take the place of the hanging locks or plait, and makes a pleasant change. The whole hair may be tied at the top of the head if preferred; but it is better if it can be simply twisted. The hair of the young lady is curled in front, and the plait used is thick and heavy.

I have left the sketch of the dresses for indoor and evening wear till the last, as I think it will need the most description of any. The dress of the centre figure is of white or cream nun's veiling, which may be mixed with satin merveilleux, white soft Indian or washing silk, or even satin, or else made up alone. The bows are of satin ribbon, and a little lace is mixed in. The dress of the figure on the left is of a fawn-coloured cashmere, with darker velvet trimmings, and an overskirt of a lighter shade of fawn, with embroidered flowers on it. The third figure on the right wears a dress of black Spanish lace and black silk or satin, very simple in its manufacture and draping, and not expensive in its materials. Of course any other materials may be used, but the dress is not beyond the skill of the home dressmaker to manage, and a half-worn dress may be renovated thus very easily. The young lady certainly does credit to her teacher of gymnastics.

I have said that the new ideas have revolted against collars, cuffs, frills, collarettes, neckties, and bows, and a bright-coloured Indian handkerchief is sometimes made to do duty round the neck, simply knotted in front. The new pocket-handkerchiefs are of coloured lawn, instead of white. Veils are very small indeed, and one hopes they may in time vanish altogether; but meanwhile they are of gauze, like the bonnet, or of net, with cut gilt beads.

Yellow *gants de Suède* are still in high favour; but many ladies, both young and old, choose their gloves to match their dresses, or wear dark dogskin. I am rejoiced to think that I see a faint return to more sensible ideas of how the feet should be covered, and both pointed toes and high heels show signs of passing into well-deserved oblivion.

A PLEA FOR MUSIC.

FOURTH LETTER.

"For what so strong
But wanting rest will also want of might.
The sun that measures heaven all day long
At night doth bait his steeds the ocean waves among.
Then with the sun take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new work at once begin.
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best."

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, Book I., canto i., verse 32.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As the rising tide of the summer sea effaces the footsteps of the children who played on its sands, so many hours of Christmas holidays may have so much effaced any recollection of my former letters on music, that it may be well to remind my young readers that in my first letter I drew their attention to the wonders its power had wrought in former ages; in my next I quoted opinions from wise and experienced men on the fact that that power, far from having passed away, was now as strong for all good and noble purposes as ever, and was more than ever needed among the harassing cares, the hard work, and the overtaxed energies of the present time. In the third letter I drew attention to a fact which, amongst all the earnest endeavours to promote the happiness and well-being of womankind, seemed to have escaped attention—that whereas in our great schools for boys, Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Uppingham, Sherborne, &c., there is an organised training in music, no such organised instruction in music exists in any of the high schools for girls, with one or two exceptions, and that far from desiring for their girls the same systematic culture which has proved so beneficial for boys, the head mistresses as a body have opposed such teaching. I quoted the testimony of the head masters of these great schools, assembled in congress at Reading, who declared themselves deeply indebted to the high moral influence, the refinement of feeling, the great gain of that noble relaxation created for their boys by an organised system of instruction and practice in music. I quoted the head master of Uppingham's testimony that "music had in no way hurt the work of the school;" and when it is remembered who the head master of Uppingham is, how strict and stern a trainer Mr. Thring is for the great college scholarships, I may leave the matter where it stands.

Now, I ask, why, when there is found such gain in devoting earnest time, and much time, to the organised study of music, in schools where boys have to prepare for the struggle and competition of the severer public life, and where every hour is weighed as an item in the calculation for a great public career—why such system should be almost universally ignored in the great school for girls? At the boys' schools, Eton, under Mr. Joseph

Barnby, Harrow, under Mr. Farmer, Sherborne, under Mr. Parker, Marlborough, Uppingham, &c., they have frequent concerts, weekly preparation of great concerted works, rehearsals of oratorios, and grand performances at longer intervals. At Uppingham Sir Sterndale Bennett went down to examine all the music pupils twice a year, and Herren Joachim and Hiller are frequent visitors to stimulate the enthusiasm of the boys by their criticism and sympathy. Thus a stream of interest, relaxation, and quickening artistic study goes on abreast with the other studies, which fertilizes and refreshes the drier ground of the more exact sciences, through which it takes its bright and genial way. Is there no need of rest and artistic study and relaxation for girls also? I might here, without irrelevance, refer to an old legend of the beloved Apostle which touches somewhat on this matter. St. Francis de Salis tells how St. John, once amusing himself with a tame partridge on his hand, was asked by a huntsman how such a man as he could spend his time in so unprofitable a manner. To which St. John replied, "Why dost thou not carry thy bow always bent?" "Because," answered the huntsman, "if it were always bent, I fear it would lose its spring, and become useless." "Be not surprised then," replied the Apostle, "that I should sometimes remit a little of my close attention to work, to enjoy a little recreation, that I may afterwards employ myself more fervently in Divine contemplation."

But, it may be asked, Why do you call the study of music rest or relaxation? Surely it is an exacting science which needs close attention, much time, much hard work. Our girls have no leisure for any additional study; to obtain any eminence or success in the exact sciences they must devote themselves to those studies exclusively, happy if with their whole time and strength they may achieve real success. And yet that is *not* the system on which were educated the women of whose classical learning or mathematical eminence England is most justly proud. If our girls are to aim at their greatness it might be well to consider the training by which it has been attained, in such records as we possess of their early life, and see how they gained the summit of those clear heights where the air is so bracing and the outlook so large and grand. There was an English lady once personally known to many of us now living—the only woman who has had the honour of her works on astronomy and physical science being adopted as text books at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who, when a young woman received from the great French astronomer, M. Arago, a collection of his works, with the graceful dedication that he offered them to her, as the only woman who could understand them; with the more singular sequel, that after she had married Mr. Somerville and given further evidence to the world of her marvellous studies in astronomy, another edition of those great works of M. Arago arrived at her door, with the, to her, delightful surprise of a few words from the greatest astronomer of the age, telling her that she was the only woman to whom he could venture to offer them, knowing that she could understand and appreciate them, with one remarkable exception, a lady who was indeed her own countrywoman; wonderful that England alone could produce such women! But the pleasing fact was, that the name alone was changed, and the woman was the same. Let us see what this lady's education was which resulted in such greatness in those exact sciences, who are imagined like Molochs in the present day to require the sacrifice of all other studies from their votaries. Did Mrs. Somerville deny herself all study of art, give up the harmony of music, the repose and delight of painting? the household knowledge upon which depends so much of the health as well as the elegance of home? the dainty feminine talents which enable the white hands to gather threads into beauty, of lace and coloured silks into embroideries that charm the eye and enrich the inner sanctuaries of home? We are fortunately able to meet inquirers with many particulars from "Personal Recollections," by her daughter, Miss Martha Somerville, published not long since, as well as from personal friends in Italy. Miss Somerville writes of her mother:—"Although her favourite pursuit, and the one for which she had decidedly the most aptitude, was mathematics, &c., there were few subjects in which she did not take interest, whether in science, literature, philosophy, or politics. She was passionately fond of poetry, her especial favourites being Shakespeare and Dante, and also the Greek dramatists, whose tragedies she read fluently in the original, being a good classical scholar. She was very fond of music, and devoted much time to it in her youth, and she painted from nature with considerable taste. The latter was perhaps the recreation in which she most delighted, from the opportunity it afforded her of contemplating the wonderful beauty of the world, which was a never-failing source of intense enjoyment to her—whether she watched the changing effects of light and shade on her favourite Roman Campagna, or gazed enchanted on the gorgeous sunsets of the Bay of Naples, as she witnessed them from her much loved Sorrento, where she passed the last summer of her life."

Before quoting from her own writings, as I am happily able to do, I would fain say something of her utter unselfishness and modesty, of her gracious simplicity, which put everyone at ease, and interested her in the interests and ways of those around her. Staying in Italy once, with a noble and distinguished lady, an intimate friend of Mrs. Somerville's, we heard much of this dear lady, whom we hoped to see, and I remember the anecdote of a young girl so enthusiastically wound up to a frantic state of expectation on an evening when the illustrious lady, the mathematician and astronomer, was to be at our hostess's, and the child implored her to take care she might be introduced to the mighty power of science she was burning to see. Well, the evening came, and the evening passed away, and talking all together before they separated for the night, the poor child said with tears in her eyes, "Dear madame, you quite forgot me." "Forgot you, my child. How?" "Why, you said I should be introduced to Mrs. Somerville," said the blushing girl, half wondering at her boldness in having even wished it. "Why, my dear little one, you were talking to her half the evening." "What! that sweet, dear old lady," said the child, "who was knitting beside me, and telling me about her children, the great Mrs. Somerville?" And so true greatness is simple, kind, easily approached, very accessible, and gracious. But I can interest you in her own words, taken from her daughter's "Life and Personal Recollections."

Writing of her own youth, Mrs. Somerville says, "When the tide was out, I spent hours on the sands, looking at the star fish and sea urchins, or watching the children digging for sand eels, cockles, and the spouting razor fish, and I made a collection of shells. . . . . I knew the eggs of many birds, and made a collection of them. . . . On returning to Burntisland I spent four or five hours daily at the piano. My mother was pleased with my music and painting . . . and she thought besides that some of the comfort of the married life depended on the table; so I was sent to a pastrycook every day to learn the art of cookery. . . . I had for companion Miss Moncrieff, daughter of Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, a Scotch baronet of old family. She was older than I, pretty, pleasing, and one of the belles of the day. We were amused at the time, and afterwards made jellies and creams for the little supper-parties then in fashion, though, as far as economy went, we might as well have bought them. On returning to Burntisland I played on the piano as diligently as ever, and painted several hours a day. I had to take part in the household affairs and mend my own clothes." Miss Somerville continues:—"My mother was at all times both neatly and becomingly dressed, and her room and papers, and all that belonged to her, were always in the most beautiful order. Besides the various occupations I have mentioned, she made all her own dresses.

The *Quarterly Review* observes:—"The vulgar prejudice which makes people expect an intellectual woman to be a slattern in her dress and to despise such sublunary things as flowers, furniture, and a delicate table, is an amusing instance of the construction of an ideal creature out of the moral consciousness, irrespective of a single glance at nature. We are almost weary of the continual surprise expressed by Mrs. Somerville's earlier contemporaries at the fact that she was always neatly and becomingly dressed, and that her table was somewhat exceptionally well served. . . . The actual fact (which may be observed by any one who will take the trouble to open his eyes) is that women who have attained any eminence in literary, scientific, or artistic work are more than usually prone to take pleasure in the beauty and order of their houses, and to love flowers, and animals, and everything which the typical Eve would bring about her to 'dress and keep' the Eden of home. We could name in a moment a score of female writers and artists of whom this dictum holds good. Her recollections tell us that she learnt the fine art of cookery in her youth, and the reminiscences of her friends seem particularly vivid concerning the table to which she invited them in Hanover-square and Chelsea. Nor was she so far above the feminine concern of dress as to be indifferent whether siks were rich and soft, or lace and muslin of the most delicate kinds. With regard to these, indeed, she was herself an admirable maker and mender, and some specimens of her work might be exhibited as curiosities. A story is told of a young lady, who, while stopping at Mrs. Somerville's, had the misfortune to tear some particularly fine old point. Naturally the last person in the world she would have applied to for aid was her hostess; but the Misses Somerville observed at once, 'Oh, never mind, when mamma has done what she is about, she will mend it for you, so that you will not see where it is torn;' so the visitor watched mamma, who happened to be solving some terrible problem, and when that was done, needed to write some letter of thanks for some honour to the Emperor of Russia. Business done, Mrs. Somerville dropped her pen and donned her thimble (spectacles she never used or needed), and in brief time returned the lace most perfectly and delicately mended. Another of her accomplishments was music. As we have seen, she describes herself as thumping the piano in her youth: but the superfluous energy thus expended, ere long gave place to a very sweet touch, and her taste was at all times excellent and formed on the best school. As Beethoven was her prophet in music, so were Shakespeare, Dante, and Æschylus in poetry. All her life she continued at intervals to read these great books, which most of us are contented to study once for all; nor did her mind, playful and childlike as it was, ever seem in-

clined to beg off the severer for the lighter verse, and ask that the reading should be,

"'Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose trampling footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time.'

"And lastly, Mrs. Somerville was a very fair landscape painter, and from her youth—when good old Hugh Blair paid her his elaborate compliments for having contributed to his entertainment by the loan of her sketches—till her last summer at Sorrento, she continued, whenever other occupation grew slack, to betake herself to her brush, and painted original pictures in oils from the surrounding scenery. One such picture, before the writer now, represents a lovely bit of Italian woodland, with a village crowning an adjacent height, just one of the scenes of peace and sweetness on which her mind delighted to dwell."

We have the less scruple in giving these recollections of an admirable lady and great mistress of science, because so many persons now living can corroborate these assertions, and add their own quota of loving remembrance to what has been here said.

But we will go further back in history, to the older and sterner times, when scholarship was a very different matter from what it is now; and yet we find that even then music was considered an essential part of both man's and woman's true education. We will turn to the accounts we possess of that fair princess of sixteen, the twelve days Queen of England—Lady Jane Grey—whose name is still loved and reverenced in all English speaking lands (and many others), as a type of the goodness, tenderness, purity, and grace of the most highly intellectual young womanhood. We learn from foreign historians, as well as from our own, how she was a ripe and noble scholar, and at her tender age could maintain her ground in argument with the most learned ecclesiastics in defence of her faith; and how the beauty of her life and tragedy of her death have rung through all the histories of the time. We learn that she was perfectly versed in the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages, and had some acquaintance with Hebrew and Arabic. With the reformer Bullinger she corresponded in Latin as good as his own, but let it not be supposed that the elegant accomplishments of her race and time were neglected by her. We are specially told that she was perfectly educated in them, and amongst these, we know well, music held a foremost place; nay, we learn from some of their writings, that ignorance of music was considered much in the same light that in the present day we should hold ignorance of reading or writing. Readiness in reading and performing music was equally essential, perhaps more so, for the daily life of good society. The historian Froude says in her life that she has left in her letters to Bullinger "a portrait of herself drawn by her own hand—a portrait of piety, purity, and free noble innocence, uncoloured even to a fault, with the emotional weaknesses of humanity," while her young and active powers were strengthened and nourished by her long rides in her native woods of Bradgate and her daily studies in the open air under its trees. In the world, and yet not of it, she exercised a wonderful influence on the time; one so noble, so quickening to great deeds and gentle thoughts, that Sir Philip Sydney, whose name in life or death was the rallying cry for the chivalry of Europe, was most inspired and formed in character and mind by his reverence and devotion to her who was his mother's sister; and of whom his mother would often speak to him in those holy hours when the mother grasps her son's heart to form it to what is noblest and best. He said once, "I who have the glory of belonging to her, would fain also distantly resemble her."

We may judge of her influence by her pupil, and if there were more such women, there would be more Sir Philip Sidneys, more men like him who had the noblest of his time for his intimates, for whose death the Court and Queen and Universities of Oxford and Cambridge went into mourning, for the honour of whose burying the two foremost nations of the time disputed, and whom the great French historian, Dargaud, calls the most perfect hero of England. It is not strange that when they relate the tragic death of her whose memory inspired that heroic valour, that the popular legends of her death tell of a supernatural and heavenly light, far above the light of the sun, which made resplendent the scaffold, the weeping crowds, the whole place where she suffered. Around her name such love and reverence gathers evermore, that one would fain her story and her fair and noble character were studied more by the young girls of this great England of which for a few brief days she was Queen, and which she loved so well, of whose faith she was one of the first and one of the fairest and best defenders, and whose womanhood she has to all time graced and glorified. One is loth to leave such a subject for thought and emulation in all that is good; but time presses, and we must pass on to another princess and queen, also very dear to the proud nation whom she governed, for she loved them well, and was the only woman who was a match for her enemies in the fearful game for life or death to England then played. Queen Elizabeth was a great ruler, but she was also a great scholar. She spoke and wrote the classical languages to perfection. She did not know Hebrew, but Greek and Latin were as easy to her as the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, in which she was perfectly at home. She even wrote verses which were flowing and easy. She studied thoroughly and made herself mistress of geography, travels, history, diplomacy, and all the varied causes of the rise and fall of empires. But also, while her talent in all manner of work was admirable, while her tapestries and her embroideries were masterpieces, she drew well and sang still better; she was very fond of flowers, and played the virginal in such a manner that few of our musicians now would care to engage with the difficulties of the music written for her by her master Byrd. Even Mary Tudor was extremely clever with her needle, and played the lute, and could play extremely well on the harpsichord or spinnet, and King Henry the Eighth, the father of both those learned and musical Queens, whose scholarship also rings throughout the sixteenth century, wrote music so sound and good, that even now, nearly four hundred years after his death, his anthems hold their own in our grand old cathedral services, and his lighter airs are included in any collection of our national music.

I might refer to others, many other distinguished scholars, in corroboration of my plea that a thorough study of music has been proved to be consistent with the mastery of the exact sciences and good scholarship, but as one illustration is worth a thousand arguments, I prefer quoting a few precedents most accessible to all, trusting my gentle readers may pursue the subject among the histories and biographies of eminent persons. Meantime, I think it may be taken for proved that there are weighty precedents for assuming—firstly, that in these days also, learning and scholarship should be held as the best allies to sound learning in music; secondly, that an organised and thorough education in music ought to be taken up with a high hand by those who claim to be leaders in the higher education of our English girls; and thirdly, in the words of the resolution unanimously passed in Owen's College, Manchester, on Feb. 2, 1883, "That the study of music has an educational influence of so high and exacting a character as to entitle it to full recognition as an essential part of collegiate training."

I have no room here for a few considerations with which I hope to close this subject, but I cannot omit a quotation from the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who is mentioned as having evinced an intense passion for music, and of having said one day to his disciples that "Music not only elevates man while he is listening, but that to those who love it, music is able to create distinct images, which remain after the strains cease, and keep the mind from base thoughts." One need to remember how great and long-lived the power of Confucius has been to realise the value of these words; and I would also quote a sentence from a man whose sayings are still and ever a delight to those who knew the gentle angler, Izaak Walton, who writes, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

(*To be concluded.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

M. S., 10s.; Bangorian, 3s.; I. S. A., 2s.; Greta, 1s.; Three Acorns, 1s.; Annie, 2s. 6d.; Claremont, 10s.; Henkie, 1s.; Five Jewish Sympathisers, 9s.; Isabeau, 1s.; A Grateful Irish Girl, 2s. 6d.; A Country Lassie, 2s. 6d.; A. E. G., 1s.; A Reader, 3s. 6d.; A Scotch Lassie, 1s.; collected by Miss C. A. Webb, £1 3s. 6d.; Miss E. Adkins, 1s. 6d.; A Christmas Gift, 2s. 6d.; New Year, 10s.; Topsy, 2s.; Noel, 1s.; Miss M. Cooper, 15s.; A Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Miss Eastward, 1s.; M. A. K., 1s.; Miss L. Whissell, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss S. Wellby's cousin, who is quite blind, 12s. 6d.; collected by Mrs. Llewellyn, 8s. 6d.; J. and M. C., 2s. 6d.; Madeline Reinhardt, 3s. 6d.; A Well-Wisher, 5s.; collected by Mrs. MacLachlan, £1 8s.; Jinny G., 2s. 6d.; collected by Mrs. Emslie, 3s. 6d.; collected by Miss C. Hiscock, 6s.; Miss Hulme, 6s.; Two Servants, 2s.; M. B. L., 5s.; From some Carol Sing 1s, 12s. 6d.; Maggie, 1s.; collected by Miss Lilla Wallace, £1 2s.; collected by Miss F. E. Buller, 1s. 6d.; Edina, 1s.; M. G., 2s. 6d; Miss C. F. Phillipps, 2s. 6d.; Litzchen, 5s.; Miss S Black, 2s.; M. E. Y., 2s.; Julie, 4s. 10d.; Miss Louisa H. Peachey, 5s.; collected by Miss Reeve, 9s. 2d.; M. S. B., 5s.; A. M. D., 2s.; Miss Roline Walkden, £5; A Pembrokeshire Girl, 1s. 6d.; M. S., 2s. 6d.; Annie, 1s. 6d Miss Susie Trice, 1s. 6d.; collected by Miss B. Wakeley, £1 13s. 6d.; collected by Miss May Sanger, £1 18s.; collected by Miss J. Lingwood, 5s.; J. Monsey M., 2s.; W. E., 2s.: Flo, 1s.; Two Readers of the G.O.P., Clevedon, 5s.; Miss Markley, 5s.; the Misses Gage-Hodge, 5s.; collected by Miss C. J. Beaumont, £2; Nella, 2s. 6d.; E. A., a mother of two children, 10s.; Happiness Granted, 5s.; the Misses Denson, 7s. 6d.; Miss M. Wright, 2s. 6d.; Miss A. Jones, 5s.; part of the proceeds of a bazaar and concert held in memory of Elizabeth Stocks Walker by her school friends and companions, £5; Petite, 5s.; collected by Mrs. Mackie, 11s. 6d.; Miss A. E. Owen, 2s. 6d.; Curly Locks, 1s.; Jane and Emily, 3s.; Snowdrop, 2s. 6d.; Louise, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss Brakell, 14s. 4d.; E. K. W., 2s. 6d.; A. R., 2s. 6d. Total amount received to January 31st, 1884, £70 6s. 1d.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER XVII.
"TAKE JOY HOME."

"Take Joy home. . . . . .
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows."

Jean Ingelow.

IT is the end of April, and the time has come for the bursting of buds long closed and folded up within themselves by reason of the snows and frosts of winter, and for the singing of birds as they twitter joyfully, and busily flit from bough to bough, choosing cosy, pleasant places wherein to build their warm little nests.

Spring is here, a little late up in these high latitudes, but how welcome to Carita as she trips about feeding the "bosses," as they call the young cattle out West, counting the chickens, racing with Ronnie, and singing hymns out of the fulness of her glad heart down on Pepper-box Flat on Sunday evenings.

Spring has come, and Phil is coming! What more could Carita wish for? Only to see the father a little happier and Mrs. Warner sweeter and brighter. There is some hope even of that now, for after one more harvest on Elk Ranche they are to leave the lonely mountains and to go to a city home, more to Eleanor's liking. After all, as someone said long ago, cats will never learn to burrow in the ground, nor rabbits to run up trees.

* * * *

I must go back a little and tell you how it was that Philip is coming home to the mountains and to Carita.

He had idled, irresolutely, through two more months at home, and was just beginning to rouse himself and to take his part with more principle and strength in the duties of life, when he saw in a Liverpool paper the notice of Edward Arundel's death at Colorado Springs. His father had only a slight acquaintance with Mr. Arundel, and he had not heard of the invalid son's going to Colorado.

Philip had a friend living in Mr. Arundel's parish, so he rode over at once to see him. All associated with Colorado had naturally a strong interest for him. His friend, George Newton, told him that the clergyman would not be back for three weeks longer.

At the end of that time Philip rode over again; he had vague hopes that, as the Warners were so well known in their state, and Maniton was only

"'OH, I WILL HAVE THE REST LATER ON,' SAID HE."

half a day's journey from San Juan, he might possibly gather some scraps of information about them.

His friend Newton called with him at the vicarage. Imagine his feelings when Mr. Arundel, in speaking of his son, mentioned Carita, who had been so kind a nurse to him.

"I knew a young lady of that name," said Philip, with as much self-control as he could muster. "Do you know what brought her to the Springs?"

"Her story is rather a singular one," replied Mr. Arundel. Then he told the two young men more about her, little suspecting what gladness all his words were bringing into the heart of one of his listeners.

Philip said nothing about his position with regard to Carita then. After a little more talk about poor Edward the friends left; but over their pipes the whole story was told to George Newton, who undertook to get Mr. Arundel to call on Mrs. Emerson as soon as it could well be arranged.

The clergyman was deeply interested when he heard Philip's account of his engagement. The result of his visit was that Mrs. Emerson's scruples and objections were all removed, and her husband, who was feeling twinges of remorse for having burned, not only that first letter but also two later ones, all addressed in the same way, and easily intercepted by him, as he took care always to have the bag brought first to himself, gave his consent to Philip's returning to the West, and marrying Carita—"that is, if you find she is true to you," he added, grimly. He did not confess to burning her letters until some time later, when a regular correspondence had been established between the two lovers.

Philip remained in England during the winter to gratify his mother, who was still in delicate health, and who pleaded that she had seen so little of him for some years.

* * * * *

"How strange it was that Edward Arundel should have come from so near your home, Phil," said Carita one day, as they sat once more under the aspens in Silverdale.

"Not very, dearest; it was through hearing of this wonderful climate from the Newtons, our friends in Gratton, that Mr. Arundel sent the poor fellow to Colorada Springs, unfortunately too late to be of any service to him. I had not heard of his going, as the Newtons had been abroad, and only just returned when I rode over that day to see George. By the way, George is coming out here next month in time to be my groomsman, Carrie. He and Joyce Heath will make a very nice pair, don't you think so?"

Philip and Carita were married in the leafy month of June, by her true friend, Mr. Grahame. She looked very lovely in a dress made by Mrs. Carey's daughters, under the superintendence of the clergyman's wife, with some beautiful ornaments—Mrs. Emerson's wedding gift. Stephen gave away the bride, although he had so lately said he would never part with her to anyone. Tom, Alick, and Ronnie were in high feather. They were glad to think there would be a chance of coming to visit Carrie in her Colorado home sometime, the idea of a city life being not so welcome to them as to their mother. Even Mrs. Warner looked smiling and happy. To tell the truth, she was a little glad to see Carita disposed of.

* * * * *

Philip's wedding gift was one which delighted Carita inexpressibly. It was Elk Ranche itself, which Mr. Warner was glad enough to sell to him. So the newly-married pair were near to the Heaths, a great thing for the young wife, who valued Mrs. Heath's friendship and that of Joyce so highly. George Newton seemed in no hurry to return to Cheshire; Pepper-box Flat had a strong attraction for him.

One day little Dorothy asked him to write his name in her birthday book, which was one of those with verses from different poets.

"Tell me your birthday, and I will find the place," said Dorothy.

George gave her the date.

"Why, how funny!" cried the child.

"Read up, Dolly," said Ben; "what's his verse?"

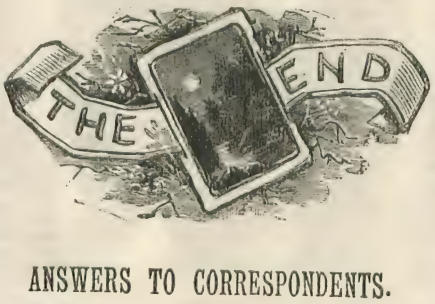
And Dolly read solemnly Jean Ingelow's lines, whilst her sister became rosy red and did not know where to look:

"Take Joy home, and make thou room in thy great heart for her."

"Here, Dolly, let me write my name," interrupted George.

"But I want to read you the rest."

"Oh, I will have the rest later on," said he, "that is, if Joy will let me," he added, turning so that only Joyce could hear his last words. Before the winter set in he took Joy home to England with him, but they returned together the following spring; and whilst George broke up the land of his mountain farm, Joy came and sang as he worked amongst the furrows.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

NERISSA.—All kinds of glass can be cleaned with tea-leaves after they have been used. They take off the dull look, and leave the glass clean and clear. Potato-peelings are also good.

S. R. V. P.—Stephen's stains may be procured at any oil-shop, and are best to use for staining floors. You must dilute the stain, and try it on the floor until you get the proper shade. Mix a quantity, then, in a basin and apply with a brush. The floor must be thoroughly clean and dry before staining.

GRACE LATHAM.—You can procure "insecticide" from any chemist. It is sold by the packet, and, in our own experience, has been of service both with blackbeetles and crickets.

FLORENCE.—If you prefer a varnish for your *parquet* floors, Benson's polish appears to be in favour. But we must prefer beeswax, oil, and turpentine, dissolved till of the consistency of the thick druggist's honey, rubbed on with a hard brush.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—Diagrams would be needed to describe the process properly. If you have no one near you from whom you can learn, you had better try to obtain a book. We think you could find plenty of pretty subjects in our pages to copy.

EMIGRATION.

R. B. C., ELLA, A YORKSHIRE GIRL, CHARLOTTE HUNT, ALLIE.—Write to the lady secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., London, where you will obtain the fullest information about work, and the clothes required, in both colonies. The report of the society will furnish the best possible information on all subjects connected with emigration. We need hardly remind all our readers to enclose a stamped envelope for reply. The northern branch of this society is at 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, London, W., and to this are attached offices for the families and brothers of single women, who apply for passages and advice, in order to help them to join their daughters. Furnished rooms, with partial board, are provided here for the use of ladies when passing through London on their way to the point of embarkation.

ALLIE writes a very urgent note, wanting immediate information as to "where she can apply to know how young girls can get abroad to earn their living." We suppose she means emigration, so we have added her name to the list above made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATERFAMILIAS.—We are pleased to hear that you so much approved of our article on "Good Breeding Shown when Travelling." We quite agree with you as to the very ungracious way in which many women, who ought to know better, pretend to ignore an act of courtesy, and stare vacantly when kindly aid is proffered them in leaving or entering a railway carriage. We take this opportunity of drawing the attention of our readers to this fact, and the rude return too often made for kindness gratuitously offered by a more civilised stranger.

C. F. Z.—The beans should be brought in their shells, kept in a warm room to dry slowly, and then shelled, and they will be ready for use, and will keep after this careful drying without further preparation.

GARNET, who has been a martyr to chilblains, kindly sends us a recipe for their cure when unbroken, which we transcribe:—Two drachms of alum, two drachms of sulphate of zinc, and one ounce of camphorated spirit, mixed. Apply to the unbroken surface like a liniment.

DEEP RED ROSE.—Half-a-dozen neatly-hemmed and marked handkerchiefs is always an acceptable present to a gentleman.

F. O. G.—We certainly are of opinion that a girl of sixteen is too young to undertake the cares and responsibilities of matrimony, and we also believe that happiness is far more assured if marriage is delayed to twenty-two, or even twenty-four years of age. £500 per annum, with such a large income, would not be an unusual allowance in England, and would include charities, small journeys, stationery, etc.

A TRULY ANGRY ONE, if she take our advice, will never write letters as long as her feelings are ruffled; or, if she do, she had better put them in a drawer and read them a week after.

ADA BARNES.—We must correct a small printer's error in our reply to you in the number for January 26th. The French words have been simply repeated without any change, from masculine to feminine, the change being the point to which we wished to draw attention. The word "bon" should be substituted in speaking by "bonne," for the sake of euphony; an exception to general rules.

PERPLEXED TWINS.—It is really quite impossible for us to decide a question as to whose suit your friend is to favour, suffering as she seems to do under the unusual *embarras de richesse* in the way of suitors. She may be steeling her heart against a good and honourable man, likely to make her happy, for an old preference for one who does not return her affection. We know too little of herself and her circumstances, and of them and theirs, to venture the hazarding of advice. Let her consult her parents or guardians. A girl who allows men to propose to her whom she does not mean to accept, acts a very dishonourable part. As a general rule, she must have some idea of what is coming, if continually in their company, as you describe.

THYRSIS.—Mary of Egypt was an Egyptian devotee, A.D. 378 to 431. We think, if you feel THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER too childish for you, you will do well to find something more acceptable to your advanced ideas.

ANONYMOUS.—We recommend you to read a book by the Rev. T. R. Birks, "The Bible, and Modern Thought" (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.); also Professor Cooke's "Boston Monday Lectures," published in cheap form by Ward and Lock.

FEDORA.—Place the matter in the hands of your parents. It is for them rather than for you to say that having made you an offer of marriage, they must inquire what he proposes to do. If you have no parents, some near relative (older than yourself) would do.

ONE IN PERPLEXITY.—No one individual Christian, however spirited in character, could presume to sit in judgment on his brother and prescribe limits for his liberty in matters of conscience; of course, we do not include what all would alike condemn as wicked.

Each must be guided by his own conscience, and after hearing all that may be said by conscientious fellow Christians who take opposite views on any such points of secondary importance. Pray for guidance, and make no rash vows on any such points as to your conduct in future times; yet be ready, at the present time, to sacrifice anything willingly that, with your present light on the question, your conscience condemns. You write a pretty hand, which is not at all masculine in character.

ONE OF THE LEAST.—We feel for you in the annoyance and loss, so far, of which you complain, and we should advise your consulting some trustworthy lawyer on the question. Perhaps you might regain possession of your late father's manuscripts by sending the borrower a lawyer's letter.

CARRIE.—The well-known phrase, "See how these Christians love one another," is taken from Tertullian—*Vide, inquiunt, ut invicem se diligant.*—"Apologet," c. 39.

SINFUL ONE.—Let your whole hope rest on the death and merits of your Saviour; comfort and encourage yourself in reading His promises to those who trust in Him, yet feel their sinfulness and strive day by day to correct all that is evil, and to please Him in word and deed. Let each day's life be sufficient for you. If you know that you desire to serve Him now at this moment, and actively strive so to do; if you now confess to Him, and look to Him alone as your Saviour, you have "the answer of a good conscience" and "the witness of the Spirit" that you are one of His people. "To-day is ours; to-morrow is God's." Do not worry yourself about to-morrow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Trust in Him who helps you to-day, that He will listen to your prayers and aid your efforts in fulfilment of His promises to-morrow also.

VISITOR.—If the friend on whom you call be out, leave your card; if at home, it is not necessary to leave one, because she will see you and know, without seeing your card, that you have called. You only give it to the servant who answers the door when your friend is not at home.

WIED NELL.—The expression you name is idiomatic, and you may always say, "Have you enjoyed yourself?" without scruple. There is nothing "selfish" about it. It only means "Have you, yourself, enjoyed your entertainment?"

AUNTIE.—The hymn called Luther's "Nun danket" is to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and in the "Church Hymns." It begins, "Now thank we all our God."

HARRIE.—We suppose Ruskin means to allude to St. Mary Magdalene and her meeting with our Lord after His Resurrection, in the morning "very early," when she supposed Him to be the gardener; but her name is taken from the village of Magdala, where she dwelt. The meaning of the Latin sentence is, "Who judges the earth."

A CUMBERLAND LASSIE.—Light kid gloves are more worn than mitts at present.

A MOTHER.—We should advise you to leave it alone, as any meddling with it will make it worse. A scar would suggest disease.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."—We think you are not quite justified in taking the name of a living person as a pseudonym. We think the answer to the question would depend on the knowledge and experience of the phrenologist.

JILL.—Many thanks for the suggestion, but we prefer to allow the correspondence to remain as it is at present.

POURPRE.—We feel sincerely for you. Your circulation is probably affected by the loss of your leg, and the loss of so much blood has naturally affected your heart—quite apart from the effects of rheumatic fever. We can only advise you to be careful of your digestion, and rest after meals, especially after dinner, keeping your head up.

SPOUT.—The 1st November, 1865, was a Wednesday, and the 29th October, 1869, a Friday. Write to the proprietor of some second-hand music-shop or stall, and give him a list of your old music, stating whether torn, dirty, or otherwise, and ask him his terms in purchasing such as yours. Your impression regarding the buttering of a cat's feet may be correct. We have not tried it.

OLIVE BLANCH.—Your mother's first cousin is your first cousin "once removed," and his or her child is your second cousin. The children of second cousins are third cousins to each other. You may brush your teeth with powdered orisroot mixed with chalk; but it should not be eaten. Bad breath shows a bad digestion, for which you should take a course of suitable medicine. Be careful as to diet, and eat sparingly and very slowly.

ELEANOR.—You must shake hands with the lady of the house first always, then you may speak to anyone you know near her before you find a seat. On leaving, do the same. You need not speak to everyone whom you know, but include all in your parting bow as you retire.

DECEMBER.—Smile kindly in answer to the apology, and say, "It does not matter," or "I am not hurt," or any small remark of the kind. The last day of February, 1867, was Thursday, the 28th.

ALICE, ONE OF THE GIRLS.—We advise you to consult a doctor.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—You should do nothing without the consent of your parents, and a man who would wish you to do otherwise neither respects you nor them.

THREE DESTITUTE DAMSELS must read the series of articles now coming out under the heading of "Work for All." We cannot advise them further.

K. L.—We should recommend you to forget all about what has happened, and receive him as a friend. We think your brother was to blame. He should have had some understanding with his friend when he saw how intimate you and he had become; but we think no girl should think seriously of any man's attentions until he has proposed for her.

QUIDNUNC.—The quotation is, "How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes." It is from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, act v., scene 2.

FRED. SMITH VALLEY.—The best "receipt for a headache" is to sit up late at night, burn your candle at both ends, hang your head, and go to your studies immediately after a heavy meal. The best for the *cure* of a headache we cannot give, without knowing from whence it proceeds. As you speak of heartburn, we suppose your digestion is at fault. If this arise from eating meat more than once a day, and you be of a full habit, you might cure both complaints by attention to your diet, and check the acidity in the system by magnesia or bi-carbonate of potash, and abstain from sweetmeats. If of a naturally poor constitution or reduced by poor diet, thinness of the blood may give pain in the head as well as elsewhere.

TOBY KNOTT.—You should take your directions from your mistress. Inquire of her whether, after you have taken round the first helps to those at table, she wishes you to remain and wait, or whether she would prefer your leaving until rung for. The table-napkins should be placed in the middle, between each person's knives and forks.

GERTRUDE.—The dry rot in wood is produced by a minute plant of the tribe of fungi, which bore holes like those made by an insect. To kill it, the pores of the wood must be filled up with some chemical substance, such as creosote, chloride of zinc or lime; or if old oak, beeswax and turpentine. You write well.

AN INVALID.—The pomegranate is of the natural order of *Myetaceæ*, and a native of the regions extending from the Caucasus to the Himalayas. It grows wild both in the north of India and Africa, as well as in Syria; and in Southern Europe; in Italy, France, and Spain. It is seen in its perfection in the East, where it is a beautiful tree, with dark green shining leaves, and bright crimson flowers. It could not be cultivated in this country otherwise than in a hothouse. We are glad to hear that you are recovering, and think that you write wonderfully well, considering that you have been unable to do so for the last three years.

A MOTHER OF EIGHT.—Piercing the ears could only have a temporary effect, if any, on the eyes. The little girl should be taken to an eye and ear hospital, or shown to a good oculist. Her eye should not be operated upon by anyone who has not made the treatment of that organ a specialty.

ALLIE.—The second motto of the Black Prince, *Houmout*, is an old German word, signifying "magnanimous," according to Boutell, although Planché suggests that the word is Flemish; the preceding part of the motto, *Ich Dien*, being old German, it does not seem likely that two languages were mixed together in so brief a sentence.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER will find directions for the removal of every description of stain in the series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family."

BOMBAY DUCK and LITTLE BRIGHTONIAN MERMAID.—We thank you and your brother for the nice letter you have sent us, also for all your good wishes. You must accept as many, and as kind ones, from us.

COCOANUT.—We are sorry for your trouble; but, be assured, if you "dare not tell your mother of the proposal," there must be something wrong, and it may be well for you that your once would-be lover has drawn back. Keep no secrets from your mother.

CARRY.—The lad whom you "go with," if only eighteen, and an apprentice yet, should be reported to his parents for trying to form an engagement with anyone, especially when a girl is a minor like himself. Neither of you are old enough to know your own minds, and we doubt that you have any settled income to marry upon. Of course, tell your mother all about it, and if she be fit for her position as such, she will tell you that pauper marriages are the ruin of the country.

TWEEDLE-DUM and TWEEDLE-DEE.—The phrase, "As mad as a hatter," owes its origin to that "As mad as an atter;" the word "atter" being the Saxon for "adder," the poisonous serpent, called a "nadder" in German. "Hatter" is only a corruption of the old word.

JEANIE.—If your affianced husband be satisfied with your agreement with him in all the great doctrines of the Christian faith, and will bear with the existence of less important differences of opinion, we do not think that you should break your pledge to him; still less should he do so to you, since any change in opinion has been on his part, not on yours, and his promise to you is a sacred one. At the same time, no undue pressure should be exercised towards you in matters of religious conviction. There must, in all unions, be a considerable amount of "giving and taking" on both sides, short of any real breach of principle. We see no connection between the text you quote and your marrying a young man of the sentiments you describe, although, like yourself, we may see some points in a different light.

GARNET.—We add your prescription to all those already given with pleasure, as this season is likely to trouble some of our girls with chilblains:—Take two drachms of alum, two of sulphate of zinc, and one ounce of camphorated spirits; mix and apply to the chilblains if unbroken—not otherwise.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—Write to the editor of the *Boy's Own Paper* about any article contained in it, as we do not edit it. Your hand is very irregular and crabbed-looking, but you have the ability for writing better if you please. We thank you for your polite letter.

IVY.—We never heard of Scotch oatmeal being a canary's food. Give him two large teaspoonfuls of canary and summer rape-seed mixed daily, sometimes adding a little cabbage-seed. In summer give a sprig of water (not land) cress, groundsel, plantain, or scrap of cabbage leaf, and a piece of bay salt may be stuck between the bars. They like sugar, but it is bad for them. In winter a scrap of sweet apple will do no harm in place of groundsel. When moulting, put some saffron in the drinking water, or a rusty nail, and let him at all times have plenty of fresh water, keeping him well preserved from any draught. You do not describe the bird's ailment, so we cannot prescribe for it.

A. R. CAROLINE.—Your writing is the most illegible we ever yet received from our girls, and we cannot decipher it at all. But we are able to learn this much, that some girl of your acquaintance has allowed a young friend, who has not yet proposed marriage nor been accepted as her future husband, to act with the same degree of affectionate freedom towards her as if they were pledged by sacred vows. This should not be permitted. A little dignified reserve would be more womanly and modest.

ISABEL (Jamaica).—You appear to be out of health, for your letter is written under the influence of melancholy unnatural to your age. You are, or ought, not yet to be out of the schoolroom at seventeen, nor yet old enough to make your *début* into society. You seem to be suffering either from home-sickness or the depressing influence of the climate of your new home. Endeavour to divert as well as employ your mind, gather some pleasant companions around you; join in useful work together, as well as in recreations, and occupy yourself with manual employments, otherwise you will soon get into a morbid and unhealthy condition of mind and body. Lastly, bear in remembrance the happy future in store for those who serve God and trust in their Saviour.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—We know of nothing to be done, save a thorough good brushing, to get rid of the moth, which you should endeavour to find, if possible. The cloak has been kept in a damp place.

GLADYS.—We should think the place was fairly healthy, as there is so large a school there, and school authorities are obliged to be careful about drains and water or they would lose their pupils.

CAMDEN TOWN.—The sentence would stand thus: "The jackal is said to provide the lion with its daily food."

MARY H.—You are a member already if you have been baptised into that church. Your next step is to be confirmed, for which you should at once apply to the clergyman nearest you, as the confirmations take place in the early spring.

A TROUBLED BLUE RIBBONIST.—The new school of medical men, we believe, do not recommend the use of wine even in convalescence; but, of course, there may be exceptions to this rule, especially with old people. With many teetotal societies medical orders are mentioned as authorising the sole exceptions to the rules.

PARKING BIG.—We think you do not sufficiently realise that "time will be no more," and that the Scriptures tell us "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years," etc, 2 St. Peter iii. 8. We think the question of age will be a very unimportant one.

MISTLETOE.—*I.H.S.* means in Latin *Jesus, Hominum Salvator*, "Jesus, man's Saviour." If you like an English version, you may say, "Jesus, Heavenly Saviour."

LONELY ONE.—There is a convalescent home at Lowestoft for the poor of East Norfolk, Norwich, East Suffolk, and elsewhere, at Fairfield House. The weekly charge is 20s.; but if by letter or nomination, 5s. The length of stay is four weeks.

CHIMPANZEE.—We sympathise much with you in your trouble about your hair, which ma will not let you wear hanging down, and pa won't let you have cut off. We think one way out of the difficulty would be to plait it all together behind, and loop it up, tying it at the nape of the neck with a ribbon.

A POOR WORKING GIRL.—We think you had better take an opportunity of consulting a doctor, who will probably give you a tonic. Meanwhile, keep your feet dry and warm, avoid cold, and take nourishing food.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER and A GIRL OF SIXTEEN.—You should use borax to soften the water. We think you had better consult a doctor, as your health seems much impaired. Perhaps you sit up too late at night, and neglect to take a regular bath and proper exercise.

"KIT" (a memory).—Use dog-soap for washing your dog, and obtain some insecticide powder to kill the fleas.

is from *Julius Cæsar*, one of Shakespeare's plays. We cannot say "if there is only one tide in people's lives," as sometimes they have many chances of doing well. But if you have lost yours through faults of character and conduct, which you will now begin to correct, the lesson will have been a good one, and you will run a better chance of future happiness—as a God-fearing, loving, unselfish girl—than you did before your troubles.

VIOLET O' THE GLENNE, and ZELPHA.—We do not know of any way by which you could earn money at home without previous training. Unskilled work becomes of less and less value every day.

A DRAGON OF PRUDERY.—We think the writing shockingly ugly and illegible. We sympathise in your misfortune.

CARITA.—Thank the donor of the gloves, by all means, either by a note or by word of mouth.

HEATHERBELLS.—If your aunt paid the expenses of your education and supported you during the time, you have no right to leave her; indeed, we should advise you to try and make yourself contented where you are.

FAN.—We do not give such addresses; they will be found in a London directory.

GRASSHOPPER.—We do not think you at all too old to take lessons in riding. Find a good master and quiet horse, and never mind your brother's opinion.

WAFFLES.—We think the practice of smoking by women a horrible one; equally unnecessary and disgusting. It spoils the breath.

VINZINZE.—Such a marriage would not lead to happiness on either side, and nothing underhand nor deceitful could bring you a blessing. A difference of faith between husband and wife is a grave cause of dislike, and your parents would have good reason to object on that score alone.

GWENDOLINE.—Make a strong solution of Epsom salts and water, and apply with a sponge or brush to the window. We should think a plaster floor would require to be either painted or distempered in some way, like a wall.

MAYSIE.—Refer to the series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," which gives full directions as to the cleaning and restoration of every article of dress material or furniture covering and hangings.

ALPHA.—We regret very much the impression of the coin is so bad we cannot make it out. A full description is needful, as well as a better impression.

A GRATEFUL ONE is thanked for such kind assurances of benefits received, by a grateful Editor. Your writing might be improved by the use of a softer pen, and by endeavouring to write a rounder hand.

DINAH.—Your suggestions are excellent, but why do you not try to carry the idea out yourself? It only seems to need more perseverance. Experiment with making an ink thick enough first.

DICKORY DICKORY DOCK.—Bulrushes may be soaked in salt and water to make them tough, and then dried slowly by the fire.

UNE DE VOS FILLES.—We should certainly not advise you to leave your present trade, as you have learnt it, and you will grow more valuable to your employers in time. Out of 16s. or 17s. a week, or even out of 10s., you ought to save, if you are living, as you say, at home. Could you not learn the business also of printer's reader? If you learnt bookkeeping you might get extra work at night.

A. M. D.—You should be trained in mission work before going out, or you will be of use to nobody. Write to one of the addresses of mission homes and schools which we are constantly giving. There is no opening for untrained work in any department just now.

FORSAKEN.—"There is a tide in the affairs of men," is from *Julius Cæsar*, one of Shakespeare's plays. We cannot say "if there is only one tide in people's lives," as sometimes they have many chances of doing well. But if you have lost yours through faults of character and conduct, which you will now begin to correct, the lesson will have been a good one, and you will run a better chance of future happiness—as a God-fearing, loving, unselfish girl—than you did before your troubles.

BUNCHIE, A SATISFIED ONE, is referred to the indexes of the first and second volumes of the "G. O. P." for advice respecting chilblains, and the care of the complexion, the hair, nails, etc. We have ceased to repeat ourselves on these subjects. A new prescription for the cure of chilblains has, however, been given on the previous page.

GERTRUDE D. (Great Oxenbridge).—Your letter is one which gives much encouragement to us. We are most thankful that you derive so much benefit and comfort from our paper. It is indeed hard to "set a good example," and we often fail so to do, but the general aim of the life must make itself apparent to others in spite of occasional failures in speaking aright, and much human infirmity, sometimes arising from physical weakness or irritability. We recommend to continual remembrance the promise given for our encouragement, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."—Daniel xii. 3.

ANON.—Never say, "I will write you," say "to you." You would not say "I wish to speak you," or "talk you."

LITTLE SNOWDROP.—For poorness of blood your diet may do perhaps more for you than physic. Haricot beans left to steep in cold water all night, and boiled for about four hours so as to be quite tender; lentils in soup, and pea-meal, are all calculated to enrich the blood. Your sister should be warmly clad. See our recommendation of a small manual on home nursing, at page 611, vol. i. September 17, 1865, was a Sunday.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—The canonical hours at which divine service is held in the Roman Catholic Church are seven in number, *i.e.*, "matins," "prime," "tierce," "ext," "nones," "vespers," and "compline." Prime, tierce, sext, and nones are the 1st, 3rd, 6th, and 9th hours of the day, counting from 6 a.m. The word "compline," denoting the last service of the day, is derived from the Latin *completorium*; the series of religious services being completed with this last. The Abbot Benedict is accredited with having originated the institution of the "hours" in the sixth century, the practice of King David having been the precedent followed; Psalm cxix. 164, "Seven times a day do I praise Thee." "Vesper hour" is said to be "betwixt and between," too much day to be night, and too much night to be day.

A MANCHESTER LASS.—You are in a very low state of health, and your blood very poor. This may be constitutional, or it may be due to insufficient nutrition, or else blood-poisoning from bad air or water. You should therefore consult a doctor, who ought to have the water tested, the drainage examined, the surroundings of your house investigated (the existence of manure heaps, stagnant water, dog kennel, etc. in your neighbourhood). Having discovered the cause, he will be in a position to treat such an extensive outbreak of boils, so as to cure you. Were you but a recent arrival in a hot climate such an attack at first might be only a usual trial until acclimatised.

JOSEPHINE WOOD.—There is no legal obstacle in the way of a marriage between cousins. Consult the table in the Book of Common Prayer, and then you will see for yourself. But there exists a strong prejudice in the minds of many against the union of first cousins, for this reason, that if there be any special family disease, especially insanity, the risk of its breaking out in the children of such a marriage is, of course, intensified. But you might marry a stranger whose family had the same, or even a worse taint in the blood, and the combination of certain complaints in the system produces a terrible form of disease. Perhaps your family and your cousins may have made their objections wisely. You had better inquire further.

WIFIE.—No separate book has been compiled from our directions for such household work as you describe, brass cleaning and such like. We refer you to our series of articles on "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 119, vol. ii.; also a letter from a correspondent, at page 383, in the same volume. We also direct your attention to our series of articles called "The Fairy of the Family." You write fairly well.

TWENTY-THREE.—We should advise you to change your hour for practising, observing the usual time that your neighbour plays, and thus to avoid it. Of course, if her playing commenced systematically when yours begins, it is exceedingly unneighbourly and ill-bred. We sympathise with you in this and in other troubles. Make the acquaintance of your clergyman, and propose taking a Sunday class, or tell him you would like to join any ladies' society for "bee meetings," working for charity of any kind, parochial or otherwise, the members taking it in turn to play, sing, or read aloud something interesting, while the others work. Such meetings are held successively in the houses of certain members, and are often very agreeable, making you acquainted with many nice people with whom you may be sociable afterwards, apart from bee meetings.

STICK IN THE MUD.—Use one pillow, and give up taking the quack medicine you name. There is no "d" in the word "oblige," nor two "d's" in "mud."

JESSIE PIERCE.—We sympathise much with you in your anxiety to build a church in your neighbourhood in Assiniboia (North-West Territory), and as your father has done so much towards it, we hope you will obtain the additional help required. But we could not lend our pages for appeals of such a kind, as our readers are so many all over the world, there would be no end to the applications made, and the paper would merely become an advertising medium. We sincerely regret our inability to help in so good a work.

BIRMINGHAM.—We acknowledge your kind letter with thanks.

GERTRUDE.—It is impossible to answer such a question of law as yours without knowing every circumstance of the case, such as the cause of separation and the terms of it, between your parents. In the present state of English law the father may claim the care of his children until they be of age, when they may make choice of the parent with whom they prefer to live. But there are certain cases in which he cannot lay claim to them. You must also remember that you may lose property in the future by selecting to leave him and live with your mother. You should therefore consult the family lawyer on these matters, and he will tell you what you can legally do, and what risks you may incur.

LETA.—Your gracious and gratifying letter claims our warm acknowledgments. Certainly, all our readers may class themselves within the circle of the sisterhood entitled our "girls," and have and share in our best endeavours to please and serve them.

VOL. V.—No. 223. APRIL 5, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. OAKLEY returned to Brinnington on the following day. He brought hopeful tidings of his brother, but could not say that a speedy recovery was probable.

"Lydia will be a fixture at Maurice's for three weeks to come. I must do what I can to relieve his anxiety about business matters, for he has large contracts in hand. The best present arrangement will, therefore, be for us all to go to Cumberland, whence I can run over to Sheffield about twice a week until Maurice is better. We may, however, reasonably hope for a month's trip before Frank's marriage, if all goes well. In the meantime you children must exercise your

All rights reserved.]

"'I SHALL NOT WANT MANY DRESSES.'"

patience and show us what sort of stuff you are made of."

"The fiat has gone forth," cried Allan, in mock tragic tones. "Banishment to a lovely spot and in excellent company, with the certainty of, at least, one additional exemption from what would be here a daily trial after what has happened."

"What do you mean, Allan?"

"The sight of a postman, Gladys. At Fell Foot the people only know that such beings exist; they never see one. After what our postman brought yesterday, I felt inclined to go a mile out of the way rather than meet him again. As to you, Gladys, you will not be called on to offer a solitary sacrifice. The offering at the shrine of duty will be wholesale, since we are to go to Fell Foot in a body."

"And be buried alive in another out of the way place," said Hilda. "Uncle Edward, why may not Allan escort us for the first part of the time? Gladys is steady enough to play mother to Dorothy and me. Aunt would not want her with you to go backwards and forwards, and you could join us as soon as Aunt Lydia could leave Uncle Maurice."

Mr. Oakley stroked the shining hair of his beautiful niece, and replied, with a smile, "Your plan is very ingenious, Hilda, but you must have one old head amongst so many young ones. You will have to wait for me, dear."

The girl sprang up with an impatient exclamation, and rushed out of the room crying. "It is always the same; if I set my heart on anything I am certain to be disappointed," were the last words which fell upon her uncle's ears as she disappeared through the open doorway.

The door closed behind her in no gentle fashion, and Mrs. Oakley said, "You were right, Edward. It would never do to send Hilda under any escort but your own." There had been a thought of inducing a former governess to accompany the young people, but Mr. Oakley had decided against the plan, solely on his niece's account.

Naturally Jack and Janet were rather elated than otherwise at their own improved prospect. They might not have quite so much of their own way at Fell Foot when accompanied by the elder ones. Allan was a tease, but very good to the juniors, and always ready to be their mediator and surety if they got into scrapes.

As to Hilda, if not the most amiable of companions, she was often very nice, and could twist anybody round her finger when she chose. She was useful, too, as insuring a certain amount of variety in the social atmosphere, by originating scenes and sensations hitherto unknown in the Oakley circle.

As Jack expressed it—"To see a big girl put herself into an 'awful wax,' when she cannot have all her own way, and carry on as if nobody ought to be thought of but herself," was a novelty which greatly exercised the minds of the twins, and furnished material for curious observation and much speculation on their side.

To have not only the mother, but Gladys, Allan, and Dorothy, with papa coming backwards and forwards, made Fell Foot an earthly paradise in perspective, and was almost too delightful.

If ever two members of the human family realised the truth of the old proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," they were Janet and Jack, as they revelled in anticipation of approaching delights. Yet all the time they felt half-ashamed of themselves for being so happy when there was sorrow at Uncle Maurice's and some disappointment at home.

There are households in which the absence of the elders is reckoned upon and looked forward to; where the news that the father must take a long journey or both parents leave home for a time, brings joyful smiles to the faces of the children; where young eyes grow brighter, and there are whispered plans for the enjoyment of certain longed-for but forbidden pleasures, as soon as the heads of the family are out of sight.

When this is the case it tells a sad tale, either of too great harshness on the part of those who rule, or of duplicity, and a longing for what has been wisely withheld, on the side of the young.

The best construction that can be put upon such a state of things is, that the parents have not realised the importance of winning the entire confidence of their children, and that the latter are, perhaps, ignorant of the dangers to which they expose themselves by withholding it.

The Oakleys, parents and children, were true friends, and trusted each other. The presence of the elders brightened the faces and increased the enjoyment of the young ones; their absence was regretted, their return anticipated by loving preparations for a special welcome.

Need it be told that this spirit of affectionate confidence had been cultivated by Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, and that they had taught their children how to trust by trusting? They entered into their plans, often, indeed, only to overturn them. But this was never done by harsh words and a mere stern prohibition, but by wise reasons which proved that the very refusal sprung from love and a wish for the true happiness of their children. Cheerful obedience was certain to follow.

"Let us tell the mother, she is always so reasonable," was a common expression with the young men. "I always enjoy a bit of fun twice as much if father and mother know," said Gladys. "When they can laugh with us, there is certain to be no after qualms of conscience."

Even Jack and Janet, incorrigibles that they were in many respects, would hold up honest faces and confess the truth, however much it might tell against themselves and in the face of penalties to follow. Made up of such elements, the party was not likely to be otherwise than happy.

Passing Hilda's room whilst the packing was going on, Allan was stopped by a call from his cousin, who made her appearance in the doorway. Within stood Jackson, Miss Cranswick's maid, surrounded by piles of garments and evidently in much perplexity.

"You spoke of our having excellent company in the country, Allan. I want you to tell me what sort of society there is in the place we are going to."

To Allan the question was ludicrous in the extreme; and as Hilda continued, "Do the people dress much?" and "Do you think there will be any garden parties?" he could not restrain a hearty laugh.

He answered as soon as possible, "I am sorry if I have misled you, Hilda; I was jokingly alluding to myself, and meant you to understand that I should be always available. Of society, as you understand the word, there is absolutely none. Very simple dresses will be most suitable, and," he added, by a happy inspiration, "you, of all people, need no finery to make you look attractive. Your face with a smile on—do not forget the qualification—will make anyone forget to look what your dress is made of. Do not alarm yourself, Hilda; you will enjoy staying at the bonny spot we are going to, and the subsequent tour twice as well, because of having had to wait for it."

Allan's speech brought the smile at once. The prettily worded compliment was true, for Hilda could be very winning when she chose, and no one knew this better than her cousin. The colour deepened on her cheek as she turned away, forgetting even to find fault with Allan for having unintentionally misled her.

"You may put most of these things back into the wardrobe, Jackson," said Hilda; "I shall not want many dresses."

Accordingly a different selection was made, much to the satisfaction of the waiting damsel, whose knowledge of her young mistress's probable requirements was pretty accurate, though she had been afraid to impart it.

It would have edified anyone not a mother to examine the articles which Jack and Janet placed ready for packing and declared to be indispensable to their comfort. A descriptive catalogue of these treasures would make a good-sized pamphlet, so they need not be enumerated. It may, however, be stated that during the packing process the twins took advantage of an occasional "clear coast" to push in a few miscellaneous trifles amongst the layers of clothing. These caused considerable astonishment when they came to light again a few hours later.

To find an insufficiently secured pasteboard box, which had been full of worms for fishing purposes when it was shoved in, amongst tuckers and muslins by Jack's grubby fingers; to discover the presence of a neat collection of artificial flies and fish-hooks by means of bringing them out attached to the hands engaged in unpacking; to scent an evil odour pervading the underlinen, and to learn that it came from another species of bait which the too-provident anglers had preserved too long in a defunct condition; finally, to miss shoes, boots, and wearing apparel, which had been unceremoniously dislodged and put out of sight to make room for the aforesaid

and other equally valuable deposits, made up a summary calculated to try the patience of the much-enduring Sarah, who had formerly been nurse to Jack and Janet.

She was now the custodian of their garments, and supposed to look after them when out of school and absent from the elders of the family.

"We wanted the things," said the sturdy rebels with one voice, and standing, hand in hand, for mutual support, as was their custom when on the defensive. "You would not pack them for us, Sarah, so we had to slip them in anyhow."

They expressed much regret for Sarah's wounded fingers, but were sublimely indifferent as to missing garments and her anxiety on that score.

A few minutes before the train started Jack was himself missing. Everybody was in a state of excitement, and Janet, as most likely to have accurate information, was beset with inquiries as to her brother's whereabouts.

"I don't know unless he went to fetch the sparrow," replied Janet. "He found out that the cage had been left behind, and he said that, as the house was going to be turned topsy-turvy, it would be forgotten and starved."

At the last moment Jack came tearing into the station, panting and breathless with running. Sure enough he carried a large-sized basket containing an extremely diminutive and tailless sparrow, which he had rescued from the very jaws of a marauding cat about a week before. Janet and he had placed it in a vacant canary cage and tended it lovingly in the interval, always intending that it should accompany them to Fell Foot.

The coachman had purposely removed the cage from the luggage cart on which Jack had placed it; but that young gentleman was not to be cheated. At the risk of being left behind he went back for his sparrow, and just scrambled into the saloon carriage before the train moved off.

"Oh, Jack, how uneasy you made us," said Mrs. Oakley. "I thought you had gone on the line, or that something terrible had happened to you."

Jack had not breath to explain, so Janet replied—

"It was not his fault. The cage was on the cart, and Morton took it off again. The sparrow is getting well, but we were sure the servants would not trouble about it when we were gone, especially as the Hey is going to be painted and done up for Frank's wedding."

"To make such a fuss about this little dingy sparrow!" said Hilda, with a look of contempt at the ragged inmate of the handsome cage.

"Poor Brownie! He isn't much of a beauty, but he's a sparrow, and the Bible says, 'Not one of them is forgotten before God.' There are lots of finer birds, Hilda; but if He feeds the ravens and remembers and cares for such poor little things as Brownie, I need not despise or neglect him on account of his ragged looks."

Jack panted out this defence, which brought a smile of sympathy and encouragement to most of the faces around him. If he did not see it on Mrs. Oakley's it was because the mother had turned away with moistening eyelids, and was offering a mute thanksgiving. Jack was a rough laddie, but she rejoiced that he had learned a lesson of mercy and kindness from the best of books, and was putting it into practice in little things.

The young people chatted cheerily as they sped northward, and tried to interest Hilda in the place to which they were going. They told her of the climbs and scrambles, the delightful mountain excursions, the boating, fishing, archery, and outdoor games which they had enjoyed and hoped to repeat. Their bright faces told no tale of disappointment, though they were going over old ground, and to Hilda all was new, though she seemed determined not to admire anything.

"I believe it nearly always rains in Cumberland," she said, with a resigned expression. "If we could be sure of fine weather, that would be something, but we cannot carry sunshine with us."

"Can we not? You are mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Oakley. "That is just one of the things we make a point of doing. Ask Gladys; I know no one who understands how to carry sunshine better than she does."

"That is why we call her 'Sunny,'" said Janet. "We used to think that Gladys had something to do with being glad, and before Jack and I knew how to say her name properly, or what it meant, we pronounced it 'Gladdest,' now we like 'Sunny' best."

"You are beginning to talk in riddles, Uncle Edward," said Hilda. "No wonder Allan is so found of mystifying me when you set the example."

"Gladys has beaten the man told about in Gulliver's Travels," replied Mr. Oakley. "He, it is said, had spent eight years in trying to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. When drawn up they were to be put into phials, hermetically sealed, and let out when required to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He thought in eight years more he would be able to supply the Governor with bottled sunshine at a reasonable rate. Only at that time his stock was low because it had been a bad year for cucumbers. Gladys is better off than Gulliver's discoverer, her stock of sunshine never runs low, for it does not depend on the weather, nor is it kept hermetically sealed, but overflows to brighten all around her."

Every face, that of Hilda excepted, turned towards Gladys with an expression of mute confirmation, but the girl herself did not hear her father's words, neither did he intend that she should.

"I wish you would explain your meaning, Uncle Edward. I can see that Gladys is very sweet and good; she never pushes herself forward, yet every one likes her. I know I do. I suppose by the usual rule of contrary, we like best that which we least resemble. Now Gladys is one of the very few people whom I can honestly admire, whilst I love her dearly and wish I were one half as good. Generally I feel a little inclined to hate, or at least avoid, the people whose goodness is a reproach to myself. And sometimes, when I see how disagreeable good people can make themselves, I am rather glad that I belong to the naughty class. How often is it that the good ones are often very unpleasant?"

Hilda's face told that she was in one of her mischievous moods, and determined to tease her uncle by daring assertions in order to draw him into a good-humoured argument.

"All for want of the sunshine, Hilda. If a human being deserves to be called good, even according to the world's standard, that man or woman should be happy, and diffuse happiness amongst others. Wait until we have passed Preston, and I will tell you a little story in illustration of my meaning."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

An Odd Tale of a Lost Watch.

Some years since a young lady when taking a walk with a friend on the seashore, lost her watch. She had looked at it only about twenty minutes before she missed it, and knowing exactly the place where she had taken it out, she and her companion returned along the beach to look for it.

When they were within a short distance of the spot they saw a fisherman coming towards them, and also saw him stoop down, and apparently pick up something, which they very naturally concluded was the watch. As he came near they recognised him as a man of whom they had heard that he was an idle fellow of very indifferent character. They of course asked him if he had found the watch, but he said no, and that what he had picked up was the lady's glove. This was true, as the young lady had while collecting seaweed touched something which made her glove smell so disagreeably that she had thrown it away. However, they felt certain that the man had got the watch, and he was taken before the magistrates, but as there was no evidence against him he was discharged with a caution.

Not very long after this the young lady who had lost the watch married, and went away from this seaside residence, not returning there for four years, when she came back on a visit to some friends. One day while standing on the beach with them and her husband, she said, "It was exactly here I lost my watch four years ago."

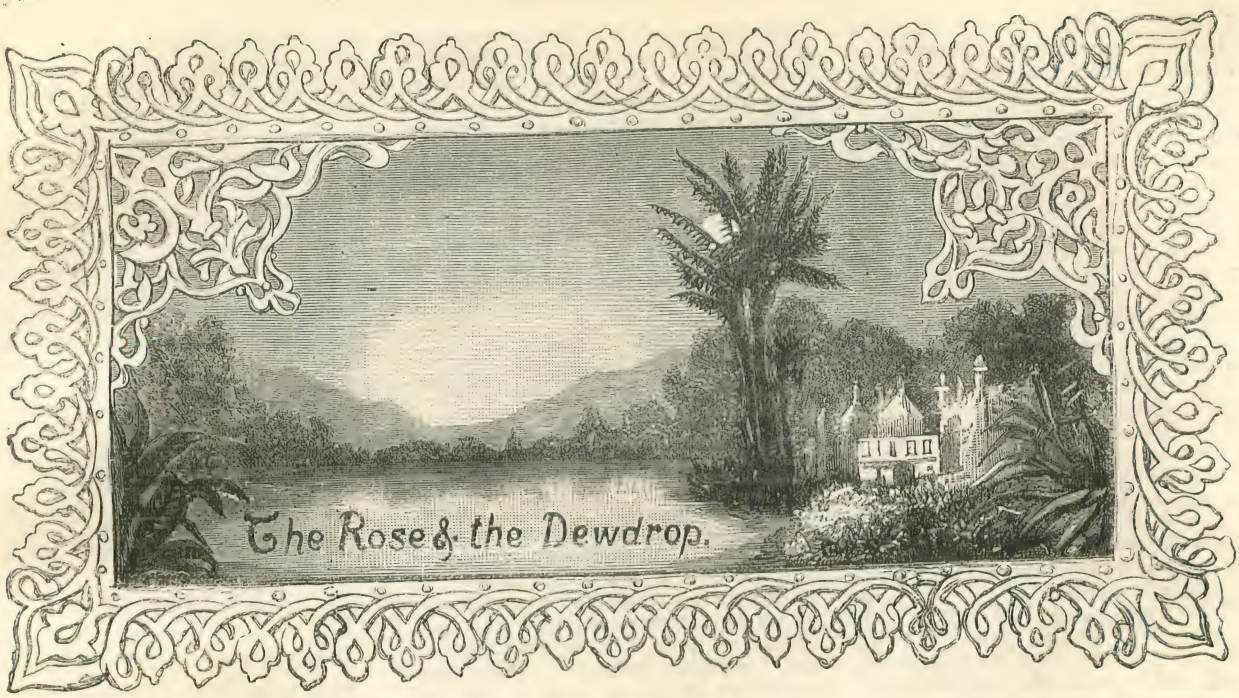
As she spoke she looked down, and there on the shingle lay the watch. It was quite black, and of course spoiled, but there was the watch with her initials still legible on it.

Prudent Inquiries. — Inquire about your neighbours before you build, and your companion before you travel.—*Arabic Proverb.*

True Friends.—True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—*Theophrastus.*

Things Lawful and Unlawful.— If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves those that are lawful.

Good Taste in Dress.—Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked:—"The best evidence I can give you of her perfection in this respect is that one can never remember what she had on."



Words, by special permission, from "Pearls of the Faith," *by* EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegro grazioso.

Come arpa. *p*

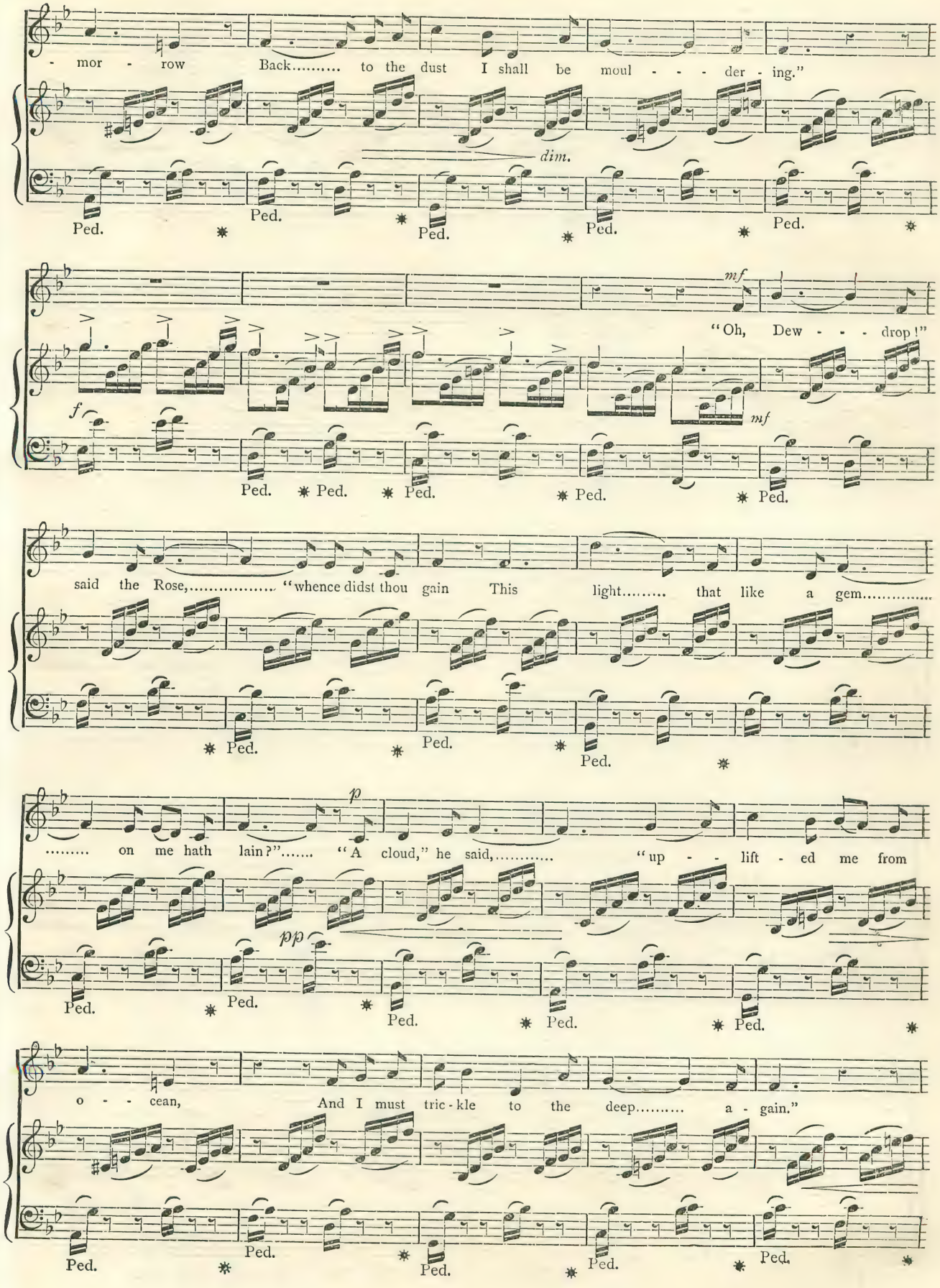
"Oh, Rose!"..... the

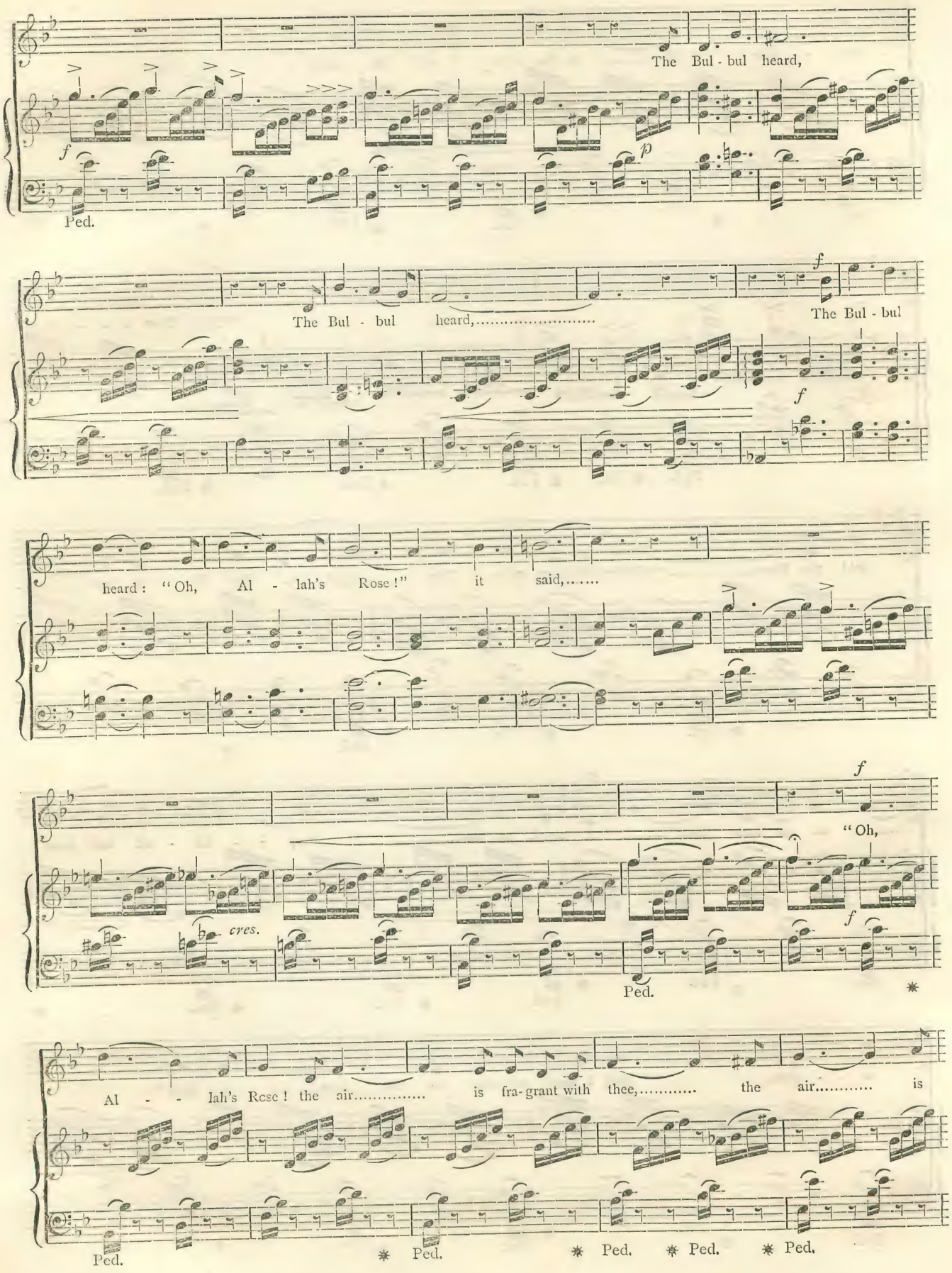
Dew - drop said,..... "whence didst thou spring— That art..... so sweet, and proud,.....

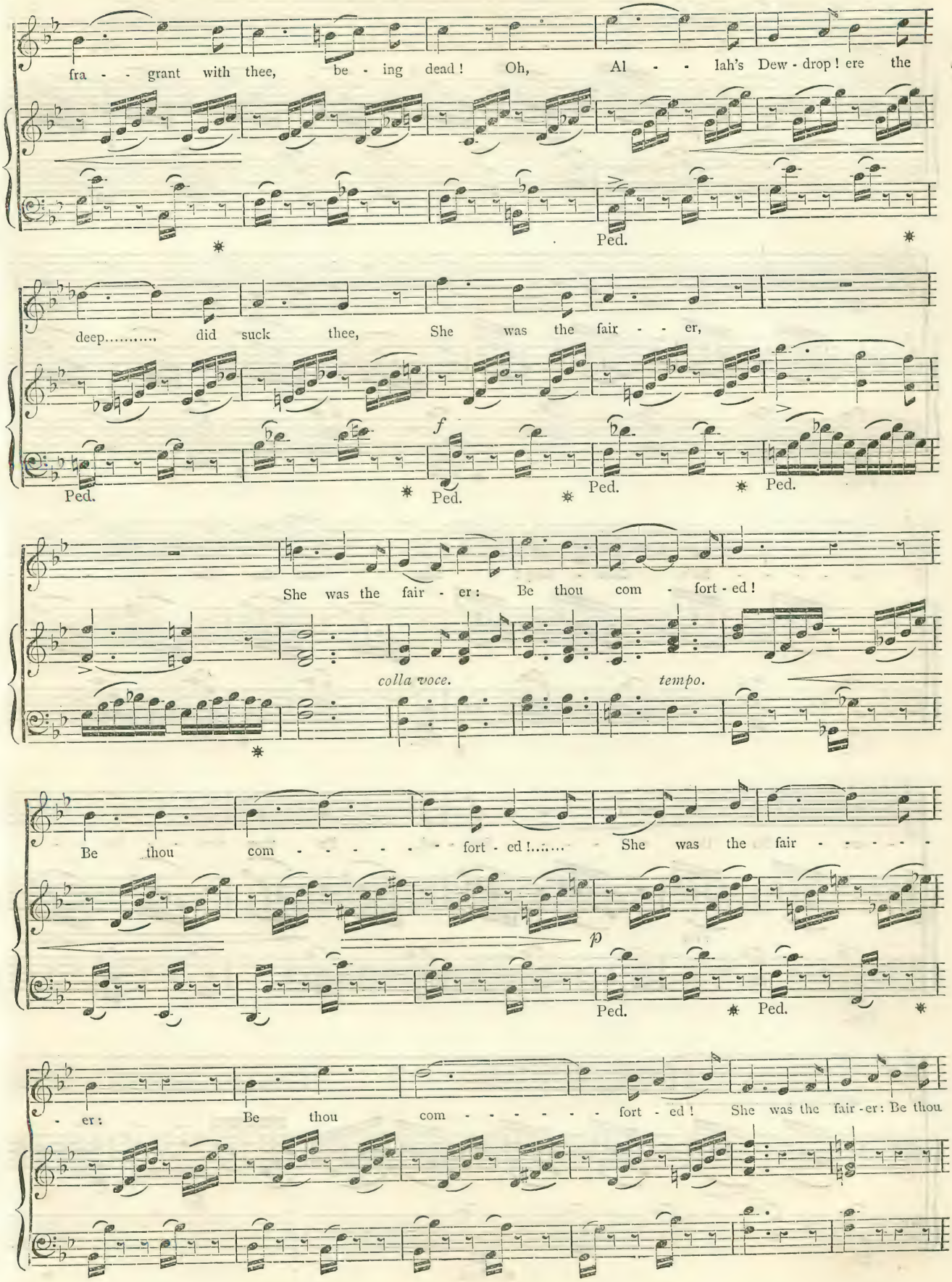
..... and fair a thing?" "From dust I sprang,"..... she said, "and ere..... to

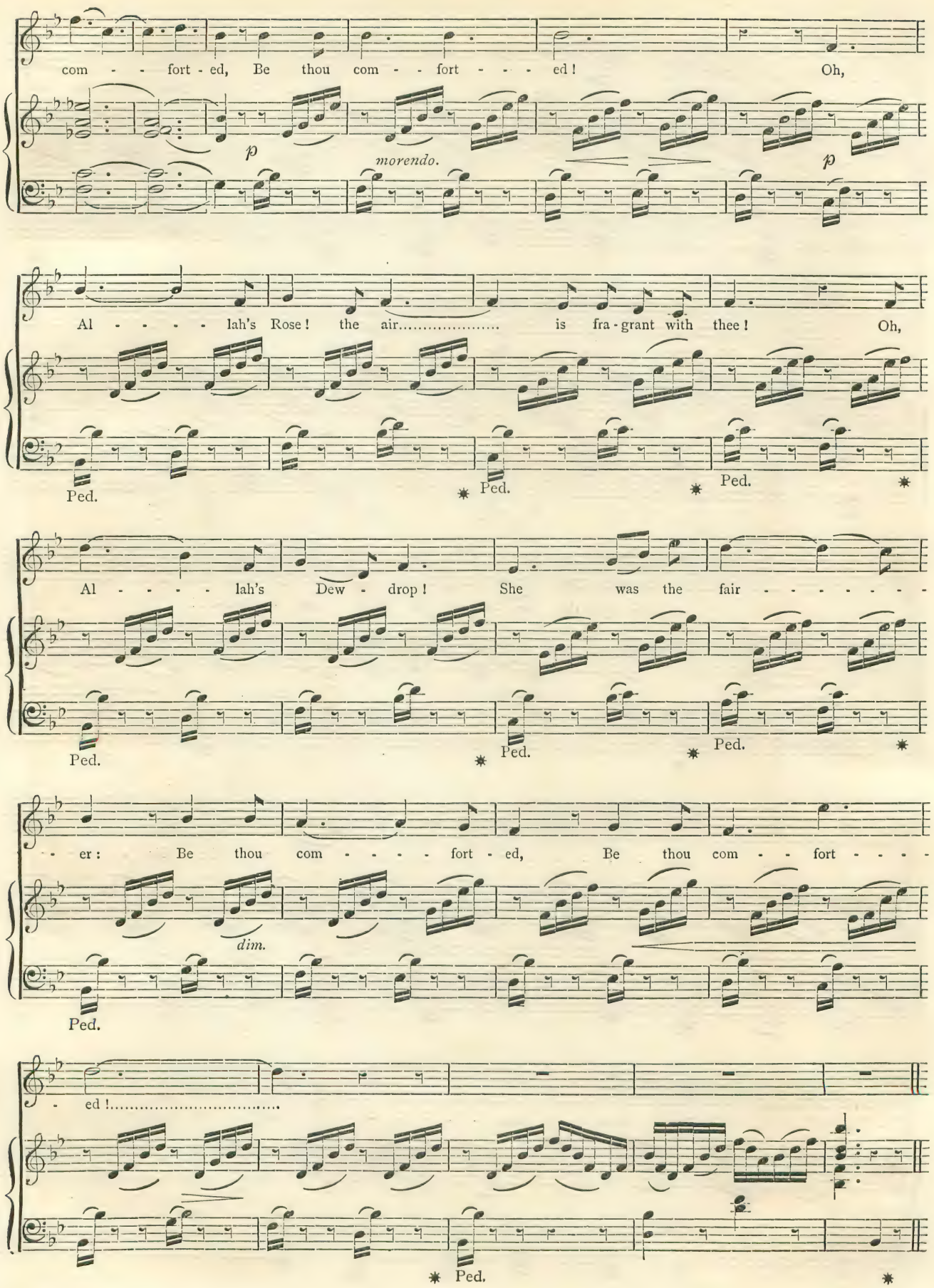
pp *cres. molto.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.


- mor - row Back..... to the dust I shall be moul - - - der - ing."
dim.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
mf
"Oh, Dew - - - drop!"
f
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
said the Rose,..... "whence didst thou gain This light..... that like a gem.....
Ped. Ped. Ped.
p
..... on me hath lain?"..... "A cloud," he said,..... "up - - lift - ed me from
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
o - - cean, And I must tric - kle to the deep..... a - gain."
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


The Bul - bul heard,
Ped.
The Bul - bul heard,.....
The Bul - bul
heard : "Oh, Al - lah's Rose!" it said,.....
cres.
"Oh,
Ped.
Al - - lah's Rose! the air..... is fra-grant with thee,..... the air..... is
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


fra - - grant with thee, be - ing dead! Oh, Al - - lah's Dew - drop! ere the
Ped.
deep..... did suck thee, She was the fair - - er,
f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
She was the fair - er: Be thou com - fort - ed!
colla voce.
tempo.
Be thou com - - - - - - fort - ed!..... She was the fair - - - - -
p
Ped. Ped.
- er: Be thou com - - - - - - fort - ed! She was the fair - er: Be thou


com - - fort - ed, Be thou com - - fort - - - - ed! Oh,
p
morendo.
p
Al - - - - - lah's Rose! the air..... is fra - grant with thee! Oh,
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Al - - - - - lah's Dew - drop! She was the fair - - - - - - - -
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
- er: Be thou com - - - - - fort - ed, Be thou com - - fort - - - -
dim.
Ped.
- ed!.....
Ped.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE TALK OF TWO LADIES.

THERE was a general movement among the assembled guests. A man-servant had brought his lordship word that the judges had made their very last decisions among the exhibits, and that it was time for the formal opening of the show.

The little ceremony was to be very simple. The Fowlis Lodge party would go in informal procession to the "judges' tent,"

where the marquis would make a little speech of welcome and congratulation, and where the successful exhibitors not already known to him would be personally introduced. At that point the general public would be admitted to the booths, but the Fowlis Lodge people would take the initiative in walking through them. Balacluva and his daughter, who had never been in the neighbourhood of Fowlis before, as yet knew none of those present, except the marquis himself and his widowed cousin, the Honourable Mrs. Esselton, who had called upon them at the mansion of Fowlis only the day before. To her, therefore, the old laird gallantly offered his arm, and Margaret followed

at their side. A rumour of Margaret's possible promotion had penetrated to the upper circle, and many glances, most of them faintly critical, were bent upon her. Some judged her haughty; others thought her shy; in reality she was quite unconscious, her head and heart being filled with other thoughts and dreams than those of self and vanity.

The marquis, and two or three other proprietors of rank in the vicinity, went on before. A short shaded avenue from Fowlis Lodge brought them all to one of the park gates immediately behind the racecourse. The sun shone brilliantly on the green slopes, and the crowd thereon raised a kindly cheer as the little procession came in sight.

The ceremony in the judges' tent was soon over. Lord Fowlis' little speech put everybody into a good humour, and he had the right word for each who came in personal contact with him. The successful exhibitors were less warmly congratulated on those exhibits which had gained prizes than on others which had just missed them, and the wholly unsuccessful were soothed and flattered by his anxiety to have it explained to them at what particular point their contributions had failed to come up to the mark. He seemed to share their disappointment, and so he did, for with him high-breeding was not a veneer put on poor material, but a fine polish given to the best stuff, albeit it might be stuff a little too highly wrought to stand severe strain.

"Our festivities in the north depend very much on the weather," said Mrs. Esselton to Margaret, as the laird released her arm and the two ladies drew together. "To-day is certainly all that we could desire. Fancy what it would be to have to step in and out of these tents with swamps under foot and cataracts overhead! And Fowlis would demand that sacrifice. He would not spare us. He would give us lectures—or at least reproachful looks—on 'the duties of our position,' which would make us ready to do anything to escape from them. And then what a farce it all is! Do we care for pigs or poultry? And do those good people outside believe we care for them? Isn't it rather a make-believe on all hands? And is there any real use for it?"

"But I do care for pigs and poultry," said Margaret, in her simple, earnest fashion, "because I know how important thay are, and how much depends on their excellence."

"Ah, those are the sentiments which would please Fowlis," said the elder lady, playfully. She had her own shrewd suspicions as to where her noble cousin's affections were tending, and they did not displease her. She, herself, was a woman of the world, who had learned her wisdom from the standpoint of aristocratic penury, for she had been the daughter of one younger son, and the wife of another. She despised herself for the last fact just as she despised generally all that was best in her, calling her inherent goodness of heart weakness, and laughing at any who dreamed of doing as she herself had done.

"Of course I ought to have known better than to have married poor Charlie," she would say, "and he ought to have known better than to have married me, and of course we ought to have repented afterwards, but we never did."

Mrs. Esselton had been first a dutiful, self-denying, daughter, and then had made a bright, indomitable wife, and was now one of those kind, useful widows whom the world could ill spare. In a word, she had an unworldly heart and a worldly head, and perhaps the salt of her cynicism helped to keep her virtues sweet, for no saint is likely to be more sincere than the saint who thinks himself a fool for his pains, yet perseveres in saintship without even his own approval.

Such a woman was just the one to appreciate the gracious simplicity and sincerity of Margaret Stewart's life and character. "I don't wonder at Fowlis falling in love with her," was her silent decision. "If I had been a man I should have fallen in love with her myself. There is really something about her which reminds me of Charlie, and I doubt whether her upbringing has not been the very best which could befal a women destined to high rank. Life in that island solitude, with its quiet round of dignified duties and responsibilites, has given her the manner, the physique, and, I suspect, the mind of a Norse goddess. She might sit for a study of Friga. What a different girlhood from mine—idling with poor papa and mamma in a frippery furnished first floor in Bond-street! How I used to envy the tradespeople's children who lived in their own houses, over their shops!

Margaret was walking by her side, evidently taking an intelligent interest in the occupants of the pens among which they were passing. Mrs. Esselton again addressed her:—

"Fowlis has made an innovation on this show," she said, "which I think you will appreciate and approve. He has started what he calls a 'visitors' booth,' choosing to regard everybody except agriculturists as visitors to the show, and in this visitors' tent there are two stands, one for 'objects of interest connected with the neighbourhood,' and the other for 'works of art or industry connected with the neighbourhood.' There are no prizes given, because he says that under many of the most interesting heads there would be no competition."

"Oh, there need hardly be prizes for that class of exhibit," said Margaret; "so much would be labour of pure love; and then, too, much that would be most meritorious might not come up to prize standard, and might get discouraged by failure."

"Very true," answered Mrs. Esselton, "only I don't quite see the object of exhibiting it if it is to end in nothing."

"Oh, would you think that?" cried Margaret. "I think everybody is so glad to show their friends all they have tried to do, and to see what others have done. And new ideas get started, and nobody knows what great results may come from a little matter. Do you know that all which is now generally known as Shetland knitting originated in a beautiful baby-cap, knitted by a lady and copied by her friends, until at last it fell under the notice of a hosier travelling in our island, who told his landlady in Lerwick that if she could get young women to do such things in large quantities, he would take care that they found it profitable? And now it brings from £10,000 to £12,000 into Shetland yearly."

"All the produce of a simple skill, which does not take the women from a single domestic duty," summed up Mrs. Esselton, approvingly.

"Sometimes I'm sorry we have so much women's work," said Margaret, soberly; "there are too many women in Shetland. You see, so many of the men belong to the sea, and either they meet death there or stay in other countries and settle. I wish more of our women would go abroad; love of adventure ought to be in their blood, as it is in the men's; but so many mothers and sisters let the men send them home what money they can, and then, with what they can earn by knitting, they eke out a living, for, as everybody has a cow and some poultry, one does not need much cash in Shetland."

"I suppose the women feel it hard to leave their old homes and go to strange places?"

"But if it is their duty?" questioned Margaret, with her sweet girlish gravity. "If they went with their sons and brothers, they could see after their comfort and welfare; that is as much their duty as it is for the men to send them money." The quiet maiden had thought out the matter.

"But the common people always make much more fuss about leaving their native land than do people of our class. We do it as a matter of course. Witness the diplomatic service and the government of India! But look at the Highland cottars. The more miserable their condition at home, the more fuss about going away."

"Oh, but I think one can understand it," rejoined Margaret, loyal to fairness to the depths of her being. "The poor people know so little about the countries to which they go, and they cannot write and receive long letters, and they know they can scarcely hope to return home, however much they may wish it. To them it is like going into another world. I don't think we can blame their shrinking."

"But, then, what else can we do?" asked Mrs. Esselton, rather carelessly.

"We can teach them, and help them forward in any way we can. I got papa to buy a lot of nice books of travel for a little library which I keep for lending among our people. And when the girls go out to service or the boys begin to make short voyages, mamma and I make them begin to write letters by writing to them, asking questions, and so forth. It gets them into the habit, and then they keep it up. Letter-writing is so much a matter of habit, I think."

"I think she and Fowlis have been made for each other," thought Mrs. Esselton. But aloud she said, "I suppose the idea of these objects of interest connected with the neighbourhood would

fall in with your view; for a very wide latitude is given, and while we have rubbings from the old stones in Fowlis churchyard, and the bronze weapons and ancient coins that have been turned up by neighbourly ploughs, we also welcome the outbringing of any foreign curiosities which may be hidden away in the houses round. Fowlis was telling me that the stall boasts of maté cups from South America, bark embroidery from North America, Kandyan whips, Lapp snow-shoes, and peasant wood carving from the Black Forest and from Norway."

"Oh, I am glad to hear that!" cried Margaret. "We have some Norwegian carving at Balacluva. I can't think why the art need have died out among us. It would be just the thing for the men's long, idle evenings. But they seem to despise it now, for they make nothing of the sort except a few wooden shoes. I shall tell them that people in the south regard it with so much interest that they bring it out at shows. Who knows but I may start Shetland carving as a companion to Shetland knitting!"

"You dear, enthusiastic child!" said Mrs Esselton. "It is so delightful to hear you."

But at that moment, just as they paused midway between the two stalls of the visitors' tent, the marquis came up behind them.

"I hope you have not forgotten my petition, Miss Stewart," he said. "Are you in search of May Castle's performances?"

"I never thought of them as being here!" answered Margaret, with frank surprise. "I thought you meant to show them to me afterwards."

"She could not see any possible connection between pictures and pigs," observed Mrs. Esselton. "I told you, Fowlis, that you should hardly bring in high art as a sort of relish to your food for cattle." She loved to tease her cousin.

"But the pictures are among the works of art and industry, of course," rejoined the marquis, who was inclined to be literal. "I told Miss Castle she must put them in. Here they are. I don't think you can see them well in their present position. Let me take them down and hold them in a good light for you."

There were plenty of observant eyes on the little group. Why should the marquis take so much notice of anything done by May Castle, of all people in the world? But they comforted themselves—those village maids and matrons—that he was not thinking at all of the pictures; anything which had been at hand would have met with the same attention; he was only trying to make himself agreeable to the young lady who was likely to be his marchioness. And wasn't she nice-looking and gracious in her manners! She stood outside their ambitions and above their envy, and so they could afford to acknowledge her good qualities, without abatement.

She and the marquis were too absorbed to notice the expression of the faces round them, but Mrs. Esselton took it in with one of her swift, sweeping glances; then, with her eyes steadily fixed on the sketches, which she knew well enough already, she said out of the fulness of her chivalric, perhaps Quixotic, heart—

"There is something about May Castle herself which gives me more interest in her than I should have if she was only the greatest painter living."

And the moment the words were out her cynical brain decided—

"And now I've only made them all hate her more than ever; and oh, won't they snub her for this!"

(To be continued.)

HIGH TEA.

FOR people who are not in the habit of giving dinner-parties, who do not keep an unlimited number of servants, and who, lacking confidence in those they do employ, prefer when they are going to have company to see the table laid and the dishes neatly arranged upon it before they prepare to receive their friends—high tea is a capital institution. It is productive of peace of mind for the entertainers, and satisfaction for the entertained. We never feel so sure that things are right and will turn out rightly as when we have looked after them ourselves; and in high tea we can look after every detail, and so need be under no apprehension that at the last moment some important service will be left undone. Dinner-parties are all very well for people who have plenty of trained help and plenty of money at their disposal, but the majority of housekeepers cannot command these, and then dinner-parties are an effort, and it is very questionable whether in them "the game is worth the candle," to use a homely phrase. But high tea is informal and easily managed, and it may be sumptuous or inexpensive to suit individual ideas. It is served at an hour when people who dine late are wanting dinner, and when those who have been busy all day are feeling faint and tired and need a hearty meal to put them in good humour with themselves and the world; and it supplies all that is required for everybody. Moreover, it does away with the necessity for supper; and I think we may say that suppers are nearly gone out. We have realised how unwholesome and inconvenient they are, giving bad dreams and unsettled rest to those who partake of them, and keeping those who have to prepare them hard at work till the last thing before going to bed. Late dinner and high tea render supper a superfluity, and they are all the more to be recommended because they do so.

I do not know in which county in England high tea may be said to have originated. It is always said that to present tea and coffee with more substantial viands is a north-country custom. I should have said it was a Devonshire custom. At any rate both north-country housekeepers and Devonshire housekeepers are celebrated for the domestic virtues, and if a thing is good in itself we need not trouble about where it comes from.

It is always painful to me to differ from authorities, yet in this matter of the provision suitable for high tea my experience and my proclivities compel me to do so, for authorities unite in telling us that on these occasions joints of meat should be avoided. In my time I have been—I think I am speaking within the limit when I say—to scores of entertainments where high tea was provided, and again and again I have seen cold joints placed on the table. Of course they were made to look pretty by being tastefully garnished, for it is indispensable that at high tea the table should be pretty with simple ornamentations, flowers, fruit, elegant china, and glass, but still the joints were there and they usually proved acceptable.

The fact is, that in this particular, as in many others, we make a mistake if we lay down a hard and fast line, and say, "We are going to have high tea, therefore we must have only small delicacies," rissoles, croquettes, cutlets, kidneys, patties, or similar dishes. Let us be guided by circumstances. If we have to arrange for a meal for those who in the ordinary way would have had dinner, let us provide something substantial; but if we want only light and elegant refreshment, let us choose small dishes. If it is necessary that we should give an explanation of our conduct, let us announce that we are independent, or explain that when we provide substantial viands we were thinking of high tea as Devonshire people understand it; when we have small viands we were adopting north-country ways.

Whether joints are provided or not, it is usual at high tea for everything to be put on the table at once. Meat, sweets, fruit, whatever there is, are on the spot, and it is not unusual for wine to be at hand for gentlemen who are not partial to the more homely beverage. The tea and coffee are at one end of the table, and the hostess takes charge of them, for though the tea is sometimes made at the side and handed round, this plan is an innovation. It is part of the idea of high tea that it should be the old-fashioned tea-table and something more. Whichever method is adopted, however, a waitress should be at hand to pass round the cups and saucers, to remove plates which are done with and supply fresh ones, and to perform those innumerable duties of which a skilled waitress is so quick to understand the necessity.

There must be an abundance of plates, knives, forks, and spoons at high tea, but the relays of plates need not be all put upon the table in the first instance; indeed, it is undesirable that they should be so, for a high tea table should not be overcrowded. There must be opportunity for homely, friendly intercourse and general conversation, and, on this account the floral decorations should neither be too numerous nor too high, or they may prevent friends at opposite sides of the table from seeing each other. Small table appliances, too, such as salt, sugar, mustard, water caraffes, &c., should be put in different parts of the table, so that the guests may be able to obtain at once anything which they need without either being waited upon formally or unduly trespassing on the kindness of their neighbours. And though, as I have already said, the various dishes may all be placed on the table at one time, yet for tidiness' sake the meats may be taken off as soon as done with, so that the sweets and fruits can be drawn forward and receive due attention.

Pressed beef, boiled chicken cut into neat joints and covered with white sauce, roast leg of lamb, meat pies, game pies, lobster salad, salmon mayonnaise, devilled eggs, dressed crab, and similar dishes are all suitable for the principal meat dishes provided for high tea. If anything hot is also to be served, it should be brought in and put before the host and disposed of first, and when it is done with the cold dishes can take its place. The sweets, too, should be good of their kind, but not numerous. After fish and meat, one or two choice sweets are sufficient, and too many are suggestive of vulgarity. A little fruit with cream, if it is to be had, constitutes a very agreeable conclusion to a meal of this sort, and it is always acceptable.

Among the hot dishes which are specially suitable for the commencement of high tea I

may mention three, viz., sole à la Horly, oyster kromeskies, and Wyndham cutlets. They are all remarkable in one way, they do not cost much money, and by the expenditure of a little trouble they look a good deal, elegant and *recherché*, that is. The only disadvantage connected with the choice of these hot preparations is that they must be fried last thing, and, therefore, when they are decided upon one has to trust something to those outside. Now when the helper in the kitchen is not very skilled, disappointing failure frequently arises as the result of the necessity. The girls of our cookery class may be very clever, but under present conditions they cannot be in two places at one time, and it is impossible to be talking politely to the guests in the dining-room and frying kromeskies in the kitchen at the same moment. However, I will give the recipes, and girls must determine for themselves whether they are to be employed.

Sole à la Horly.—The reason why this dish is inexpensive is that one sole cooked in this way "goes" as far as two of an equal size fried in the usual way. Fillet the sole (I have already, in a previous article, "How to Cook Fish," published in the "Girls' Own Cookery Book," described this process elaborately) and divide the fillets into slices about the size of a finger. Lay these for a couple of hours in a marinade, or savoury pickle, made of the juice of a large fresh lemon mixed with a bunch of parsley, a slice of onion, and a little pepper and salt. Turn them once or twice, then dry them by laying them between the folds of a cloth. Make a little frying batter when the soles are filleted. I daresay it will be remembered that frying batter is made with four ounces of flour and a pinch of salt, mixed smoothly with a gill of lukewarm water, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and, just before the batter is to be used, the whites of two eggs beaten to a firm froth. When the sole is to be fried, put on the fire a stewpan half-filled with frying fat. Let this get hot—so hot that it is still and a blue vapour rises from it. Take the pieces of sole one at a time, dip them in the batter, take them up with a tablespoon, and turn them, with the batter held in the spoon with them, into the fat. In less than a minute the batter will be crisp, and will form a kind of oval ball round the fish, which will also be sufficiently cooked inside. The sole may then be taken out and laid on a dish covered with kitchen paper to free it from grease, and the rest of the sole may be treated in the same way. Any little pieces of batter which may float away from the fish and go into the fat should be removed, or they will discolour the fat, which must be carefully strained when done with. Pile the pieces of sole on a dish covered with a napkin, and garnish with fried parsley; they will constitute a very pretty-looking, deliciously tasting dish.

Oyster Kromeskies.—For these frying batter is wanted, as in the last recipe, and the kromeskies are fried in fat just as the sole was fried, and piled on a dish in the same way. A dozen oysters will make a moderate sized dish of kromeskies. Firm-fleshed oysters should be chosen for this purpose. Those known as Anglo-Dutch are very excellent, but American oysters are too soft. Take a dozen oysters, blanch and beard them, and cut them into pieces about half an inch square. Strain the liquor. Make a panade by melting an ounce of butter, mixing smoothly with it over the fire an ounce of flour, adding three-quarters of a gill of oyster liquor, and half a gill of cream. If the measure of oyster liquor is not sufficient it must be made up with water. Add salt and cayenne, and then (off the fire) the yolks of two eggs. When these are incorporated let the sauce thicken over the fire for a minute, but do not allow it to boil. Mix in the oysters, once more off the fire, and turn the preparation upon a plate to get cold. Buy a pig's caul and let it soak in cold water till white. Dry it, form the oyster mixture into the shape of corks, and wrap each one in a piece of caul. When ready to fry dip in batter and proceed as for sole à la Horly.

Bacon is usually used instead of caul for this dish, but the disadvantage connected with its employment is that it does not cook quickly enough, and may form a fatty uncooked morsel when eaten. If caul cannot be obtained, bacon must be used, but it should be boiled separately and allowed to go quite cold, and it must be cut as thin as is possible. The latest authorities in culinary matters, however, now recommend the use of caul instead of bacon.

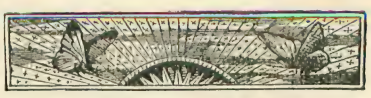
Wyndham Cutlets.—Take from two to three pounds of the best end of a neck of mutton, and do not let the butcher divide the cutlets, but chop off the chine bone. Lay the meat in a deep baking tin, put with it a carrot, a turnip, an onion, a piece of celery, all cut up, and a little pepper and salt. Pour half a pint of second stock over the meat, fasten a piece of greased paper over it, and bake for about three quarters of an hour, basting it frequently over the paper. It should not be too much cooked. Let it go quite cold, divide it into small cutlets, and leave half an inch of the bone bare at the top of each. It is a convenience to bake the meat the day before it is wanted in order that it may have time to go cold and stiff. It should on no account be overcooked, and should not be cut up beforehand. Boil a pound and a half of potatoes, dry them well, and rub them through a sieve. Beat them well with half an ounce of butter and the yolks of three eggs. Flour the hands and take a small portion of the potato and press it till very thin. Wrap each cutlet in the flattened potato, leaving out the end of the bone. Have ready a stewpan half full of hot frying fat, drop the cutlets in this, and when they are brown they are ready. Arrange them in a circle on a dish, put in the centre a macédoine or some tinned green peas which have been made hot, and serve. If it is not convenient to fry the cutlets in hot fat they may be made hot and brown in a quick oven, being first brushed over with milk. They should be placed in a half upright position, each one partly overlapping the next, and little paper frills should be put round the bones. This is a pretty and appetising dish, and it is evident that if liked cold dressed meat and cold potatoes which have been rubbed through a sieve may be used for it. Cold joints which are prepared for occasions of this sort should be very prettily garnished. The pressed beef may be taken either from the brisket or the thick flank of beef. A good square piece is excellent for the purpose, and it is best to be rubbed all over every day for a week or ten days with plenty of common salt, to each pound of which half an ounce of saltpetre and three ounces of moist sugar have been added. If liked, half an ounce of cloves, and the same of mace and peppercorns can be added, but then the beef becomes spiced beef, and for high tea it is more generally preferred unspiced. The beef must be carefully boiled. It should be laid in lukewarm water, brought slowly to the boil, skimmed, then drawn back and simmered gently until the bones can be drawn out easily. It should then be taken up, laid between two dishes with a weight on the top, and left till cold.

I have already, when speaking of home-made glaze, described how meat should be glazed. This meat may be glazed, or, more pretty still, it may, after pressing, be cut to a neat shape and put into a pan about its own size, and clear aspic jelly may be poured over it. When taken out it will be found that the meat is encased in jelly. In the same way, when cutlets are to be served cold, they are put into a shallow pan, jelly is poured round and under them, and when it is stiff they are cut out so that they have a coating of jelly all over them. In any case the beef must be garnished with light and dark leaves, beetroot, horseradish, aspic jelly, or whatever else is suitable and obtainable, the object being to make the meat look as pretty as may be.

We all like to know of new and pretty sweets, and I will, therefore, before concluding, give recipes for two sweets, which are, in my opinion, most delicious, and certainly not old, and which would certainly be appreciated at high tea. The first is called orange soufflé pudding, and the second pineapple cream.

Orange Soufflé Pudding.—Soak half-an-ounce of gelatine in water. Squeeze out the juice of six oranges, mix with it the yolks of four eggs, and add sugar to sweeten it agreeably. The quantity of sugar will vary with the acidity of the fruit. Put the mixture into the jug and set it in a saucepan of boiling water, and keep the water boiling round it till it thickens, stirring it all the time. As soon as the custard coats the spoon it is ready to be taken off. If preferred the custard may be put at once into a stewpan, not into a jug, but the latter method, though longer, is safer. Custard made thus of juice and eggs curdles very quickly, and needs, therefore, to be carefully boiled. When done, strain the custard through muslin. Cooks who desire to be expeditious often omit this very necessary operation, thinking that the custard will be smooth enough without it; but this is a mistake, for there is always a quantity of yellow curd-like substance in custard which is better to be removed. Dissolve the gelatine separately, and when both gelatine and custard are cool, put them together and mix them well. Beat the whites of the eggs till quite stiff, and stir these in last of all. Put a thin layer of clear jelly at the bottom of a mould, let it set lightly, then sprinkle upon it in alternation small quantities of desiccated cocoanut (to be bought in packets of any grocer), and dried cherries finely chopped. Pour a little jelly over to cover the ornamentation; let this also set lightly, then add the preparation of orange. Turn upon a glass dish when stiff. It will be remembered that jellies and creams are ready for moulding when they are just beginning to set, so that a spoonful taken up and emptied upon the mass slightly retains its form.

Pineapple Cream.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a little cold water. Take a tin of preserved pineapple, strain off the syrup, put it into a stewpan with a cupful of sugar, half a pint of water, and the pine; simmer gently for half an hour or so until the fruit is soft, then chop it into pieces about the eighth of an inch square. (If Singapore pineapple or pineapple preserved whole is used, the brown specks must be cut out and the fruit cut into slices before it is used. For this purpose the pineapple preserved in slices is perhaps to be preferred). Dissolve the gelatine separately, and when cool mix it with the fruit pulp and syrup. Have ready half a pint of double cream which has been whisked till thick, and the whites of two eggs also beaten to a stiff froth. Mix both thoroughly with the pineapple, and when cool enough mould in the usual way. As with all creams, the appearance of this sweet will be improved if a little jelly and ornamentation be introduced into the bottom of a mould.



ADOPTED.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

SNARL.

"WHAT'S this, I wonder?" exclaimed old Dan Snarl, as he stood, lanthorn in hand, before a sight unusual to him. "Here's something besides the billygoats, and the roosters, and all the 'conomy of the court."

He had just put up his baked-potato oven, and was thinking of retiring to rest. He had been out all night hawking his hot potatoes, and he had come back to his court cold and cross. Not that he had met with ill-success, but he was getting old, and his back ached with rheumatism, and he began to wonder how long he might have voice enough left to cry, "Hot potatoes! steaming hot!" in winter, and "Ices! reg'lar coolers!" in summer. It was just now the transition period, besides; and his winter work would have been over but for an unusually cold March.

"Lawks! 'tis a little girl, as I'm alive, a lying close to old Billy," he said, groaning as he bent the rheumatic back over a heap of straw.

In doing so he turned his lanthorn towards a dim and distant corner, and was rewarded by a shrill crow from a cock, roosting on a beam in the curious stable into which he was peering. This roused a sleeping bull-dog hard by, which began to bark furiously, and Dan Snarl had enough to do to quiet his neighbours.

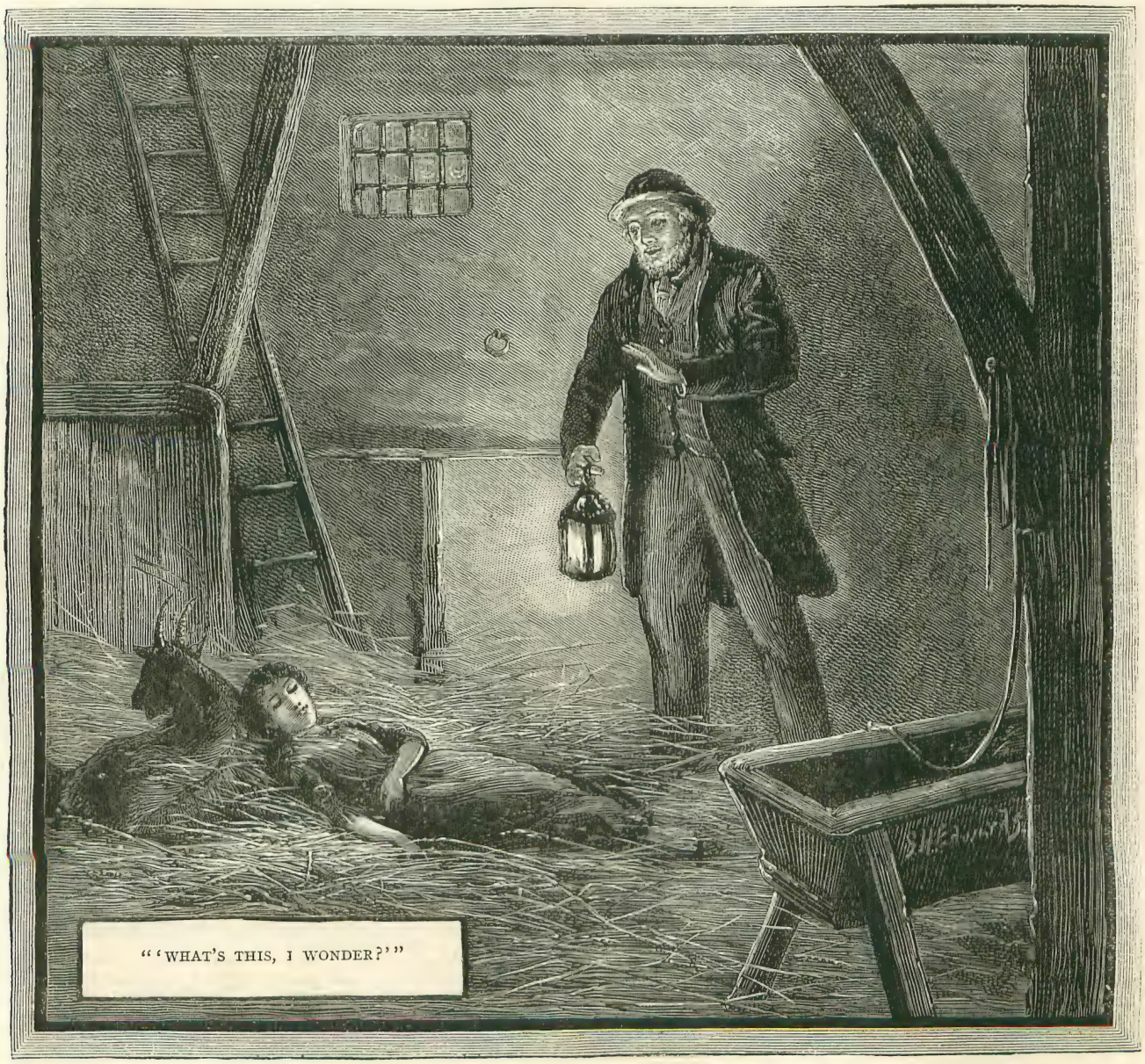
"'Tisn't daylight, Mr. Cockadoodle, 'tis only my old lanthorn. Hold your row, Ugly-mug, 'tis only Snarl," he cried, authoritatively, standing between the roosters and his light.

He was obeyed, and silence again reigned in the strange place. It was literally stable, coach-house, poultry-yard, goat-house, and dog-kennel in one; for, somewhere in its depths, reposed a couple of wearied costermongers' ponies, while in the foreground, among a maze of straw, lay a small colony of goats. It was above one of these latter that Snarl held his lanthorn. The animal was lying asleep, and close to him, as if for warmth, and partially covered by the straw, was the small, attenuated figure of a little ragged girl. Her white face and thin arm touched the back of the goat, and a shoeless foot protruded through the straw.

"What's to be done with her? As if there wasn't worries enough already, and nobody to help one. Better let her alone, maybe, and she'll be off again wi' daylight," muttered Snarl, turning his back on the child.

But a little cry of "Father!" arrested him, and he again held his lanthorn over her, and said aloud, "I must look for a perlice-man, and he'll take her to the workus."

As if in response to these words the little girl started up, crying out piteously—



"'WHAT'S THIS, I WONDER?'"

"Oh, please, Mr. Bobby, don't take me there."

Simultaneously, the goat arose, and began a series of buttings at Snarl and his lanthorn, which caused that worthy to lay hold of his horns, and administer a word and a blow in season. Billy soon recognised him, however, and lay down again. Not so the child. She stood before the old man with clasped hands and entreating glance.

"Please sir, father wouldn't go to the workus, and brother and me won't go neither," she said, and made a dart past old Snarl, with the evident intention of running away.

She stumbled against his big oven, was stopped, and laid hold of by Snarl, who was himself of a combative nature, and resisted those who resisted him. Down tumbled the lanthorn and out went the light. This unfortunate accident caused Mr. Snarl to shake the already trembling child, and to drag her along with him in the dark; he muttering, "There's no place but the union for naughty girls;" she petitioning, "Please, sir—please Mr. Bobby, let me go. I won't trouble anyone. I can make match boxes, I can sell watercreases—and then I shall find Snip, and he'll take care of me. He promised father to."

But old Snarl tumbled on, dragging her with him, past his own oven and in and out between other similar machines, till he finally impelled her up a flight of stone steps, near which glimmered a light.

"Here's a purty kettle of fish, grandmother," he cried, suddenly appearing with the child in a room which, like the cobbler's, "served him for kitchen and parlour and all." He had opened a door at the top of the flight of steps which admitted him to his home.

"How much have you cleared to-night, grandfather?" said a sleepy voice somewhere in the depths.

"Three shillings and a naughty girl. 'Twas unusual cold, so I got more than I expected."

Snarl drew his struggling charge towards a bright fire, near which was seated an old woman, who rose with difficulty from an arm chair in which she had been dosing. She was of unwieldy figure and tottered a little as she came towards her husband, for such was Snarl. Her apron and cap were awry, her print gown none of the cleanest, and she wore neither collar nor cuffs, but a much discoloured silk kerchief about her throat; still she looked very good-humoured as she contemplated the arrivals.

"Found her fast asleep with old Billy in the stable. A naughty girl who's run away from her father; take her to the union to-morrow," grumbled Snarl, pushing the child towards his helpmate.

"Father's dead; we won't go to the union, me nor Snip," she cried, sobbing passionately.

"No more you shan't. Come to me, my dear," said Mrs. Snarl, opening her arms, into which the child rushed, burying her poor little figure in the folds of the old print gown.

"That's like you, grandmother; al'ays a circumwenting me. How's the kids?" said Snarl, going towards a big bed at the farther corner of the room, and passing by the deal table on which his supper was spread, passing also a curious apparatus, which turned out to be a refrigerator, or machine for making ice, which filled the centre of the apartment.

Two children were sound asleep at the foot of the bed, and the old man chuckled at the sight of them. While he stood regarding them, his wife had lighted a candle, and was contemplating the meagre, ragged figure of the little stranger. She was a dark child, with a mass of short black hair; very white, very thin, and sadly neglected. Mrs. Snarl led her to the fire, chafed her poor hands, and began to question her. She replied in whispers, glancing towards Snarl.

"Never mind him. His bark's worse than his bite," said the old woman, confidentially. "What's your name?"

"Little Allie. Teacher knows me. Snip and me, we ran away when they said we must go to the workus, 'cause father said we shouldn't; and now we've lost one another."

"'Tisn't such a bad place, just for change of air," returned Mrs. Snarl. "But you and grandfather must have some supper."

The supper consisted of tea, already stewing on the hob, and bread and cheese, laid on the deal table without the usual intermediate plate. Mrs. Snarl sadly needed a few lessons on neatness and domestic economy, but when sometimes urged to take them by the vicar's wife, she would reply sturdily, "Well, ma'am, I've reared a dozen children in this very room without tablecloths, and hard upon fifty grandchildren have eat at this here deal table, without a-breaking of crockery, and now there's the great-grandchildren, Tom and Sally's orphans, as bain't no prouder than their parents."

This appeared to her unanswerable, though several of her offspring were rising in the world, and used tablecloths and plates as became respectable people.

Little Allie was soon warmed, fed, and placed beside the great-grandchildren aforesaid in the one large bed. Undressing her was useless, as there was no night-gear for her, therefore, as she had lain with the goat, so she lay with the children, foot to foot with the old couple who sheltered them all. Before she went to sleep, however, she folded her thin hands and said, "Our Father," and the merciful Father of the fatherless heard, and watched over those orphan children.

The next morning she was too weak to rise from the bed on which she had been so generously laid. She tried to get up when her young bedfellows, Sally and Margey, did, but fell hopelessly back.

"I know her, granny," said Sally. "She used to come to school reg'lar. But I don't know her name nor where she lived."

"Teacher knows," murmured little Allie.

The board school was not far off, and thither hurried Snarl's great-grandchildren, he having left the house before they did, in search of the relieving officer—so he said, but happily Allie did not hear him.

When she and Mrs. Snarl were left alone, the latter tried to make her drink some tea, and eat a hunch of bread and butter; but she could not get beyond a few mouthfuls of either.

"If Snip had it he would finish it all; he's hungrier than me; but then he's ever so much bigger," she said.

"Where did your father live? Haven't you got no friends?" asked Mrs. Snarl.

"We lived in Fountain's-court, please, ma'am. Father was a tailor, and he and Snip and me was friends. Father was a 'total,' and Snip and me took the pledge too. I've got my blue ribbon that teacher gave me. Here it is, quite clean."

Allie moved a fold of her ragged dress, and disclosed a bit of blue that had been, evidently, religiously guarded.

"What's the good? I'm all for a drop o' comfort when I can get it. No call to get tipsy," said Mrs. Snarl.

Here Allie sat up in bed, opened her large black eyes, outstretched her hand, and seemed about to deliver an oration; but before she could utter a word she fell back exhausted, and at last became insensible.

Mrs. Snarl was frightened, for she thought the child was dead. She was a kind-hearted woman, and this fact alone distressed her; but in addition she saw, in vision, the inquiry consequent on such a death, and said to herself, "Maybe the crowner will say we've starved her." However, she took the poor child in her arms, carried her to the fire, moistened her lips with tea, and succeeded in restoring her to life. No neighbour came in, and she was afraid to leave her, so, when she again laid her in the bed, she opened the door and looked out, in the hope of seeing a friend. Considering that she dwelt in the heart of London, it was strange that none appeared; but Goat's-gardens was a solitary spot, and the room she inhabited chanced to be over the stable already described. As she stood at her door, which was at the top of a double flight of steps, she looked down upon a paved lane filled with the hot-potato ovens, of which her husband was a kind of progenitor, and across upon a bit of waste land, where was an unused coffee-stall, some sort of caravan, and other perambulating machines, ready to be let out to the first and highest bidder. Two or three goats were also tethered in this wild but not mountainous district, and the view that bounded Mrs. Snarl's horizon was picturesque if squalid. Still, there was much room for improvement, both spectacular and sanitary. So there was, it must be confessed, within-doors; for Mrs. Snarl's apartment, though unusually large, was singularly untidy.

Nevertheless, Allie fell asleep, to her guardian's infinite satisfaction, and the latter busied herself with paring a few potatoes, of which she had, naturally, a store, and awaiting the return of her grandchildren. No announcement of their advent was necessary, for no sooner was the great board school's morning lessons over, than a multitude of childen swarmed, like bees, all over the neighbourhood. The waste bit of land constituting Goat's-gardens was full of them, and a philanthropist would have at once proposed turning it into a real garden for the improvement and recreation of the people.

Sally and Margey came creeping into the room, and informed their grandmother that somebody wanted her outside. This "somebody" was Miss Fieldburn, one of the board school teachers.

"I know little Allie; may I come in and see her?" she said to Mrs. Snarl, who gladly admitted her, and led her towards the bed.

Miss Fieldburn looked much shocked at the child's appearance, and told Mrs. Snarl, in a whisper, that she had not been to school for some time.

"I knew her parents," she said. "They were very respectable. Her mother lived in service near us in the country, and her father was a journeyman tailor. They married and came to live in London, because he thought he should be sure to get on here. That is the mistake country folk make. They had better stop at home."

"We was all born and bred in London, from generation to generation," interrupted Mrs. Snarl, proudly.

"All right," returned Miss Fieldburn. "When I came to town as certificated teacher, I found that my school was not far from where John Looson lived, and I went to see him. His wife was dead, and he was in bad health, but his children came regularly to school, and were very good and sharp. Of course, I went home for my Christmas holidays, and when I returned I found poor John was dead; that he had pawned almost all his furniture for food, and that the children were nowhere to be found. This is one of them, but as to the other, who knows what has become of him?"

Just as Miss Fieldburn propounded this question, little Allie opened her big, black eyes.

"Teacher!" she cried, in a voice of ecstasy, and Miss Fieldburn stooped over her and kissed her. "Don't let us go to the workus, teacher," she murmured.

"Not if I can help it, dear," replied Miss Fieldburn.

"And will you find Snip, teacher?"

"I will try."

After this brief colloquy, the rough, black head sank back upon the equally rough and nearly as black bolster, and Miss Fieldburn turned to speak to Mrs. Snarl. She asked her to keep Allie until she had seen the vicar, who was kindly interested in all children, and had visited Looson; and on no account to let her be taken to the union.

"Not because it is a bad place," she added. "The child would be cared for, I dare say; but because her father was so much against going there himself, or receiving parish relief. It might have been pride, but we country folk are often proud in that way, and like to be independent of charity. I think I can get Allie into a children's hospital, through one of the nurses, and then there are the board school dinners, and——"

"I calls that just as much charity as the union, and more; because we all helps to support the union so long as we can, and then we has a right to board and lodging," said Mrs. Snarl, stoutly.

This view of the matter posed Miss Fieldburn, as it has done wiser people; but she repeated her entreaty that Allie should remain where she was for the present, and Mrs. Snarl promised that she should.

Miss Fieldburn kissed little Allie's dirty cheek again, and breathed a prayer over her, but was arrested in her hurried adieux to Mrs. Snarl by the entrance of that good woman's husband, accompanied by the relieving officer.

"She's too bad to be took away, so you may go where you came from," said Mrs. Snarl, planting herself before them, and casting an angry glance at her husband.

"She must go to the workhouse infirmary," said the relieving officer.

"Then you must answer for her life, for she was nigh dead just now," returned Mrs. Snarl.

"I can't afford to keep another kid, grandmother," growled Snarl; "and you know it well enough."

"Let her bide. We'll give her our sugar, and butter, and everything," entreated Margey and Sally, clinging to their grandfather.

"I will pay for her keep," said Miss Fieldburn, who found it rather hard work to keep herself and help a widowed mother in the country.

"I'll send the parish doctor," said the relieving officer, contemplating the emaciated Allie. "He'll see what state the child's in. She looks at death's door."

"And a mercy if it should open and let her go straight to heaven," said Snarl, who was a religious man, in spite of his peculiarities.

Miss Fieldburn almost agreed with him, as she cast a parting look at the child. She promised to return in the evening, placed all the money she had in Mrs. Snarl's hand, and hurried away to snatch her hasty dinner before resuming her arduous afternoon duties at the big board school.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

MINNIE HALL.—October 8th, 1854, was a Sunday. What we know as a "railway cake" or pudding, is a kind of Swiss roll. Make the cake first with a breakfast-cup of flour, the same of brown sugar, two eggs well-beaten, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a little milk. Spread it when mixed equally over a flat tin, and bake for ten minutes. Turn off on to a folded cloth and spread the jam on, then roll it up. All this must be performed quickly before the cake can get crisp.

MAGGIE DEAN.—The 10th July, 1856, was a Thursday. We think the trays must be sent to the ironmonger, as you cannot do anything with them at home.

E. M. B. (Ontario).—To take grease spots from velvet, hold the velvet on the wrong side over a very hot iron, being careful not to scorch it; then, with a piece of crape, rub the pile. If very greasy, use a little blotting-paper first. To make "Scotch shortbread," take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, half an ounce of sweet almonds, a few strips of orange-peel (candied), and some caraway seeds. Beat the butter to a cream, add the flour gradually, then the sugar, almonds, and caraway seeds; work this till smooth, and divide into three parts. Roll each out to a square cake, like those usually seen, and pinch round with the fingers. Prick it, and put on the orange-peel. Bake in a good oven from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

HOLLY BOUGH.—1. We have given all the directions in our power to give. Sometimes there is a trade secret, at a solution of which it is not easy for outsiders to arrive; but we could make the cakes with ease from the recipe given. 2. It is usual in upper circles of society to remove them, as we have already told you.

HOWARD'S DARLING.—1. We gave a recipe for "three minutes' pudding" at page 35, vol. iii., under "Useful Hints" (October 15th, 1881). 2. It is by no means necessary for you to describe your feelings to your family, especially as "frames and feelings," so called, are but little to be relied upon. They will judge of your religion by your conduct. Men do not "gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles," "wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them" (St. Matthew vii. 16, 20).

LITTLE VIOLET.—We do not think the fault is in your store closet, but in the fruit of which the jam was made. If fruit be gathered after rain, the jam made of it will never keep. So, in purchasing it you must be careful. We cannot advise you better than to boil it again, and use it as quickly as possible.

MUSIC.

E. H.—Stand at the right hand of the pianist, so as to be the better able to turn the leaves. Writing fairly good.

ANNIE NEWCASTLE.—Some people's hair does not grow long; if it do not become thin, you must be satisfied. Baskets may be painted when dirty by melting sealing-wax in a bottle of spirits of wine and painting it with this solution. We are much obliged for your kind words and good wishes.

MUSIC.—Contraltos may have songs transposed for them, or may find some suitable for their voices. The compass may be small or extensive, and contraltos also vary in power; so the songs must be selected to suit individual voices. A soprano is the highest treble female voice; the mezzo-soprano is less high, and is the ordinary voice. Real contraltos are rare.

ROSE RUDDACH.—We think that a few lessons from a good master at first are essential in learning any new instrument, because otherwise you may adopt wrong methods and fall into tricks difficult of cure. After a good grounding, you might go on well by yourself. Slope your writing, and you will improve it.

ISABELLA suffers from a complaint of which we never before heard. She says, "I suffer from a dreadful *stammer* in my pianoforte playing; I keep playing the same note, not having power to go on." What a nuisance your attempts must be to your neighbours! We think you must be inattentive, and want a rap over the knuckles to make you "go on!" You must be a resuscitation of the "donkey what wouldn't go."

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—You should ask your late master for a list of pieces you can play, and read the many articles in our paper on the various composers.

CLARA G.—Inquire at any music-seller's. The full words of the poem, ending "I shall be satisfied," called "Full Satisfaction," will be found in "Lyra Anglicana."

E. M. W.—We advise you to write and ask the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music. We think you would require a special authorisation.

GABRIELLE.—The tune called "St. Gabriel" in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is the copyright of the compilers, and you must write and inquire of them, the address being given in each edition. Of course, if visitors call on you and you have not known them previously, you must greet and talk to them as if acquainted, and without an introduction.

A BLUE-EYED WELSH LASSIE.—We should think your loss of voice showed weakness in your general health. Perhaps you require a tonic, and certainly perfect rest.

ELSIE.—Consult the notices of "New Music."

TWO PUZZLED LASSES.—The treble and bass staves contain the full vocal scale, or all the natural tones of the human voice from the child to the adult male. In other words, all the notes required in vocal music may be written on these staves. All the several varieties of voices have certain notes in common, though differing in quality and tone.

WORK.

E. P.—We suppose the "fisherman's helmets" are intended. We gave directions for working them at page 255, vol. v.

J. A. B.—"Miss two" is probably a misprint. Work the row without, and see whether it will come right.

ÆNID.—The fashionable trimming for the cloth would be a handsome "art" fringe of the same colours of silk, or silk and wool; but this may be more expensive than you would like, as it would probably have to be made expressly for you.

DAISY.—You must prick the design with a needle, and through the small holes you can rub some chalk, having fastened the material and the design firmly together. This method is called "pouncing." We do not know any other way of doing it.

ONE OF THE MANY MAC'S.—The best material for a baby's cloak is French merino, or a fine cashmere for very best. Both wear well, clean, and dye beautifully.

ELLA.—We think you will succeed better with your caps by making a paper model first. Take a newspaper and cut out a strip for the size of the head; then a large square for the crown, pinning the latter in round the former until you get the right shape and size. You can then cut the corners off, and the result will be the right pattern for the crown.

CROOKED PATCH is right. Set on the patch, and then, when well fixed in place, cut out the worn part or hole. If the worn-out part be cut out first of all, the material may be drawn out of place, and the patch be set on crookedly. See the "Dictionary of Needlework," which is the chief authority in such matters, under the word "Patching," pages 378-9. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

MURIEL wishes to make "a pair of lace mittens." We do not undestand what kind of lace she can mean. Perhaps she might make a pair in netting, employing black silk. 2. To knit a pair of mittens, she has only to consult the index to vol. iv.

SNOWBALL.—Reins for children are never made in crochet; they are always knitted, if not of braid; or procure them of black patent leather. They are knitted exactly as you would make old-fashioned garters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMY.—It does not appear to us to be a nice thing for a girl to seek a man's acquaintance, it is he who should seek hers. She ought to have too much delicacy of feeling and modest reserve, even to own that she wishes to make such an acquaintance. The proper way of making it is through that of your parents with his. Every appliance to the face that stops up the pores is injurious to the skin, and, in proportion to the extent covered, to the health also.

KING'S DAUGHTER.—The training of your little sisters should be done by your mother, not by you. But if the latter desire your assistance in this task, you should ask her to make them clearly understand that it is at her desire that you control them, and that any act of disobedience or impertinence will be reported to her and punished. Never let them see you lose self-control, and do not notice trifles.

TROUBLED MIND.—Instant and unquestioning obedience should have been exacted at an earlier age than four years old. As it is, these rules may aid you. Never let the child see you lose self-control, be gentle, but firm. Never threaten what you will not carry out. Avoid continual fault-finding, and do not notice trifling faults. Never invite a trial of strength by putting a child in a corner "until it say it is sorry." Place it there as a punishment, and say it is for as long as you think proper. Never punish it for a falsehood, unless a wilful or a malicious one. Distinguish between such and a mere feeble exhibition of timidity. You cannot endow a child with courage by beating it, you must try to encourage and re-assure it, and reason quietly with it. As well whip a horse for shying, for it will expect the lash, and start for good reason when next it sees the "bogie." When obstinate rebellion is exhibited, and the corner or slighter punishments be ineffectual, administer three or four good slaps with the hand, as a last, but then essential, expedient. Never slap on the face or ear. Make it your daily effort to win the child's love; punishments will then be superfluous.

P. R. E.—You should state your experience and make your complaint to the manufacturer, not to us.

E. N. G.—The editor has nothing to do with the publishing and sale departments. If you read the answers to correspondents, you would read dozens of answers to your question. Apply to the publisher for covers, indexes, and coloured pictures for each volume. We thank you for your good wishes.

MOTHER'S GIRL.—We congratulate you on having kept your situation so long. Young people are apt to ruin their prospects by making changes so often that no one feels any interest about them, and they cannot obtain good recommendations if a necessary change have ever to be made. To remain less than, at least, two years in a place is discreditable. It is better to read or work by candle than by gas light. In any case, sit with your back or side to the light, that it may fall on your book or work and not on your face. We could not tell you whether your eyes require spectacles.

EDELWEISSE.—We regret that we have no means of assisting you to discover whether Miss Taylor Smith be "still above ground." Your letters addressed to 47, Church-street, Birkenhead, will be returned to you from the "dead-letter office" if she or her family reside there no more, and have left no address at the district post-office. Perhaps you might obtain some information by writing to the postmaster there. This paper we regard as equally suitable for "a young wife" as for unmarried girls.

LUCIS.—You have told us nothing respecting your present occupation, your acquirements, the time at your disposal, nor your other circumstances and surroundings. How could we tell in what way you could "earn money?" You say that you are only "fourteen."

BOILING-OVER.—Little Miss "Boiling-over" twice sent us two silly questions, so each time we threw them aside. She now writes again to know the "true definition of love," a word to be found with its meaning in Johnson's Dictionary. If we wished to give a higher exemplification of such a sentiment, we should direct her to Holy Writ, where its great origin is pointed out to us, "God is Love," in Him as revealed to us in Christ, is exemplified the very essence of all tenderness, bounty, forbearance, unselfishness, faithfulness, and magnanimity, since "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!" As to the "proper place of women in society," it depends on her rank, and her private position in life—as a wife, mistress, mother, or daughter—in which the providence of God (or her own wilful choice and imprudence) have placed her.

GWENDOLINE.—Attend to your digestion; eat slowly, and keep your head up, and your mind and hands unemployed after a late dinner. Also, keep away from the fire after having previously been out and exposed to the cold. Ox-gall may serve to remove the stains out of the carpet. Consult "The Fairy of the Family." You confound the letters "n" and "u," and you make your strokes heavy in the wrong places and light where they should be heavy.

DIANA VERNON.—Walking shoes with broad toes and low broad heels could not spoil the shape of the feet nor "make the ankles swell," unless a size too small. Perhaps you wear the vulgar pointed toes and high narrow heels; or perhaps you stand too much in the day, which would naturally make your ankles and veins swell. Consult our indexes in reference to the hair.

DAISY ALICE.—Consult "The Fairy of the Family," a series in which the removal of grease stains is carefully prescribed for. You will also find what you want, in the second place, by referring to our indexes. Your hand is not yet formed. Write roundhand copies. A thin solution of gum-arabic brushed over your black chip hat might improve its appearance.

A. M. S.—Collect your thoughts before you begin to speak, fill your chest with air, never commence speaking with a half-spent breath, and beat regular time to each syllable as you utter it. Practise this method in private, and read aloud to yourself. We think you will gradually improve in your power of utterance.

HOWARD'S DARLING.—1. We regret to be obliged to decline giving you any information on the subject of the present competition. 2. Soften the cloves in warm water, or you will be unable to run the wires through them. Copy a basket already made.

SIDNEY BIRD.—We should recommend you to take the buttons to a silversmith, as we doubt your getting them into good condition, if in such a state as you describe; and having a family interest attached to them, it would be worth the expense of merely about a couple of shillings to restore them.

BAD WRITER.—We have already given instructions in the method of drying and preserving seaweed. See "How to Mount Seaweed," page 176, vol. ii., and "How to Press Seaweed," page 494, vol. ii.; also our answer to "Ella," page 542, vol. iii., where you will find directions by which the colours may be the better preserved.

LINA H.—Your admiration of your excellent motherly sister appears to be great, and your diffidence of being able to fill her place in the home circle is also creditable to you; but love is imperfect when it shows the least degree of selfishness. Your sister's happiness should outweigh your loss in your own estimation, and her interests should be identical in your heart with your own. Do not mar her prospect of happiness by any exhibition of selfishness and discontent. Learn her method of guiding the house, and ask her to speak to your younger brothers and sisters before her marriage, to prevail on them to treat you with consideration and respect as her substitute.

A FOREIGNER.—We hope that you will soon be put out of suspense; but we can never give precise dates or promises on such questions. We regret that, for whatever cause, you have written so often fruitlessly.

RED POPPY.—You should call at the house, after having been entertained there, with your mother. You are too young to have your name engraved on her card; but if the family be out, she might, on such an occasion, write your name on it in pencil.

M. M. WADE.—A "drum" is one of the names jocosely applied to a large party, having reference to the close packing of the guests together with little more than standing room. The simile is taken from the "drum of figs," in which the latter are pressed closely together. Amongst the Tartars, a "kettle" represents a family, or those who feed out of the same kettle. On Tweedside also it is used to signify a social party. Thus the term "kettledrum" is a compound of both, and means a large "tea party.'

The Times

February 29, *March* 4, 7, *and* 8.

CITY of LONDON HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the CHEST, Victoria-park, E.—The Committee thankfully ACKNOWLEDGE the RECEIPT of WOOLLEN CLOTHING, &c., sent by the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper, on behalf of his readers, for the use of the patients.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel, E., Feb. 28th, 1884.—The House Committee beg to ACKNOWLEDGE, with thanks, the RECEIPT of a LARGE PARCEL of GARMENTS for the patients, from the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper.—A. H. HAGGARD, Secretary.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL for CHILDREN and WOMEN, Waterloo-bridge-road, S.E.—The Secretary thankfully ACKNOWLEDGES RECEIPT of a LARGE PARCEL of KNITTED SHAWLS and other CLOTHING for the patients in this hospital from the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper.—RICHD. G. KESTIN, Secretary.

THE HOSPITAL for WOMEN, Soho-square, W.—Patron, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES; President, the EARL of SHAFTESBURY, K.G.—The Committee beg to ACKNOWLEDGE, with thanks, the receipt of a GRANT of WOOLLEN SHAWLS, &c., sent on behalf of his readers by the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper.—DAVID CANNON, Secretary.

LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL, Hampstead-road, N.W., Feb. 27th, 1884.—The Lady Superintendent begs to ACKNOWLEDGE, with best thanks, the RECEIPT of a PARCEL of very useful GARMENTS, kindly sent by the Editor, on behalf of the readers of the Girl's Own Paper.

PRINCESS FREDERICA'S CONVALESCENT HOME.—The Committee beg to ACKNOWLEDGE, with grateful thanks, the generous GIFT of GARMENTS and SHAWLS from the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper,, 56, Paternoster-row. — JAMES G. NOEL, Esq., C.B., Hon. Secretary, 8, Hanover-square, W.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY of the MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL, Mildmay-park, N., ACKNOWLEDGES, with grateful thanks, a PARCEL of GARMENTS from the Readers of the Girl's Own Paper.

THE NEW HOSPITAL for WOMEN.—The Committee beg to ACKNOWLEDGE the RECEIPT of a PARCEL of useful GIFTS, kindly sent for the benefit of the patients by the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper.—FRANCIS A. HUNT, Secretary.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation offer their best THANKS to the ladies who contributed the valuable GIFT of CLOTHING through the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper.—R. T. PIGOTT, D.C.L., Sec. Offices, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

The above are copied from "The Times," and refer to the Night-dresses and Shawls worked by our readers for the Prize Competition in Needlework, and afterwards kindly presented by them to the hospitals.

As to the origin of having five o'clock teas, we need not to look far for it. Luncheon at one o'clock and dinner at eight leaves too long a fast between the chief meals of the day; and, in addition to this fact, a sociable meeting of comparatively brief duration may be obtained, and hospitality shown, at very trifling cost to the entertainer.

NELLIE.—Show your teeth to a really good well-recommended dentist, and let him stop them. You write fairly well.

E. K. M.—From what we hear we think Berlin would be an expensive residence, and we should recommend Munich or Dresden in preference to it. Dresden has peculiarly good openings for education.

ZANTHO.—Take the leaves out of their present binding and let them be rebound, with the addition of more leaves, if desired, and with a proper quantity of short leaves (as deep as an ordinary margin) between every two or three. If necessary, let the old leaves be carefully mounted on new and wider leaves. All the value, as well as interest, of the autographs would be gone if merely copied on transfer-paper. For "sauce tartare," see "Cookery." You write very well.

AN EGG COLLECTOR.—The long-tailed or bottle tit lays from ten to fourteen eggs in her bottle-shaped nest, and they are white, speckled with red. The cole tit's eggs are also spotted with red, the white ground being of a "dazzling" whiteness, and only from six to nine in number. The ox-eye tit lays from eight to ten eggs, of a cream-colour, dotted and striped with purple. The blue tit lays about ten eggs, of a pink ground speckled with brown. There are other varieties—the marsh, crested, and bearded tits.

LOVER OF ANIMALS.—We could not tell you the price of anything. If you want "a pair of marmosets" you should apply to a naturalist. They eat hard bread, biscuits, pulse, eggs, snails, insects, fruit, and finely minced meat. They are exceedingly sensitive to cold, and should be supplied with wool and cotton; the cage should have a second compartment in which to sleep. Your spelling is exceedingly bad.

SAMUELLA WELLER.—You should go to a plumassier to obtain them, and, should he have none, he might direct you where to get them. They are sometimes sold at fancy bazaars.

MARY STUART.—The person you describe as having come to settle permanently in England, and lives and dies here, adopted the country; in point of fact, although perhaps not legally, she naturalised herself as a colonist does when he leaves the land of his birth. He is thenceforth called an "Australian" or "Canadian," etc.

BEE.—You should say, "By whom is the work done?" etc.

SOUR KRAUT.—We have given prescriptions for the cure of chilblains so often that we must refer you to some of them, in which search our indexes will direct you. We think that holding the hands in exceedingly hot water for some time (adding hot water to keep up the high temperature) and then plunging them into cold water for about one minute, is the best of all. Rub them very dry and use a piece of flannel after the towel, then putting on gloves; and keep your hands away from the fire when cold. This process should be carried out night, morning, and in the day. Take plenty of exercise.

PEARL.—We do not understand your case, and why, when "not nervous in a room full of strangers," you should "come over quite faint" when "ma tells you to put on your things to go for a drive," unless you be either very much in fear of "ma," or of the horses, or else the drive be taken to the dentist's. Perhaps "ma" could unravel the mystery better than we could, and prescribe for your case.

SEVENTEEN II.—It is natural to some young people to have red hands, even when they do not work. Some have red arms too, and others red noses. If glycerine and rose water do no good, wear gloves. If that fail, be thankful that your nose at least causes you no trouble; for we fear we cannot assist you in the matter of your hands. You employ too hard a pen, and the nib is too pointed.

MY QUEEN.—The Spanish word *gaetana* is pronounced as if the "g" were an "h," and *zingara* is accented on the first syllable *zin*. The 13th of July, 1866, fell on a Wednesday.

EMMA may be suffering either from rheumatism or neuralgia, and should obtain proper medical advice. Never having seen her, we are not in a position to offer an opinion. Probably she is suffering from poorness of blood, and she needs good living, and to go to bed early.

A GLASGOW GIRL.—1. Refer to the "Fairy of the Family," page 779, vol. v. It is a series of articles in which you will find everything you could desire to know on the subject of washing or otherwise cleaning textiles. 2. We advise you to inquire for the description of book you want at a second-hand bookstall. If not in stock, they will procure it for you. We thank you for your kind letter and cookery recipe.

FLORIE also complains of trouble with her eyes, which "become liquid." We are glad that they as frequently solidify. Perhaps you have got a cold in them. If not, try the effect of bathing them in a weak solution of cold vinegar and water twice or thrice daily.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 224. APRIL 12, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c.; &c.

All rights reserved.]

"'OH,' SHE EXCLAIMED, 'THESE ARE SPLENDID!'"

CHAPTER III.

THE PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTER.

THE marquis had three pictures to display.

As she looked at the first, Margaret Stewart's expression was doubtful. Its scene was a low green bank, on which sat a girl. Beside her lay a basket of wild water-lilies, together with the shoes and stockings which she had taken off, to wade in the pool whence she had gathered them. It was a pretty picture enough, and anywhere else Margaret Stewart would have passed it by with a remark to that effect. But there was no special interest or sign of power about it, unless it might be a look on the girl's face, which made one inclined to ask what she was waiting for, and why she had gathered her flowers if she did not wish to carry them away. One wondered what she was going to do next. Had the artist intended to produce this effect, or was it accidental? It was a doubt on this point which detained Margaret longer over this picture than its general merits warranted.

But when Miss Stewart turned to the other sketches, there was no longer any hesitation in her verdict.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "these are splendid! If the young lady has had no training—even if she has—she is certainly a genius."

There was a slight stir in the tent. Many of the onlookers moved away; they did not wish to hear any more.

"Calling May Castle a young lady," whispered one. "But poor, dear, young creature! it's not possible she knows about her. It's hardly a story for ears like hers."

"And as for the pictures," said another, "she only praised them up to please the marquis. It was quite easy to see what sort of an opinion he wanted. Great folk like him are always so proud to think they've lighted on a prodigy. It's a new kind of feather in their cap, you know; and it's an old saying, don't you know, that the man who fancies he's found a new plant, has very likely brought home a toad-stool."

But the marquis and Margaret Stewart alike were happily unconscious of these fumes of envy and depreciation.

"I am so glad you think well of them," he said, more delighted by her encomium on the pictures than he would have been by any compliment paid to himself or his belongings; "for I know you always studied pictures so ardently whenever you were in any capital, and besides you are about the best judge possible of presentments of sea, rock, and cloud—you, into whose very spirit their spirit seems to have passed."

"I always thought May Castle's sea-pieces were her best," observed Mrs. Esselton. "The pictures she has painted of places about here never seem to me quite finished, they look as if she had tired of them; and she always puts in something miserable-looking—a dead sheep, or an old horse, or a lost dog, or that forlorn object of a girl which you showed us just now."

The marquis clearly was pondering over something. "There may be easily a reason for that," he murmured.

But if this indictment against May Castle's landscapes was true, certainly it did not stand against her marine sketches. It was not the storm or the desolation of the sea which had hold of the young imagination, but rather its sunshine, its freedom, and its force. In one picture there was little but sea—a summer sea—dancing in tiny white waves, which ran races up a narrow fringe of yellow sand, on which was the impress of two pairs of feet, walking side by side. In the other, there was a tiny bay between great rocks, in the shadow of which was moored a fishing boat, but still seaworthy, while a little child was launching a paper vessel for a brief voyage in the shallows.

"Of course, she painted these sea views from nature," remarked Margaret; adding with a smile, "I'm so confused in my topography, that I scarcely know how far the sea is from here."

"At the distance from this of about five hours' ordinary journey," answered Lord Fowlis. "It is not really in miles that it is remote, but the access is difficult. There is no direct communication. To those who are fortunate enough to possess any vehicle, it absolutely takes less time to drive the whole distance, even in a farm cart, than to wait upon the arrangements made by trains, coaches, and so forth."

"May Castle spent a week of her holiday there last summer," narrated Mrs. Esselton. "It had been the longing of her life, and she accomplished it by untold economies. She said she had never before known what happiness was. She went absolutely alone, and found a peaceful lodging with the coastguard's deaf wife."

Mrs. Esselton gave her little account in a significant tone, but without a word of comment.

Margaret looked up at the lady with wondering pity in her beautiful eyes.

"Is she so very, very poor?" she asked in the gentlest of whispers.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Esselton. "There, Fowlis, put up the pictures. You hear exactly what Miss Stewart thinks of them. I think a great deal more of the painter, and I will tell her story as we two walk back quietly to the Lodge. You can't come, Fowlis, you haven't fulfilled all the duties of your station; but first, wait till we are clear of all these people."

"You cannot think how you have roused my curiosity," said Margaret, when they found themselves outside the busy park, and safe in the quiet avenue.

"My dear," began Mrs. Esselton, "does not the poor child's very name suggest something to you? Think—May Castle."

Margaret reflected, but she shook her head. "I said to Lord Fowlis that it was a queer name," she remarked, "and he said there was a story with it."

"May Castle," repeated Mrs. Esselton, with deliberate emphasis, "was found, eighteen years ago, in the month of May, a deserted baby, left, as seemed likely, to perish in a damp and desolate niche in ruined Fowlis Castle. You understand the name now."

"Oh, how terrible!" cried Margaret; "how sad! how wicked! And did they not find out to whom she belonged?"

"No," said Mrs. Esselton; "and it made matters worse, that it seemed impossible that somebody in the neighbourhood could not have furnished some clue. But everybody denied everything, and all shrank from the poor baby, as if mere contact with it brought sin and shame, except one old maiden lady, who took it in and succoured it while inquiries were being made, and ended in keeping it altogether. I believe she got a little help in so doing from my dear, good aunt, Fowlis's mother; who, in her widowhood, with her little orphaned marquis by her side, had a very tender heart for every suffering thing. But I don't believe it was either my aunt or the good old maid who gave the poor infant her name, which always seems to me like a brand of shame. Possibly it may not tell the story to those who do not suspect it, but I feel certain that it must perpetually echo it in the child's own ears."

"And the old lady brought her up?" questioned Margaret, anxious to proceed with the story.

"The old lady brought her up till she was ten years old. I don't know much about that time," narrated Mrs. Esselton; "I'd never heard of her in those days, and should not have heeded much if I had, for I daresay I was as hard-hearted and self-absorbed as I find most young girls to be. Then the old lady died. My dear dowager aunt was abroad at that time, quite busy in trying to keep Fowlis alive, for he was frightfully delicate as a boy, and indeed is never very robust. But she did not overlook the foundling's crying needs, and she got her placed in the schoolmaster's family, which took her in because it was not very easy to refuse a request from Lady Fowlis—you understand the kind of thing——"

"But surely they were good to her?" asked Margaret.

Mrs. Esselton put up her parasol with an extra energetic jerk. "Oh, yes," she said; "they were good to her. It seemed to lower them to have her among them, and they were very particular to tell everybody that she was only there because it would hardly do to refuse Lady Fowlis. The child was well fed, decently clothed, and fairly taught. Was not that all that was in the bargain? What was she to them (as they often said)? Nothing. Do you know, my dear, in this part of the country, the word 'friend' means 'relation,' so selfish and gross are the common views of the basis of attachment and love!"

"Is that really so?" said Margaret.

"By the time my aunt died," Mrs. Esselton went on, "the girl was able

to make herself worth her board and lodging, and lately she has earned a little pittance by teaching in a school. But May Castle has never once known what it is to be loved. The best food her heart has ever got has been a kind of coarse pity. Her childish faults met with no toleration. Freaks or failures that would have been indulgently transformed into half virtues if Fowlis had been the culprit, were pointed out as traces of the 'bad blood' in her. If in her present position she had to correct other children, she is presently made to feel innuendoes that her own place should have been among the parish brats in the poor-house! Oh, Miss Stewart, if I had been in May Castle's place, instead of being the patient useful member of society that she is, I believe I should have been a rebel and outcast from it before this time. I've had my own trials and troubles, I know, so have all of us, but that is different. I'm sure if I had been she, I'd have turned upon the world that trampled on me, and would have shown it that if it would not do me good, I could do it harm."

Margaret's own lip was quivering. "But you are good to her?" she said.

"Yes, I am good to her," echoed Mrs. Esselton, "and much good must my goodness do her, seeing that I am here two months out of the twelve, and that our lives cannot have a thing in common. How can I love her? I don't. I shouldn't pity her if I did, for a single person's love is enough to redeem any life from pity. And I can't advise Fowlis to love her," she added, with the irrepressible humour which always came to the relief of her strong feeling.

"It is a pity she can't get away from here," said Margaret, musingly.

"Yes, it's a pity sometimes that the moon and stars can't fall into our laps," rejoined Mrs. Esselton, a little impatiently. She chafed at this point. Why was not she a little better off, and so able to help people? "I might ask Fowlis for some definite assistance for her, if one could definitely see how it could do her definite good. He could give it through me; he's a dear, good fellow, and ready to do his utmost, which only makes me the more careful what petitions I present, for the estates are not what they were."

The ladies did not have very long to linger in the shady walks and vacant rooms of the Lodge before the marquis and his other guests came back. They were to have a cold collation in the dining-room, the marquis asking none of his guests to face the ordeal he imposed upon himself of enduring the stilted politeness and broad jocularity of the "Show Luncheon" spread under a tent in the thick of the exhibits. He knew that his presence might make the talk a little less unrefined, and that possibly some little delicacy of his manners might inspire a rustic imitation. It was very little indeed to do for those who honestly paid him their rents, and who were loyally proud of the advantages which they and their forefathers had conferred upon him.

He had a few pleasant words with Margaret, but he must hurry back to his duties, and it was clear that he had some urgent directions to give to Mrs. Esselton before he went.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Esselton approached Miss Stewart with a smiling face.

"Fowlis is so enthusiastic," she said. "He directs me to write a note to May Castle, bidding her come up here and take afternoon tea with you in the blue boudoir; he says he thinks you will do her so much good. He didn't seem to doubt your kind compliance with his wishes, so I shall carry them out, unless you absolutely forbid me."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Jenny out vrom Hwome.

The following admirable song, from the poems of the Dorsetshire poet, William Barnes, affords an interesting example of the dialect of the county of Dorset. At the same time they will find an echo in the hearts of all whose lot it is to be out in the world separated from the loved ones at home.

O wild-raivèn west winds, as you da roar on,
The elems da rock an' the poplars da ply,
An' wiave da dreve waive in the dark water'd pon'—
Oh! wher da ye rise vrom, an' wher da ye die?

O wild-raivèn winds! I da wish I cood vlee
Wi' you, lik' a bird o' the clouds, up above
The rudge o' the hill an' the top o' the tree,
To wher I da lang var, an' vo'kes I da love.

Ar else that in under theas rock I cood hear
The soft-zwelling sounds ye da leave in your road,
Zome words ya mid bring me vrom tongues that be dear,
Vrom friends that da love me, all scattered abrode.

O wild-raivèn winds! if ya ever da roar
By the house an' the elems vrom wher I a-come,
Breathe up at the winder ar call at the door,
An' tell ya've a voun' me a-thinkén' o' hwome.

Singers! look to your Feet.—Nothing affects the voice sooner than cold, damp feet. Neither solo nor chorus singers should ever go on the platform or sit in the choir with their walking shoes on, especially in wet weather. A pair of dry boots or slippers—boots are preferable in winter—should either be carried or kept at hand for use on such occasions. The trouble entailed in changing them will be more than compensated for by the comfort experienced; and the flattening of the pitch, which is almost sure to take place when the feet are cold and wet, will be avoided by slipping on a pair of dry boots.

"Long Spared."—An old maid of Scotland, after reading aloud to her two sisters, also unmarried, the births, marriages, and deaths in the ladies' corner of a newspaper, thus moralised: "Weel, weel, these are solemn events—death and marriage—but ye ken they'er what we must all come to."

"Eh, Miss Jeanny, but ye have been lang spared!" was the reply of the youngest sister.

Words and Deeds.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.
A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.
Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

Living and Dying.—Dr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who had recently died. A young lady immediately asked, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question that that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than "How did she die?'" "How did she live?" he replied.

How to build a Happy Home.—For building a happy home six things are requisite. Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up by cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

What is Meekness?—A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said, "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

Religious Opinion.—Some people's religious opinion is only a stake driven in the ground—does not grow—shoots out no green—remains just *there* and just *so*.—*Foster.*

Eloquent Looks.—There is as much eloquence in the tone of the voice, in the eyes, and in the air of a speaker as in the choice of words.

The Measurement of Vanity.—Every woman has just as much vanity as she wants understanding.—*Pope.*

Truth.—Truth is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

On Love.—She who loves knows what she owes to love: to her who knows love's sorrows and delights, other's love is as holy as her own.

A Trap to catch Fortune.—You make but a poor trap to catch fortune if you bait it with wickedness.

Religion and its Effects.—It is an excellent thing when people's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, scorning to do a thing that is paltry and sneaking.—*Matthew Henry.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 407):—

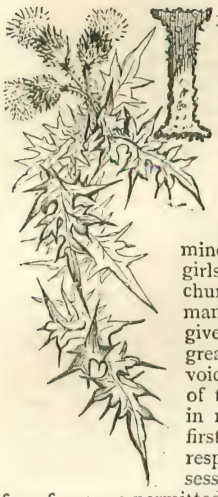
R e n f r e W (*a*)
I s s a c h a R (*b*)
G r o t t O (*c*)
H e r o N
T a g a n r o G

Right. Wrong.

(*a*) The Prince of Wales is Baron of Renfrew.
(*b*) Issachar signifies "hire" (see Genesis xlix. 14, 15).
(*c*) Grotto of Egeria, frequented by Numa Pompilius.

SINGING IN CHURCH.

By MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.



IN the necessarily confined limits of a brief article, it is quite impossible to deal adequately with the important subject of "Singing in Church." *I will* therefore simply try to place a few serious thoughts and suggestions into the minds of all those English girls who attend our churches and chapels. To many of you God has given those talents "of great price," a beautiful voice and a perception of the beautiful and good in music; to you I write first of all. What a grave responsibility is the possession of these gifts! A few of you are permitted to train choirs and to accompany the services. How many things in the rendering of these services go to prove your care, and patience, and reverence—or the sad opposites!

Do you think of teaching your singers that their voices are as nothing without "the understanding also?"

Do you see that they phrase according to common sense?

The end of a line in a hymn is no more of necessity the end of a sentence or a breathing point, than a bar ruled across the music-stave is a barrier to further progress on the part of the infant pianist; who, however, like the singer, generally pulls up in such a place, without considering how nonsensical it is. Imagine our talking or reading in that way!

Do you insist kindly but firmly on distinctness of pronunciation, and reverence in manner and attitude? If you are permitted to select the music, do you consider the appropriateness of what you choose? Even when no particular season is under consideration, there is always some special lesson contained in the Collect and Gospel, which you may assist the clergy in illustrating with that beautiful art of ours, which, you know, is the best fitted of all arts to illustrate "the world of thoughts."

Now I must turn for a moment or two to the singers in church choirs, sopranos and contraltos; for we have many choirs of mixed voices in English churches to this day, more especially in the country. In some villages the population is so small that any volunteer is taken into the choir, whether she has a voice or no. How wrong this is, and how often do our country cousins simply exhibit themselves as "members of the choir," without adding in any way to the material strength. Think for a moment. When you take your place in the choir seats, you are professing before your Maker to lead and assist His people in their service of praise and prayer to His Glory. Let me warn those that have voices that the gift, though a great one, is given only to be improved and developed.

You pay for expensive singing-lessons in order to master some favourite ballad, but do you ever study the music for the following Sunday, or do you prefer to wait until choir practice, when, not being a sight reader (too often another result of neglected development), you endeavour, in the one hour allotted to that purpose, to struggle through all the music of two or three services? Or worse still, do you avoid choir practice as unnecessary to a pupil of Signor So and So's, and trust to Miss ——, who sits next you, to "pull you through?" You will think me a terrible persecutor; but oh, what a serious matter it is! Better a thousand failures in the drawing-room than one careless slip in the church.

Last of all, a few words to by far the largest portion of my readers, the girls in the congregations. The other day, I asked a young lady, fresh from school (I fancy the technical term is "finished"), if she would sing me something—anything. She replied, "I don't sing. They say I haven't an ear." What she meant by that I don't know. "I hate singing, and I never do it—at least, *I only sing in church!*" Of course, it was very wrong of her to hate anything; but just consider what she was doing, and I fear she is not the only one who is content to offer up in that holy place that which, it is only fair to her own statement to surmise, it would be torture for her fellow-beings to listen to.

How often the peace of the congregation and the harmony of the worship are disturbed by those who, having no knowledge of music, and being defective in tonality—*i.e.*, not knowing when they are singing out of tune—nevertheless shout or moan, as the fit suits them, louder than all their more sensitive neighbours put together.

I once attended service with a musical clergyman, a friend of mine, and we had a powerful gentleman of this class behind us. All our feelings of reverence were fast giving way to vexation and discomfort. At last my friend turned right round, and gazing upon him more in pity than in anger, simply ejaculated, "Oh, sir!"

Besides the ignorant and noisy singers, there are those to whom a little knowledge has become a dangerous thing. Having ascertained that the interval of a third below the melody note is concordant, they proceed to sing the hymn-tune at this interval throughout, with disastrous results. Greater innovators than Wagner himself, they make a clean sweep of all our good old rules, they ignore the original part-writing, and the effect is terrible indeed; to add insult to injury, although every note they sing is a third of some sort below the melody, they say they are singing "seconds"! Then may I not assume that it is in part laziness, and in part a want of consideration and attention, that causes the congregation to slur their notes in the wrong places, a constant "*portamento*," with the sure result that they find themselves at last quite half a bar behind choir and accompaniment? Would that girls, desirous of singing the Services aright, could be prevailed upon to attend at least one practice a week, in the church!

On looking over these few disconnected thoughts, I appear to myself to have been doing little else than scolding from beginning to end; and yet, I am sure that you will agree with me, that all the shortcomings and faults that I have touched upon do exist, and come, alas! too frequently under our notice. If only I can persuade a few of the many subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to think more of the serious work they are engaged in when they sing in God's House, and to be more careful and prayerful about it, my object in addressing these earnest words to you all will be accomplished.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER V.

"NOW for your story," said Hilda to Mr. Oakley, as the train glided out of Preston station.

"At your service, my dear. But listen and ask no questions until I have finished.

"Six years ago your aunt, Allan, and I set out one lovely morning to go by steamer to the head of Loch Katrine, but we had scarcely started when clouds gathered and a deluge of rain drove us to the cabin. Tourists were disappointed at losing the lovely view on which they had counted, but it was some comfort to be sheltered instead of, like another party who had set out in an open boat, exposed to the wet. Deprived of the treat on which we had reckoned, we began to study our fellow passengers, amongst whom were a Scotch minister and his family. The gentleman's face was kind, but he looked overweighted, and his wife's expression was most repellant, for she was one of your disagreeable good people. The young folk cast furtive glances in her direction, and sympathetic ones towards the father. She was a human barometer, whose indications were observed with painful anxiety by her family, and it had fallen with the first rain drops.

"The minister was little used to travelling, and asked me many questions, so I gave him all the information I could; and then he told me that this pleasure trip was a great undertaking for him and his. He glanced with equal awe and satisfaction at his wife as he said that but for her economy and self-denial they could not have had it.

"'Is it a pleasure?' I thought, for the young folk seemed afraid to smile in the mother's stern presence, and the minister called his partner 'Wife.' A charming word sometimes, girls, but coming out sharply, not suggestive of tenderness.

"The little group must have felt the rain and mist a great disappointment, but the mother's set face and unbroken

"'IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO ME SUCH A PITY TO DESTROY SUCH BEAUTIFUL LIFE FOR NOTHING.'"

silence were far more depressing. They could look for sunshine after rain. It was not the inevitable which oppressed them most, but the needless gloom on the maternal brow.

"At the landing there was a scramble for seats on the coach, and tourists' tickets only entitled to outside places. The travellers must go on, however, and the lads mounted the coach amid pouring rain while the mother's loosened tongue made a 'continual dropping' on the luckless heads of her family far worse than all the rest.

"Our little party went on in a covered carriage, but we met our fellow travellers at Inversnaid with a clear sky overhead, but no sunshine on the face of that wife and mother.

"'So,' said she to your aunt, '*you* had no share of the wetting other people had to endure.'

"'The coach would not have held us in any case,' said your aunt, gently. 'I was very sorry for the outside passengers, but I suppose you felt obliged to come on to catch the steamer.'

"'And it will not be here for an hour. We might have come in fair weather. The arrangements are shameful.'

"'After all,' said the minister, 'we are not much the worse. We were closely packed and had plenty of rugs and umbrellas.'

"'Speak for yourself, John,' was the curt answer.

"The young people were disposed to make light of the past and enjoy the present if they had dared to be happy.

"The daughter approached to speak, but the mother began, 'A nice draggled feather you have got, like the tail of a drowned rat. You *would* travel in your best hat.'

"'It can easily be curled again,' said your aunt.

"The girl looked grateful, and then came the eldest son, saying, 'Mother, do come and see the waterfall; the rain has made it grand indeed.'

"'I've had waterfall enough. Not I,' she replied, with a grim humour, which provoked no smile.

"Entreaties were vain; she stood stern and unbending, refusing the pleasure within her reach, because, in common with others, she had been inconvenienced.

"When on board the boat, the minister wished to go both up and down Loch Lomond, that his children might see the views.

"'The only view I care for is that of a comfortable fireside; the sooner I see it the better,' was the wife's response. And after this she declined to express any opinion, but sat alone and silent. We pitied minister and children, but the wife and mother most of all."

"I should not have pitied *her*," said Hilda, indignantly. "She deserved no sympathy! Horrid thing!"

"Then you think the people who suffer by the discontent and ill-temper of others deserve more commiseration than those who practise them?" said Allan.

"Certainly. So would everybody except, perhaps, Uncle Edward, she added.

"I do not. I agree with my father that the person who displays the evil tempers really suffers more than those who have to endure the effects of them. Think what conscience will say afterwards, and the regrets and remorse that must follow unless the individual is very hard indeed."

"In the case of the minister's wife regret would be of no ordinary kind, for she had saved and planned for years to purchase pleasure for her family, and then spoiled it for them and herself by not carrying with her a stock of home-garnered sunshine."

Here Jack interposed with an apparently irrelevant remark which caused a general laugh.

"One night Janet and I were dreadfully vexed because it was wet and we had to stay in. Sarah offered us some apricot jam to comfort us, and we were going to say, 'No, thank you,' and eat plain bread and butter."

"What has that to do with Uncle's story?" asked Hilda.

"You should have waited a moment, then you would have known. I am like papa, I cannot bear to be interrupted. Sarah said, 'Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.' So we ate the apricot jam. That's all."

"A fair illustration, Jack. Sarah's speech, if not elegant, was expressive. To refuse the blessings we have because we cannot have all we want is revenging ourselves upon ourselves, the equivalent of Sarah's proverb."

"By carrying sunshine, then, you mean being good-humoured, considerate for others, and ready to make the best of things. I fear I shall not learn the lesson quickly."

"That is only part of it, my dear child. Human sunshine has its source within. The stately tree is nourished by buried roots, and could not live a day if separated from them. In the same way the outward beauty and brightness of a human life and character have their beginning in the hidden man of the heart. If the life brings forth the fruits of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance, we know whence they come. They are the fruits of the Spirit."

"The words peace and love are often coupled together," said Mrs. Oakley. "They are the cloudless sky and the sunshine of the Christian's heart and life."

Hilda said no more, but looked unusually thoughtful. She felt that her uncle had told this little story in order to convey a lesson to herself.

The bright intelligent girl, just touching womanhood, and so well taught in many ways, had still so much both to learn and unlearn. She could not be taken in hand, or obedience enforced, in her case as with a child.

She was particularly impatient of being "preached to," and would often turn into ridicule those who attempted a lecture for her benefit. But she loved and esteemed her uncle and his family as much as she cared for any one, and they were sensible of it. Probably no advice directed to herself would have been listened to with patience and interest, but she had been beguiled by the story, and could not now forget it. Not to spoil the effect, Mr. Oakley rose from his seat and crossed to the other end of the carriage, where Gladys was sitting in temporary charge of the cherished sparrow, whose cage had been deposited inconveniently close to her.

"Alone?" said Mr. Oakley. "Your caged neighbour hardly counts as company, I suppose?"

"Does he not! Brownie may be small, but his habitation asserts itself over more than half my seat. However, I am pledged to let him share it until one of the others comes to relieve guard. My charge is much too precious to be trusted on a seat by itself."

Gladys laughed as she glanced downwards and steadied the cage with her hand. She was as faithful to her promise made to the twins as if the fate of a kingdom had depended on the sparrow's preservation.

"What is Jack after now?" asked Mr. Oakley.

"A second and premature inspection of the luncheon basket. He and Janet have been twice overcome with hunger since we started. Happily there is a larger basket besides the one to which the children have access."

"No wonder they are hungry. They were far too excited to eat much breakfast, and are not so much greedy as making up for lost time. I am beginning to sympathise with Jack and Janet," said Mr. Oakley, looking about for that second basket.

It was soon forthcoming, and Allan and Dorothy began to display its contents, and Mr. Oakley called upon the rest to form themselves into a committee to discuss supplies. The inhabitants of the saloon suggested a travelling pic-nic party, and there was almost as much fun and as many blunders as are supposed to be the proper accompaniments of out-door repasts.

As they chatted merrily the train sped onwards, and they caught keener breezes and salt smells suggestive of the sea, followed by glimpses of Morecambe Bay with its wide sands and silver tide glistening in the sunlight. Still onward, the scenery becoming bolder and barer and the mountains higher, until the white sheep on the slopes became like mere specks as the train swept past them.

Hilda confessed that she was enjoying a new experience, and was delighted with the picturesque beauty of the route. Whether her uncle's story had produced the intended effect or not, certain it is that she uttered no grumbling word either about the length of the journey, or because she was travelling to the north, when she had hoped to go southward.

No face was brighter, no voice more cheery than hers, and, for once, she contributed her full share of sunshine to the family stock.

As they alighted to change carriages at Penrith, Hilda was the centre of admiring eyes. Who could help giving a second glance at that beautiful animated countenance with its almost perfect features? The delicate oval face with its rich, but not too deep colour, the well-fringed hazel eyes that seemed capable of the most varied expression,

though now sparkling with enjoyment, and the tall lithe figure, made a picture of charming girlhood, which seemed to bespeak indulgent affection.

Hilda's wealth of golden brown hair—fitting ornament and glory of woman—rippled in natural waves over her shapely young head, and was coiled into a thick coronet, which might have attracted admiration or perhaps a sigh of envy from any girl less prodigally endowed.

There was not, however, much time for lookers on to admire, for they were soon seated in the Keswick train and looking forward to the end of their railway journey. Hilda's eager eyes took in new draughts of beauty on this last portion of the road, and watched the windings of the northern Greta which bawls and roars over its rocky bed amid lovely scenery.

"There," said Jack, "that makes twelve. We cross the Greta just a dozen times before we have done with it."

"I am sorry to have done with it," replied Hilda. "Oh dear, how cross I have been about nothing! I do not believe I could care more for Switzerland than for such a neighbourhood as this, and it would not be a bit newer to me. Uncle Edward, I feel quite penitent for having grumbled so unreasonably." And reaching across the carriage she drew his iron-gray head towards hers and held up her face for a forgiving kiss.

Mr. Oakley clasped the bright girl in his fatherly arms, and there for a few moments she nestled like a petted child. Next, springing up with a laugh which had a suggestion of a tear in it, Hilda persisted in embracing her aunt and the girls; then folding her hands meekly she gave Allan a submissive little bob of a curtsey by way of including him in this general expression of penitence for past ill-temper and grumbling.

"Now," she cried, "I have made peace with everybody but myself, and I am going to be good, or at least as good as I can. You must all help me. Gladys must teach her secret for perpetual sunshine. Dorothy must impose a fine whenever I apply the term 'common' to any of the dirty youngsters, or shabby men and women whose champion she is, and whose society she cultivates and enjoys."

"I shall hold you to your promise of visiting their homes with me, and then you will never call them by that name again," said Dorothy.

"That must be when we go back to the Hey. People must be different in this delightful country, where there are no 'works' and no dirt. I daresay I shall find the children, if there are any, pretty and kissable."

"What is to be my part?" asked Allan.

"Oh, you must remind me to study that portion of agriculture in which the spade plays a prominent part. When I see a man digging and delving I shall inquire whether his implement bears the Brinnington brand. If it does, I shall boast of my connection therewith, and say that I am its niece—I mean that my uncle made the spade."

A roar of laughter followed this speech, but Hilda waited quite calmly until it ended, then continued—"As to uncle and aunt, I cannot tell how much they are always doing to help me in the right way, both by words and example. I am not a very satisfactory pupil yet, but——"

Here the girl made a little pause and a comical grimace, as if the next words were difficult to utter, then added, "I will endeavour to remember that there are other people in the world who ought to be considered besides Hilda Cranswick."

The girl looked irresistibly charming as she made this promise, which was more than half a confession; and her face was graver than usual, whilst a little trembling of the lip manifested more feeling than she was wont to display. There was, however, no time to answer, for the train was coming slowly alongside the platform as Hilda ceased speaking.

Probably all the girl's elder fellow-travellers rejoiced as they listened to her words, and hoped that the resolution she had so gracefully expressed in them would prove the seed of good fruit to come.

There was now only a drive of a few miles, and then the travellers would reach Fell Foot Hall, but they were not to arrive at their destination without a little unexpected interruption. Stout horses and vehicles with what seemed to Hilda unlimited stowage capacity awaited the Oakleys at Keswick, and after a brief interval for cording and adjusting of baggage, they started on their last stage.

Fair Derwent Water blushed with the reflected warmth of the western sky, and her guardian mountains, so gracefully grouped around, caught the bright rays of the setting sun and flung them back in ever-varying tints. Each turn of the road showed some new phase of Nature's fair handiwork, and aroused greater enthusiasm in Hilda.

The drivers stopped occasionally to rest their horses, for the roads were steep in many places. Up they crawled, down they hurried at such a rate, that break and drag were in constant request.

During uphill progress the young people were out of the carriages, rifling the hedges of their floral treasures, and revelling in the perfumes of woodbine and wild rose. All but Gladys, who gathered few of the fair blossoms, but held them tenderly and caressingly, as she gazed with a happy face on their wild loveliness.

"I do not like to pluck them by handfuls just to throw them away," said the girl, as Dorothy and Hilda compared the size of their nosegays with hers. "It always seems to me such a pity to destroy such beautiful life for nothing."

This remark evidently made a new impression on the minds of her companions, for, after this, they contented themselves with the spoils already gathered, but plucked no more.

Half the distance had been accomplished when Mr. Oakley joined the girls by the wayside. "Now, dears," said he, "take your seats for the rest of the drive. We shall be going down hill for some distance, and I want Allan and his party to go steadily on without further stoppages. Their carriage contains sundry essentials for a perfect high tea, the most enjoyable of meals after a long journey, so it will be well for it to arrive a little in advance of ours."

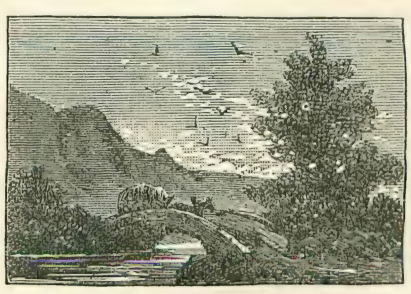
To hear was to obey, and the larger vehicle was filled and off before Mr. Oakley took his seat in the second carriage.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

ELDERBERRY WINE. — Let the berries when ripe be picked from stalks and placed in large earthen jars, not more than two-thirds filled; then tied down, covered with paper, and baked in a very slow oven. When baked, to every two quarts of juice add three quarts of water, three pounds coarse foots sugar; boil it, and free the liquor of all slime. Pour it through a sieve into a tub to cool. When cold put in some yeast, and let it work in the tub for two days. Then barrel it, and after a week, when it has ceased working, add one pound of raisins to each gallon. The raisins should be chopped, not too small, and before stopping up the cask put in two ounces of isinglass; let the wine stand till January or February before bottling. This wine is made without spice, because the flavour of the fruits is so improved by baking, it is not needed. This is a very valuable recipe from Holland, and the wine is a very generous and rich cordial, perfectly unlike the elder wine generally made in England.

GHIAC.—A Norwegian dish, useful to make a pretty lunch dish out of odds and ends of meat. Take one pound of cooked meat, of which one quarter should be fat, and mince it. Take a large round of bread two inches thick, and pour over it sufficient hot beef tea, gravy, or stock of soup to soak it; when well soaked pound it in a mortar into a smooth batter. Beat one (or two) eggs well, and add them to the meat; also sauce according to taste, and seasoning of pepper and salt. Mix well all the ingredients together with the bread. Take a shaped tin of a size which this will fill, butter it well, press the mixture well down in it, and bake one hour. Let the shape remain in it a few minutes to settle after taking it out of the oven; then turn it out on to a hot dish, sprinkle a few grated breadcrumbs over it, and brown it before the fire in a Dutch oven. When well browned, pour over it a rich brown gravy, and serve. Peas, seakale, or broccoli are excellent with it.



A FETE DAY.

BELGIAN GIRLS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Little Bricks," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

THE most important factor in the education of children, and especially of girls, is home influence; and in considering the character of Belgian girls it is only fair to them to say that their home influence is often decidedly bad. In well-regulated families the children are over-indulged and spoilt, and very soon learn to tyrannise over their parents, and this habit clings to them in after years, as we shall see when we come to speak of their school-life. But many Belgian families are unfortunately very much the reverse of well regulated; the *mauvais ménage*, as it is called, is more common than with us. Now a *mauvais ménage* means a household in which the husband and wife live apart, either from incompatibility of temper or for other causes, and it can easily be understood such a state of affairs can have only a bad effect on the children, so that if we find Belgian girls have very grave faults we must not forget that their home influence is often the very reverse of what it should be and happily generally is among our English girls.

In appearance the Belgian girls are usually fair, substantial in figure, with fresh complexions and quantities of glossy brown hair, which, regardless of the apostolic counsel, they wear very much plaited, especially for the evenings, when the hairdresser is called in to dress it. They are often handsome, with a cold statuesque beauty amounting to stolidness and, in some cases, degenerating into the Rubens type of woman. They are famed for the indolence which invariably accompanies this kind of beauty; their faces have not much expression, and there is a want of spirituality in them which is rather remarkable when we reflect that there is a good deal of the artistic nature innate in the Belgian girl.

They have plenty of taste in dress; here, for example, the artistic nature peeps out. They are very neat outwardly, and there is an appearance of far more refinement about them than they really possess. Like most foreigners their love of the bath is not so great as it might be with advantage. They pay special attention to their boots and gloves, but they are too fond of wearing jewellery in the morning to suit our English notions of good taste. Their peasant sisters wear the costume of the country, a short woollen petticoat, with a cotton jacket reaching to the waist, and a close fitting white muslin cap. They too are very trim about the feet, which are covered with thick woollen stockings and wooden sabots; on Sundays and *fête* days they wear fine cashmere handkerchiefs handsomely embroidered with coloured silks on their heads, and, near Antwerp, long golden earrings, which are heirlooms. In Flanders and Brabant it is still the fashion for Belgian ladies to go to early mass and to market in a brown cloth cloak called a "capuchin," with a hood which is drawn over the head, and makes a picturesque and becoming costume. Among very old-fashioned people ladies appear in the morning in a cotton wrapper instead of a dress, for economy's sake; but this slovenly fashion is happily dying out, and the modern Belgian girl does not follow it.

Belgian girls are rarely educated at home, but are sent either to a convent or a boarding-school. At the latter there is usually a sprinkling of English and Dutch girls among the scholars. It is scarcely needful to warn English parents not to send girls to a Belgian school, or, indeed, any foreign school, without due inquiry. At school the bad effects of their home discipline soon manifest themselves, for while they stand in great awe of the head-mistress and are respectful enough to her, to the under teachers they are ruder than rude, utterly wanting not only in respect

but in common courtesy also. They treat these subordinates as inferior beings only fit to be trampled on. They are very lazy, and it is only with driving that they can be made to work at all. They are not intellectual, but they have talent and taste for music and painting; they often draw and sketch remarkably well, and they are exceedingly clever with their hands in all manner of needlework, especially in lace making and embroidery, while they knit from the time they can hold the needles in their childish hands till they are too old and infirm to do anything else.

They have a great talent for acting and masquerading, and are exceedingly fond of it; they indulge and cultivate this taste at school by getting up plays and proverbs at the end of the term, and when they leave school fancy balls and theatricals are a favourite form of amusement. Their artistic talent shows itself here in the taste and skill with which they get up such entertainments. They are very fond of pleasure and excitement, and of a frivolous kind of pleasure, too; and even while at school they constantly go to balls and parties. During the summer these balls are often given at the seaside, and the girls, allowed leave of absence to attend them.

Fête-days are a great element in the life of a Belgian girl. As is the case in all Roman Catholic countries, the *fête* day takes the place of our birthday, the *fête*-day being the day of the saint after whom the person is named, and they have a very pretty custom of sending bouquets of flowers to their friends on their *fête*-days; these bouquets are piled upon a table, and if the person be popular the room is filled with them. There are two great *fêtes* which come during the winter, and are observed in the schools as well as at home—the *fêtes* of St. Nicholas and St. Thomas. St. Nicholas is the same as Santa Claus of Germany; he makes his appearance on his day about dusk, clad in a white robe, with a bishop's mitre on his head and a crosier in one hand, and a basket of presents in the other. He is seen descending a ladder placed for his convenience in the garden or courtyard, which is lighted up with Bengal lights for the occasion, his advent being heralded by a penny trumpet blown in some mysterious corner by a servant bribed to perform that part of the ceremony. When the generous saint reaches the ground he is relieved of his basket by some elder girl bold enough to approach his holiness, and the gifts are then distributed to the rest of the party; these gifts are, for the most part, sweets and gingerbread models of the saint.

By the way, Belgian girls are passionately fond of bonbons, and are very greedy over them; they never go to Brussels or any large town without buying a large box of sweets, and they think nothing of spending five or six francs on them at a time. Indeed, we have heard of a family of five sisters who returned to school with one hundred francs' worth of sweets after a day's outing.

But to return to the saints. On St. Thomas's day the aim and object of a Belgian girl's life is to lock some one, and the more important the person the better, up in a room, and only to release the prisoner when he or she has promised to give the jailor some treat, such as to take them to a concert, or give them an outing of some kind, and this promise is always kept. Would that they were equally honourable in greater matters, but, alas! untruth is the most terrible fault of the Belgian girl. They don't know the meaning of the word truth, and they never hesitate to tell a story if it suits their purposes. They will deny a fault in the most barefaced way, and invent any story to get them out of a scrape, or they will stand still and see others punished for their misdoings when a word from them would save them. Happily, in Belgian schools, English girls have earned a character for truthfulness, so that it is no uncommon thing to hear it said, "Oh, if an English girl says so and so, it is sure to be true," whereas if a Belgian said it the chances are ten to one it is false. *J'ai menti* is as certainly a part of all their confessions to the priest as the formula itself, and is thought little or nothing of by either priest or penitent. The Belgian girls being Roman Catholics are required to go to confession at certain intervals; but, odd to say, there is frequently an amicable rivalry between them when preparing for confession, as to who has the most sins to confess. If A has twenty-two, B says she must try and find another sin, as her list only contains twenty-one. They are com-

THE PROMENADE.

TYPES OF BELGIAN GIRLHOOD.

pletely in subjection to the priests, who restrict their reading so much that at a competitive examination the Protestants have a far greater chance than the Romanists, and invariably carry off the prize. For the most part, from the fact that so many books are forbidden fruit to them, these girls grow up remarkably ignorant and empty-headed, and, having no inward resources to fall back upon, they give themselves up, when they leave school, to gaiety and gossip. And yet many of them are very devout. Their religion may be very erroneous, but none the less they believe firmly all they are taught; they observe strictly all the fasts of the Church, and they are very charitable, visiting the poor and the sick, clothing the naked, and frequently paying for the education of the ignorant.

Brussels being one of the smallest European capitals is also the most gossiping; society is on such a small scale, and though divided into cliques, the cream of one clique is sure to know the fag-end of the clique next above it, and the consequence is an appalling amount of gossip and scandal is talked at the evening tea-parties. Tea-party, by the way, is a misnomer, tea being seldom drank, except in case of illness; coffee is the usual beverage, and during its consumption the conversation flows freely on such interesting themes as Baroness B.'s new bonnet, its probable price and its suitability to the wearer's age and appearance, the last engagement, the *mauvais ménage* of the C.'s, the why and the wherefore of it—which if no one knows, someone probably invents—the fearful extravagance of Madame D. and the supposed state of her husband's exchequer, the number of Countess E.'s servants, their wages, their duties, and the manner in which they perform them, the awful impropriety of an English girl actually seen walking in the Park on Sunday with a gentleman who finally turns out to be her brother, etcetera, etcetera, and so it goes on night after night, and yet no one seems to tire of it.

But we are anticipating; all this happens after the girls have left school and have developed into introduced young ladies, and yet, as school is in itself a little world, there, too, a great deal of gossip and scandal goes on; there are cliques there as in the world, and there is a system of spying and reporting to headquarters prevalent in Belgian schools.

Belgian girls are fond of tremendous friendships, called bundschas. Almost every girl has a bundscha with another girl. While it lasts—and as a rule it lasts a very long time—the girls are inseparable, and behave as absurdly as engaged people are wont to do, without the same excuse. There is little, if any, harm in these bundchas – indeed, there is some good in them, for a girl who has a bundscha is not likely to have any real or imaginary love affairs, which, while they are at school, are very undesirable things. In Belgium more liberty is allowed to young men in the choice of their wives and to engaged people generally than is the case in France, but here, as there, marriages are frequently arranged by the parents without consulting the principal parties, and though a girl can, if she choose, say no to a proposal of marriage, yet, as a rule, she does not do so, knowing very well that if she does the chances are she must either become a nun or remain unmarried for the rest of her days, for numbers of Belgian girls do not marry; those who have no money never do. Dowry is always the chief consideration in choosing a wife of a Belgian gentleman, especially if he be an officer, for in that case his position is assured, and all he wants is money to keep it up, and even if he be of noble birth he will be content with a rich bride from the upper bourgeoisie.

When a Belgian girl leaves school her life is, for the most part, spent in a round of gaiety, balls, concerts, theatricals, masquerades, theatres, and promenades in the park or the Bois de la Cambre, where all the *élite* meet daily, but particularly on Sunday, when the park is the rendezvous of the upper classes, who turn out to see and criticise each other. The more serious moments of the Belgian girl will be spent in lace-work, embroidery or knitting, varied, perhaps, by drawing, if she happens to have a taste that way, or by music, if her taste lies in that direction. One lowly but useful art they possess to perfection—the art of darning stockings so that it is impossible to detect where they have been mended, and which is called "ramaillage."

It consists in picking up the stitches and re-knitting them with an ordinary sewing needle—no easy task with fine silk stockings.

Reading novels is not one of their vices, though any English novel would be permitted by the strictest parents. The very fact of its being English, or rather translated from English, is considered sufficient guarantee that it contains nothing unfit for a young girl to read; sometimes, consequently, a sensational English novel gets into their hands which many English parents would certainly taboo.

And now, having said a great deal about the faults of the Belgian girls, let us not forget that they have their virtues as well as their vices. They are generally very amiable, bright, good-tempered, cheerful and affectionate; and, as was said at the beginning of this paper, their faults are more the evil results of their education and bringing up than of their nature.

ADOPTED.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER II.

ALLIE.

PRISCILLA FIELDBURN was the only daughter of a respectable Kentish farmer. Her father had been dead three years, and had left his family ill provided for. She had three brothers, two of whom had emigrated to Canada, and the third was bailiff to Squire Nugent, of Brookside Manor. Her mother lived with the latter in a small cottage on the estate her son helped to manage. Priscilla was good and clever, and, when her father died, set to work to perfect herself as a certificated teacher, for which she had long been training by teaching in the day and Sunday schools of her native parish. She had been well educated, besides, and passed her examinations so creditably that she was recommended by her rector to a vacancy in the Board school to which little Allie and the other children went. This was how she resided in London; but she loved the country best.

Her heart was burdened by care for little Allie while she was teaching that afternoon, and she had never before been so delighted as she was when the hour of dismissal came. She went straight to the vicarage, which was not far from the school, and was fortunate in finding the vicar. He went with her at once to Goat's-gardens, telling her on the way that he had seen Looson the day before he died, had found him in a happy frame of mind but resolute not to be removed from his desolate room, where, he said, his wife had passed away and his children were with him. All the neighbours were kind to him, and food had been sent him from the vicarage. The Rev. James Monson was a bright and cheery pastor, but even he grew depressed at times at witnessing the distress he failed to relieve.

"You, who work of an evening in the ragged-school classes," he said to Priscilla, "can judge how difficult it is to minister to the necessities of the thousands of my poor parish."

"I can indeed, sir," she replied; for she was a volunteer teacher and visitor in the district, both on week-day evenings and Sundays, as well as a paid Board school official.

They found Allie very ill. The doctor had been, and had said that she should be either taken to the workhouse infirmary or to a hospital. Margey and Sally were watching her, and striving to make her eat. Mrs. Snarl was engaged in detailing her case to half a dozen women, who, seeing the relieving officer, had "just looked in to learn what it was all about." They cleared out when the vicar entered, but paused to say a word to Priscilla, who was a great favourite with parents as well as children. Little Allie's face also lighted up when she perceived her, but she was too weak to speak.

The vicar soon decided for all parties. He wrote a hasty note, himself fetched a cab, and sent Priscilla off with little Allie to the nearest children's hospital. Mrs. Snarl, Margey, and Sally wept copiously, the former declaring that the child should return to Goat's-gardens as soon as she was well. "And as to Snarl, he wouldn't mind; for he was used to children." She wrapped Allie in her best plaid shawl and placed her in Priscilla's arms, exacting a promise that she should bring her news of the child.

When Priscilla first left the fresh, fair, pure country for the smoky atmosphere of London, she little knew what the change meant. She had been accustomed to visit her poor neighbours in their healthy, airy, neat cottages, and to nurse their clean, tidy children; but when she first breathed, or tried to breathe, the stifling and impure gases of some of the houses round about her school, she thought she must have fainted. She got used to it, however, as all must who devote themselves to teach and work in over-crowded cities. Still, when Allie lay against her breast in the narrow cab, ragged, dirty, forlorn, and with the peculiar odour acquired in the slums she had lately frequented, it was as much as she could do to bear the proximity. How she rejoiced when she reached the large, airy hospital, presented her credentials to the secretary, and was admitted with her charge! She inquired for her friend, Sister Frances, who came at once, and they carried the half-insensible Allie through the broad passages, up the great stone staircase, and into a room where a doctor came to see her.

"The usual complaint—starvation," he said, and Sister Frances knew what to do.

Priscilla was allowed to remain while Allie was restored to consciousness, and so much revived by proper means, that she fixed her large eyes on her friend, smiled, and murmured "Teacher." Priscilla helped to strip off the rags, place her in a warm bath, disentangle the matted hair, and put on the knitted vest, nightgown, and scarlet bodice ready for the small patients. What a transformation! Priscilla scarcely knew the child in that cheerful and becoming attire, and Allie whispered to her confidentially, "Isn't it nice, teacher?" Truly she had not been so clean and well tended since her poor mother died.

Sister Frances carried her tenderly into one of the great wards, and Priscilla followed. They placed her in a cot surrounded by scores of other cots, all containing children of various ages adorned with red jackets. It was no wonder she looked about her astonished. The large and lofty room, the numerous half-open windows, the white-aproned, kindly nurses, and, above all, the patients, were revelations.

"How nice it smells, teacher," she said, as Priscilla sat down by her cot while Sister Frances went to fetch some milk.

"Violets and primroses!" cried Priscilla, ecstatically.

"What's them, teacher?" asked Allie.

"You shall see when you get better," replied Priscilla, as Sister Frances came back with the milk, which Allie drank greedily.

"She does not know what violets are," said Priscilla, and Sister Frances fetched a glass containing a bunch from a table.

"These are the first we have had from our kind flower-mission ladies in Kent," she said, giving three or four to little Allie.

The child scented them, and burst into tears.

"Snip told me about them. Will you bring him here, teacher? I wish father had some," she said.

"You had better go now," whispered Sister Frances to Priscilla, who kissed Allie and promised to look for Snip.

The child put her arms round her neck, returned her embrace, and said, "Is this heaven, teacher?" and, almost before Priscilla left her side, fell asleep.

As Priscilla glanced down the long, beautiful ward, she felt that it must be almost like heaven to the afflicted children who came there from the courts and alleys of the great city, and she thanked God that He had inspired man with the thought of providing such a place for His suffering little ones.

When she returned to Goat's-gardens she met old Snarl, who was setting off on his perambulations with his potato-oven.

"How's the little gurl?" he asked. "His reverence is the cove for my money. Al'ays knows what to do in a fix. We go to his church most Sunday evenings, 'cause he looks in upon us quite 'umble like, and we send the kids to his Sunday-school. Let the little gurl come back to my missus from orspital for a bit, not for long though, for we can't afford it. Like a baked potato, miss? No call to pay for it. Hot's the word."

Before Priscilla could accept or decline this generous offer, Snarl had picked his largest potato from the stove and presented it with a bow to Priscilla, who was too well-mannered to refuse it. Hot it certainly was, and she was obliged to receive it in her handkerchief.

"'Tis a whopper!" said Snarl, admiringly. "Take a bit of salt and pepper."

"I think I will eat it at home, thank you. I am very much obliged to you," replied Priscilla.

"Quite welcome," said Snarl, trundling off his oven.

Priscilla found Mrs. Snarl and "the kids" at supper; that is to say, finishing the meal which had been laid for Snarl. He had, apparently, been enjoying a cup of ale and a herring, while the others had tea and bread and treacle, but without the intermediate plates.

"Snarl works hard, miss, and must be supported," said his wife, apologetically, when Priscilla had given Allie's little history. "You works hard, too. Have a cup o' tea, my dear. Now, you must. I won't take no refusals, if you'll condescend."

Again, before Priscilla could accept or de-

cline, the arm chair was placed for her, dusted by Mrs. Snarl's apron, a cup and saucer was produced from an antiquated dresser and also wiped by the same garment, and she was seated at the board. But Sally had ideas, and brought from some hidden store a plate, which she placed before Priscilla with the words, "'Tis quite clean, teacher," as if she understood her repugnance to the cup and saucer. It must be confessed that when Mrs. Snarl's back was turned, Priscilla had wiped the cup with the corner of her mantle. When pressed to eat, she said she would prefer the potato which Mr. Snarl had kindly given her, and accordingly laid that brown-coated vegetable on the plate. It was a fine, mealy specimen, and having broken the skin, she had no compunctions as regarded the interior. She got through it and the tea somehow, resolving to inculcate in her pupils more and more strongly lessons of neatness, cleanliness, and thrift, for she knew it was the rising generation who would make or mar the future.

"Always glad to see you, my dear," said Mrs. Snarl, when she rose to take leave. "You'll come and tell us when you goes to the orspital? I feels like a mother to that poor child."

That Jack-off-all-trades, the apron, was now at her eyes, and finally wiped her hand before she presented it to Priscilla, who was not sorry when she left Goat's-gardens and found herself on her way to her lodging. She had a comfortable room in the small house of a married Board school teacher, and this was truly a contrast to the abode she had left. Here were her books, working-materials, photographs, and other treasures, which she had brought from her Kentish home to adorn her one apartment. She was not much in it, for she was active-minded, and found constant work the best antidote for weariness of spirit. Not only did she teach in the Board school as one who must thus earn her livelihood, but she devoted most of her evenings, and such portions of Sunday as remained to her when the church services were over, to helping to teach the ignorant or improve the condition of the poor. Bible in hand, she lost no opportunity of pointing out the only way of helping both soul and body to newness of life.

The following morning she met Mr. Monson, and told him what she had done for Allie. He said that he would not lose sight of the child, having promised her father to do what he could for her and Snip. "But," he added, "one sees how difficult it is even to keep one's eye on children who slip away from us in some imaginary alarm—at sight of a policeman, or instilled fear of the workhouse. It is awful to think what may have become of the boy."

"His parents were once God-fearing people, sir," said Priscilla, "and he will not be deserted."

In this simple faith she wrote to her mother an account of her meeting with little Allie, of Looson's death, and the loss of his boy.

Visiting-days at the hospital were not frequent, but she found that she might go on Sundays, and she accordingly walked there on the afternoon of the following Sabbath. As she entered the ward she saw many poor mothers and fathers seated by the side of their children, and heard a happy hum of voices as the young patients detailed their little histories.

She felt almost as if she were one of them when she was greeted by Allie with an emphatic, "Oh, teacher! I am so glad!" and sat down by her cot to talk to her. She had an album full of Scripture pictures and hymns on her bed, and looked calm and happy. She was so, in fact, for she did not suffer much. What they feared for her was consumption consequent on exposure, for she had a bad cough. It would be long before she could leave the hospital, if ever, the doctors said.

"Teacher, have you found Snip?" she asked, rising and fixing her eyes on Priscilla.

"Not yet, dear. But we are looking for him. You must pray to God to bring him back to you."

"I do, teacher. I say, 'Our Father, take care of Snip.' He was a good boy, teacher, and only ran away 'cause father said we should never go to the workus. It was the bobby frightened us when we lost one another. May he go and see the pretty flowers with me, when you have found him?"

"I hope so, dear. You are quite happy and comfortable here?"

"Oh yes, teacher. Everybody is so kind, and there are pretty books and playthings, and thin bread and butter, and milk, and nice meat. I wish father had been here. But some of us are very bad, and can't help crying. But I haven't cried once, and Sister said I was a good little girl, and should soon get up and have tea at the long table up there. Them little girls that are better, come and play with me, 'ticular that one on crutches."

Priscilla looked at the child indicated, and saw that she was amusing one of the bedridden by turning over the leaves of a picture-book, and so calling up smiles from a wan face. She could not help musing on the many ways of usefulness opened out for young and old in this nineteenth century. Here were the stricken little ones cared for by Christian benevolence, and even means to divert them from their sufferings afforded by kind young people, who made them albums they delighted in; while the patient semi-convalescents tended the prostrate, and taught more forcibly than sermons how we may all help one another.

"Read me this pretty book, please, teacher," said Allie, and Priscilla read aloud of "Jesus and His love."

Then she told Allie of what her Saviour had done for her, and the little girl folded her thin hands, and answered—

"That's what father said gentle Jesus had done for him."

When Priscilla's time was up, and she rose to go, Allie put her thin arms round her neck, and whispered—

"I'm quite happy, teacher. Come again soon, please, and tell me if you have found Snip."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Little Wanderers. Song, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—The words are pathetic, but the idea is not original; the music is imbued with true pathos, and the refrain, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," is majestic and grand.

Reflection. Trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor. Words by Tom Moore. Music by Henry Guy.—A charming trio, the melody commencing with the tenor and taken up by contralto and soprano, ending with effective harmonies. The trio will be welcomed in the drawing-room.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Waggon Bells. Words by Miss D. Blomfield. Music by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff.—We are much impressed with the characteristic style of this song; it is very tuneful, and free from all difficulties.

F. PITMAN.

The Forest Queen. Glee. Words from an old English ditty. Music composed by H. Round.—A glee for five male voices, of a pastoral character. Melodious and well-written, with an obbligato pianoforte accompaniment.

Hours of Beauty. Descriptive glee. Music composed by H. Round.—A glee likewise for five male voices, with obbligato pianoforte accompaniment, reminding us rather of Sir Henry Bishop, than whom, however, a better model could not be found.

Merlin; or, the Charmèd Oak. Cantata. Words by Mrs. H. Van Landeghem. Music composed by H. Van Landeghem.—A cantata for mixed voices with chorus, containing sixteen numbers of simple vocal writing, and a pretty introduction.

Twenty Popular Scotch Songs. Selected and arranged by T. Crampton.—A useful selection.

Gems of Moral Song for Home and School. Part II.—A very useful little book for simple choral singing, each number having the Tonic Sol-fa in addition to the ordinary notation.

Six Original Duets for Two Violins. By Carl Hause.—We can thoroughly recommend these duets, which are well-written and of moderate difficulty.

Collection of Celebrated Violin Duets in Eight Books. Selected, progressively arranged, and edited by J. T. Carrodus.—Nothing could be better than this collection, which contains gems by Spohr, Kalliwoda, Viotti, Pleyel, Gebauer, and Derckum. All violin students should have them, the progressive arrangement rendering them still more valuable.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Crowning the Seasons. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Joseph S. Roeckel.—A fresh, sprightly, and pretty song; both words and music deserve a favourable notice at our hands.

Children's Vows. Song. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—A simple and interesting song; easy. Poetry and music harmonising as regards accompaniment.

The Brocade Gown. Words by Sydney Lever. Music by Charles Marshall.—A legend of an old chest, most appropriately and pleasingly set; the *Tempo di Minuetto* in the second part is thoroughly in keeping with the poetic sentiment.

Answered. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Walter A. Slaughter.—A very good and simple setting of pretty and well written words; will be welcomed by many of our young friends.

You Say. Words by Courvoisier de Courcelles. Music by C. Templeman Speer.—The sentiment of this song is well expressed, and the music is tuneful.

Message Bienvenu. Morceau caracteristique pour le piano. Par Louis H. Meyer.—A taking little pianoforte solo, which well sustains the reputation of the author.

Measure. Composed for the pianoforte by Michael Watson.

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
"Now dance we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

Ninon. Impromptu pour piano. Par Michael Watson.

Both these pieces are effective, though not difficult; they are sure to be welcomed by amateurs.

LYON AND HALL.

The night has a thousand eyes. Words by F. W. Bourdillon. Music by Phœbe Otway.—A most remarkable contralto song, not to be understood by a casual glance or a first trial. It requires some study both in the accompaniment as well as the vocal part, to bring out the depth of feeling evidently required by the composer.

SIGNORINA TERESINA TUA.

TERESINA TUA is too old to be considered a juvenile prodigy, yet sufficiently youthful for her talent to be reckoned of a higher order than it might otherwise be. When scarcely fifteen years of age this young artiste made her first appearance in Germany, where, in Berlin —as afterwards in Dresden, Leipzig, and Vienna—she created quite a sensation.

In Leipzig she played several times, and invariably drew a full house, and even at the world-renowned concerts at the Gewandhaus, where she lately appeared, she met with marked success. Such a *début* is in itself significant, for without considerable talent it would scarcely have been possible. Her gifts are, indeed, acknowledged by all. The style and manner in which Teresina Tua renders works such as Bruch's First Concerto, or the celebrated polonaise by Vieuxtemps, and the like, inspires respect, not only for her musical knowledge, but also for the sentiment which her performance eloquently expresses. The sweetness of her *cantilena* recalls Sarasate, whom, in many of the technicalities of the art —the *pizzicato*, *flageolet*, &c.—she successfully emulates. Sarasate has written several pieces for the purpose of developing a special style of rendering, which, naturally, Teresina Tua plays, and with the happiest results.

Far-seeing musical critics, as a matter of course, recommend her to complete her *répertoire* by extending it to the classical masterpieces of Spohr, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, etc. Will she attain proficiency in these? A trial lately made at a Mendelssohn concert seems to answer in the affirmative. Yet, though she should continue to pursue the track she formerly followed, the public will hardly lose their confidence in her, especially should she learn the secret of ensuring perpetual youth, for it cannot be denied that her pleasing appearance, her childlike *naïveté* and amiability, contribute not a little to her success.

Teresina Tua is an Italian by birth, being a native of Turin, where she was born of poor parents in 1868. Her father and mother, both very musical, may possibly have prematurely awakened and forced the talents born with the child, for when still in her seventh year she played in public. Her principal studies were pursued at the Conservatoire at Paris, where she had Massard for her master. After leaving this she gave concerts in Spain and Italy, exciting everywhere the greatest enthusiasm.

COOKERY.

A Yorkshire Lass.—It has been believed by some that the injunction given in the 29th verse, chap. xv., of the book of Acts, was only designed to meet the natural prejudices of the Jewish converts amongst the early Christians, who were bound by the Law of Moses to abstain from such things; but a large proportion of religious people in the present day regard the command as equally binding now as ever. Individual consciences must decide on this point. At least, we should say, as a general rule, it is better to deny yourself (if in this case it could be a denial) than ever run the least risk of breaking any Divine law. Multitudes have the strongest objection to such food on purely hygienic principles, as well as on religious grounds.

Julia.—We think that the best way of dressing "calves' livers" is to lay them neatly sliced in a buttered stew-pan, having been sprinkled with pepper and salt, and lay in with them some rashers of fat bacon. Then chop up a small shalot and a teaspoonful of parsley very finely, and sprinkle them all over the liver. The pan should be closely covered and placed on a very moderately hot fire; or, if on a hot range, it should be set on an iron stand, so as to prevent its simmering and so becoming hard. It will be ready for use in about an hour and a half; then take it up, and cover it on a hot dish while you boil the bacon in the gravy for about two minutes, and then pour all over the liver and serve at once. Thus cooked, it will be found digestible for persons unable to take it when fried in the ordinary way.

Maggie.—We are much obliged, but regret that the recipes are of no service to us.

Ethel Grey.—We think, as you require so many recipes, that you had better write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for a copy of the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," 1s.

A. J. E.—The meat should come to table first, of course, unless you have soup or fish, or both. A hot water dish or dish cover will keep it hot quite long enough. We do not exactly understand what your friend proposed to send in first, instead of the meat.

Madcap is thanked for the two pretty cards and the recipe for biscuits, which we subjoin. The works are by no means suitable for you. Never read any book without previously asking your mother's opinion about it, and her permission to do so. Recipe for Sweet Biscuits.—Take half a pound of butter, ten ounces of white powdered sugar, three eggs, and as much flour as will enable you to roll it out into a paste suitable for biscuits, without being too stiff. Cut them out with a tumbler, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Agnes Milton.—The addition of half a drachm of "turmeric powder" to each pound of the baking powder will convert it into egg powder.

May Wedderburn.—Read the articles on "How to Cook Fish," pages 362 and 506, vol. iii. Haddock should be stewed, not boiled, which usually spoils it. Whiting is very good when baked in the oven.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Bobinia.—As regards the time taken in digestion, pork stands very low, taking five hours and fifteen minutes. Beefsteak broiled takes three hours, and mutton boiled three hours. Veal cutlets four hours and a half, and broiled veal four hours. Boiled rice and tripe are the quickest of anything in digesting, occupying only one hour. Raw eggs one hour and a half, and ripe apples, raw, take the same time. Milk boiled takes two hours, and raw milk a little longer. Baked potatoes, two hours and a half, and boiled potatoes three hours and a half. These tables are founded on the famous experiments of Dr. Beaumont, and are taken from Combe's "Physiology of Digestion."

May Clifford. — "Bay-salt" is salt obtained by evaporation from sea-water, contained in shallow tanks, by the action of the sun. It is course, and of a dark grey colour, and contains iodine, bromine, and the salts which are soluble in sea-water. There is no doubt that meat, when cured with bay-salt, has a superior flavour, and is mellower than that which is cured with common or "rock-salt." Bay-salt is obtained from the salt marshes on the coast of the Mediterranean, and on the coasts of France and Portugal. Rock-salt is obtained from brine springs, and from the salt mines; the principal being in Cheshire, where the supply seems inexhaustible.

ART.

A Would-be Artist.—Both the National Art Training School, South Kensington, and the Female School of Art, 43, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., would suit you. The latter we think the best. Applications for admission, for a prospectus, or other information must be made at the school.

Want to be an Artist.—Of course you can sell your paintings and drawings when original. We do not know what you mean by "oil paints being sold ready mixed!" They are sold at any artists' colourman's in tubes, ready for painting, in the same way as moist water-colours are ready for use. We should advise you to attend a school of art. There are female evening classes at most of them, the terms being £1 per session of five months, three evenings in the week.

Peony.—You may clean the old picture from its dirt by carefully rubbing it with a raw potato cut in two; wash off with a sponge and cold water afterwards.

A Subscriber from the Birth of the "G.O.P."—We think the fault is in the medium you employ for painting with, and you do not use enough. You will see that the article on glass painting has appeared.

A Tantonian.—You will find a suggestion respecting picture-frames made of grasses, moss, and flowers under "Varieties," at page 46, vol. ii. Also at page 447, vol. i., in the answer to Agnes. Why not buy an "Oxford" frame and decorate it?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Editor begs to thank Lucy, Annie (Isle of Wight), and Margaret Colfox for the kind presents of flowers sent to him by parcels post.

Pencil Box.—"Xmas" is an abbreviation of "Christmass," or "Christmas," the "X" being the initial letter of the word "Christ" in Greek; standing for "Ch," or "Chi." You write very nicely.

Tortoise.—Your friend may be "clever" and yet ill-taught in syntax. She should make herself a little better acquainted with the subjunctive and conditional moods. This time at least your friend may "take a leaf out of your book." We advise her to study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus. It is a great satisfaction to us to hear that you appreciate the religious advice given in this paper. Your writing promises well.

E. Whitehead had better read a "Plea for Vegetables versus Drugs," page 445, vol. iv. We must offer you our best wishes for your happiness.

A Reader of The Girl's Own Paper.—We think your own sense of what was proper would lead you to say "good morning" on leaving the shop; and also to answer a letter sent to you with such kind intentions.

Achilles.—There is a great deal in will, in the first place, but in order to strengthen your back and help you to hold yourself upright, you should try some douche baths down the back, and use sea salt to bathe and rub it with, in taking your morning's bath. You will find the latter a wonderful strengthener.

A. D. L. A.—1. We should think nourishing food, early hours, bath in the morning, and enough exercise to do you good without much fatigue, with a little cod-liver oil at eleven a.m., would do your health good. Avoid late suppers and too much tea. 2. The lamp globes may be cleaned with soda and water, or with tea leaves.

A. G. Latter.—We do not quite believe in the existence of an "unfounded prejudice" on your father's part, as, if he has known the gentleman so long, he probably knows far more about him than you do. Do not, on any account, take so serious a step without consulting your father and mother. You might endeavour to find out from your mother the ground of your father's adverse opinion.

Chippie.—Many thanks for the Buried Words. We regret we have no use for them.

Blonde.—Give the pigeons some water to bathe in, and consult your geography on the last two questions.

H. L. Nippin (Aylesbury).—1. The evening of the 31st October is called "All Hallows," or "Hallowe'en." No young woman who respected herself would allow such a proceeding, nor would she pick up acquaintances in that manner, without an introduction or some previous knowledge of the person's character and life.

Gwendoline and Viola.—All untruth and dishonesty is wrong; and corresponding with one man while you love another comes under both headings. If you intend to marry the man "who cares for you," as you say, and not the man "you care for," you should have a full explanation, and find out whether your lover would wish to marry you on those terms.

Mary W.—Eleme figs are brought from the small village of Eleme, near Smyrna.

Mary.—Dry the wings thoroughly in the oven, but take care that there be no fear of burning them up.

Stephanie, Elsie Glendower, St. Kitts, W. I., One Who is Anxious for an Answer, A One, Chuckie, and Many Others, will find all questions answered concerning index and volumes, at page 207, vol. v. We should be glad if all readers would make a note of this answer.

A Troubled One.—The London Diocesan Deaconesses' Institution, 12, Tavistock-crescent, Westbourne Park, might suit you. Write to the head sister.

Penelope, and A Doubtful One must read two articles on "Lawn-Tennis," pages 9 and 25, vol. iv. The style of "court" depends on circumstances; for playing all the year round of course the asphalte would be best.

Bee.—"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," is not in Shakespeare, but is from Morton's *Cure for the Heartache*.

A. B. C.—There is no method of restoring a faded brown velvet, save re-dying it, which will make it look like new.

Jersey Crapaud. — 1. The poem commencing "Backward flow, backward, O tide of the years," is called "Rock me to sleep, Mother," and was written by Elizabeth Akers. 2. Give the dog the biscuits dry, if he so prefer them, and give him plenty of water to drink.

Gloxinia and Chyoister. — 1. We prefer the specimens written with the fine-nibbed pen. 2. Read "Spots and Stains," in the "Fairy of the Family." We think most girls may learn anything if they choose to give attention and close application to the subject.

Anxious Twenty-two.—We think you had better write and tell your father all the drawbacks to your sister's betrothed lover, and let him write to her on the subject, and say, with great kindness and affection, that as she is so young, and has seen so few people as yet, that she had better wait, and that although he does not forbid the engagement, he could not hear of any marriage until she be twenty or twenty-one. A letter to this effect should also be written direct to the gentleman himself by your father. A clear understanding thus arrived at, you may wait patiently, for it is not unlikely that this anxiety may pass over, and some more acceptable suitor appear.

Sunflower.—See our article on "Mourning Attire," page 398, vol. ii.; also see "Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii. There you will find that the proper mourning for an aunt, according to present usage, consists of two months of crape and one of plain mourning—black. But in all cases of wearing the outward semblance of sorrow much is left to the real feelings entertained, and if great intimacy and affection have existed, there need be no particular limit observed, either as regards material or time, in the mourning worn. 2. Inquire of the drapers where you deal. "Any draper," doubtless, would not have the material, such as one who keeps a small general shop, in a village; but a fairly good one would certainly keep Roman satin, more usually called "satin sheeting," which is sold by the yard or piece.

Desdemona.—Read all our many articles on the subject of good breeding and etiquette. Your question has also been frequently answered in reply to correspondents. 2. Your second question is one of too extensive a scope to be answered in these columns. The first people you name take upon themselves to hold or reject the doctrines and Biblical statements, sometimes under the plea of mistranslations. Their views, however, are not defined, and vary with the private opinion of the individual.

Queenie.—Do not be intimidated by any such threats. You have a guardian besides the Lord Chancellor. Have a confidential interview with him, and confess that you were guilty of a great indiscretion in attempting to engage yourself as a minor still in the schoolroom, and that, having made the discovery of the worthlessness of the man who has taken such a base advantage of your youth and inexperience, you wish to place yourself under your guardian's protection. Otherwise you might adopt this second course:—Write a private letter to the Lord Chancellor himself, simply stating that this person is forcing his company upon you, and that you would feel grateful if he would take steps in your behalf that would save you from any intrusive advances on his part, but without betraying to him the fact of your having applied for protection. We should be glad to hear from you again.

Petronella Stern.—February the 12th was a Thursday, and so were the 19th and 26th in 1874.

Candalaria.—We can suggest no "remedy for talking in your sleep," as you express it, but tying up your chin, so that you cannot open your mouth. 2. Consult the indices for references *à propos* of your complaint.

A Subscriber.—Wash the chain with soap and water and a soft brush, and then dry and shake it in a bag full of boxwood sawdust.

M. L. G.—Your friend needs both rest and medical advice. He should obtain some lessons in the management of his voice when better, so as to employ it with comparatively little fatigue.

JAMES BOOTH.—The state of preservation and the date of issue, besides certain peculiarities of the coinage in reference to the devices on them, all tend to determine their value. Curiosity shops, where second-hand jewellery and silver and other objects of art are sold, are the places where to dispose of coins. Write "Yours respectfully," not "respectively."

EILEEN MACCARTHY.—It is very difficult to find a sale for translations. That of the works of some great Russian author would probably find a purchaser, for the language is so little known, and naturally its literature also. German and French stories are not in favour with the editors of magazines. We do not know the story to which you refer. Your writing is very pretty as well as well-formed.

PUSSY.—You should look for the address amongst the advertisements in the daily newspapers.

M. H. HARRISON.—Your idea of keeping a "hospital bag" in which, as occasion may offer, to throw in scraps of linen or calico rags, old shoes and all disused articles, not available for those who have a nearer claim on you, of which there are always some in every family, is a capital one. We are glad that your children find our paper helpful.

ISABELLA.—1. We regret that we have not space for continually repeating our instructions. If you read the answers to correspondents you will find that many have asked for the same advice and received it. Your digestion needs attention. 2. A small piece of the thin shell of the chestnuts should be cut off when about to boil them, and when ready for use this covering will burst sufficiently to render peeling them with a knife easy.

BOSCOBEL.—It is with regret that we must decline answering any question having reference to the competition. Pursue your investigations a little further in reference to the individual you name. Your letter gratified us much, and we are glad that you have begun to regard "home duties" in a different light since reading our paper. We know that God's providence sends them to us to be fulfilled; many other kinds of employment are self-sought, and may or may not be such as He designed as duties for you.

HIGHLAND MARY is another of our correspondents whose letter does her great credit. If "poor and uneducated," we can congratulate her on being able to spell, to write a clear legible hand, and to express herself well, and in a gracious well-bred manner. 2. Gold is heavier than brass, and the latter has a taste. Goldsmiths test it by applying an acid to it. They would not charge you anything for testing it. The 3rd of June, 1867, was a Monday.

ONE OF THE GIRLS had better wear her short sleeves a little longer on every account, or a trimming of tulle or lace to the elbow. If arms and hands be red by nature, not caused by undue exposure and hard work, we know of no cure for them.

PERPLEXITY.—Much harm to the cause of religion is done by persons, who, holding the extreme views of a small minority in the Church of Christ, endeavour to force the notions of their own particular clique upon other Christians, thus "binding heavy burdens upon them," and "making the heart of them sad, that the Lord has not made sad." Our blessed Lord did go to feasts. Levi made Him a great feast (see St. Luke v. 29), and he went to the feast in Cana of Galilee, and He also recognised our going to them when He said "When thou goest to a feast, sit not down in the highest room," etc. Do not allow yourself to be troubled by persons of this overbearing disposition. They show much presumption and vainglory. Endeavour to make the service of God your chief object in life, and remember that you bear His name in all you do, also that you may pay the miserable "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin," and yet "omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith."

INQUIRER.—You should obtain a biographical dictionary at some lending library. Emanuel Swedenborg, born 1688, was a Swedish baron, who died in London 1772, having written a great many works relative to spiritual manifestations, which he claimed to have had. He was a man of great ability, and after his death a community was formed, basing its principles on his teachings, and they called themselves "the New Jerusalem Church." According to Dr. Cobham Brewer, they maintained that "the Lord Jesus Christ is the only God, and contains a trinity of attributes," besides other views into which we cannot enter.

CROCUS.—The "Plymouth Brethren," or "Bible Christians," or "Derbyites," originated in Plymouth, in the year 1830. You will find a brief sketch of orthodox and unorthodox churches, sects, and denominations of all kinds in Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," edited by Benjamin Vincent, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. We refer all our readers for such information to this authority. 2. "Tested violin strings" must be more satisfactory than those untested. What a feeble question!

LA SŒUR DE JEAN.—Ignorant second-class servants are often very offensive in their manners towards a governess. Be very polite, and always gracious in receiving any services, but avoid all familiarity. You cannot be on equal terms with them, and with your young pupils, in your manners. Never go into the kitchen nor the servants' hall unless sent there, or in the discharge of any special duty. Your writing is pretty, and your English does you great credit.

M. H. J. K. W.—Cocoa is more nutritious than tea or coffee; it exhilarates likewise, and has been found very beneficial to invalids troubled with weak digestions. There is not so much "theine" or nerve powder in cocoa as in tea or coffee. Prepare the "nibs" by pouring boiling water on them, and leaving them to simmer for five or six hours, but not to boil. 2. Under some circumstances no drink is a satisfactory substitute for tea; but for certain persons it should be taken sparingly—that is, either twice, or only once a day, and with milk, if not sugar. Invalids should not take it later in the day than 5 o'clock.

NOVEMBER.—The "Walhalla," or "Valhalla," signifying the Hall of Glory, is a temple erected on the banks of the Danube, near Ratisbon, by Louis, king of Bavaria, and inaugurated in 1842. It was designed to receive the statues and memorials of the distinguished men of Germany, and took twelve years in building. The name is derived from the fabulous meeting-place of Scandinavian heroes after death.

READY, AYE, READY.—Girls are not trained in hospitals to be clerks, but nurses. At 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, the Society for the Employment of Women, provides classes for teaching Book-keeping, without which you would not be eligible for any clerkship. Why mind the laughter of the silly companions whom you name?

A. S. A. G.—We may confidently say that this fear of having committed "the sin against the Holy Ghost" is almost universal at some time or other amongst those who are truly converted. Your letter is full of contradictions, unconsciously written. You say you have been "very sorely troubled with evil thoughts against the Holy Ghost." Is it not an evidence of your love to God that you feel "so troubled" at grieving and offending Him? In fact, you say you "do know that you love Him more than all your loved ones," and "desire to serve Him above everything." What does He say in reply? "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her, for she loved much." Remember what St. Paul relates (1st Cor. xv.) as his own experience, and explaining all thus: "So then, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it." Satan and evil spirits put evil thoughts into our minds to destroy our peace; but these may be banished by prayer, and by reading, to turn your thoughts into another channel. God has granted you faith in Him, love to Him, sorrow at even the thoughts (not to say words or works) that may displease Him; it is enough. Let your thoughts and hopes be centred on Christ, who has said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

SIMPLE SUSIE.—You must write on one side of the paper only. We are gratified by your opinion of this paper, as leading "to a higher life."

HOPEFUL.—Perhaps the use of a cold douche or a good rubbing with sea-salt every morning, and another with oil, might be of service in strengthening your leg. Your writing is good.

MISETOE MAGGIE.—We have already announced to our correspondents that we have ceased to answer questions respecting the hair, the complexion, cosmetics, personal defects, blushing, and nervous shyness. Read what we have said about them before.

A. J. COX.—See our articles on "How to wash and iron," pages 18, 107, 219, vol. ii. You have asked four questions instead of two, and need not have asked any, as all information has already been given. We do not answer within a week of receiving a letter.

EVELYN AND MABEL.—You should say, "I have just wakened up," or "I awoke to find the day far advanced." Also, "The candles lighted the rooms very well;" or, "I lit the fire before leaving." Learn the different conjugations of our English verbs.

G. E. BARRETT.—We fail to see any connection between English clergymen and "Cossacks." The latter consist of a regular army, belonging to Russia, to which empire they became united in 1654. They inhabit the confines of that country, Poland, Tartary, and Turkey, and are employed to defend the Russian frontier. They are dark in complexion, but are not of all the colours which you describe. We never saw a clergyman wearing a "yellow bow on the left shoulder," but we have seen some of them wearing a blue ribbon in a buttonhole.

CHICK.—We believe Mr. Robert Browning has stated that the poem "How I brought the good news from Aix to Ghent" has no foundation in fact, and is purely imaginary. "Tam O'Shanter" is the name of a tale in verse, by Robert Burns.

THE RED ROSE.—The Tay Bridge disaster took place the 28th December, 1879.

NORWOOD.—Write for the summer number, enclosing 6d., and 1d. for postage, to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

H.—What is called "Herod's Temple," was not a *new* temple, but rather a complete repair of the second temple, built by Zerubbabel, which had then stood 500 years. There was no ark in the second temple. What became of it, or whether it was destroyed after it was secreted, does not appear. The Jews think that it will be discovered when their Messiah appears; but the prophet Jeremiah, iii. 16., if they believe his testimony, would destroy this and many similar delusions.

MISERE DOMINE.—"Have mercy, O Lord." The value of the two last foreign coins is just what they are worth in their own countries. The value of the twopenny copper piece of George III., 1797, is from 1s. to 2s. 6d., according to condition.

EVE.—Use a pretty chintz with a small pattern of rose-leaves and flowers, or some tiny wreaths of flowers, for trimming the baby's basinette and basket.

SUNBEAM.—According to the general belief 1,100,000 Jews perished during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. The 8th September, 70 A.D., was the date of the city and temple being sacked and burnt.

ETA.—We should advise you to purchase a border of wall-paper to match the colour of that at present on the wall, but of a dark shade, and cover up the soiled part with it above the wainscot.

M. A. FROST.—1. Knighthood is not hereditary, it dies with its possessor. 2. The heir of large estates or funded property has no power to "assume the title" of the person to whom he succeeds, unless "within the patent." He must be the nearest and eldest male descendant of a titled ancestor, of the same name. For instance, all nearer kinsmen being dead without male issue, the eldest surviving son of a peer's younger son, say a viscount, would be within the patent of that viscountcy in perpetual succession, and would succeed to the honours. But on the mother's side only—however near in blood—there is, with a few exceptions, no natural succession to a title. For instance, say a baronet dies childless, and his nephew, a sister's son, becomes his "heir at law," and claims the estate in equity; he could not claim the title with it, although it is likely that the dignity would be specially granted with it. There is but one title, we believe, that goes with the land in England, and that is the earldom of Arundel, the second title of the Duke of Norfolk, which goes with the castle. Sometimes peers are only created for life, the title dying with them.

VINNIE, ANNIE.—Your digestion is at fault, and you should have medical advice.

SARAH GAMP and BEATRICE should sell their coins at some second-hand silver shop, or place where curiosities are sold.

MAIDA VALE.—"Respect" is a good foundation for love on the part of a wife. If you "do not dislike him" personally, you will probably find your present friendship a sufficient guarantee for happiness in the future, as he loves you and "love begets love." Of course, in your circumstances, more than one serious consideration is to carry its due weight in your decision.

MAUD ISABEL wishes to know "how long this paper will keep in print." Your question is equivocal. A good deal of the G.O.P. is out of print already. She also inquires "what is the best way to keep in health," and "the best way to learn music and other lessons." Does she expect us to train and "coach" her? Has she no governess, school mistress, or masters? and has she no mother or guardian to direct her and regulate her hours, diet, exercise, and medical treatment so as to promote her health? She had better learn how to spell.

POPPIE.—Boys and girls are "infants" by law until they attain the age of twenty-one years; but parents may place them under guardians until some years later if they please.

THEVETTE.—1. We cannot make promises about future articles. 2. The poems of Catherine Fanshawe, the authoress of the enigma on the letter "h," were collected and published in 1876.

SORROWFUL.—As God has "given us all things richly to enjoy" in this beautiful world of His creation, so we believe He intended us to be happy and good. By looking for ever on the "black side," by fretting over things beyond our power to help, and by a thankless acceptance of His constant benefits, and fatherly care and love, we spoil our lives, and we fail to help others as we were intended to do. In the same way we fear death, because we never realise the Fatherhood of God. We think you had better undertake to look out all the texts referring to this last point, write them out and learn them, making it a constant subject of meditation.

JO.—"How to keep a common-place-book," see page 601. vol. iii. The host takes the lady of highest rank down first, the hostess goes last.

TOBY.—We think "Toby" a very good name for a dog. Write to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., for the numbers for October, November, and December, 1882.

BABY AND BIRDIE.—The word "kith," is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word culth, or cyth, which signifies known, or acquainted with. Thus, the phrase you quote, "Neither kith nor kin," means "Neither kithman (acquaintance or friend) nor kinsman" (relative). Pronounce Academician as "A-cad-demishian."

KATINA.—Pythias was a Pythagorean philosopher, who was intimate with Damo, another Pythagorean philosopher. Dionysius the tyrant condemned him to death, and when he requested leave of absence, to settle his affairs, Pythias surrendered himself as surety for him to die in his place should he not return. But Damo returned at the time appointed, and the tyrant was so struck with the faithful devotion of the two friends, that he not only remitted the death penalty, but begged to be allowed to share their friendship, and be admitted to their confidence.

W. A. F. F. T.—We are glad that our dress articles have been of so much service to you, as a young dressmaker, and that the stories have pleased you also. The 9th of October, 1865, was a Monday. Write small round-hand copies.

THE PRIMROSE.

MARK how delicately fair
That primrose of the vale,
It blossoms without toil or care,
And tells a wondrous tale.

Could chance alone such tints combine,
Create so sweet a flower?
No! nothing but the hand Divine
Possesses such a power.

Soon as the wintry storms have fled,
And beauteous spring is seen,
This lovely flow'ret shows its head
To deck the woodlands green.

But when the summer's sun supplies
Gay flowers of richer hues,
This humble beauty droops and dies
Till spring again renews.

Thus when th' appointed morn shall come
Will the redeemed arise,
In the new Eden's deathless bloom,
Sweet flowers of Paradise.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 225. APRIL 19, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

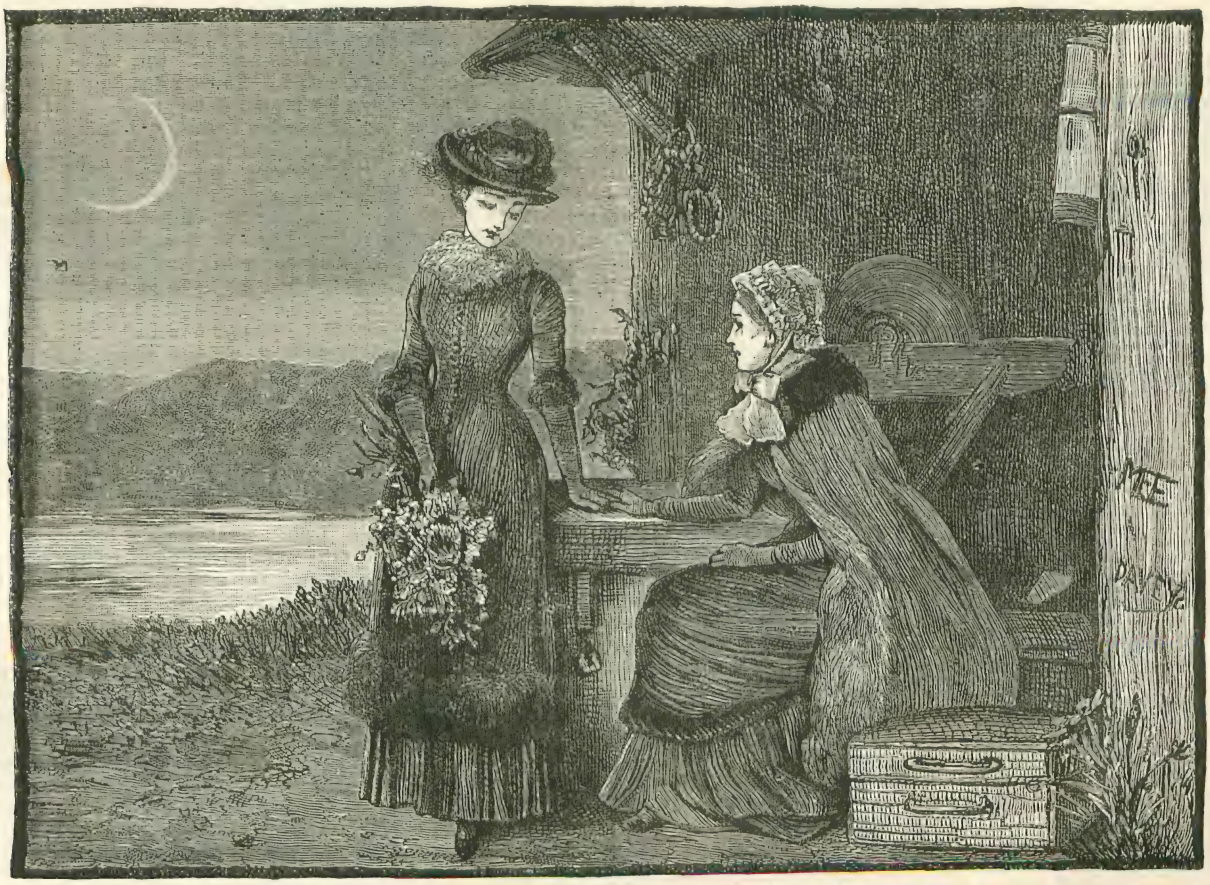
BY RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. AND MRS. OAKLEY, Hilda, Jack, and Janet made up the party in the second carriage, a perfectly new one, of which the driver was particularly proud.

"I was determined you and the mistress should have the first drive in this, sir," he had said when they arrived at Keswick; but he scarcely felt so much satisfaction when, after the rest on the hill, Mr. Oakley drew his attention to the state of the axletree. It was evidently too slight for the combined weight of passengers and luggage, and the last heavy pull up hill had made it bend a little.

They were still more than three miles from Fell Foot Hall. Twilight grey was following the rosy sunset light which had lately bathed earth and sky in a golden glow. It would not become dark through the long summer night, but the distance had to be got over somehow, and they knew for the next two miles there was no



All rights reserved.] "'I AM GLAD YOU HAVE ONLY ONE LISTENER, MY DEAR.'"

place at which they could obtain assistance, the few scattered farms being high on the hill sides.

"I wish I had noticed this axle before the others drove off," said Mr. Oakley. "The young people and I can walk, but Mrs Oakley is not strong enough, and there is the luggage. This wheel is bending inwards already; if we could only reach the smithy we could unload the trap and wait until a fresh carriage was sent for to pick us all up"

The driver looked troubled and doubtful, but would try. The smithy was only a mile and a half from their destination, and there were a couple of cottages close to it Once there the difficulty would be over.

They started again, Mr. Oakley walking beside the carriage and keeping a watchful eye on the wheels, which gradually declined more and more from the upright position. Though they were on the main road for Lake tourists, the last coach had long since passed, and it was getting late even for return carriages.

The young people made light of the walk, and Mrs. Oakley joined them, having laughingly declined to hasten the impending breakdown by remaining in the carriage.

"I shall reach the smithy easily enough. There is so much downhill walking out of the first two miles," she said; "then the baggage and I can wait for another conveyance."

A slight commotion was caused by the twins, who insisted on having their ragged darling under their own charge, lest the cage should come to grief amid the impending wreck; so they carried the sparrow and his habitation by turns at first, and then, following a very ancient example, they slung the cage on a stout stick and carried it between them.

In this order they at length reached the smithy, but only to find the smith absent and the house and adjoining cottages shut up, and apparently untenanted for the present.

"They are all at the Hey. We have had some grand days, and those who have grass fit for cutting are at it early and late. The smith's folks are in the hayfield, and the neighbours too; the hearth is cold in the smithy, for no work has been done there to-day. However, if you will help me a little, sir," added the driver, "I can get the luggage into this open shed, which will shelter it and the ladies. My mate is gone on with the other carriage to bring a party from Windermere in the morning, so he will not return this way."

"Then you children must trudge off as fast as you feet will carry you, and tell Allan to send a trap for us," said Mr. Oakley.

Away clattered Jack and Janet, cage and sparrow, the youngsters thinking it rather good fun, and half regretting that they had stopped short of a regular spill, which would have supplied a new sensation without risk of life or limb, since nobody was riding.

It was a relief to find that the little inconvenience seemed rather to amuse than annoy Hilda.

"My life has been such a monotonous one," she said, "that anything in the shape of an adventure or even a rough place on a path that has been all smooth, would be delightful. I am perfectly sick of pursuing the even tenor of my way without a scrap of interruption. I would rather have a change for the worse than none at all. Even according to your teaching, aunt, a little misfortune is needful for us now and then, and especially for such a spoiled, good-for-nothing as myself."

Mrs. Oakley shook her head. "Ah, my child, you do not know what you wish for. The trouble which comes to us by God's will is one thing; to wish for and rush into it by wrong doing is another."

"I daresay my words sounded dreadfully wicked to you, aunt, but you did not understand me, if you thought I meant it would be right to do wrong, in order to make a sensation of some sort. Just think what my life was at Silvermere. The place itself was as beautiful, in a tame fashion, as Nature, with any amount of help from her handmaiden Art, could make it. It was a grand garden cultivated on the best principles and made attractive by its very richness. You remember our silver mere, how it shone so charmingly in the moonlight, as it twined in and out through the park like a gigantic serpent. It was only a sham, in which Nature had not a finger, it merely represented money and labour—so different from all this," and Hilda waved her hand to indicate the mountains which towered above them on all sides. "My life," she continued, "is like the silver mere, planned, shaped, cut to pattern. It would have been a treat to want something that I could not get whilst in my old home, to wait instead of having my wishes anticipated, to work in place of having my very lessons make as easy as possible."

"Hilda, think a little; call to mind the love that was at the root of all this care for you," said Mrs. Oakley, in a grieved tone.

"I do, aunt, and I am not ungrateful; but this too-watchful love turned me into a human locomotive, fixed on certain rails and carefully restrained from running off those lines, for fear of collision with others of a ruder sort."

Who could help smiling at the girl's whimsical comparison? Not Mrs. Oakley, to whom Hilda addressed herself as she paced up and down in front of the shed where her aunt sat awaiting the arrival of a conveyance.

Mr. Oakley was beyond earshot, anxiously looking down the road in the hope of catching some passing carriage.

"If you speak so bitterly of your old home, what must you think of Brinnington?"

"I like it twenty times better, though I take a wicked pleasure in teasing my cousins about the Works. The people live more natural lives. The girls are far happier in having something to do for themselves and for others. When was I ever allowed to think for myself even in little things? Even now, because I have Silvermere and money in perspective, I am ever so much more looked after and watched than I should otherwise be This evening my cousins were sent on to Fell Foot; but the heiress was kept under her guardian's wing. You see I know all about it, auntie. I felt almost savagely glad when there seemed a chance of a proper smash. But it has ended in nothing more serious than temporary detention under a blacksmith's shed."

The girl burst into a hearty laugh, half bitter, half mirthful. The former because of the real feeling which moved her, the latter at the astonished expression on the face of her aunt.

Mrs. Oakley was equally struck with her niece's boldness and the absolute truth of her audacious assertions. "I am glad you have only one listener, my dear," was her quiet response. "What would such a speech be thought of by the many who consider you an exceptionally favoured individual?"

"I do not know, aunt, and I am afraid I do not care very much either. One of the delightful consequences of a life of over-indulgence is to make a person indifferent to the feelings of others. Have I not been taught by incessant example to devote my energies to one object only?"

"And that?"

"The happiness and convenience of Hilda Cranswick, of course. When everybody around me gave their attention to these things, was it likely I should act differently? People talk of bringing up children very carefully and shielding them from temptation by narrowing the circle in which they move. I have heard them say that the more retired the life the greater will be the virtues which adorn it. I know what this plan has done for me, and my poor father knew too, before his death, and talked of the results to Uncle Edward."

"I partly agree with you, Hilda; but you must neither blame the quiet life nor the narrow circle in which you moved. There is room for the exercise of patience, gentleness, meekness, self-denial, Christian love in every form, if you have only one other human being to hold communion with. Still it is a misfortune if we are never trained to exercise these graces, or brought into contact with those whom God permits to be dependent on the sympathy and help of others."

"You would not say all you feel, but I know that the system has made me one of the most selfish creatures living. I am afraid I shall be no better to the end of the chapter, unless I have harder lessons to learn and a rougher road to travel. I have had my eyes open since I came to Brinnington, and can understand what Uncle Edward means by saying that he never wishes his own or his children's homes to be out of reach of the toilers and the poor. Mind, aunt, I have not yet learned to relish the idea of kissing dirty babies, and am not likely to become enthusiastic over a set of shock-headed common little lads, such as Gladys finds in her Dark Lane pupils; but I should like my future life to be as different from the past, as this grand, rugged, mountainous district is from the tame loveliness of Silvermere."

"You know not what you ask, Hilda. Better, far better, pray that your future may be shaped by the Hand and guided by the Wisdom which cannot err. The worst thing that can happen to us is to have the wishes granted that we utter without thought or care as to what the Divine Will may be concerning us. 'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' 'Make Thy way straight before my face,' were words used by inspired men of old. And surely, if these needed guidance and wished to put their future into God's hands, we may well ask Him to undertake for us also.

"How beautifully the thought is taken up in one of Dr. Bonar's hymns! Listen, Hilda, to the few words I can remember—

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

* * * * *

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all."

"It must be delightful to be able to say and to mean such words," replied Hilda, "but I should only be a hypocrite were I to pretend that they expressed my feelings. At present I am simply hankering after a change; I have had nothing but the smooth, and I want a taste of the rough."

This conversation, which had occupied but a few minutes, was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels. Mr. Oakley had sent off the driver, who thought that by leading his horses, he could get the empty vehicle back to Keswick.

"The children cannot have reached Fell Foot, but the man may have met someone, or your uncle fallen in with a return carriage," said Mrs. Oakley.

"Here it comes, aunt; it is a large roomy carriage with only one gentleman passenger beside the driver. My uncle is in with him, and has no doubt enlisted his sympathies," replied Hilda.

A few more moments and the carriage stopped in front of the smithy. There was an air of pleasant excitement on Mr. Oakley's face as he stepped out of it, followed by the other gentleman.

"My dear, I have found not only a friend in need, but an old acquaintance whom it is a great pleasure to meet again under any circumstances. It is Geoffrey Penwarden, of Treneweth."

Mrs. Oakley looked up inquiringly to try and discover in the face of the newcomer some resemblance to one whom she had known from his boyish days, but of whom she had heard nothing for several years past. She placed her hand in his with a welcoming grasp, saying, "I am very glad to see you again, but you must forgive me if I did not at first recognise you; indeed, I cannot yet see much to remind me of the 'Geof' I used to know, but your voice has a familiar ring with it."

"It was the voice which convinced Mr. Oakley. I knew him in a moment, but my bronzed face and thick beard have wrought such a change that I do not wonder at his hesitation and your own. Miss Cranswick, you have, of course, quite forgotten one who as boy and young man was so often at Silvermere when you were a little girl."

"I remember Geoffrey Penwarden," said Hilda, "but there is such a wide difference between the picture memory furnished and your face that I cannot link the two as yet; I must take you for granted at present," and she held out her hand.

"I can well understand that. Unfortunately I am not the only representative of change. The difference I found at Silvermere has made one of the trials of my return, after a seven years absence."

Turning quickly away, the speaker began to assist in putting the luggage into the carriage, and then handed in the ladies.

"I was grumbling because this great lumbering vehicle was the only one I could obtain to bring me back to Fishers' Ghyl, where I am staying. Now, I consider it the most delightful and appropriate of carriages, since it will just hold us all. Is it very wicked in me to say that I am excessively glad of the breakdown which has given me so great a pleasure?"

The Oakleys gave Mr. Penwarden to understand that the meeting was at least as agreeable to themselves, and during the short drive there was a rapid exchange of confidences. The young man said he had reached England from Australia, three months before.

"Then you were in time, Geoffrey?" said Mr. Oakley.

"Yes, I am most thankful to say I was. I had a loving welcome and some happy days at Treneweth before my father died. After things were settled I wanted to get away for change and rest, so I came here, and took the rooms at Fishers' Ghyl, expecting to be joined there by a friend who returned to England with me. We were to go out climbing, fishing, and so on, together. To-day I went to Keswick to meet and bring him back. I found a telegram instead of my friend. He, I fancy, has met with more congenial society."

Mr. Penwarden laughed, and Mr. Oakley replied, "Metal more attractive, eh, Geoffrey? Never mind; you will have neighbours you did not count upon. Is Arthur at Treneweth now?"

"Arthur! Is it possible you never heard? My brother, poor fellow! died at Paris before my return home. I shall have a great deal to tell you before you will understand my present position. We cannot talk of family affairs here or now, but I am sure of your sympathy."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Oakley, who looked equally pained and surprised at the news he had just heard.

At this moment two figures appeared on the road, and a voice called out, "Mamma. We went to the Queen's Head, but Robin Thwaite had no horse at home. They were all tired and loose in the field; but he went off directly to catch one, that he might bring a trap for you. He will be too late though, for here you are."

This speech was from Jack and Janet, who were dutifully plodding towards the place where they had left the rest of their party with the luggage.

Mr. Penwarden sprang lightly from the carriage, and lifted in Janet, whilst Jack climbed to the box with manifest satisfaction, for the children were weary and hungry.

"Then," said Mr. Penwarden, "I will say good-night, and let Robin Thwaite know that his horses may finish their supper in peace."

Mr. and Mrs. Oakley urged the speaker to go on with them to Fell Foot, but in vain, though Jack, with his usual candour and absence of ceremony, invited him to reconsider his decision.

"There will be lots of strawberries and thick cream," shouted the irrepressible, "beside all the other things for tea; you'd better come with us."

"Do be quiet, Jack," said Hilda, somewhat impatiently. "Do you suppose Mr. Penwarden is like you—always thinking about eatables?"

"I have no doubt I was equally interested in the commissariat department when I was Jack's age," said Mr. Penwarden, with an amused face. "Thanks, my boy," he added. "I shall look to you to let me know when there is anything specially good in prospect. As it is, I must live in the hope that the strawberry beds will not be exhausted to-night, and that the cream of to-morrow will bear worthy comparison with that of this evening. I know quite well that after the arrival of a family there must be a little shaking down into the new nest before all are fairly settled. Even a bachelor like myself knows that he would be in the way on the first evening. With your permission I shall be in and out often enough. I only hope that you may not find me too near a neighbour."

The speaker lifted his hat, and took the road to Fishers' Ghyl, followed by a look of mingled commiseration and curiosity from Jack, who could not understand that any sane man would turn his back upon such attractions as he had placed before him.

(To be continued.)

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

MAY CASTLE.

WHEN the luncheon at Fowlis Lodge was over, Margaret Stewart was only too glad of so interesting a reason for retiring from the crowd of strangers. Mrs. Esselton accompanied her to her retreat, saying that she only wished she might have the good fortune to remain there with her; but no! she must back to the visitors, to drop cream and sugar into the cups of the portly squires and their wives.

"And perhaps it is best," she said; "for if I stayed here, May Castle might manage to let the conversation go on between you and me. The child won't speak if she can help it, but if you have nobody else to talk with she will be obliged to do so."

"This was my dear aunt's own little room," she went on, as she ushered Margaret into the blue boudoir. "Here she taught Fowlis his letters, and here they had their daily Bible reading. It is a very sacred place to my cousin. Is there not something in its very atmosphere as if an angel had just gone out, and might return at any moment?"

Without waiting for an answer, she kissed Margaret lightly on the forehead, and went out.

The chamber was not small, though it seemed so in contrast to the larger apartments they had left. Three of its sides were straight, and the fourth was crescent-shaped, with windows which looked straight forward, and to right and to left. The centre one was set in a little alcove, with cushioned seats. These

"'PLEASE SIT DOWN,' SAID MARGARET."

bore traces of greater wear and tear than did the rest of the furniture. Margaret could easily imagine that the widowed marchioness and her little orphaned boy had constantly nestled together in this snug niche. She thought it the more likely, when, on stepping to the window, she found that it commanded a view of the old parish church, and the ancient trees which sheltered the graves about it, and among them the ancestral tomb of the lords of Fowlis.

She moved softly about the room, almost feeling as if a stranger's step desecrated its hallowed memories. On every side she could read traces of a pure, sweet life, touched to its highest issues by the unsparing hand of sorrow. There were the fine marble busts of husband and son, engravings and sketchings from the happy travels of early married life, a few photographs of rare Madonnas, a grand etching of "Death as the Friend," heavily framed in black and gold, hanging immediately over the faithfully worn little writing desk. A small bookcase showed the literary tastes of the dead lady to have been at once cultivated, truly catholic, and deeply spiritual; while a few little portraits standing here and there, and signed by loving words in autograph, proved her to have enjoyed the personal friendship of the salt of the earth, in genius, goodness, and loyal devotion to the Master's service.

"It would be a great accomplishment to walk worthily after such a woman," mused Margaret; "and yet it would be very helpful to have such an ideal before one."

She sat down on the worn cushions of the alcove. She was a little tired after the morning's excitement, and gazing from this sweet nest upon the sunny, peaceful scene stretched before her, a sense of rest, and joy, and thanksgiving stole over her. Perhaps a few day-dreams floated mistily through her maiden meditations. God had made all things so good to her. He had given her a life so full of his best—love, honour, troops of friends. Oh, how thankful she should be to Him! how ready and how zealous to set all His gracious gifts to the service of others! He could have only given them to her for their sake.

It was a pure and innocent thanksgiving. There could never come a day when Margaret would regret it, though there might come a time when she would smile back upon it, as one serving the Father with all his might and main may smile upon the feeble "tank-oo's" of his infancy.

The door of the room was opened by some servant who remained out of sight. A light step advanced along the passage. In another instant a slight young girl stood before her.

"You are May Castle," said Margaret, rising and holding out her hand. "I am Margaret Stewart; I am very glad to see you."

If May Castle had ever read those instructions on etiquette which command you only lightly to touch the fingers of a superior in rank, she quite forgot all about them. It was hard for her to do anything without her characteristic energy, and there was something in the kind, happy young face beaming on her, and in the genial tones of Margaret's voice, which at once conquered the fierce humility which had always at once aggravated and baffled the petty persecutors who had made her young life so much of a misery to her. For once, she forgot her place. Margaret's hand received a hearty, even an impassioned, clasp.

"Please sit down," said Margaret, drawing up a chair beside herself. A footman had followed Miss Castle into the room, and was swiftly setting out a tea equipage on a gipsy table. While he remained the two young girls spoke only of the beauty of the weather, and of the general success of the show now proceeding. But as soon as he was gone, as Margaret handed her visitor a cup of tea, she got upon the real subject of their meeting.

"I am so glad to see you; I do admire your pictures so much, and I wish you would tell me about them. I think the marquis said you never had any lessons?"

Margaret found it cruelly hard to keep a subtle tone of patronage from creeping into her kindest words. She felt as if she would have liked to ask May Castle's pardon for it.

"I never had any lessons from a drawing-master," said May, in a low, clear voice; "but I used to watch an artist who came to Fowlis for two or three summers, and who used to paint on the hillside. I think it was as good as lessons."

"Perhaps, for one so well able to turn it to account," answered Margaret, delighted to see her way to a little compliment among her questions. "But had you never drawn at all before you watched him?"

"No—yes—" May hesitated. "I had only copied things from books. It did not seem to occur to me that it would be better to copy from things themselves. It was like a revelation when I watched the artist sitting in front of Fowlis Castle, with its picture growing beneath his brush."

She stopped short, and abruptly, as if vexed at having been carried so far out of herself. She was not a pretty girl; her features were irregular and pronounced, but she had remarkable eyes, dark, but of indeterminate colour, and her bearing, though not stately, like Margaret's, had a crisp, alert strength, which gave it a dignity of its own.

"Not statuesque, but certainly picturesque," decided Margaret, silently recalling a descriptive phrase she had once heard.

"I suppose you have painted chiefly in this neighbourhood?" observed the young lady. "I am afraid you would not find the scenery very striking."

"Oh, there are many pretty places," answered May, evasively.

"Fowlis itself is very attractive," said Margaret. "I suppose you have made many a study of the old ruin?"

"I have never made one," replied May, with sudden stiffness. And Margaret, remembering May's story, felt as if she could have slain herself for her *mal-àpropos* mention of the castle so painfully connected with it.

There was a pause. Margaret felt that it must not be prolonged. She asked desperately—

"What do you best like to paint?"

"Sea and sky," said May, succinctly.

"I thought so," returned Margaret. "You can't love them better than I do, though I can never paint them as you. You ought to come to our Shetland, and see the wonders of both which we could show you there."

The girl looked up swiftly, with a sudden light in her eyes, but it faded almost as suddenly, leaving behind an expression almost sullen. Why should this fine lady hold out such baits before her helpless pennilessness?

"You must come and stay with me there for a while," Margaret went on. "I am sure papa and mamma will be delighted," she added, with a pet only child's happy assurance. "Papa has often said to me when we have been sitting on the rocks, watching the sky, 'I wish we had somebody to paint this for us.' Is there any time when it would suit you best to come? Or is it possible to leave your school when you choose?"

May crimsoned and hesitated. Margaret's gracious hospitality, following on her own rebellious suspicion, made her seem unworthy of it.

"Oh, surely I could come at any time," she stammered. She thought within herself that if she could only do this by giving up her post and not returning to it—well, even so, it must be done. Surely there would be bread to be found somewhere, as a fisher-girl or a mill-hand. She could not risk the vision of delight suddenly opened before her by any reservations or contingencies. It was as a promise of freedom flashed into hitherto hopeless slavery. It showed herself how she hated teaching and how she loved art. On the one hand was bondage, on the other loyal service; there might seem a gulf between, but now she had seen across it she must leap it, though she perished! Yet she had about her that strange half practical calculation which does not fear to sound the depths, and which is often the true strength of adventure and enterprise.

"I can make sketches and sell them in the streets if I can sell them nowhere else, till I get some other work to do."

She drew a long breath. Only yesterday it seemed as if Fate had shut the door of Fowlis's school upon her. Now she felt as if it had closed behind her, and who can fear Fate, if it speaks in such kind tones as Margaret Stewart's?

"Then I will ask papa when he thinks will be the time most advantageous for you," said Margaret after a moment's reflection. "You live at Fowlis's schoolhouse, don't you? Papa and I are staying at the manse of Fowlis, we shall be there a few days longer at least. As soon as I get his opinion, I will write to you. Perhaps you will come up and see me, and make papa's acquaintance. Probably you know the Rev. Mr. Rowan? He is very ill now, and not able to see visitors. He has not seen me—only papa; they are very old friends."

There was a strange look on May Castle's face. It would be far harder for her, even for the sake of her hopes and ambitions, to pay a formal visit to Fowlis Manse than it was to look forward to throwing up her dreary task work, and facing the world when the happy dream should be over.

May's prejudices, unfiltered through the thousand and one harmless little channels of domestic or family life, were very deep and dark and strong.

At that instant she was aware of another check on her advance towards this new golden land of her imagination. This pulled her from the other side—the side of her affections.

"But what shall I do about Jock?" she asked, pitifully.

It really seemed that this was some matter for which, if it was not satisfactorily adjusted, May's whole castle in the air must crumble.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

JOAN OF KENT, WIFE OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

A SENTENCE is necessary to explain how the title of Prince of Wales came to be given to the eldest sons or heirs-apparent of our English monarchs.

Llewelyn had been vanquished, and the whole of the Principality had been conquered by the sword; but King Edward well knew the cost and the difficulty of keeping the proud, warlike, and freedom-loving race of the Welsh valleys in quiet subjection by weapons of force. The scheme he hit upon to accomplish his aim was a simple one; so simple, indeed, that it almost looks ridiculous. When a little son was born to him on Welsh ground, raising the harmless babe out of its rough, ornamented cradle of oak at Carnarvon Castle, he presented it before a gathering of the chiefs of North Wales, declaring that the infant was a true native—"a prince born in Wales, who could not speak a word of English!" The delighted barons bowed down reverently and kissed the tiny hand of the young prince. Ever since that time the dignity has continued to be bestowed, though not invariably, on the king's eldest son, but at the best it has conferred little more than "a high-sounding title, and some slight and ideal claim to the affection of a portion of the Welsh people."

It is a striking fact, illustrative of the instability of human life and earthly greatness, that, although there have been eighteen Princes of Wales, only seven of them have been married during their tenure of the title.

The first of the seven English Princesses of Wales was the famous Joan of Kent, the Fair Countess, the Beautiful Lady, whose courtship and marriage to Edward, the Black Prince, gave rise to a little romance that has long been made familiar through England and Scotland by means of innumerable chap-books. Joan was the orphan daughter of the unfortunate Edmund, Earl of Kent, a brother of the king's father, and she was thus a niece of the Black Prince's grandfather, Edward II., the first Prince of Wales. A close affection sprang up in early youth between the great boy-warrior and his lovely kinswoman, who was two years older than himself; but his royal parents were opposed to the match. It has been alleged that Joan's flighty disposition was the cause of their disapproval; however that may be, the prince was as headstrong in his love as in his battles, and having failed to secure her hand, he determined that he would wed no other woman.

She was a maiden of sparkling beauty and sprightly wit; her auburn tresses floated to her waist; over her fair oval face there shone a high, open forehead; she had the daintiest mouth and lips; and beneath her dark eyelashes there flashed a pair of full and lustrous eyes.

It is needless to say a word in praise of the Black Prince's merits: of his well-knit handsome figure, admired even in his infancy, when his rosy, sweet-faced mother and he were favourite models for pictures of the Madonna and her Child; of his matchless bravery, by which, against great odds, he won the battle of Crecy in his boyhood, and that of Poictiers some ten years later; of his noble courtesy towards his conquered foes; of his straightforward, gentle, God-fearing nature. It would be as idle to commend the sun as to praise the Black Prince, but I may at least quote a beautiful sentence spoken of him by the late Dean Stanley:—"He was the first great English captain who showed what English soldiers were and what they could do against Frenchmen, and against all the world. He was the first English Prince who showed what it was to be a true gentleman. He was the first, but he was not the last."

Tempting marriages with princesses of several European countries had been proposed to him, but he still remained a bachelor at the age of thirty, although it was the custom in those times for princes to wed in what we now consider mere childhood. His love for his beautiful cousin was as true and constant as his bravery was unequalled and his piety sincere.

She, however, had not the same deep constancy of affection; nay, she even gave her hand away to Sir Thomas Holland, a gentleman of small estate and comparatively low degree, who, in those days of innumerable pensions, had a royal grant of one hundred merks yearly for her better support. He was a brave man, nevertheless, and one of the heroes of Crecy; and the Black Prince stood as sponsor at the baptismal font for one of the sons born to him and Joan.

When Sir Thomas died at the end of 1360, her old lover was instantly by her side, playing the part of John Alden in the poem of "Miles Standish." We may be inclined to doubt his sincerity when he asked her in marriage for one of his own gallant knights; and, if he did so out of a tremulous modesty, she quickly unmasked him by a daring avowal of her own regard.

"While under ward," said this Priscilla of the fourteenth century, "I was disposed of by others; but now I have come to years of discretion, and will not cast myself below my rank. I am of the blood royal of England, and am resolved never to marry again but to a prince of quality and virtue like yourself."

These are indeed bold words!

Although she was now the mother of several children, and her comely figure had developed into *embonpoint*, the Black Prince, fairly conquered, implored the "incomparable widow" to be his own bride. All obstacles to their union were speedily removed, except the opposition of his royal parents; it was an unhappy year, too, throughout the country. "But yet, in the midst of the fearful plague, drought, and famine," says a quaint old writer, "there was a glorious torch of Hymen lighted up at Court this year; for the most heroic Prince of Wales, who was all along unconquerable in war, laid aside now his lion's skin, and began to be softened with the warm fires of love. The object of his love was that incomparable paragon of beauty, the Lady Joan, commonly called the Fair Countess of Kent." Although King Edward was so highly indignant that he absented himself from the ceremony, the marriage was celebrated with amazing splendour in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Prince's mother, good Queen Philippa—she who "first introduced clothes," that is, the manufacture of woollen cloth, into England—relented; and there were also present the Queen of Scotland, the Prince's sister, and many other noble ladies, his two brothers, with a great array of earls, bishops, and deans. The gorgeous ceremony of the 10th of October, 1361, has another feature of interest to us, because from that day no other royal wedding was ever witnessed in St. George's Chapel until the 10th of March, 1863, when our own Prince, Albert Edward, was united to the Danish Rose.

We have mentioned his piety; and now, in joy at the consummation of the waiting love of so many years, the Black Prince founded a beautiful chapel in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, where the visitor may still see the arms of the Prince and his father, and the face of his beautiful and beloved wife.

Is it to be wondered at that the news of the happy marriage of the people's hero flew to every town and hamlet in broad England, that minstrels sang the story on many a village green, that pilgrims carried it back to their distant homes, and that the love-story, told at the fireside from generation to generation, grew at last into a popular romance? Thousands of English girls who knew nothing of the Black Prince's battles have been enchanted by the simple legend of his love for the Fair Countess; they have pored over the pages in which it is told how he was first struck by her charms at dinner in her father's house at Dover; how he addressed her in his letters as the "fairest of creatures;" how she often bedewed her rosy cheeks with tears, and kissing the pleasant words, wrote back beseeching him not to risk himself too far among the ranks of his enemies.

Some happy months were spent at Berkhampstead, in Herts, and at the Prince's mansion on Fish-street-hill, near London Bridge. The long honeymoon at last came to a close. After he was made Prince of Aquitaine in the next summer, he and the Princess sailed for Bordeaux with a splendid fleet. In that city and at Angoulême they held a brilliant court, frequented by nobles, troubadours, philosophers, and fools; such, indeed, was its dazzling magnificence that "the travelling kings of the day, who had seen all that was splendid in the world, accounted of themselves as having seen nothing if their eyes had not witnessed the glories of the court, and the charms of the Prince of Wales in Guienne." Every day eighty knights, and four times as many esquires, were present at the bounteous table.

An ancient writer, who knew them intimately, gives us a touching record of their deep affection. At the time of the Prince's departure for the war in Spain she often murmured in her grief—

"Alas! whither will God
Bear me your love, if I shall lose
The true Flower of gentleness,
The Flower of magnanimity?
I have no heart, no blood, no veins,
But every member fails me,
When I think of his departure!"

The Prince heard her, tried to console her with pious words, and parted from her with an affectionate embrace, while her maidens shed tears of sympathy. When he returned to Bordeaux from the campaign, she went forth from the city to meet him, along with his little boy Edward and a long procession of knights, priests, and ladies; and then—

"Right sweetly did they embrace
When they met together;
The Prince, who had a gentle heart,
Kissed his wife and his son,
And until on foot they reached their lodging,
He'd each other by the hand."

This is so grand and lifelike that one almost feels inclined to cry out—Hurrah for the Black Prince!

But what of the glory of war! Vanity of vanities! The warrior returned from Spain with his health shattered beyond all remedy; the elder of his two boys was taken away from earth a little later, and immediately after that sad stroke the Prince and Princess hastened to England with their one surviving child. Four other years of suffering, mostly spent in seclusion at Berkhampstead, where the first months of their happy married life had flown by so merrily; and he who had never lost a battle was at last laid low by the greatest of all conquerors.

On the 8th of June, 1376, the Fair Countess again became a weeping widow. Not only the Princess, but the whole nation were sunk in sorrow, and seldom, if ever, has a people been so struck with sympathy, except, perhaps, at the death of the Princess Charlotte, or when the remains of the immortal Nelson were laid in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Black Prince was buried in the Cathedral of Canterbury.

The Princess survived him for ten years, and grew so corpulent that she could only move about with difficulty. Her own genial nature, and the deep reverence of the people for her as the widow of the Black Prince, accomplished not a little for the country's peace. More than once she calmed the passion of the citizens of London, and rescued John of Gaunt, the brother of the Black Prince; and her wonderful "art of pleasing" saved her from the fury of Wat Tyler and his rebels.

But those last years, when her youngest boy, Richard, was seated on the throne, were full of trouble to her and to the country, and the misconduct of one of her sons by Sir Thomas Holland broke her tender heart. And, strange to tell, her dying request was, not that she should be laid in the great Cathedral beside the hero of Crecy and Poictiers, but far away in Yorkshire, in the little church of Stamford, beside the remains of her first and humbler husband.

HYDE HOUSE.

By Anne Beale.

Here is, truly, a goodly gathering of friends, assembled for a gracious purpose. On this 11th of March, 1884, No. 27, Somerset-street, Portman-square, London, becomes a home for working girls. It is henceforth to be styled Hyde House, and is the ninth home organised in this great metropolis since 1878, by the committee and secretary of "The Homes for Working Girls in London."

"The house is yours. Investigate it from top to bottom as you please," says Mr. Shrimpton, the kind secretary aforesaid, to the gentlemen and ladies who gradually fill the basement.

The orders are obeyed, and while tea and coffee are in preparation, the guests swarm from room to room. We conscientiously visit every apartment from "top to bottom," and are astonished and delighted. First of all we find a refectory, large kitchen, and commodious offices below stairs, all spick and span as fresh paint and whitewash can make them. In the former, on a large table, a batch of appetising plum cakes repose, awaiting a gathering of girls in the evening, who will doubtless do honour to them; but it is now afternoon, and we must not anticipate.

Remounting to the ground floor and thence to the first floor, we survey two charming sitting-rooms, large, commodious, airy; the walls papered with soft, bright paper, and adorned with many pictures and illuminations. Over the drawing-room mantelpiece is a portrait of our beloved Queen, which will, we hope, prove an incentive to all her youthful subjects to follow the example of the original in living virtuous and womanly lives. At the back of the sitting-rooms are the small apartments, or divisions, familiarly known as "cubicles," of which there are a dozen or more on each of the two first floors. These are, naturally, private. Ascending from storey to storey, we enter room after room, furnished with a greater or less number of beds according to their size, but all equally airy and cheerful. Maple furniture, light grey coverlets, handsome looking-glasses (not to be despised!) and everywhere framed and illuminated texts. All is new and harmonious. There are fifty-eight beds, and, if one thing strikes the eye more than another in these peaceful-looking apartments, it is that over each bed is a small maple book stand, and on each stand the Holy Bible. Fifty-eight Bibles! If each young girl that slumbers beneath that sacred volume read her portion daily, what a happy and blessed company may not Hyde House contain! And of how great a blessing may not each individual prove to others, if only she bear with her to workroom or factory the words she has herself imbibed, and become a living example of purity and gentleness.

The walls of the passages and staircases are quite æsthetic. Good taste prevails. On every landing is a convenient and commodious hanging-press, which will supplement the chest of drawers, and space has been economised and utilised everywhere for the benefit of the fifty-eight girls, who will, it is hoped, soon fill the house.

The odour of tea and coffee attracts us once more downstairs, and we find the double room, so soon to be occupied at all spare hours by our working-girls, crowded by those friends who have aided in raising for them this or similar abodes, in the hope of shielding them from the temptations of lodging-house, music-hall, and street. While sipping our coffee we address the young girl who waits on us, and who is a foreigner. She and two or three others, belonging, we imagine, to our "clan," preside at the tea-table, together with the future matron. Our German is all smiles, and thinks it is indeed "a beautiful home," while the matron's kind speech, face, and manner augur well for the care, temporal and spiritual, of the young people to be committed to her charge.

Having inspected the house with due feminine curiosity, we proceed to the sitting-room on the first floor. This is arranged for the dedication service, and is soon overflowing with ladies, who greatly outnumber the gentlemen. But the good friend of our girls, the Earl of Aberdeen, arrives, accompanied by Mr. Kinnaird and others, also interested in their well-doing, and we all spend together a solemn and happy hour. We are furnished with new hymnbooks, on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed "Hyde House, 27, Somerset-street," and which tend to prove, as do the Bibles, that the desire is to make this "a house holy unto the Lord." All join heartily in singing a hymn accompanied by a harmonium provided for the future use of the inmates, after which a clergyman offers prayer for God's blessing on the work; then Lord Aberdeen requests Mr. Shrimpton to give a few details. These are as interesting as remarkable. He is always on the look-out for suitable houses in the various parts of this tremendous city, and was led to observe that the one in which we are now assembled was vacant. He made inquiries and found that £1,250 would be needed for the lease alone.

Subsequently he met a lady to whom he mentioned the subject of these homes generally. She knew little or nothing about them, but was interested, as all Christian people are, in the welfare of the thousands of young girls who have to earn a livelihood in London; often alone and friendless. Then Mr. Shrimpton mentioned incidentally his desire to secure this house, but his inability to procure funds. The lady said he should look over it, at least. He did so, and acquainted her with the result of his inspection. It was altogether suitable. She expressed a wish to see it, and they perambulated it as we have done, only they found it empty.

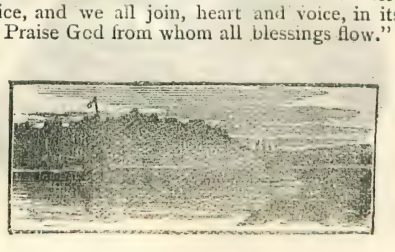
The result of this apparently chance meeting and conversation with the lady was that she gave the £1,250 to purchase the lease of the house! The only proviso she made was that her name should not be mentioned. But He knows it who said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and doubtless many a grateful young heart will utter a prayer for this, their benefactress, from the home she has given them.

And this is the ninth Home already founded, to which there is a prospect of adding three more during the next eighteen months. We hope that one of these may be "The Girl's Own Home," raised, brick by brick, by the readers of The Girl's Own Paper. It is well to foster a spirit of independence, and each donor will be glad to feel that when the house is prepared its inmates will in no wise be dependent on charity, but will pay for their maintenance, and help to support the establishment of which they are members. To be cared for and have companionship is a happy combination, to be obtained shortly in Hyde House by such toilers in these great marts of London as care to take advantage of it.

We learn that women have, however, far outnumbered men in subscribing to this work for the good of their young sisters. This is as it should be, for woman best knows the temptations and difficulties of her sex.

Addresses are better listened to than reported, so we will content ourselves with recording that the very few made on this occasion are to the purpose, and show the interest taken in the young people who labour in our midst. It remains for them to prove that they are not unworthy of it.

We unite in praying to Almighty God for a blessing on them, and on the home to which they are invited, as well as on her who is appointed to superintend them; and we praise Him for His mercy in putting into the heart of one of His children the desire to supply the means for so much good. Never has the "Old Hundredth" sounded more appropriately than at the close of the short dedication service, and we all join, heart and voice, in its "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."



LEARNING BY HEART.

By the Hon. Mrs. Robert Butler.

There is no occupation that I would more strongly advise my young readers to pursue than that of learning by heart, and depositing upon "the silent shore of memory, images and precious thoughts, that shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

It is said that in our schools this exercise is not as regularly kept up as it used to be, and when we consider the deterioration of memory in the present day, it is much to be feared that this is the case. We read of men thirty years ago, who found no difficulty in learning books of "Paradise Lost" and of Dante's "Inferno" by heart, and we go to recitations now of only a couple of hours' duration, and hear the audience *coming away*, exclaiming, "What a prodigious memory that man has! The memory is the most wonderful part of it!"

Well, that prodigious memory is, I believe, within reach of every girl who reads these pages, if she will but take the trouble to acquire it, and a little thought on the subject will show her that learning by heart is one of the most elevating and useful studies she can pursue, besides being one of the most easily cultivated.

It does not require any special taste for its pursuit like most other studies, for the faculty is born in each one of us. All knowledge is either learnt or discovered, and it is principally acquired in the former way. We can trace it in every stage of life, from the baby child learning to lisp the words "papa" and "mamma," to the student in the prime of life and intellect, eagerly stretching his brains to grasp knowledge, "the appetite for which grows by what it feeds on," and then on to the wrinkled old man, failing slightly in intellect, but still poring over his daily paper, from which he learns the history and politics of the day.

And what is it that during those years makes man's mind capable of holding glorious knowledge and truth? Learning, learning, learning—remembering and understanding what he has learnt, so as to apply it to fresh learning; in other words, learning by heart, and exercising the memory with the understanding.

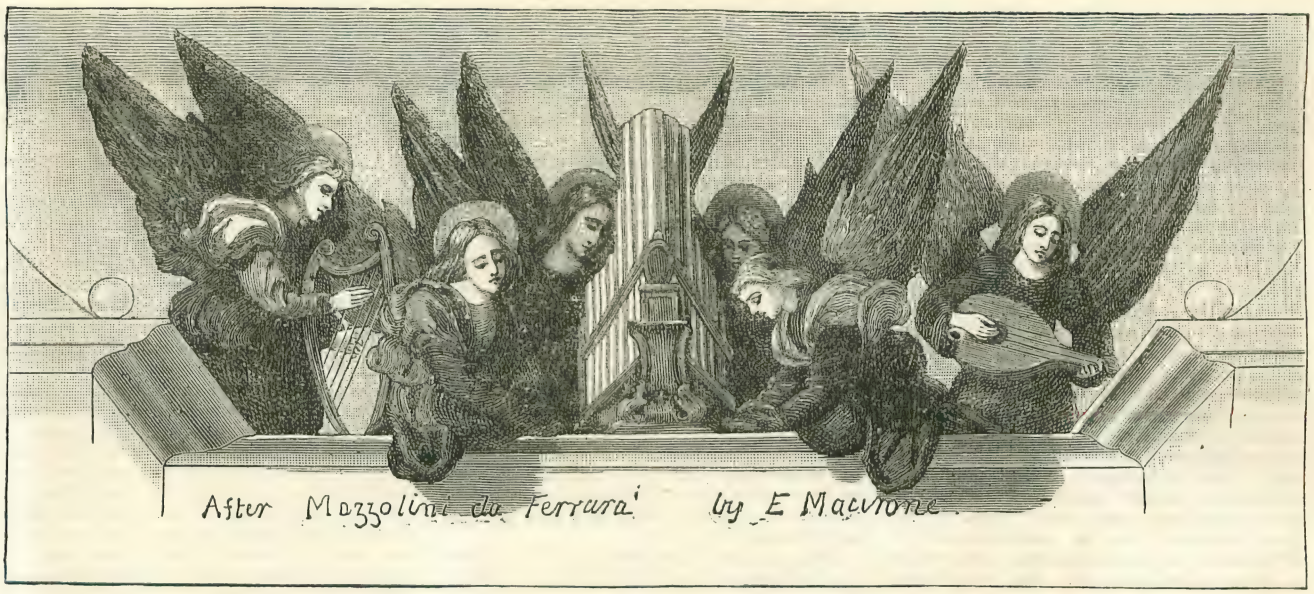
But although this faculty is born in all of us, our respective special tastes may be brought into use in exercising it, by choosing those works to commit to memory which we like best, and which, in consequence, can be learnt with least effort and most profit; and surely amongst all the great works that have been written there must be authors capable of awakening in each of us the electric chord of sympathy. And, oh! what a thrill of pleasure when we find them, and we feel our hearts and minds uplifted by their hearts and minds, and we are able to learn their thoughts, expressed in their own beautiful language, so as always to have it in our power to commune with them, during sleepless nights and tedious days. We can thus live with good and great men and women, and weave their ideas into ours, and make them our companions when we want an antidote to the petty mean things of life, that are so apt to engross grown-up women, and to narrow their ideas and character.

Again, it is a study adapted to spare moments, as it does not require any preparation, and the tools for working at it are always within our reach—(I do not contemplate the possibility of my readers living in an atmosphere of such mental barrenness as not to have standard authors perpetually about them)—and having learnt even a line or two by heart, is a sure test that those precious spare moments, snatched as they are unexpectedly from the duties and bustle of the day, have not been wasted. We have something to show for them. We have made a successful mental exertion.

One of our greatest Lord Chancellors, who could not rely upon a spare ten or fifteen minutes a day, used to make a point of keeping up his memory by dressing with an open book before him, and learning from it whilst he was dressing. Regular study is always more improving than irregular, and none of us, I fancy, are like the Lord Chancellor, so driven for time that we cannot appropriate to ourselves a few spare moments every day. It only requires a little method, a little perseverance, and a little victory over that pernicious habit of dawdling, to give us possession of the few valuable minutes necessary for the training of the memory. And we will find the reward of the effort come very quickly. All effort gives great pleasure, and, when crowned with success, it gives Heaven's blessing as well. And there is no study in which we are likely to feel such rapid improvement as in learning by heart.

Then, again, if we wish to make others feel and admire passages from authors that we feel and admire ourselves, how much more impressively we can quote or recite them than we can read them! In reading them, there must be a certain amount of mechanical work with the eyes. In repeating them by heart, we can throw the whole mind and soul into them; we can pour them forth as if they were our own words, and, for the time being, we have made them our own words. They come from the depths of our own hearts, and, to quote a contemporary author, "what comes from the heart goes to the heart, if there be a heart present for it to go to."

Finally, learning by heart and memory are synonymous, and memory is the most precious gift God has endowed us with. It is the basis of all learning. It is the most valuable companion through life in great things as well as small—aye, and it illuminates death with its glorious light, and many a Christian has gone to his grave triumphant, God's precious words and promises *passing*, with life, through his dying lips.



A PLEA FOR MUSIC.

By CLARA ANGELA MACIRONE.

Fifth Letter.

"Now if you can kindle the imagination by a new thought, by heroic histories, by uplifting poetry, instantly you expand, are cheered, inspired, and become wise and even prophetic. Music works this miracle for those who have a good ear. What omniscience has music! So absolutely impersonal, and yet every sufferer feels his secret sorrow reached."

"*Enchiridion of Knowledge.*"

My dear Mr. Editor,—I had hoped to have made here and now the few remaining practical observations which would have brought to a conclusion this series of letters on the need—the special need at this time—of a systematic and thorough system of musical instruction for our young English girls; but I am arrested by the sudden discovery of a book, now out of print, which contains such valuable corroboration of my plea for music, that in the interests of my readers who might not otherwise be able to hear these opinions, I must quote a few. They are from the lectures given at the opening of Queen's College, and the Rev. Charles Kingsley strikes the keynote of my appeal when he says, "I beg you to remember that it is the primary idea of this college to vindicate women's right to an education in all points equal to that of men."

The speakers have, with few exceptions, passed away. Within a few days Dr. Hullah has passed to his rest, the musician who perhaps more than any one man in modern times has devoted his energies to the practical dissemination of music amongst all classes; and the other has kindled amongst some of the noblest workers for good, a zeal of untiring benevolence in the service of God and man—pupils who will ever remember with reverence the name of Frederick Denison Maurice. Their words in this rare book seem to me very appropriate, and it is a privilege to feel they would both have been rejoiced that they should by their influence help me in such a cause as that I am advocating. We shall no longer hear the cheerful voice of Dr. Hullah animating us to nobler pursuit of the art he loved and served so untiringly and zealously during a long and laborious life, but we may read the words he spoke for his art at the founding of the first college for the Higher Education of English girls, and remember that his position led him to a larger knowledge of the culture of music abroad as well as at home, than probably any other teacher ever possessed, having travelled through Europe to give Government information respecting the methods and success of music classes on the Continent.

In his opening lecture at Queen's College, which I quote the more freely that his opinions are so weighty, and that this record of them is now unattainable to the many, he says: "On the subject of musical instruction, it has fallen to my lot of late years to write and say a good deal; and if, in most cases, I have thought it well to leave what are called the humanising influences of music where I found them, you will easily anticipate that I do not intend to alter my course to-day. It would be idle, indeed, to advocate the claims of an art in an institution founded for the education of that sex upon whom, in England, its cultivation has heretofore almost exclusively fallen. But in respect to music as an element of education—in respect to the best means of arriving at any given result, or the value of those means, apart from the consideration of any result whatever—the time has by no means yet arrived when anything can be taken for granted. The estimation in which the art is held is no doubt very different from that of ten, or even of five years ago; but, I repeat, as an element of education, it has by no means attained the place to which I hope it will one day be thought entitled. Hundreds have essayed the study of music who till very lately had never given it a thought—would scarcely have considered it a rational pursuit, and thousands are now under instruction who would once have had no means of getting within the sphere of its influence. But, strange to say, among that particular class who were once the only music students—females of the upper and middle ranks of society—music (as far as my means of observation allow me to judge) has not made any progress whatever.

Amateur singing and amateur playing, in 'good society,' are very nearly what they were ten years ago; or, to speak more plainly, musical parties still continue to present a great deal of very indifferent music, very indifferently performed, to audiences more indifferent (in another sense) than either the music or the performance. The progress made in English music has been rather in the way of creation than of improvement. Many who till lately knew nothing about it, could do nothing in it, now know and can do a good deal: but the great bulk of those who once stood alone in the power of doing a little, still continue to do a little, and that little very badly. It seems not unlikely that in a few years footmen and chambermaids will make better music than their masters and mistresses, and that the 'famous men, such as found out musical tunes,' will obtain in the kitchen an appreciation which is denied them in the drawing-room. And yet, without doubt, as much time as ever is given to the study of music by the higher classes, and 'accomplishments'—music more than all others—are put forward, as often as ever, as the scapegoats of ignorance and frivolity.

As an element of education, music has not yet had fair play, at least among the higher classes of modern English society. The objects sought in its study have not been worthy objects, nor perhaps have the best means been taken to attain even them. For has it been from an honest desire to promote social recreation? Has it been with a view to opening new worlds of thought in the cultivation of a new language, that young ladies have for the most part been put to the study of music? No; but because more often than any other accomplishment, music affords opportunity for exhibition and individual display. I do not for a moment mean to imply that in the exhibition of musical or any other talent there is of necessity the slightest impropriety, or that individual display is necessarily accompanied by the slightest sacrifice of true delicacy or modest feeling; no knowledge, no skill, no thought even can be manifested without exhibition of some kind or other; expression is a condition of their usefulness, almost of their existence. All I would contend is, that art cannot be sincerely and beneficially pursued while exhibition is cherished as the end, instead of being tolerated as a means.

I have said that musical parties present a great deal of indifferent music, indifferently performed. Perhaps I should have better put these two assertions into one, by saying that musical parties present a great deal of very unfit music. The labour of amateur musicians is often grievously misdirected. They are for ever attempting to do, at their leisure, what can only be done successfully when made the business of a life. Let a pianoforte player

make his appearance whose hand can grasp a 'twelfth,' or whose fingers will 'turn inside out like a glove,' every school-piano groans—every schoolgirl groans, too—under his compositions. Let a singer come forth with a compass, flexibility, and sustaining power such as are combined in, perhaps, not a dozen individuals in a century (these qualities being developed by years of exclusive painstaking), every musical circle is tormented with an interpretation of his or her songs, in which nothing is wanting but the compass, flexibility, and power which they were written for the very purpose of displaying.

One of the first evidences of reformation in amateur music would be the study and presentation of compositions having an interest and a beauty of their own independent of any which they owe to the executive skill of those who perform them. For though very difficult music is sometimes very fine music, it by no means follows that fine music is always difficult. On the contrary, a vast number of musical compositions of the very highest order of invention and science, though susceptible of increased effect from the exercise upon them of increased skill, still demand positively for their execution but little. And this, though extensively true as respects instrumental music, is almost universally true as respects vocal music. No extravagant amount of power or flexibility is required for the interpretation of the finest songs of Handel's oratorios, or even, with some especial exceptions, of Mozart's operas; and in respect of choral or concerted music there is no voice, however small in compass or deficient in flexibility or power, which may not be turned to some account in it.

The idea of a necessary connection between music and musical execution prevails so extensively, and has operated so actively, and for so long a time, on musical studies, that few persons are able to think of the one without the other. A musical work and a musical performance are in their minds relative terms. Assuredly, the performance cannot exist without the work; but the converse of the proposition is not necessarily true. The ear is only one of the senses through which the mind can receive pleasure from music; and though its exercise is indispensable to those who have not studied the science, such is no means the case in respect to those who have. On the contrary, for the musician the eye does more than the ear; and the most intimate acquaintance with works of which they have never heard a note is, among musicians, as common as possible. Perhaps, however, the greatest amount of musical study is carried on by a joint use of the two senses—the eye and the ear; for a perfectly fair estimate of a work may be formed by a musician with the music before him from a performance which, to an uninitiated hearer, would be absolutely unmeaning and unintelligible.

Indeed, as respects the enjoyment of fine music at all, by those who have taken no pains to understand it, I must confess myself a little incredulous. It is not to be denied that many persons in such condition exhibit considerable pleasure in musical performance, and show some taste and judgment in regard to mere execution, especially singing. But as to the music itself—the everlasting thought to which the artist gives a momentary expression—their pleasure is the pleasure rather of the glutton than of the epicure. Such people swallow everything. All is fish that comes to their net. There is no measure, no discrimination in their applause. They have the same superlatives for the pipe of Pan as for the lyre of Apollo. A dance of Auber, or a symphony of Beethoven; a ballad from *The Quakers*, or a chorus from *Israel in Egypt;* a Gregorian chant, or a motet from Palestrina—all these things not only afford them some pleasure, as undoubtedly they all should do so long as they are all well performed, but they afford them equal pleasure. Like the curiosity-dealer of the Satirist, they have 'the same raptures at the service of a riband as of a Raphael.' The good influences of art must continue to be as inoperative as ever, without some critical power on the part of all upon whom it is sought to bring them to bear. Cultivation is needed as much for those who hear, as for those who sing or play: not cultivation in the same degree perhaps, but of the same kind. Music is an art as well as a science, and I know of no way of attaining any knowledge, beyond a few bald and isolated facts about the latter, without some exercise in the former. The power of hearing (perhaps also of seeing) judgingly is inseperable from some power of doing; and one of not the smallest motives for spreading musical education is, not more to increase the number of executants, than that audiences fit and no longer few should be found for those who have a new truth to deliver or a new phase of beauty to present to us.

Any considerable reformation of the manner in which music is generally enjoyed must be preceded by reformation of the manner in which the elements of it are generally studied. I do not mean by further simplification of the methods of instruction, for perhaps as much has been done in this way as is at present possible. Simplification has limits. The mountain-path may be graduated and freed from some obstructions, but so long as our goal is the mountain-top, our progress must be laborious, if not difficult. There is a law of gravitation for mind as for matter, and neither intellectual nor physical ascents can be made without toil. Nor can I think, were it even possible to find it, that a perfectly smooth pathway—a 'royal road,' as it has been called—would be at all the most useful and agreeable for our journey. In travelling we often seek pleasure or profit, not so much in the place to which we are bound, as in the effort and exercise necessary to take us there.

The estimation of means over and above, and irrespective of results, is perhaps a characteristic of a good English education. The training of an English gentleman is certainly not in those things for the use of which in after life he is likely to have much call. Those who have a *cui bono* for every elegant pursuit, those who expect a quick return for the investment of every hour, should be reminded that a large proportion of every generation of the most practical people on earth have spent three-fourths of their youth in the study of forms that have no material existence, quantities that measure nothing, and languages that for ages have ceased to be vernacular. I am inclined to think that among such studies, valuable for process rather than result, music has a right to a very high place. It is a language—a living language—a language which, written, is intelligible to students of all nations—which, spoken, has a meaning for all mankind. It has its history; it has its grammar; and it abounds in those delicate distinctions, it necessitates those reasoning processes, which characterise philology and mathematics.

I am not contending that, as an element of education, music should be substituted for geometry or grammar; it will have a better chance of success if it be added to these; for the powers of mind which they tend to develop are essentially those which, brought to bear on music, would ensure a successful cultivation of it. It is because the cultivation of music has been chiefly among those from whom, for the most part, the discipline of mathematical and grammatical studies has been withheld—it is because the training of musicians has been too narrow that, as a means of discipline, music is undervalued. It is no fair argument against musical studies that a few persons, a portion of whose organization has been precociously exercised and unnaturally developed, are found able to jump—if I may so speak—at conclusions which a mind more healthy and better balanced would only reach by successive steps. We all know how easily uneducated persons pick up language; we all know what very elaborate sums have been done by 'inspired idiots,' who could give no account of their process of working them; but no one has ever thought a whit the less of grammar or algebra because here and there we meet with a courier who knows all the dialects of Europe, or a calculating boy who can work an equation without a slate.

It will be supposed that I have not made these remarks without some practical object; that I do not intend to waste this opportunity of addressing those who show by their presence an interest in the subject we have under consideration, by indulging in complaints of evils for which there is no remedy, or indicating objects which there is no means of attaining. If I seem to speak disparagingly of the state of music among the higher classes, it is from an earnest desire that it should improve, and from a belief that it is possible—I had almost said easy—for it to do so; and if I have pressed somewhat urgently upon your serious consideration the claims of music as an essential part of a good education, it is from a conviction that until it is seriously considered as such, a fair experiment of its effects on the heart or the head will never be tried."

Many further important observations from Dr. Hullah I must pass over, although they very strongly testify to a point I have urged before now with regard to the very large amount of time which personal display devours, with very unsatisfactory results both to the performer and her hearers, compared with the great results and ennobling unselfish gains and pleasures of concerted music (also both to hearers and performers) at a comparatively small cost of time; but I cannot close without quoting some remarks from Professor Maurice, made at the same time and place as the lecture from which I have extracted the valuable remarks given above. Professor Maurice, as a zealous and earnest advocate for the higher development of the whole nature of the pupils whose welfare was so dear to him, speaks from another point of view, very much to the same effect; and there are many who love his words so much, they will be glad to hear them. Professor Maurice said: "As I am representing a committee, it may be well that I allude briefly to the subjects we propose to teach, for the purpose of explaining how I consider that each is related to our general object. As I have alluded to accomplishments, and may have appeared to disparage them, I would touch first upon two subjects, which are often classed under the name, Drawing and Music. We should have proved our utter incompetence for the task we have ventured to take upon ourselves, if we had put the smallest slight upon these pursuits; if we did not give them the greatest prominency. I cannot speak for my colleagues, but I own for myself that if we had been put to the hard necessity of rejecting all that is usually comprehended under the name of useful studies, and of teaching drawing and music efficiently, or of omitting these and teaching the others ever so well, I should, not without hesitation and deliberation, but at last, I think very decidedly, have voted for embracing the first alternative. I say this, because these studies seem to me so pre-eminently useful; because I perceive a use in each of them, which I hardly think can be adequately supplied by the best culture of another kind. A habit of observation, a clear living apprehension of

form, a faculty of distinction, a real interest in nature and in the human contenance, a power of looking below the surface of things for the meaning which they express – all these gifts, bestowed by God, but latent and crushed in most—gifts which are intended for both sexes, but are oftener exhibited by women than by men, may, I believe, be more successfully cultivated by the study of drawing (if it is honestly and faithfully pursued) than by any book-instruction whatever.

"I am only repeating the language of the best and wisest teachers of mankind when I speak of music as able to call forth even deeper perceptions than these, to be the instruments of more wonderful blessings. In how many has it awakened the sense of an order and harmony in the heart of things which, outwardly, were most turbulent and confused; of a spirit in themselves capable of communicating with other spirits; of a union intended for us upon some other ground than that mere formal and visible association, yet justifying, explaining, and sustaining that! For these reasons, and others which I am ill able to understand, but which I do not the less think to be solid, sages have spoken of music as the most important instrument in forming men and in building up societies, which purpose it surely cannot fulfil if it ceases to be the study and delight of women; scarcely, I think, if they are taught to regard it chiefly as an accomplishment, if they connect it chiefly with the acquisition or exercise of mechanical dexterity, if they are not set to view it more simply and therefore more profoundly, to care less for its displays and results, and therefore to have their hearts and understandings more open to the reception of its power and its principles.

"I was bound to notice this subject first, not only because it furnishes a striking illustration of the remarks which I have made respecting our general design, but also because from this region of study we derive the best precedents for our future course, and the greatest encouragement to hope well for it. Our valued colleague, Mr. Hullah, has gone before us in our experiment, and has proved the perfect reasonableness of it. No one is less competent to speak of his method than I am, and fortunately it does not want any other witness than its effects; but it is impossible for a person, the most utterly ignorant of his art, not to see, with infinite delight, that he has reclaimed it as a mighty agent in popular education, asserting and proving that, instead of being, as we had been taught to suppose, an ornamental grace, it is a great practical human study, testifying of that which is highest in all and common to all, meant for rich and poor, high and low together. In this way he has been a pioneer in a great moral revolution, upon the success of which it may depend in no slight degree whether a revolution of another kind shall be averted from our land."

* * * * * *

Any words of mine would be irrelevant after these extracts but those of the gladness with which one welcomes from the silence and darkness of long years the words and thoughts of such men. Words and thoughts suddenly recalled to life to help a cause they loved, amidst the young they loved and served with such mastery and zeal.

(To be concluded.)

GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

One morning the news spread through the school that a sharp attack of neuralgia would prevent Miss Down from giving the usual cookery lecture for that week; but those who expected a holiday in consequence were soon disappointed by the tidings that Miss Gwen herself was going to take her place.

"Oh, but girls, it will be such fun," said Minnie Selby. "Miss Gwen took it once before, and she does say such odd things; but you needn't think it will be all fun and no work, for Miss Gwen is as sharp as a needle, and takes good care that everybody listens, and learns what there is to learn."

Minnie Selby had been longest in the school of them all, and her opinions were respected in consequence, so the girls went to the lecture-room full of curiosity.

It was a novel sight to see Miss Gwen in the post of lecturer, and her style was one of sound, common-sense, ungarnished with any unnecessary flowers of eloquence.

"Now, I am going to talk to you about economy, girls," she began. "I fancy I can see into some of your minds, and I can read there, 'Oh, I wish Miss Gwen would remember that my father has thousands a year, and that we never do, and never shall have to economise in anything.' Well, I hope you will always have thousands a year, but you cannot be sure of it, and, even if so, your money is only lent you as a talent to be used to the best possible advantage, and when you have to give an account of all the good you have done with it, you will feel very uncomfortable if you have to say it was all wasted through your ignorance and carelessness, and because you were too conceited to learn how to spend it properly."

Several of the girls had really been making remarks of this kind to one another that morning, and though they were sure Miss Gwen could not have heard them, they looked so conscious and uncomfortable that it was evident they took her criticism as addressed personally to themselves. But Miss Gwen took no notice, and went on:

"You have had a good deal of vegetable and fish diet lately, so we will go back to meat to-day; and I should be obliged if you would begin your study of the subject by clearing out of your minds the impression which is firmly rooted there, that meat at a low price is necessarily the same thing as economical meat."

Here Miss Gwen paused, and, casting a quick glance round the room, espied a girl whose blank expression betrayed the fact that her thoughts were wandering.

"Dorothea," cried Miss Gwen to her sharply, "which is most economical, meat at 8d. a pound, or that at 1s.?"

Dorothea awoke from her dreams with a start. She was always called Dolly except on solemn occasions, and was so taken aback at the sudden question, and at hearing her name in full, that she did not see that Miss Gwen was laying a trap for her, and replied confidently:

"That at 8d."

"Lily, you have charge of the meals to-day; see that Dorothea has meat at 8d. a pound for her dinner, and then she will judge for herself whether it is as good as the same weight of higher priced meat."

Dolly, who had expected to be praised for her reply, looked astounded, and Minnie glanced at the other girls with an expression which plainly said, "I told you so," but Miss Gwen went calmly on.

"The economy of the different parts of the meat depends upon the purpose for which you want it. Dorothea is so far right, that if you simply want to extract the juices for gravy or beef tea, it is cheaper to buy coarse meat, although the fibre is so tough as to be almost uneatable. But for ordinary purposes, the best joints, though they cost most money at first, are the most economical; there is much less skin and bone about them, which you have to pay for in the less expensive parts. For instance, trimmed mutton chops cost several pence more than the loin from which they are cut; but then, if you take the whole loin, you must take long ends of fat and bone, which cannot be eaten, which brings the actual price of the eatable portions to about the same. Then the best joints, being finer grained, shrink less in cooking, and are more digestible and nourishing, as well as having a finer flavour. Now, I suppose you will all go to the opposite extreme, and will imagine I have told you to buy nothing but the most costly pieces of meat; but that is a mistake. Mutton chops, for instance, though I have told you they are no dearer than loin of mutton, I consider extravagant, because you still get almost as much bone as meat; but in spite of that it may sometimes happen that they serve your purpose better than anything else, which would justify the expense, when you have to provide a hot dinner, for example, for just one person. The same remark applies to sweetbreads, and some other portions, which are expensive simply because the supply is limited. To buy them, therefore, is not economical. But now about choosing meat. I daresay none of you know good meat from bad, and you cannot expect tradesmen always to sell you the best meat if you are equally pleased with inferior quality. Do any of you know any rules for judging if meat is good? Margery, you have had some practice in buying, you ought to know."

"Beef should be of a deep red colour, with a fine grain, and streaked with fat so as to have a mottled appearance, and the fat should be whitish. Poor meat has a coarser grain, and little fat mixed with the lean, and the suet is very often a darker colour."

"Quite right, but you have only given the rules for beef. How do you choose mutton?"

"I do not know, Miss Gwen; you said what I bought last week was not nice."

"The meat itself was very good, but you have not only to think about the good quality of the meat, but also whether that particular joint will suit you. To buy a small shoulder of mutton, like that we had on Wednesday, of which half was fat, was very careless, even though the mutton may have been of good quality. In very small families, small joints are unavoidable, but under any other circumstances they are extravagant, as you get much more bone in proportion to the meat, and a larger dried-up outer surface in proportion to the juicy part in the middle of a joint. You must remember, too, that though mutton does not lose as much weight as beef in the process of boiling, it loses more in both baking and roasting. A shoulder of mutton weighing 8lb., before roasting, would be reduced to, at the most, 5½lb. when cooked; and the reduction would be much greater in one which was so fat as that you chose. If you are obliged to have a small joint, you should try

to get Welsh mutton, otherwise Scotch or South Devon is the best. Always be careful in choosing mutton that it has a fair amount of fat, but not too much; and that joints which have hung some time do not lose their dark colour and become whitish. Janet, should all meat be hung before cooking?"

"No; young meat, like veal and lamb, should not be hung long."

"I know more than that," chimed in another girl. "All red meats, like beef and mutton, require hanging a good while, and all wild creatures; but white meat, like pork and veal, and tame creatures like fowls, ought to be cooked at once, and most people like red meats a little underdone, but all white meats should be well cooked throughout."

"I suppose you mean game by 'wild creatures.' And you must remember that it is only meat for roasting that should be hung; if you intend to boil it, even red meat should be quite fresh. What game is in season, Ruth?"

"None, Miss Gwen."

"None, but ptarmigan; you must use pigeons and wild rabbits in their place; they are not really in season either, but you can get them all the year round. This is the most difficult month for housekeepers to find variety, as there are very few kinds of fish or vegetables to be had; but, on the other hand, lamb and veal are plentiful now. The only fish specially in season now is one which is not universally used, the lamprey; it is only to be had in perfection during this and next month. The river lamprey is the most delicate in flavour, but is small, rarely weighing more than a pound, while the sea lamprey attains to five or six times that weight. You can use the same recipes for cooking them as for eels. You can also get carp, mackerel, smelts, lobsters, and crabs, and salmon will be coming in towards the end of the month. In the way of vegetables, broccoli sprouts are still to be had, but will soon be over; and sea kale is plentiful, and new potatoes are coming in.

"But it is no use knowing what to buy, if you waste it in the cooking. Annie, tell me the different ways of cooking a leg of mutton."

"Roasting, boiling, and baking."

"Just what I expected. You have left out steaming, which is the most economical way of all. If you have a large party to provide for, there must be an ample allowance, and you can never be quite sure which dish will be most asked for, so that it very often happens that you may have a leg of mutton, and very little be used from it. Now, if you have had the sense to steam it, you can roast it the next day, and by filling the part that is cut with mashed potatoes, serve it up as a fresh joint. In any of the kinds of cooking you have mentioned, Annie, especially roasting and baking, a great deal of the juices of the meat evaporate, and are lost in steam, which is pure waste. If you hold a cold plate over a saucepan in which meat is stewing, you will find that the moisture which will immediately condense on it, is not pure water, but has with it minute particles of fibrine, all of which would go up the chimney, or mix with the air of the kitchen. In steaming, on the contrary, you have a double saucepan, the outer one filled with water, the inner having no water, and a very tightly fitting lid; as soon as the water in the outer vessel reaches boiling point, the juices of the meat evaporate, but being tightly shut in, condense and fall back upon the meat, which is thus cooked in its own moisture; a very convenient and economical method, you will find. There is comparatively little shrinking in meat which is steamed; and, as I just explained, no portion is wasted, even though extracted from the joint, as it is all in the pan in the form of gravy; whereas it is calculated that a joint when roasted loses a third of its original weight, when baked nearly a fourth, and when boiled about a seventh. Not only does the joint itself lose least by boiling, of these three methods, but of the juices which escape, the smallest quantity are lost, as the pan is usually closely covered, so that the steam cannot escape, and the juices are consequently retained in the water, which can be afterwards used for soups."

Thus ended the lecture, and the girls dispersed to their other occupations. Narcissa's hands were full during Miss Down's indisposition, and she found herself coming forward and taking a prominent place which would have astonished her some months before.

All this time, Jim resolutely refused to acknowledge himself the thief of Minnie's ring. She, thoughtless and good-natured to a fault, soon got over her distress at her loss, and was prepared to forgive and forget very quickly, for it was against her nature to bear resentment for any length of time. But to the more thoughtful among the girls, the theft, and Jim's persistent denial of it, was a real sorrow. Miss Gwen, after taking into her counsels Jim's faithful friend, Ruth, resolved to pass over this misdemeanour, trusting that in time he would come to a better mind, and see the folly as well as sin of his conduct. Unconsciously, however, their manner towards him was changed, and the lad evidently felt that he was no longer trusted.

He did his work as well as ever, but instead of his old amusing ways, he relapsed into sulky silence, or, when obliged to speak, his words were sullen and few. Of old his pride in his personal appearance had been ludicrously great. At first, the effort to keep himself clean and tidy had been almost too much for him, but Miss Gwen had given him a looking-glass for his own private use, and a droll vanity had developed itself in consequence, which displayed itself in many amusing ways.

His fall on the canal bank had caused an ugly scar on his head, which was a trial to his new-born vanity, till he presently obtained (no one knew whence) an old smoking cap, which he began to wear perpetually. When he first appeared in it to wait at dinner one day, Miss Gwen stared blankly at it, as though unable to believe her own eyes.

"James, remove your cap," she said, at length, in her severest tones.

"Oh dear, m'm," he replied, coming close up to her and whispering confidingly in her ear, "it's this 'ouse is so horful draughty, I'm obliged to cover up my 'ead, or I should 'ave the tuthache that horful as you couldn't do nothin' with me, m'm."

"Oh, I was not aware your teeth were on the top of your head," she responded, grimly, "but I will speak to you about it after dinner."

Finding it was pure vanity which caused him to wear this queer headgear, to hide the offending scar, Miss Gwen ruthlessly took it from him, and he could only console himself by spending hours in the effort to make his refractory dark locks cover the place, in which he finally succeeded, very much to his own contentment, though everyone else thought the effect rather odd.

But all this was over now, and his pride in himself was gone. Even his "buttons" suit ceased to give him any pleasure, and it was all he cared to do to keep himself just tidy enough to satisfy Miss Gwen.

(To be continued.)

ADOPTED.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER III.

PRISCILLA.

HOLIDAYS! To the weary worker the word has a delicious ring in it. You would scarcely have known Priscilla when hers came, and she went to her small home in Kent. Mother and brother received her with open arms, and many old friends greeted her with affection. The Fieldburns were much respected, and change of circumstances had not diminished the regard shown them both by rich and poor.

When Priscilla reached home, she found tea awaiting her, together with many farm delicacies, unusual at the cottage. Seated at the table, she exclaimed—

"This is grand, mother! How extravagant you have been!"

"Mrs. Roseberry sent the eggs, cream, and butter from Melton," returned Mrs. Fieldburn, who was a quiet, demure little woman, who still wore a widow's cap.

"And Charley desires his compliments, or something of the sort," said James Fieldburn, with a wicked twinkle in his eye. He was always joking his sister.

"Mrs. Roseberry! Charley! What has happened?" cried Priscilla, blushing.

"Nobody knows; but they are coming round. I mean, she is," replied the mother.

The Roseberrys were rich farmers in the neighbourhood, who had not been on good terms with the Fieldburns for a long time.

"I suppose I ought to be much obliged. I am," said Priscilla. "We don't see such cream as this in London. Oh! how sweet and pure it all is. Were there ever such roses? Was there ever such a sky?" she added, turning towards the open casement, as if to conceal some sudden emotion.

The truth was that Charley Roseberry and Priscilla had been fast friends, but a coolness had arisen between them through the breach betwixt their respective families. None the less she enjoyed his mother's gifts, and there was a new light in her clear grey eyes as she heard how that mother had thought of her.

"Do tell me about the child—poor Lucy Long's child, I mean," said Mrs. Fieldburn, when tea was over.

"I will just run down to Brookside first, mother. I would rather go alone. I will be back directly. I will take those oranges with me," replied Priscilla, putting on the hat and mantle which lay on a chair, and taking up a bag of oranges.

"I will tidy up against you come back," said her mother.

"And I'll look over the farm," said James.

So Priscilla found herself wandering alone in the scenes she loved best in the world. She paused to look at the neat little garden which surrounded the cottage, and to gather some pinks from the flower-border. Then she

walked down the path to a wicket-gate which led into a field through which was a cart-way to a lane. This road was flanked by hedgerows full of wild roses, and she could scarcely get along for the temptation to gather them. Overhead were arching trees in which birds were trilling forth their endless roundelays, and above them was a sky so blue that it seemed as if the world were all alive with pleasure.

"Can it be that I was only this morning in a scene so different?" she thought, as she hastened down the flower-fringed lane and finally emerged into a road which had a murmuring brook on one side and two or three cottages on the other.

She went towards one of the cottages, near which three children were at play.

"Teacher! teacher!" shouted a well-known voice, and in another moment little Allie was in her arms.

She was one of the trio that had been occupied in forming a mimic garden and planting it with flowers and leaves. She had seen and gathered those lovely earth-gems at last! Priscilla spoke to the other little girls, inquired for their parents, gave them each an orange, and carried Allie into the cottage near which she had been playing. She seated her in a small chair, orange in hand, threw off her hat and mantle, and sat down beside her.

"Where is Mrs. Snell?"
she asked.

"Gone out, teacher, but she's coming back 'rectly," replied Allie. "I call her mother, teacher."

"All right. Now tell me everything," said Priscilla, tears starting to her eyes.

The "everything" took so long to tell that we must abridge it for the sake of the patient reader. It was briefly this. When Allie was considered convalescent and in a state to leave the hospital, it was difficult to know what to do with her. She had been there nearly two months, and the doctors said that if she could have a month in the country she might get quite strong. Snarl and his worthy wife said she should come to them until "something turned up," as Snarl expressed it, and she returned to Goat's-gardens. But there such roses as she had gathered in the hospital soon began to fade. Priscilla did her best. She partook twice a week of the Board-school dinners, so delightful to the juvenile "raggeds," she attended both Board and Sunday school regularly, she disported with her friends the tethered goats in their time-honoured gardens—but what of the country?

Priscilla was not to be daunted when she took anything in hand, so she asked the vicar to let her be one of the children benefited by the Fresh Air Mission.* He said he had thousands of applications, but he would do his best, provided Priscilla would find her a home. She wrote at once to her mother, who spoke to one or two of the wives of the labourers at Brookside on the subject, and Mrs. Snell, a childless woman, consented to receive her on the usual payment of five shillings a week. So Allie was despatched one fine June morning with a troop of youngsters who sadly "needed change of air" into the country. Time fails us to tell how the vicar and Priscilla saw them off, all duly labelled as "luggage to be dropped," how they were dropped at various stations, and met by friends interested in the poor; and how, finally, Allie's turn came, and she was left at Brookside, where Mrs. Fieldburn received her, and took her straight to her happy destination. Very shy she was at first, and for some days; but she soon gathered confidence and colour in the quiet home and beautiful sunshine.

Priscilla saw at a glance that the child was changed. No fear of "Bobbies," or the workhouse, no timid glances, or deprecatory entreaties; but in their stead a bright, joyous, childish confidence. The simple words, "I call her mother," explained it all. Even the inquiry, "Have you found Snip, teacher?" was supplemented by the assurance that, "Mother had promised to look for him," and so all was well.

"Mother," in the person of Mrs. Snell, soon appeared, and no sooner were her and Priscilla's friendly greetings over, than Allie climbed into her lap, and was embraced by her kindly arms.

"We are so fond of her, miss," began Mrs. Snell; "my husband says as there never was such a child. But she won't call him father noways; eh, Allie?"

"'Cause of my first father," replied Allie.

And Mrs. Snell hugged her, exclaiming, "She's as sharp as a needle."

"You mustn't spoil her," put in Priscilla.

"Not in three weeks, miss. But we count on keeping her for a month or more for nothing. We've wrote to Mrs. Snarl, and she ha'ant no objections. We sent her some fruit and vegetables. So fur as we can see she's as much as she can do with her own, and we—well, as you know, miss, we never had children."

"Poor mother!" purred little Allie, stroking her cheek, and receiving a hug in return.

"You see, miss, I knew her poor mother when she was at Mrs. Roseberry's, in service, and I have seen her father when he walked out wi' her. They was a good-looking couple, and if they had stopped in the country might a' been alive now, maybe."

"The issues of life and death are in God's hands," put in Priscilla.

"'NOW TELL ME EVERYTHING,' SAID PRISCILLA."

* The secretary of this excellent mission is the Rev. E. Canney, St Peter's Vicarage, Cross-street Hatton-garden, London.

"To be sure, miss, I ask your pardon; but 'twas Mrs. Roseberry as made the remark when she called here the other day, and noticed Allie. I told her all you had done for the child, and the old lady looked pleased."

"She isn't an old lady," said Priscilla, colouring.

"By no means, miss; but my husband and me we've worked for her and Farmer Roseberry nigh upon twenty year, and a better master and mistress never drew breath, though they're uncommon stiff if one offends 'em. She told me to bring Allie up to Melton, and we're having a new frock made, bain't we Allie?"

"All over flowers, teacher," exclaimed the child.

Priscilla was obliged to hurry away, and she was thankful, for her heart seemed bursting with the emotion of grateful joy. When she was in the lane again, she actually broke out into song, as if emulating the birds warbling their evening hymns above her. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," were the words on her lips and in her heart, as she almost flew homeward beneath the rose-crowned canopy.

And rose-crowned it certainly was, for the sky was now aflame with sunset glow, and when she re-entered the cottage parlour it seemed a little paradise of reflected light. Her mother was awaiting her anxiously, and her usually rapid needle lingered in her hand as she watched for her appearance. She had now to recount all Allie's history, and especially to answer inquiries as to who was to pay for her keep at Brookside, and journey to and from that place; for Mrs. Fieldburn was a thrifty dame, and feared lest Priscilla should have promised to defray expenses that she could not afford.

"It is a mission, dear mother," said Priscilla. "Good people give money to enable poor, sickly, starving city children to enjoy two or three weeks in the country, and kind friends, like you and Mrs. Snell, take care of them. Little Allie is only a unit among the hundreds sent this year."

"Oh, *that's it!* I wish I was rich!" sighed Mrs. Fieldburn.

"This has brought Mrs. Roseberry round," said Priscilla. "She was fond of Lucy when she lived with her. I should not be surprised if she were to call and make inquiries, for, you know, she is full of good works."

"Then she oughtn't to be so stiff," replied Mrs. Fieldburn, who was herself not unstarched.

And Mrs. Roseberry did call, professedly to ask about Allie. Priscilla was much amused at the effect of the two elder ladies, as they sat erect, opposite one another, in the small parlour; but she was, nevertheless, very nervous as to the result of the interview, and managed to keep the conversation as much as possible away from the old sores, to the new point of interest.

"I don't approve of girls leaving their country homes to go *flaunting* about in the great towns," said Mrs. Roseberry. "Plenty to do where you are born and bred."

"Yes, Mrs. Roseberry; but if there is no situation to be had at home, and one offers elsewhere, what is one to do?" asked Priscilla.

"I am sure Priscilla acted for the best," broke in her mother, drawing herself up.

"Nobody doubts that," returned Mrs. Roseberry; which was a great concession on that lady's part. "If there is no other result than the rescue of poor Lucy's child, her work has been blessed, and God's hand is visible in it. I shall be glad to let some poor child have the run of the farm every year, my dear," she added, looking at Priscilla.

"Oh! Mrs. Roseberry, how kind!" exclaimed Priscilla, tears filling her eyes, as she rose impulsively, and went towards her old friend; but something checked her, and she sat down again.

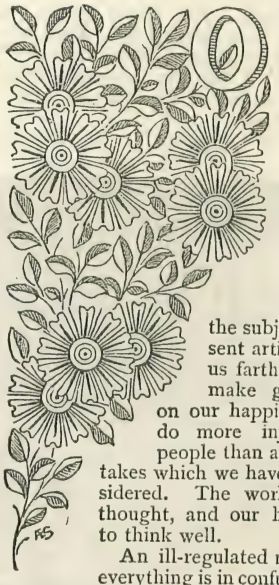
The adieux between her mother and Mrs. Roseberry were less stiff than the greetings, and she hoped the ice was beginning to thaw. Money matters had caused the coolness, each family feeling aggrieved in some business transaction, and the womenkind had sided with their respective lords and masters. Besides, the Fieldburns considered that the Roseberrys had looked down upon them since their reverses, and so pride widened the breach.

(*To be concluded.*)

COMMON ERRORS IN DAILY LIFE.

By JAMES MASON.

V.—Errors in Thought.



On our way through life errors are encountered at every step, and we carry a considerable number as personal baggage in our own heads. The worst of them all are errors in thought, which form the subject of the present article. They lead us farther astray, they make greater inroads on our happiness, and they do more injury to other people than any of the mistakes which we have hitherto considered. The world is ruled by thought, and our highest duty is to think well.

An ill-regulated mind, in which everything is in confusion, governed by no settled principles, and influenced by any motive that comes uppermost, is the worst possible possession. But clear ideas, fixed principles, and right motives are within reach of us all, and errors in thought may be corrected just like errors in speech and spelling. As easily? Well, perhaps not; but a great gain, you know, deserves a great effort.

It is an error to make light of the importance of improving our minds and regulating our thoughts. Mere strength is nothing when compared with intellect. In old stories it is always the giant, you remember, who is stupid, and some clever hop-o'-my-thumb who pockets all the gold and diamonds and carries off the king's daughter. Mind always triumphs, and, as the late Professor W. Stanley Jevons says, "If even such little creatures as ants had better brains than men, they would either destroy men or make them into slaves."

A common error is to neglect accumulating material for thought, as if it were possible to think without having something to think about. She whose mind is little better than a sheet of blank paper will never have any thoughts worth mentioning. Take pains, then, girls, to acquire ideas by means of reading and conversation and the diligent exercise of an observing eye. That is the only way to make a satisfactory start in the art of thinking.

An error that often stands in the way of our storing up ideas is that we neglect to cultivate the habit of attention. "The habit of steady and continuous attention," says Dr. Abercrombie, in his work on the "Intellectual Powers," "or of properly directing the mind to any subject that is before it, so as fully to contemplate its elements and relations . . . is necessary for the due exercise of every other mental process, and is the foundation of all improvement of character, both intellectual and moral." In order to learn, we must attend, and, having learned, then comes the serious business of reflecting on the information we have thus made our own.

But the next error is that some accumulate material and never put it to any proper use. It is like opening a shop, filling it with goods, and furnishing it with yard measures, weights and scales, and everything necessary for doing a trade and making a fortune, and then locking the front door and sitting down to look out on the street. To employ with profit our store of ideas we must cultivate the habit of reflection. It may not be easy to acquire, but it gains strength by exercise, and no habit has a more important influence on the improvement of the general character. Without reflection the greatest knowledge is very little better than ignorance, and it has been rightly held that to awaken thought in any one is of a vast deal more consequence than to impart information.

No one, says one writer, can lay any claim to the position of a thinker who cannot take two and two and add them together and make five. In other words, we must bring together the ideas we already possess, and out of them construct new ones. That is the true end of all mental labour.

It is an error to think it disgraceful to doubt and to be ignorant. Some people cannot bring themselves to say, "I have not made up my mind," "I do not know," and so speak at random. But with life so short we must be satisfied with at best only a small allowance of knowledge, compared with the great feast that lies spread before us. We cannot know everything, and it is not necessary either. Be ashamed then of folly, of passion, of stupidity, but as for being put out at not knowing the trifle that any booby thinks we ought to have at the tip of our tongue, that is quite absurd.

At the same time it is an error not to know all that we ought to be acquainted with, all, for example, that concerns our occupation, our daily duties, and our future state. Over these topics we should possess perfect mastery.

The next error to be noticed is disbelief in the possibility of self-culture. Let those who hold this error read and re-read the following words of Dr. Channing, words the truth of which is every day made more plain:—"Of all the discoveries which men need to make the most important at the present moment is that of the self-forming power, treasured up in themselves. They little suspect its extent, as little as the savage apprehends the energy which the mind is created to exert on the material world. It transcends in importance all our power over outward nature. There is more of divinity in it than in the force which impels the outward universe, and yet how little we comprehend it! How it slumbers in most men, unsuspected, unused."

When in pursuit of knowledge it is an error to believe all we hear. Some minds are very readily caught with fluent speech and plausible nonsense, but one should be always on one's guard and give credit only to those of whose accuracy of statement and soundness of reasoning we have had experience. It is impossible to go through life without a great deal of the exercise of faith; but see that your faith be given to the right people. Few have lived long without discovering the uncertainty of human opinion and the readiness with which assertions are made by those who have absolutely no knowledge.

Another error in thought is indifference to truth. We make believe we are in search of

what is true, but shut our eyes when we see it, and really look for what is most pleasing; or we weary of investigation, and rather than take a little more trouble, accept and give a lodging in our minds to the most miserable blunders. Truth should be the beginning and end of all our inquiries, and the greatest pains should be taken to discriminate it from falsehood. No doubt "belief is a rock," but we want to plant our feet on the right sort of rock—the rock of undeniable fact.

It is an error to be afraid, as some are, of laying themselves open to the charge of inconsistency. You have changed your opinions. Good. That means that you are moving onwards, and a change of position has brought a new horizon and new points of view. The wisdom of to-day may well be superior to the wisdom of yesterday, and change deserves to be respected when it is the result, not of caprice, but of conviction.

It is an error not to have our minds well in hand. We see some people who do not so much possess ideas as they are possessed by them. Now we should rule ourselves by the principles of common sense. We have the ability, it has been truly observed, not only of tracing our powers, but of guiding and impelling them; not only of watching our passions, but of controlling them; not only of seeing our faculties grow, but of applying to them means and influences to aid their growth.

Out of this error often arises another. We come to have too deep an affection for our own opinions—grow infatuated about them in short. People of this way of thinking fancy that what is good for themselves must be equally good for all others, like the man who had a spring of mineral water on his estate, and not only drank of it himself, but made his servants take a glass every morning.

The next error in regard to thought which we shall notice is carelessness about the language in which thought is expressed. Whoever wishes to think rightly must first have mastered the science of words. A great deal of the bad reasoning of everyday life arises from the confused ideas people have as to the different meanings that may be attached to the same word. We may argue for days together without any satisfactory result, supposing no clear notion exists at starting as to the meaning of the terms we employ. It is a good rule, in arguing with anyone, to ascertain, before spending breath on the subject, that both of you attach the same signification to the same terms. Were this generally done, what endless controversies and meaningless gabble would the world have often been spared.

It is an error not to accept the conclusions of those who are wiser than ourselves. But whilst we should have a great deal of regard for authority of the right sort, as great an error is committed when we fail to have confidence in our own private judgment. I have a sneaking admiration for that girl who, when asked, "Do you think as we do?" replied, "No, I think for myself." There are circumstances in which to subordinate our minds to those of others is nothing but intellectual slavery. Fortunately, in this country everything is in favour of free thought and individual growth and action. That Eastern sultan would find no sympathy here who threatened to take off the head of the first man who made a reflection.

To expect to arrive at certainty in every subject we study is another error. "There are a hundred things," remarks Dr. Watts, "wherein we mortals, in this dark and imperfect state, must be content with probability; where our best light and reasonings will reach no farther." We must balance arguments then, as justly as we can, and act always in accordance with what, at anyrate, appears to be the truth. "When there is great strength of argument set before us," says another writer; "if we refuse to do what appears most fit for us until every little objection is removed, we shall never take one wise resolution as long as we live."

It is an error, however, when a matter is in every degree doubtful, to pronounce strongly either one way or another. People feel, perhaps, that they ought to take a side, and, when they have done so, argue warmly in its favour. But the best way is to suspend the judgment; and very many things, girls, would remain undecided till we no longer saw through a glass darkly if this were the general rule.

Another error is to puzzle over things which are of necessity inexplicable. There is a point in every inquiry beyond which we cannot go, and it is only waste of energy to attempt pushing one's way into the fields of the unknowable. The limits which have been set to human faculties ought to be observed, and reason, it has been well said, can never be better employed than in deciding when its operations must be stopped.

It is an error to think about mean things. The beauty of nature, the loveliness of truth and virtue, the wonders of sea and sky, and the value of life and time—to consider such subjects as these expands the mind, as much as the contemplation of those that are mean and trifling tends to contract it. An important lesson we have to learn, then, is to keep elevated in thought and sentiment, and to set our affections on nothing but what is good, and noble, and pure.

Not to make a proper use of the imagination is the next error in thought. There is a right exercise of this power, but it is very often misused. "The mind," says Dr. Abercrombie, "cannot be idle, and when it is not occupied by subjects of a useful kind, it will find a resource in those which are frivolous or hurtful—in mere visions, waking dreams, or fictions, in which the mind wanders from scene to scene, unrestrained by reason, probability, or truth. No habit can be more opposed to a healthy condition of the mental powers; and none ought to be more carefully guarded against by everyone who would cultivate the high acquirement of a well-regulated mind."

It is an error to cherish prejudices. Preferences are all very well, but with prejudices it is different. We should be able to give a reason for everything, and there is absolutely none for them. Everyone is very ready to complain of the prejudices of other people as if she had none of her own. It would be much better if she would leave off criticising others and look at home.

It is an error to allow the mind to become clouded by passion. When once pride, love, fear, avarice, or ambition takes hold of us, thinking as it ought to be conducted is at an end. The passions have been called the gales of life, and it is they that make the tempests in which thought is shipwrecked. The healthy mind is ever calm and cheerful. It is more; it is virtuous and pious.

It is an error to make much of purity of doctrine and little of purity of life. Life and thought should be in harmony, and she has her face turned in the wrong direction who says, "So long as one thinks rightly, it is no matter how she acts."

In all mental work it is an error not to take advantage of the labours of other people. We who come last are in some respects best off, and we ought to make use of our advantages, and not be like the man who began the study of astronomy, but, disdaining to avail himself of the labours of those who went before, died ere he had discovered that the earth went round the sun.

A common error is to fall into the habit of thinking the same things over and over in the same way. It is a great waste of time and power. People who do this never make any progress worth speaking about, and anything more dreary than the monotony of their minds it would be hard to name, unless it be the monotony of their conversation. We must make it a rule to be moving on, thinking of new things, and forcing ourselves to put old things in new lights till that becomes a habit.

There is a danger, however, in our enthusiasm for learning, of making too great haste. That is a serious mistake. One may be in too great haste to be learned, just as it is possible to be in too great haste to be rich. The result is unsatisfactory in either case. It is impossible to gain the mastery of a subject by any other than leisurely work. "Nature," it has been well said, "commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it with labour and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of the truth."

Another error is excessive mental exertion. Some are so much in earnest in pursuit of learning that they act just as if they were disembodied spirits. Now bodily health should be looked to as much as intellectual activity, and with rare exceptions a vigorous mind goes hand in hand with a sound constitution; when the one decays, so does the other. To fancy that thought needs no relaxation is a frequent blunder. What are you going to do this morning? Study. This forenoon? Study. This afternoon? Study. This evening? Just the same. That is not the way to make progress. After a certain time the mind loses its elasticity, and the progress made is not equal to the time consumed—or anything like it. The way to do more is often to do less. There is a prudent use of intellectual power, and when the mind is exhausted, to goad it on to further efforts is to pursue philosophy without acting like a philosopher. The health of the nervous system, it has been pointed out, is often ruined by excessive application without the sufferer in the least suspecting the cause.

How long should one study at once? That question everyone must answer for herself. Nature, if allowed fair play, will usually give warning when once the limit of prudence is reached. The only danger is that now and again we may confuse the voice of Nature with the accents of laziness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMIGRATION.

A Would-be Emigrant and Lady Clare.—All the particulars you need will be furnished you on application by letter to the Hon. Secretary, Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. We do not think there is any opening at Sydney for governesses or teachers, but if you make up your minds to go up the country, there are plenty of openings. These are not for teaching alone, and no girl should go out without a thorough knowledge of housework and housekeeping, even to washing and ironing clothes; for in the colony the ladies know all this themselves, and want girls who will not only teach, but help them with the housework.

Two Poor Girls.—The Canadian Government offers "assisted passages" at £3 a head for domestic servants, with a free railway pass to Toronto, during the spring and summer months. The form for assisted passages may be procured from the Canadian Government agent, Canadian Government Offices, 9, Victoria Chambers, London, S.W. These forms, letter "C," must be signed by a steamship agent—the offices of the Allan Line being at 17, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

E. S. and Lonely Scotch Lassie.—If Canada did not agree with you, and you have your living to earn, you had better not return there, but settle down at home in Scotland and endeavour to make yourself happy and contented.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Fern Leaves.—Keep the puddings in a drier place. No, we do not think there is any harm in the enjoy-

ment of life, to be happy, and to sing as the birds do, if God has given us the voice.

LADY BIRD.—Turpentine and beeswax used to polish the chairs will do them good. Pronounce "strata" as "stray-tah."

E. S. G.—Many thanks for your kind note and the enclosed recipes.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Your account of your expenditure is not clear enough. What is included in the £249 16s. 6d.? Food? If dress for yourself and child be included, *i.e.*, £55, that would leave the cost of living for five people at about £195 for the year, which is not too dear, as it is £3 15s. per week.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Grease the outside of the copper kettle well, and allow it to remain so for some little time. Rub off with paper; then clean with rotten-stone and oil or bath-brick. The inside may be washed with soda and water. Berlin black is the best for both stove and fender. You must see that both be clean before applying it. Use a clean brush, and they will look very well. The bars of grates that become very hot must be black-leaded, as anything else burns off and turns red.

COOKERY.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.—The following is a good recipe for making pancakes:—Take half a small basin of flour (about one and a half pints), add an egg and a little salt, and as much milk and water as will form a moderately thick batter when mixed. Place a piece of butter in the frying-pan rather larger than a walnut, and when melted and hot pour in as much of the batter as will cover the pan thinly. Fry till of a pale brown, at least in some parts, when it should be turned and fried on the other side. The pancake should then be folded lightly in three, making an oblong square. Lemons should be served with them, and powdered white sugar. The obnoxious "advances" should be stopped by your father or mother, if your "shunning them" be insufficient to repel them. The picture is creditable to one who has never learnt to draw nor paint. If she had lessons she would be able to profit by them.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—Sandwiches made of anchovy butter would be suitable. To make the butter, clean six anchovies thoroughly and pound them in a mortar with two ounces of butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce. Rub this mixture through a hair sieve, and spread it on thin oblong squares of bread or toast, laying the slices together in the ordinary way.

WORK.

ZAIDE.—Your work will be much appreciated at the Princess Louise Home, Wanstead. Address the matron.

INDIANA.—We think you had better write to some of *the well-known* ladies' Indian outfitters in London and obtain their lists. You will then be able to judge of what is necessary, and select what is according to your taste and your means.

THEODORA could only obtain such information by personal inquiry and exertion, which she will not mind if really in earnest to help her *protégée*.

AUSER.—Scrap-books and picture-books for sick children will be most thankfully received at the Hospital for Women, Great Ormond-street, W.C., and at the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate Address the secretary at both places.

BENEDICTA.—Write to the London Society and inquire, as well as to the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Amongst the Jews—office, 96, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, W.C. Address the secretary in both cases. There is a medical mission in connection with both, we believe, and you would obtain information by application. Are you sure you have no work to do nearer home?

C. MYRA SEIGNIE, MILLIE, ASPLIN, and Others.—The best material for confirmation dresses is "nun's cloth," as it is moderate in price and can be used afterwards. They should be plainly made, with no trimming but the material. The cap worn should be a small one, made of fine muslin net or lisse, net being the best, without streamers or decoration.

UNE JEUNE MERE.—We do not advise you to dye your dress yourself, as we think it would only lead to disappointment; nor do we think dyed silks are of much good for wear afterwards. Could you not alter the dress by making a plain velveteen skirt of brown and using the bodice and some of the drab silk for an overskirt? We cannot say that we regard the chest expanders as substitutes for stays.

N. DEWDROP.—See page 596, vol. iii., for "Knitted Designs." We always advise our readers to procure from the nearest fancy-work shop one of the shilling manuals, containing a number of designs for which we have no space.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURLY.—The lady speaks or bows first in all cases, unless she be a very young girl and the gentleman far older.

THE SNOWDROP OF SANGOR.—We know of no "royal road to learning," so we can only advise you to learn the multiplication and pence tables thoroughly, so as to bear any amount of "dodging;" to provide yourself with a dictionary, and to look out every doubtful word, to write roundhand copies, and to read music for practice constantly, until you be able to read it well at sight. Did you imagine we could recommend you a liniment with which to rub in instruction?

AUF WIEDER SEHEN.—Why not try the "patent glacier window decoration," which is advertised everywhere, and looks very effective and pretty, at a moderate cost? You would find "Luther's Hymn" in any collection of German hymns.

MARY E.—The office of the Women's Emigration Society is at the New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, S.W.; address the hon. secretary.

YELLOW JASMINE.—The use of hair dyes of all kinds, if long continued, is not considered safe, and we advise you, with the symptoms you name, to lose no time in consulting a doctor, who will tell you what the stiffness and pain imply, and what remedy to take.

EMILY H. B.—Your story about the amiable hen who acted as "mother's help" to the hen with a family, is a very good one, and the chickens were evidently well brought up, as they dutifully accepted the care and superintendence of the stranger hen, whose help was accepted by their mamma. What a good example they set to the little girl-chicks, who may have nurses and governesses! We hope you are a good little chick.

POPPIE.—Wipe the jet with a damp cloth, and polish with sweet oil. Your spelling appears to be good, so far as one can judge from a note; your handwriting tolerably good, but spread out too much, and the words too far apart; the composition faulty. We thank you for your kind assurances.

BUSKER.—The quotation, "Curfew shall not ring to-night," is from a poem by Rose Hardwicke Thorpe, an American. Reverse the order of your heavy and light strokes, as the wrong method spoils your hand and gives a coarse appearance.

FORGOTTEN ONE.—In Sir Bernard Burke's last edition he has decided that the Royal Family has no surname. You are never "too old" to learn anything until "second childhood" begins; but your fingers lose their flexibility as you advance in life.

HOLLY.—See "The Fairy of the Family" for the washing and cleaning of all kinds of textiles and other materials. The 12th September, 1864, was a Monday.

BLUE DADO.—Consult our indexes respecting chilblains. Your writing is fairly good.

DULCIE.—You must be entirely guided by the opinions and wishes of your parents in all such comparatively minor matters. We have entered into similar questions at some length on more than one occasion, and refer you to these answers. No absolute rule could be laid down binding all alike, for all consciences are not wounded by the same things, and we are not permitted to judge one another as to the liberty in which we may indulge ourselves.

ROMOLA informs us that "the articles on cookery, and especially the German and Swedish ones, are very ridiculous, and quite out of place in an English journal," that "too much space is given to amateur contributions," and that "many of her friends intend to discontinue taking it." Lastly, she is anxious to know where she may find the beautiful and remarkable line—

"Now the gnat wears a hat."

She may enjoy the credit of its authorship herself.

HARRY.—Make a strong tea of the rosemary, and clean the leaves of the book with a little crumb of bread.

PUDDING might make herself very useful in going on little errands for her mother, putting things tidy, learning to sew and darn, and mending her own clothes; also by asking any one of the family what she can do to help them.

A SCOTCH HAGGIS should read our chapter on spots and stains and "The Fairy of the Family." She does not inform us of the nature of the stains, whether of grease, ink, paint, etc.

ENGLISH GIRL.—We are not fond of recommending French stories.

VICTOR AND MUSICIAN.—The term "lady" has been made both worthless and ridiculous from its application to persons who have no claim to it as a distinguishing title. Nevertheless, there are some here and there who, having no claim to it, are such in delicacy of feeling, and in that generous unselfishness and thoughtful kindliness that form the foundation of all good breeding. Read our many articles on this subject, and you will understand what is essential to constitute a "lady" in mind and conduct if she be not born in that position of life.

A LADY.—1. We have frequently told our correspondents that there is no law nor ancient custom to restrict the wearing of an engagement ring to any particular finger. At the same time, it is very usual to wear it on the third finger of the right hand, as the third of the left is specially appropriated by the wedding ring, on which, by ecclesiastical authority, it must be worn. 2. In reference to St. Cecilia, see Dr. Cobham Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable."

ELFEA need not imagine that her brain is affected because she often dreams of being ill. The having to go to a convalescent home on account of a bad illness is sufficient to account for it.

EDITH D.—We should think that a little girl of your age would enjoy a doll, and practise needlework in making her clothes. She might sometimes be dressed like a baby, and wear the sort of linen and flannels suitable for one, and sometimes like a child or a grown person; or else you might buy a nice book. Slope your writing a little more.

CLARIBEL.—"A little tight lacing" is decidedly injurious. Stays are merely required to enable dressmakers to fit dresses well, which could not be fitted over loose soft folds. We are glad that "Esther" pleases you.

EARNEST SEEKER.—Young people imagine that repentance compels showers of tears, groaning, and misery over their shortcomings and misdoings. All this may be, without real turning to God, or effort to conquer sin, or looking to Christ, and His atonement for remission and acceptance. It is not to "hang down your head like a bulrush" and "be of a sad countenance." Of course, you must "repent and believe;" you must strive to please your Heavenly Father as earnestly as if your salvation were to be earned by your own works; yet you must put no confidence in any merits of your own—only in Christ and His atonement. Your "earnest wish" to live for Him, and your belief in Him as a Saviour, are the gift of God—the works of His Spirit in your heart. Take courage, therefore; you are not, and could not, be an "unsuccessful seeker." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

MARY.—There are good and bad books of every description—history, poetry, philosophy, science, stories, and even religious works. Some are excellent, but others are dangerous and most misleading. No one class of literature can be condemned wholesale. You must discriminate between the good and the evil.

RESTOCK.—Turn out the horse to grass, or at least give him a good long spell of rest, either until his recovery or you can get a good opinion. We are glad that your brothers so much approve of our paper, and especially our articles on good breeding. They seem to be very fine young men, and must be amiable, or you would not be so fond of them. We wish them success in passing their examinations for the Army.

MARGUERITE.—1. The Agnostics are philosophers, who assert that we have no certain knowledge apart from what we acquire by means of our senses. Faith is completely set aside. Yet observe what our Lord said to St. Thomas, St. John xx. 29. Atheists (a name derived from two Greek words, *a* "without," and *Theos*, "God") are philosophers who do not believe in the existence of a Supreme Deity. See what is said of such in Psalm xiv. 1. 2. As a rule, not more than twice, unless engaged to him.

EARTH, AIR, WATER.—Your question is a vague one: "Above what age should a girl marry?" We see no "should" (implying obligation) in the case; but if she do, certainly it "should be above" five years old, and we should say about twenty-one. If, on the other hand, you mean to inquire how late in life a woman *may* marry, we reply as late as a mutual attachment and esteem may render it agreeable, and good health and a sufficiency of means may equally render it prudent. There is no law, divine nor human, that limits the age—even to seventy! We observe that, like very many of our correspondents, you insert a superfluous "d" in the word "oblige."

A MOTHER OF THREE can obtain black enamel paint and gold anywhere that Judson's dyes are sold. An artist's colourman would have them. We do not give prices.

D. L. PARR.—If you have never yet been in service, you should try to obtain a place as kitchenmaid through private friends. But you might offer yourself at a registry office if you have any recommendation as to character.

WISHING TO IMPROVE.—When you are congratulated, say "Thank you," of course, either by a little note, or by word of mouth if spoken, not written.

S. A. D.—Our Lord's commandment is enough for you, and if you call yourself Christian you must obey His call. With regard to the case you quote, you must remember that even our Lord's presence did not prevent the devil entering into Judas, and that if we wilfully yield to sin and "give place to the devil" we must not try to put the blame on our Lord and His commandments. "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him."

CARMEN.—Send small sums by means of a post office order.

LONGLEGS.—Address them as "Mr. Smith" or "Mr. Jones" when speaking to them, and it is needful occasionally to give the name.

NELLINDA.—You might give coffee, cocoa, tea, and lemonade as beverages. A bride is not expected to provide house linen in England.

MOSSROSE.—1. The term "hieroglyphics" is a compound Greek word, signifying "sacred" and "to hollow out" or "carve." The term refers to the sacred characters or picture-writing of the ancient Egyptian priests. These are of two classes; one consists of symbols descriptive of ideas, the other of words, syllables, or the letters of the alphabet. The term is also applied to the ancient Mexican picture-writing, by which they recorded the occurrences of life. 2. Cream-colour is restored by dipping in coffee. You do not name the material of your "washed-out dress."

WOODRUFF.—Many people use a mixture of red lead, or some red ochre, to clean and brighten the outsides of their flower pots.

VIOLETTA.—1.—Cut off the dead fronds of your fern. 2. We never heard of such a thing. Hydrophobia seems, unfortunately, to be known everywhere, and, so far as we know, there is no certain and infallible cure, although a Russian prescription is said to have great success.

BELLA FATTY.—To clean filagree ornaments, see page 79, vol. iv.

VOL. V.—NO. 226. APRIL 26, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

JOCK.

"WHO is Jock?" asked Margaret, with a wondering remembrance of Mrs. Esselton's remarks about May's loneliness and lovelessness.

"If it were a dog," said May Castle, as if thinking aloud, "I might easily manage to give him in charge of one of the boys, but there isn't any-

All rights reserved.] "BALACLUVA AND HIS DAUGHTER WERE AMONG THE FIRST OF THE GUESTS TO DEPART."

one here who could be trusted to look after a strange cat."

Margaret could not repress a smile, and yet at the same time tears sprang to her eyes.

"Is this pussy such a special charge and favourite?" she asked.

"He does not belong to anybody else," May answered, as if that at once made him her own.

"But if he stays at the school-house, won't the people there take care of him during your absence?" was Miss Stewart's very natural inquiry.

May shook her head. "He doesn't stay at the schoolhouse," she replied; "they wouldn't have him there. They don't like cats. He sits in my infant schoolroom by day, and in the evening, too, for I am generally there then. I'm not much in the schoolhouse except for meals."

"Where does he sleep?" asked Margaret, feeling that she was gaining a full view of this girl's desolate life through this curious side window.

"He sleeps in a box I keep for him in the infant playground," detailed May, quite simply. "At least, he is free to ramble about at night, but I always take his food there, and that makes him keep to it. He is generally there when I carry it to him of a morning."

"Well, but that means that the schoolhouse people give him his food though you have the trouble," decided Miss Stewart. "Can't you get one of your pupils to discharge that duty for her teacher's sake?"

"But it doesn't mean that the schoolhouse people feed him," said May, steadily. "Sometimes I may carry him a scrap of what is apportioned to me, but generally I buy him bits of meat from the butcher, and the baker lets me have a little broken bread for a mere trifle, and I break that up into sop."

"That seems having a pet in real earnest," observed Margaret. "All the trouble you take must make you very fond of Jock. Have you had him long?"

"Nearly two years," answered May. "I picked him up in the village one day, a poor little starved kitten, whom the boys were stoning. It was so horrid to see the little lonely thing with a dozen cruel persecutors round it. I thought at first that perhaps I ought to kill it, for I did not see my way then to manage with it so well as I have done. But it looked as if it had such a miserable little life, that it seemed a shame it should have been made at all, if that was to be the end. And as I carried it along under my cloak it began to purr. So I thought I'd give it a little enjoyment first, if I had to kill it after all."

"But that would have been doubly hard," said Margaret.

May looked up surprised. "Not for the kitty," she exclaimed. "Oh, no, only for me; but I got along day after day, and Jock's a beauty now, at least I think so, and now I could not kill him—no, not for anything—except if there was no other way to keep him out of bad hands."

It was quite clear that she did not contemplate a premature demise for Jock as any way out of the present difficulty. It was not his life that was in peril, rather her own visit to Shetland! There are some women, thank God, with whom the merest shadow of love and loving duty outweighs all else on earth. There are those who will smile at the present quaint form of May Castle's devotion, but they are almost sure to be those who have little true devotion to offer even at the loftiest shrines of the heart. It will be the most dutiful daughters, the most loving wives, and the most tender mothers—the women with the truest and warmest natures, who will recognise the significance of the lonely girl's attachment to the helpless creature which "belonged to nobody else," and who will see in it a revelation of the possibilities of her character and future life. And Margaret Stewart was one of this class.

"You'll have to bring Jock with you to Shetland, if nothing better turns up for him," she said, quite sympathetically. "I suppose it could be managed, only there would be some risk of losing him; or," she added, with what she thought a happy impulse, "Mrs. Esselton will get the housekeeper here to give him shelter. I can see Mrs. Esselton is fond of animals by the way the manse dogs greeted her when she called yesterday. I am sure she will appreciate your careful faithfulness to your favourite."

May shook her head. "I know Mrs. Esselton would do anything kind," she said, "but the servants are different; not that they would mean to be cruel to an animal, only they would not want to be troubled with my cat."

Perhaps she was quite unconscious of any emphasis on the personal pronoun, but it was there.

"Well, then you will certainly have to bring him to Shetland," said Margaret, good-humouredly. "I suppose it will be easy enough. The best way will be to secure him safely in a snug basket of not too close wickerwork. I have heard of a cat which travelled by sea from London to Edinburgh in a parrot's cage, and was as quiet and well-conducted as the tigers in a menagerie till she heard the fog horns blow, and then she thought if noise was wanted, she might as well contribute her cries. Yes, we must have Jock out to Ultima Thule, and introduce him to the shelties and collies."

May Castle had risen from her seat, as if she felt that the interview had ended; her pale face was flushed and her lip quivered. She could not understand the position in the least. Ought she to take this strange lady's kindness and suggested hospitality? She had no doubt that all was given in cordial sincerity, and would be duly backed up by definite invitation. It seemed to her such tremendous things. The wide easy going hospitality of such places as Balacluva was quite out of the range of her own experience. Had she any right so to impose on the bounty of strangers? Perhaps—oh, terrible thought! it made May's heart stand still—perhaps this lady, this Miss Stewart of Balacluva, who they were saying might some day soon be Marchioness of Fowlis, having heard the marquis speak of May, and seen her pictures in his hands, took it for granted that she was a young lady of good family and position. Perhaps he would expect her to travel in style to Balacluva, and to appear there in morning robes, and tea-gowns, and evening dresses (and poor May had already been wondering what might be the third class fare by rail and steamer, and had wildly trusted that she had stored sufficient to defray it). But it was not her own mortification that May dreaded; it was this sweet lady's delusion. May would lay hands on nothing that might be offered to her in the dark. Miss Stewart must be undeceived instantly. May did not know what to say, but she would begin at once and then she would have to finish. In her zealous honesty, she feared lest delay might endanger her determination.

"May be you do not know, I'm afraid that—" she stammered, and then made a desperate effort. "I think, perhaps, you don't understand that I am not like you. Mrs. Esselton knows me, and so does the marquis, but it's quite different. You see what I mean, they are only good to me," she went on, lifting her great weird eyes, and speaking more quietly, now she felt that the truth was out.

"They are good to me too—they are good to everybody," returned Margaret, with that high breeding which is never perfect unless it springs from genuine consideration for others. "They were kind enough to tell me, a stranger, all about you, and how brave and clever you have always been. It makes one feel at home in a place when one learns about the people in it, doesn't it? I will tell you all about everybody, and all the stories of the family portraits on the walls at Balacluva. I would give you my own history in exchange for yours," she added, with a musical laugh, "but there's nothing to tell about me. Perhaps there may be in time."

Ah, bright Margaret, probably you did not think of the proverb, "Happy is the man or the nation which has no history." Or could you realise, even in that your day of innocent happiness, that the flowery paths of life lie not on the heights of the soul, and that "the hero is not fed on sweets"?

"May Castle is a gem," said Margaret to Mrs. Esselton, when that lady again sought the blue boudoir where Miss Stewart had chosen to linger after her visitor had gone. "I am sure we shall have to thank you very much for introducing her to us. She will be quite a delight to mamma. I never can help feeling that mamma is a little thrown away on our people," said the young daughter, wistfully; "and it seems naughty to say so, when I know how grateful and devoted they all are. Only I feel they would be quite as grateful and devoted for less than mamma gives them and does for them. They would take angelic gifts and counsels, and bless the angel from the bottom of their hearts, but they would not catch the aroma of her wings, or miss the sound of her song."

"Don't be too sure of that," corrected Mrs. Esselton. "One must not expect very subtle powers of appreciation to be

too common anywhere; but, believe me, they exist quite as much among those who are absolutely unable to express them, as among those who have been trained in all the best social litanies. That is why May Castle herself has such a charm for me. She invariably strikes the right key, but she does it in so original a style that you know it is nature with her, and not art. But now we must go downstairs, for our party is beginning to break up, and I don't like anybody to go away without a friendly good-bye. I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned, for nowadays it seems the style to drop you anyhow, as it were, instead of laying you down respectfully. It is all in keeping with an age which is inclined to exchange its Bible and its Shakespeare in their decent leather bindings for yellow-backed novels and illustrated newspapers."

"We are quite behind the age in Shetland," laughed Margaret.

Balacluva and his daughter were among the first of the guests to depart. And as they drove down the pleasant country roads, Margaret told her father the story of May Castle, and of the invitation she had given her. She told it with the proud delight of one who has won a prize or found a treasure. It is the best part of power of any kind that it can claim a share in that which it can serve. Margaret was quite sure of her father's sympathy. It was only to elicit its warmest expression that she put the question—

"I was quite right, wasn't I, papa?"

"Right? of course you were, Peggy." (That was his pet name for her; no one else used it. He had playfully teased her with it in her childhood, and now she would not, for worlds, have heard him call her anything else). "If there was not a room and a welcome in Balacluva for anyone you have a mind to offer them to, the old place might as well be enchanted into a Pict's house at once. And now, what does Peggy think of Fowlis? And how does she like the marquis when she sees him among his own people in his own place?"

"Fowlis is very pretty; it is quite thickly wooded," Margaret answered demurely, giving the judgment of a Shetlander, to whose eyes, accustomed to treeless moors, a simple plantation seems almost a forest. "And Lord Fowlis is exactly the same as he always was," she added.

The old laird chuckled, and said no more. But his questions were not objectless. Lord Fowlis and he had snatched several short interviews during the day, and there had at last dawned on the father's mind a suspicion on a certain subject, concerning which all his household and most of his tenants had been quite confident since the marquis's last visit to the far north. It may be sweet to any parent's heart to see a child "respeckit like the lave," but to all save the very young there is pain in any prospective change. Margaret fancied her father was rather quiet during that homeward drive. She thought only that he was a little tired.

(To be continued.)

THE OBSERVER.

By Dora Hope.

THIS is the time to begin to notice and make collections of all kinds of flies and insects, which are beginning to come out to bask in the warm sunshine. Bees are an especially interesting study, and offer plenty of variety, as there are more than two hundred different kinds in England.

Hen birds are sitting on their nests, while the cock birds are flying about in search of food for their mates, and later for their young families. It is interesting to notice how the manner of their flight varies, according to the different kind of food they are searching for. The swift, for instance, flies high over the housetops, where it will find small flies of many kinds; while its kinsman, the martin, which feeds on aquatic flies, skims the surface of ponds. Tomtits very often hang head downwards among the bushes, picking off insects from the underside of leaves, while robins, thrushes, blackbirds, and many others hop about on the grass looking out for worms and grubs.

One can sometimes watch a tug-of-war between a robin or thrush and a fine lusty worm. The worm seems suddenly to have developed a dozen pairs of hands with which to hold on to his house and home. The robin, with his legs wide apart and firmly planted, tugs and pulls with all his little might, till the worm, feeling himself vanquished, all at once gives in, and, the resistance unexpectedly ceasing, the victor tumbles head-over-tail backwards. Recovering himself, however, too quickly for the vanquished to gain anything by this last manœuvre, he picks up his enemy in his slender beak and carries him off to his little ones in the nest. Then, to prove what a fine, bold fellow he is, he smooths his ruffled feathers, and, perching on a neighbouring twig, sings a little song of victory before returning to his work of providing food for his family.

The flowers to be found this month are too numerous to mention; for May comes in like a spendthrift, lavishing them in profusion on every hand.

One of the most interesting phenomena of spring to the botanist, and, indeed, to every intelligent observer, is the ascent of the sap in trees. Trees rest during the winter; the sap is diverted from the leaves, which in consequence wither and fall off, and there is very little circulation of sap at all. But in the spring, when they have had sufficient repose, the roots draw up water, and various mineral substances mixed with it, from the soil, which rises up the trunk through vessels, like the veins in our bodies, running up the inner part of the wood round the pith which occupies the centre of the trunk. This ascent can be watched by putting a branch or young plant into coloured water for some time, and then cutting it in sections.

The sap then crosses the trunk and flows along the branches till it reaches the leaves, which are covered with minute openings, through which the air can penetrate to the sap, and which also act as pores through which unnecessary moisture is thrown off. The oxygen has the effect of producing a chemical change in the sap, just as it has upon the blood in our bodies when taken into the lungs. The sap begins to descend through tubes in the outer bark, having been transformed by the oxygen into the proper nutritious juice which the tree requires for its growth, all that is superfluous being thrown off by perspiration from the bark and leaves.

An easy way of interesting children in botany is to let them watch the gradual development of a plant from a seed. Some germinate very quickly, such as mustard and cress and melon seeds; but large ones can be more easily watched. Take, for instance, a chestnut or acorn, and lay it on a vessel of water (a bottle or specimen glass), propping it up so that the bottom just touches the water. In a short time the moisture will cause the outer covering to soften and swell, so that when the embryo plant is ready to come forth it will the more easily be able to force a passage. The kernel of the nut contains a sort of thick mucilage, which is meantime feeding the young plant within it, till it has grown sufficiently to burst open the outer shell, and by a wonderful arrangement, in whatever position the nut is placed, the tiny rootlet will begin to grow downwards towards the earth, while the leaflets shoot upwards. If it were not for this arrangement, half the seeds which are sown broadcast over the soil would die. The first leaves to appear on the stem are thick and fleshy, and contain most of the substance of the whole seed, and are of a different shape from the ordinary leaves of the tree. They are sometimes called the nursing leaves, because they are not a proper part of the plant itself, but are only there for a time to protect the embryo, which is safely hidden between them, till it is able to support itself, and to feed it with the stores of starch which they contain. But before this food is fit for their charge, they have to drink in oxygen from the air, which the embryo is not yet strong enough to do for itself, and which changes the starch into a kind of gum—just the best food for the young tree. This goes on for some time, till the tiny rootlets are strong enough to draw nourishment from the soil, and the real leaves, which have been expanding under the shelter of their protectors, are sufficiently grown to take in the oxygen from the air; and then the nursing leaves, having done their work in the world and given their charge a fair start in life, fall off and die. You can easily prove how dependent the infant tree is upon its nurses; for if you pull them off a young plant, being unable to take care of itself, it will fade and die.

The planets visible in the evening this month are Venus, which does not set till shortly before midnight, and will be found in the constellation Gemini, or "the heavenly twins"; Mars, in Leo; and Jupiter, to the west of Leo.

The moon will be full on May 10.

OUR QUEEN BESS.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

OUR beautiful Bess awaits in the hall,
In farthingale, stomacher, collar and all;
Jewels are pendant on bosom and brow,
Her eyes shine brighter than jewels, I trow;
And pearls concealed by sweet-smiling red lips,
Pearls 'mong rich tresses outvie and eclipse.
Yet she weareth all with a royal grace,
As if she had come of a kingly race;
Though her fingers no golden sceptre press,
We own her, and hail her, our good Queen Bess.

Old Tudor Bess, she was born to command,
Held her own with the grip of an iron hand;
Kept her foes at bay, and her friends in check,
And ruled with her foot on the lion's neck;
And the lion crouched, in fear and awe,
Of the monarch whose will and word were law.
But she whom we hail as our queen to-night
Holds her subjects in bonds unseen and light;
She was born to rule, she was born to bless,
For the heart is the realm of our good Queen Bess.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VII.

HILDA'S spirits seemed to have been rather improved by the accident, delay, and consequent meeting with Mr. Penwarden. At the latter she expressed her unfeigned satisfaction, but she gave a ludicrous account of the breakdown, which amused the rest of the party as they sat round the tea-table.

"After all, though," she added, "the affair was miserably prosaic. If only I could have arranged it, we would have come properly to grief. I should have been thrown almost, not quite, under the carriage wheels and close to the heels of the horses. I should have been dragged away, when they were going to kick, by a handsome stranger, who turned out to be no stranger at all. There were all the elements for a romantic episode, but they got wrong. Properly arranged to my liking, the affair would have made quite an interesting newspaper paragraph, but, of course, if I am one of the parties concerned in anything it is sure to be quite comfortably smoothed down."

"I am very thankful that it should be so, Hilda," replied Mrs. Oakley, with a somewhat reproachful look at her wayward niece.

"Now, darling auntie, do not be shocked. I know we all ought to be very thankful that nothing worse happened to us. I would not have had you either frightened or the least bit hurt for the world, and I said *almost* under the wheels and just clear of the horses' heels for my own share. I have no ambition to be really crushed by the one or disfigured by the other. But first a good fright and then a romantic rescue would have been charming, and made a novel, and therefore agreeable, change to me."

It was hard to keep from laughing at the girl's daring words, and still harder to answer them gravely, if her listeners looked in the beautiful face, brimming over with fun and saucy frankness.

"I suppose your words are intended to create a novel sensation amongst us, Hilda," said Allan. "As to the one you covet, believe me ignorance is preferable to experience I have on one occasion been in such a position, and I never felt so glad as I did when the carriage ceased to form a canopy over my prostrate body, and the heels of the horses were led away to a safe distance."

"Well," said Hilda, "our ridiculous smash has brought Geoffrey Penwarden and ourselves together without loss of time, and insured us one civilised neighbour, at any rate. It was like a voice from my old home to hear him speak. My father was so fond of him, and could never understand why he went away from Treneweth. He said Geoffrey was worth a thousand of his elder brother, and that Mr. Penwarden would find it out when too late. Uncle Edward, do you know why Geoffrey went away?"

"Yes, Hilda," was the concise reply.

Hilda waited a few moments, as if expecting her uncle to continue; but as he made no further remark, she gave her shoulders a little shrug, looked appealingly at the rest, then said, "I should like to know the Penwarden secret. Now the old gentleman and the eldest son are dead, one would think the mystery of Geoffrey's long absence might be revealed."

"Very likely it will be, my dear; but as the secret, if it be worth calling such, is Mr. Penwarden's, and not mine, I will leave him to reveal it in his own way and when he chooses."

"You do not think I had anything to do with his long absence, uncle, do you?"

"My dear Hilda, how very absurd you are! How could you, a mere child at the time Geoffrey went away, have influenced him or his movements?"

"You are not aware, then, Uncle Edward, that the tie between Geoffrey Penwarden and myself was of no ordinary kind; that I was his tiny pet and playfellow when he was a big boy, and as objectionable as boys generally are to most people, but wholly devoted to me; that I had my first ride on horseback and many a subsequent one, held in front of Geof by his strong arm; that he chose my first pony and superintended his education, and for some years called me his little wife? We had a serious quarrel a short time before he left England, because I thought I was being undermined in his regard by another member of our——"

"Hilda, what nonsense you are talking," interposed Mr. Oakley, with a look of annoyance. "The real cause of Geoffrey Penwarden's banishment—for it was such—was sad enough, so sad that I cannot bear it to be made the subject of a jest."

The girl's face had been full of mischievous fun the moment before, but the pained expression on that of her uncle's was sufficient to banish all thought of amusement. Hilda's better nature asserted itself in an instant.

"Forgive my idle talk, Uncle Edward; I am only like the rest of girls, devoured with curiosity, and longing to find out whatever I have no business to know. But I only told the truth about Geoffrey Penwarden's kindness to me as a child. He was always 'Geof' at Silvermere, even to me though he was so much older than myself, and I think I felt more real respect for him than for anybody else, because—but, mind, I appeal to your honour not to take advantage of this confession, because he was the only person who would not let me have my own way."

The girl's arch face was turned towards her uncle's, for during this conversion she had dropped down on a low seat by his side. Mr. Oakley stroked her shining hair with a caressing hand as he answered—

"I have no doubt Geoffrey would act as conscientiously in his dealings with his child friend as I ever found him do with his equals or superiors in age. I will tell you just a little about your old playfellow; and perhaps before long I may have leave to lift the veil which now shadows the last few years of his true, brave life. They have been years of trial, Hilda. Geoffrey has had to tread a rough path in consequence of another's fault, to suffer blame without having deserved it. He has spoken truly, and yet had the sorrow consequent on being doubted by those dearest to him, and for whom, I believe, he would have cheerfully given his life. He turned his back on his home and the friends he loved, carry-

"SHE WAS BORN TO RULE, SHE WAS BORN TO BLESS,
FOR THE HEART IS THE REALM OF OUR GOOD QUEEN BESS."

[*To face page* 468.

ing along with him to the land of his banishment this burden of unmerited blame,"

Hilda's lips were quivering as she listened, and she whispered, "How little did I guess the trouble poor Geoffrey had gone through, when I jested about his absence. Go on, please, Uncle Edward. Tell me what you can about him without breach of confidence."

"I will, my child. I dare say you remember that, both as boy and young man, he had always been remarkable for his truthfulness, and was considered frank, almost to a fault. But certain circumstances were so arrayed against him that his parents believed that he had committed a great wrong, perhaps I should say a crime, for, had it been known and proved against him, the law would have inflicted a heavy punishment.

"Geoffrey protested his innocence, but his words fell unheeded. Old Mr. Penwarden bade him go and return only when he was prepared, by a confession of his wrong-doing, to make the only amends in his power. His mother's tears fell fast as she clung to her boy's neck. But these marks of love and sorrow gave her son no comfort; for, through her sobs, Mrs. Penwarden was beseeching him to tell his father everything.

"'You have only to do that and be forgiven. Own that you have done wrong and everything will go on as if this trouble had never been,' pleaded the mother, and by her very pleading added to Geof's trial, because it showed that she deemed him guilty."

"Did no one believe him?" asked Hilda, with tremulous voice and awe-stricken face.

"Yes, my dear, I did, and—and one more; but we could not convince others by a bare statement to that effect, and with no proofs to bring forward. Neither could we lighten Geof's load. Our faith in his truth and innocence made the one gleam of light amid the darkness which surrounded him. He went out into the world, his heart sore with wounds received in an unequal conflict; his single word against a host of adverse circumstances, and the silence of the real wrong doer."

"Uncle Edward, how could he bear it?"

"In the strength which God gives to those who call upon Him in the day of trouble. Geoffrey Penwarden's head might be bent with sorrow, but it was never bowed by shame and a sense of guilt. He might leave many things behind, but he carried with him a clear conscience and the knowledge that he was innocent of the wrong for which he was blamed. He might turn his back upon earthly parents and know that those whom he had called friends were estranged from him. But he knew that God, who knoweth the secrets of the heart, had read his inmost thoughts. Despite all the troubles that were weighing him down, Geoffrey was sustained by the precious consciousness that God knew his innocence and truth. In his heart he could say 'My father and mother may misjudge and forsake me, but my Heavenly Father and friend will never leave me or allow me to be utterly cast down. I will yet trust to His promises and wait His time.'"

"But," interposed Hilda, "poor Geoffrey never saw his mother again. It must have been dreadfully hard both for her and for him. Do you think she believed him guilty to the last?"

"I cannot tell, my dear; the subject was a forbidden one, and even your father, Mr. Penwarden's oldest and dearest friend, durst not name Geoffrey in his father's presence."

"This talk has brought so many things back to mind," said Hilda. "I had not forgotten his going away, and that Mrs. Penwarden was never the same after she lost her younger son from Treneweth. People said she was grieving after him, but I am sure many believed she had more cause for sorrow about the elder brother. Arthur was seldom at home and, though his father made an idol of him, and would not suffer anyone to mention Geoffrey in his hearing, there were plenty of persons who were sorry for him and wished him back.

"Mrs. Penwarden's face was always more sorrowful when Arthur was at home, and I heard many a whisper about him from those who were afraid to speak openly. I used to go with my father to see her during her last illness, and the memory of her worn face with that absent look, which seemed always to be seeking something, will never leave me. I did not see her for about a fortnight before she died; but Aunt Lydia was nearly always at Treneweth, and Mrs. Penwarden's greatest comfort, my father said. She came on a visit to us at Silvermere, and left us to watch over and comfort our dying neighbour. You see, Uncle Edward, she was the same then as now, a born old maid whilst still quite young. Her destiny was asserting itself in those days, for I can never recall the time when Aunt Lydia was not proving true to the character. She did duty as spinster aunt to everybody who could claim relationship with her, and allowed those who did not possess such a kinswoman to adopt her as such."

Despite the gravity of the subject they had been talking about, Hilda's volatile nature displayed itself when her aunt was alluded to. She knew, esteemed, and admired the beautiful, self-devoting life of her unmarried aunt, but none the less found a little pleasure in ridiculing the "old maid of the family," as she called her on all occasions.

But Mr. Oakley took no notice of the thoughtless words, except by saying, "It would be well for every woman, whether young or old, if, on looking back each year of her life, she could furnish such memories as can your spinster aunt, my dear child. But we must not talk any longer now, for here come the rest to disturb our *tête-à-tête*."

"'DID NO ONE BELIEVE HIM?' ASKED HILDA."

The conversation between Hilda and her uncle had taken place after tea, and whilst Mrs. Oakley and the girls were superintending what Geoffrey Penwarden had called the shaking down in the new nest. Hilda's maid took all anxiety of this kind from her young mistress, and Allan had gone for a run in the moonlit grounds with Jack and Janet, that they might renew their acquaintance with a favourite spot, and be kept out of harm's way for a while.

Now, all trooped into the dining-room, and the father of the family commenced the little evening service of the household. And Hilda, as she listened, thought that the conversation she had had with her uncle had influenced his choice of a subject, for there fell on her ears the words, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noon day."

"Yes," thought Hilda, "if Geoffrey Penwarden could take such words as meant for his comfort, I can understand his being strong, patient, and ready to leave his cause in God's hands."

(To be continued.)

PAPERS FOR OUR GIRL-SUFFERERS.

FOR DEFECTIVE SPEAKERS AND STAMMERERS.

DUMBNESS, strictly speaking, is a rare affliction. There are some few, who, through malformation, or injury to the organs of speech, are really dumb, and we speak of deaf mutes as being deaf and dumb, though few of them really are so. The majority of them were born deaf, and therefore, not being able to hear and imitate the voices of others, are ignorant of possessing the faculty of speech. Or else, having lost their hearing in later life, they have no longer the power of modulating their voices, and so gradually lose the power of intelligible speech altogether; so that we may consider that for practical purposes they are really dumb.

But in addition to these sufferers, there is a large class of persons who, though certainly not dumb, have a greater or less difficulty in speaking; in some cases it is so great as to prevent them ever taking an active share in conversation, except through the medium of that most useful language of signs with which savage tribes make up for their paucity of words. Others again only suffer from slight stammering, which, though not bad enough to prevent conversation, seriously detracts from the pleasure of it, and is even more serious a hindrance to business.

"Stammering" is a vague and indefinite term, which is used commonly to signify any kind of defective speech, whether organic or not; and for the sake of convenience I shall use it in the same general sense.

The causes of defective utterance are various. The first step, therefore, taken by anyone wishful to be cured of an impediment of speech should be to consult a doctor, who would ascertain if there were anything wrong with the organs of speech, and if so, advise her what could be done to remedy the complaint. But if, as is very frequently the case, the doctor asserts that there is no malformation, the stammerer can go home again determined to cure herself.

There is a well-known saying of Sir Fowell Buxton's which all stammerers should take to heart, for to no one is it more applicable than to them. He says:—"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

That quality can at any rate cure stammering.

First let me say a word to those who are really prevented from talking by malformation. Surgical skill has made such wonderful advances of late years, that many infirmities which only a few years ago were considered incurable, are now being successfully treated every day; and the appliances for dealing with defects in the vocal organs have been improved as greatly as any. Many apparently hopeless cases have been cured by false palates, clearing away obstructions in the passages, and other means, so that no one need think their trouble incurable till the cleverest surgeons have been consulted. But still some remain for whom nothing can be done; and they have our sincerest sympathy. They have not the difficulty of acquiring information felt by the deaf and the blind, but in one way that aggravates the trouble; for they may feel themselves quite at home with the subject under discussion, may be eager to enlighten their friends on points they do not understand, to sympathise with those in trouble, to rejoice with the joyful; and speech, the means by which they can most fully and spontaneously communicate with others, is denied them; or they speak so indistinctly that their friends lose patience, and will not stop to listen to them.

To such I can only say that they must try to look upon their affliction as the cross which our Lord has given them to bear for His sake. As Jeremiah says of the man who has to bear the yoke in his youth, "He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because He hath borne it upon him." And if you remember that it is His hand who has prepared this sorrow for you, though it may still seem bitter at present, you will be comforted by the thought that you will see some day what blessings were hidden behind the dark cloud, and that nothing else could have prepared you for them.

It is thought by many that the "thorn in the flesh" from which the Apostle Paul suffered was a defect of speech. We can only infer that it was something of this nature from allusions in the Epistles. He says, for instance, that, though his letters were weighty and powerful, his speech was contemptible; that he was "rude in speech;" that he "came not with excellency of speech," but preached the Gospel through infirmity of the flesh, and so on. And since we know him to have been highly educated, it can only be supposed that this faulty speech was occasioned by some physical defect.

Those who are really unable to speak distinctly should always carry with them a note-book or tablets with a pencil, that they may be able to communicate with others quickly, and not have to search about for a pencil and paper, as I have seen done sometimes.

As I said before, stammerers with no organic defect can cure themselves. It will require patience and determination; but nothing in the world worth doing can be accomplished without effort. A child cannot even learn to walk without long trying and many tumbles, but he always succeeds in the end, and so may the stammerer.

In order to set about the task rightly, it is necessary to know something about the functions which are employed to produce speech. Three organs come into play—the lungs, the throat, and the mouth—and failure in the action of either of these may cause the difficulty.

To begin then with the lungs. Breathing is an involuntary action, that is to say, it goes on without any effort or intention on our part, in the same way as the act of digesting our food, and many other functions; but with this difference, that we can control our breathing at will, while the altogether involuntary actions of the body are quite beyond our power. In speaking, or reading aloud, the unconscious, involuntary breathing at regular intervals ceases, and, by an effort of the will, we draw a breath whenever it is convenient, at the beginning of a sentence, or where a suitable stop occurs. The regular involuntary breathing, too, is disturbed by a good many different causes, which affect the nerves engaged in the movements of respiration. We hear a funny story, and in some mysterious way the amusement we feel influences some of the respiratory nerves, interrupts their regular action, and drives the breath out in jerks, which we call laughter. Other emotions acting upon these nerves cause the irregular breathing of crying, groaning, or sighing. Now, one of the frequent causes of stammering is, that for some reason or other, there is no breath ready to make a sound just when it is wanted. In vain the would-be speaker puts her throat and mouth in the right position, no breath comes through them to be formed into a word.

The most perfectly-constructed flute is useless if no one plays upon it. The causes of this failure are generally either weakness or nervousness. To cure the weakness, everything must be done that is possible to strengthen the constitution generally, but especially the chest. Girls who stammer must, if they wish to cure themselves, take plenty of exercise, not only walking, but of a kind which will exercise the arms and expand the chest. If possible, attend a gymnasium, but if that cannot be done, practise arm-exercise, use dumb-bells, play tennis, row, or do anything else of a like nature which will strengthen the muscles of the chest. You will probably find that, however badly you may stutter at other times, you will speak without any effort while taking this active exercise, because the lungs will be thoroughly inflated

all the time. Never wear tight dresses; you want plenty of room to breathe. To strengthen the special respiratory muscles, regular breathing exercises should be gone through every morning, to inflate the lungs to their fullest extent. Practise for at least ten minutes every morning, drawing in a very deep breath as slowly as possible; hold it as long as you can, and let it escape again as slowly as it was inhaled. This can be varied by drawing it in and expiring it, still slowly, but in short gasps instead of the continuous stream, and in various other ways which will suggest themselves after a little practice. This exercise will probably cause a pain in the chest just at first, after only a few minutes' practice, because so few people inflate their lungs properly that they are not accustomed to being stretched to their utmost capacity; but your breathing-power will increase every day, and you will soon be able to continue the whole ten minutes without fatigue.

So much for failure of breath through weakness; that through nervousness is also partly the result of weakness, as is proved by the fact that people stammer very much worse when they are tired, or out of health in any way. It must therefore be treated in the same way; but that alone will not cure it. Many stammerers can speak perfectly well if, before beginning a sentence, they will take a deep breath, filling their lungs to their utmost extent. The reason this class of persons stammer is that they are so eager to speak, or so anxious lest they should fail in pronouncing the sound, especially when excited by the presence of strangers, that the nervousness produces a gasp, a kind of spasm, which stops the breath altogether. It is no use continuing to struggle and gasp, trying to get the sound out, it will probably come in time, but the effort causes great discomfort to both hearer and speaker; to the latter not only mental, but actual physical pain. The only way out of the difficulty is to stop, take a deep breath, and begin again very slowly. Stammerers cannot afford to be in a hurry. It is a saving of time in the end to speak slowly, and to pause long enough before each sentence to take in a good breath, not trusting to the unconscious inflation of the lungs which is sufficient for an ordinary speaker. This habit, though tedious, must be persevered in, however slowly it compels you to talk, till the habit has been formed of taking breath at the proper time, and till you have convinced yourself that there is no need to be nervous, knowing that you can speak if you will remember your resolution. It is certain to end in a permanent cure, if persevered in. You should always carry a note book, and put down any words over which you have stammered, and say them over and over again in private. Read aloud, too, as much as possible, either alone, or to friends with whom you do not feel nervous, always remembering the long breath, even though you do not feel inclined to stammer at the time. In severe cases it is sometimes necessary at first to make a sound which will open the throat (such as "e" in *bed*), instead of taking a breath, before difficult words. One other precaution must not be neglected: do not read with your book on the table, or your lap, so that you have to bend the head to see; hold the book so that you can see it with your head up, that your throat and chest are not cramped.

Another habit useful in curing nervous stammering is to read and talk for a certain time every day, beating time to each word. This can be done without attracting observation, by tapping with the finger on one's chair, or under the table. It is an exercise that has been found very helpful by many stammerers.

So important and so little understood is the management of the breathing, that many eminent teachers of singing will not permit their pupils to sing at all till they have gone through a regular course of lung exercises, to teach them to take breath at the proper time, and hold it long enough to give the proper expression.

Some stammerers may have noticed that though they cannot talk, they can either whisper or sing, without any effort at all. This is very frequently, though not always, the case. They would find that if they recited, or spoke in one tone, without altering the voice as in conversation, they would succeed equally well. If you notice children learning to talk, first calling "Mam-ma," or "Ta-ta," you will find that they pronounce every sound in a high pitched monotone. In the same way a deaf mute, first learning to speak is taught to imitate the form of his teacher's mouth, and to correctly enunciate a word, but it is all on one tone. The conversational variations of tone take much longer to learn, and a child generally attains the age of three or four years before he has acquired them. These modulations depend upon the proper action of the larynx and vocal chords, and is the most troublesome form of stammering to overcome, but like the other varieties can be conquered by perseverance. Begin by taking a book, or a number of difficult sentences you have prepared, and whisper or sing them till you can do so without difficulty. Then read them in a monotone, continuing this as long as is necessary, and finally, having first ensured the glottis being well opened by making a drawling sound, as described above, speak the words one by one, in ordinary conversational tone. This should be practised alone, till those sentences are mastered, and then read them aloud to some friend, before going on to tackle fresh difficulties. Poetry, especially of a heroic sort, is the easiest to begin with, because of the declamatory tone in which it is always spoken, and the rhythmic flow of the words. But remember always to hold the head well up, with the book, at first, on a level with your eyes; and never be in a hurry.

The last form of so-called stammering we need notice is caused by defective articulation. The lungs and larynx have been at fault before, now it is the tongue and lips which are not under control.

This class of defective speakers usually find that there are certain sounds, or combinations of sounds, which they are unable to produce. This is frequently the case where there has been originally some organic defect or weakness, and though this has been cured, the habit remains of mispronouncing or slurring over the words. Those beginning with consonants, including *y* and *w*, are the chief difficulties.

Anyone suffering from this imperfection of speech must make up their minds to begin to learn to talk again from the very beginning, like a little child. It is a very great help to go to a school for deaf mutes, and watch how they are taught to speak. They learn to articulate three vowels, *u* (oo), *a* (ah), and *e;* and from the combination of these, all vowel sounds are formed. Thus *a—e*, pronounced quickly, makes *i;* and *a—u*, makes *o*. The consonants are learnt next, each one separately, by imitating the form of the teacher's mouth; with the exception of *w* and *y*, which as pronounced at the beginning of a word are represented respectively by the vowel sounds, *oo* and *e*. Thus the word "you" is pronounced as though written "e—ou," and "we" as "oo—e." In this way all words are divided into their component sounds, each of which is learnt as a separate syllable, till the tongue has acquired the art of forming complex vowels. Thus "wise" would at first be pronounced "oo—ah—ee—s," and "quite" as "koo—ah—ee—t."

It is on this principle of dissecting every complex sound that anyone with defective speech must learn again to talk. First she should go through the alphabet, and make a list of all the sounds over which she hesitates or stumbles, and then, taking one a day, get a friend to pronounce the letter or combination of sounds over and over again, while the learner closely watches the position of lips, teeth, and tongue. The easiest plan is to stand side by side in front of a looking-glass, so that the learner can see the teacher's mouth and her own at the same time. Till some amount of fluency has been attained, the words must be articulated with exaggerated distinctness, pronouncing each syllable and distinct sound separately, without attempting to unite them, but getting gradually quicker and quicker, till the listener does not perceive the divisions, though the learner will continue mentally to dissect the word. She shou'd not attempt any other sound till one is completely conquered, even though the struggle lasts days, or even weeks; nor should she consider herself victorious till she has tried the refractory letter in all sorts of combinations. For instance, take "l," one of the commonest difficulties. Having succeeded in pronouncing it alone, she should next take it before different vowels, *la, le, lo;* then preceded by different consonants, *blo, clo, flo*, and in every other way in which it ever occurs.

The only precaution, I must add, is that having succeeded in overcoming the defect, it is well still to practice the troublesome words occasionally before a looking-glass, as those who have had to learn to speak in this way sometimes get into the habit of making the most extraordinary grimaces in the effort to speak distinctly, which is best checked by seeing one's own face in the glass.

Lastly, let me repeat that stammering and stuttering of all kinds are caused in a large majority of cases by nervousness and weakness, which act upon one another. Stammering produces physical pain, weakness, and great discomfort; while weakness, though not in itself sufficient to cause stammering, greatly aggravates the malady. The things, then, which a stammerer must firmly impress upon her mind are that her cure depends upon strengthening her body by exercise, moderate and wholesome diet, and avoiding excesses and self-indulgence of all kinds, and upon determination to succeed, knowing that her nervousness can be overcome by speaking slowly and quietly, and remembering the rules for breathing and speaking she has laid down for herself, and avoiding hasty temper and self-consciousness. No outside help, no teaching, and no advice can be of any service to a stammerer unless she will exercise her own will, and determine to be cured. The one thing she needs, and cannot do without, is Milton's

"Unconquerable will,
And courage never to submit or yield."

MARY SELWOOD.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

A VELVET HAT.

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder clean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe
Where peace and hospitality might reign."
Cowper. "*The Task.*"

ONE of the most remarkable protests against the extravagance and luxury of the present day is that which has been made by Lady John Manners in the last number of the *National Review*. Coming from one who has the best means of knowing the truth of what she writes—wife of the presumptive heir to the dukedom of Rutland and the granddaughter of a duke herself—she details the gradual increase of the expenditure of daily life, and compares this half with the earlier portion of the nineteenth century, when the requirements of everyone were fewer in comparison, and the expenses of living, in London especially, far less.

The first topic touched on is the amount of eating which is done in country houses, the only subject of congratulation being the much moderated length of time occupied by the dinners. But the thing of most interest to me and my readers of the "G.O.P." is that portion where dress is the subject discussed, and some explanation is given of the reason why dress is expensive, when all good materials are so cheap. This explanation lies in the excessive prices charged by the first-class dressmakers and ladies' tailors, who give by their skill the needful *chic*, as the French would call it, to the habiliments of the world of fashion. Some ladies spend £600 per annum on their toilettes, who are not classed by her among the "rich," and others, who are rich, spend a thousand, some ladies delighting in changing their costume on every possible occasion. Young, unmarried girls, writes Lady John Manners, formerly dressed with the utmost plainness and simplicity. White draperies, such as may be seen in all their elegance in the exhibitions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings, were regarded as the most suitable for them. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Now fond parents will expend two, three, four, and five hundred a year on the dress of a girl whose whole fortune in after life will not exceed that amount. How much kinder would it be if, instead of letting the money dissolve into clouds of filmy net, they laid aside a part to increase her marriage portion! It has been said that, no matter how humble the dwelling,

NEW VELVET POLONAISE.

wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home, there is Paradise. But with the expensive habits of our days it requires some courage for a young couple who have passed their early years in luxury to marry on small means. Experience, however, shows that those who determine to live with simplicity, and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other, may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench later. Not a pleasant prospect; but it does not grow very dark and dreary, after all.

The next items of dress-intelligence come from across the water; and we are informed that a number of ladies in New York and the Eastern States of America are organising a scheme for the expulsion of Parisian fashions from the United States, the present dependence upon Paris being regarded as a strong reflection upon the taste and originality of American women and a slur upon their patriotism. "If America is to beat the world in everything, the female portion of its society must do their duty, and start a national costume of its own—something to be clearly distinguishable at a hundred paces from the Parisian atrocities now in vogue, is the first essential."

The second American item is not of the same kind, and not so amusing, for it makes me sorrowful to hear that American women and girls of the better class have taken to smoking, the practice being particularly prevalent in New York. But, indeed, the best schools and colleges appear to be tainted with the practice as well, although they have strict rules against it. Judging from some things I hear, we are not quite free from reproach in England, but I trust to the ladylike feelings and nice habits of English girls to keep them in check. And now, having finished my monthly

SERGE WALKING DRESS.

record of dress news and events, I must turn to the seasonable dress, about which there is much to be said. Some years ago Easter used to be the great season for getting a new costume and bonnet, and then all the spring novelties were out, and very few remained to be produced afterwards. But at present we are both earlier and later, for the new spring things are out earlier, and seem to continue coming out, until the summer sales begin. There seems to be little doubt that bright hues will reign throughout the spring and summer, as they have done in the winter; and the list of novelties in fabrics and also in colours is a long one, the combination in the latter being especially charming. Nearly all the dresses prepared for these early days are of light, warm fabrics, mixed in many cases with velvet and silk, but quite as often made-up by themselves and trimmed with the pinked-out frills, which are formed into thick ruches, and are becoming more popular every day, as, being made of the material itself, they are not so expensive as other trimmings would be. These ruches are laid round the overskirt, and at the edge of the bodice at the waist. Plain skirts do not appear to decrease in popularity; and as for kiltings, they are so much seen in the new dresses that one might fancy they were just introduced, instead of being the friends of years. Three flounces kilted, six flounces gathered and pinked out at the edge, tucked skirts, with six or eight tucks close together, and turned upwards instead of downwards—all and any of these styles are worn. "Accordion" pleatings seem likely to be very much more popular later on with summer and thinner dresses than they are at present. Many of the shops are showing dresses in boxes, with the "accordion" pleating ready-made, which are very inexpensive, and which, we think, those of our girls who make their dresses at home will find very useful indeed. The material seems to be generally of either nun's cloth or cashmere.

Plain skirts of thin cloth are trimmed with bands of another colour; brown skirts are trimmed with a lighter shade of brown; grey is trimmed with darker bands of the same colour.

And now a few words as to tunics. Nearly everything now worn in that way is of the panier kind, and many pleated into the waist, the lower part being turned up underneath like a puff. This style is illustrated on one of the single figures, and is one which I think might be copied by the home-dressmaker in re-making. One new way of making the drapery at the back of dresses is to line it either with velvet, satin, or silk of a contrasting colour, and then draping it so as to show as much of the lining as possible. This relieves a dress very much, and will be found a good way of improving and altering last season's dresses.

Polonaises appear to be as much worn as bodices, and so I have illustrated three, to show how they are cut, as well as two bodices. It will be seen that the sleeves are still put full into the armhole, though, perhaps, not so much so as they were. Still, the armhole is large, and the sleeve forms a "feature" of the bodice, and whatever may be said against this way of making, I think it undoubtedly pretty and becoming, and was

SPRING COSTUMES.

especially useful to stout figures, as it lengthened the waist and made the shoulders look much narrower.

The polonaises illustrated are of three materials of a fancy cloth, with one of the invisibly woven designs on it, worn with a plain velvet skirt in the large design. The next figure wears a rep polonaise with embroidered spots and a velvet skirt also. The third figure wears a costume of cashmere light cloth or serge, with a waistcoat and trimmings of velvet. The third polonaise is of velveteen, and has a skirt of thin cloth, silk, or serge, with pine-cones of velvet *appliqué* on each of the wide pleats.

The second single figure wears a simple walking dress of serge, or perhaps thin cloth, with tucks at intervals on the skirt, or bands sewn on flatly. This is suitable for the walking or school dress of most young girls, and may be worn either with or without a cape to increase the warmth.

For walking purposes for young ladies, nothing has been so popular for a long time as the short jackets of coloured cloth, which are edged with feather trimming or with fur, and worn over skirts of any colour. Some of them have *revers* of velvet; some have not, and are buttoned plainly up the front; some are braided and some are double-breasted, while others have a plastron of velvet up the front. In many of those which I see worn I have no doubt it is only to some small alteration that they owe their good appearance, and it is wonderful how much may be done now with any cloth jacket which has become a little shabby. Later on they will be braided or trimmed with wide bands of velvet, and I hear that elastic cloth or stockingette will be more used than even it used to be. Plush shoulder-capes will be much worn for extra warmth this spring, and all the new mantles seem to be of one shape—very short at the back, with long stole-like points in front. *Apropos* of this, I must remark that I was told by a clever girl the other day that the capes of last year of velvet and brocade could be turned into stylish mantles for this year by adding the long ends to the fronts, and trimming them round with chenille fringe or feather trimming. If the material of the cape cannot be matched, the ends should be made of anything as a foundation, and that should be covered with the trimming, so as to hide it completely.

Bonnets are still small, and not very obtrusive; many of them have straw crowns and velvet fronts. Embroidered and beaded crowns are decidedly popular, and will continue so; and I hear that we are to have quite a novel importation from Paris in the shape of transparent bonnets—so much so, that the hair will be plainly shown through them. Black straw hats and bonnets, trimmed with black velvet, and gold beads and small ornaments sewn upon it, are very much worn; or else they are ornamented with yellow flowers, such as the most popular "Lenten lilies." Parma violets, too, seem much liked, both for hats and bonnets; but nothing was ever so wonderful as the big butterflies that I have just seen, which are matched by dragon-flies and beetles. As copies from Nature, they are really works of art; but I neither like them nor the mushrooms and other fungi that are sent over from Paris. There is a feeble attempt to revive the old-fashioned cap-fronts under the top of the "Marie Stuart" bonnets, which are amongst the most popular styles worn; and the bow of velvet or band is intended to fill up the cavity at one side of the pointed front.

The illustration of the hat gives one of the most recent shapes. The crown is square, the head being long, and the brim rolled at one side more than the other. Hats are made in this way, very frequently of velvet, to match the costume, and the feathers at the side are of a lighter shade than the velvet. On the whole, the hats and bonnets are simpler and more severe than they were.

"London smoke" is still popular, but very little blue seems likely to be used. Brown, under the names of "coffee," "smoke," "tan," and "leather," seems to be the favourite hue of the spring. Yellows are beautifully clear and pure, and are worn under the names of "canary," "cowslip," "daffodil," and "primrose." The last-named shade will be used for bridesmaids' dresses—so I heard the other day.

Did I say that bronze kid shoes and boots are to be used with brown stockings and brown dresses? And I also see that shoes of scarlet morocco are to be worn with black stockings and black dresses in the house. So we have really got back to the tales of Hans Christian Andersen and the days of his "Little Red Shoes!"

ETIQUETTE IN WALKING, RIDING, AND DRIVING.

THE question of how we should conduct ourselves, and order our words within the precincts of a friend's house or our own home, when meeting our equals in society, and comparatively sheltered from public notice, we have already considered. We now turn to the question of out-door comportment in the public roads and streets, and exposed to the observation and coarser comments of a mixed crowd of spectators; and it will be seen that the rules that good feeling or the custom of the time prescribe for our guidance under these circumstances, apply with but trifling variation to walking, riding, and driving alike.

Until within less than half a century ago, no young unmarried gentlewoman could walk through the streets and parks, or go on a little shopping expedition, unattended by a footman. It was his business to guard his young mistress, and carry her shawl, umbrella, and parcels. Even when two accompanied each other, unless in their own square, or the distance to be traversed were very short, they were equally attended by a man-servant, who followed at a distance of about eight or ten paces. Even now, amongst the "upper ten," young unmarried women do not appear in the streets alone. They have a *dame de compagnie* or maid in attendance upon them, and it would be quite out of the question for them to be seen in an omnibus shoulder to shoulder with "all sorts and conditions of men." This is the rule which "society" imposes on those who claim to be within its upper circles.

But habits and opinions are subject to modifications, according to the exigencies of the times, or individual necessity, and the pressure now felt by multitudes amongst the gentry, and even the untitled members of the aristocracy, who are so rigidly bound by the laws of etiquette, is very great. The necessity for sending their daughters to training schools with a view to their becoming self-supporting has forced itself on their unwilling recognition, and wrought a change in various respects. The restraints which the conditions of birth formerly imposed have been loosened, if not unavoidably abolished, and the claims of bread-earners for a still greater freedom of action must be patent to every reflecting mind.

But an increasing weight of personal responsibility accompanies this increase of liberty, and to you, my young readers who enjoy the latter, and whose reduced circumstances, or whose condition in life leave you so much unguarded, I must give a few kindly hints. You must learn to guard yourselves, and the ways and means are within the reach of all.

In the first place, I must charge you, when walking in the streets, on a public promenade or garden, always to avoid looking at any man in passing. Let it suffice to do so at a distance, merely to distinguish between strangers and acquaintances, and to bow if need be. Remember that one of the "rules of the road" is that pedestrians take to the right; a precaution found indispensable in crowded thoroughfares. Otherwise, your way is impeded and you obstruct that of others. Where there are but few passengers meeting each other, we often see an idiotic-looking pair see-sawing from side to side, their faces almost touching, and always at cross-purposes, each apparently endeavouring to stop the progress of the other! You may easily avoid making such a silly spectacle by keeping steadily to your own side. An exception may, however, arise, where a man and woman meet in a spot free of any great concourse of persons, when—be it to the right, or to the left—he must give her the inside of the pathway. This he may even manage to do when taking the right side of a great thoroughfare. In fact, it is the man that should take the initiative in selecting the side on which he and a lady are to pass each other, that he may the better consult her comfort and safety.

It is possible that you may meet someone whose notice you would prefer to avoid, or whose recognition by yourself circumstances would render objectionable. What is called "cutting" is highly objectionable, but the avoidance of an exchange of looks may be equally feasible, as desirable. If likely to meet such an individual in the street, keep your eyes about you before approaching too near for polite avoidance. Turn to speak to a companion; take out your handkerchief, or arrange some portion of your dress; go into a shop, if need be, or look in at the window. If on a public promenade, turn back some moments before meeting while still as far from the individual in question as possible.

In passing acquaintances more than once on the same day, it is not necessary to bow a second time; should your eyes meet, a slight smile of recognition would suffice. At a flower show, or other exhibitions, you might make some little appropriate observation *en passant*, which would be in good taste.

It is not usual, although optional, to give introductions out of doors, when casually meeting an acquaintance, whether a man or woman, on which account the more brief the interview the better. Your companion need not leave your side from any feeling of delicacy, as no confidences are exchanged in public highways, but lest they should feel "left out in the cold," as I said, let the exchange of salutations be of short duration. Were you and your companion parent and child, brothers or sisters, or any such near relations, the case would be different, and to introduce them would be natural.

Again. Should you meet a male friend or relative with whom you are sufficiently intimate to allow of your joining company, if he or a companion were smoking you would be lacking in tact if you did more than make a mere friendly remark, such as "I hope you are all well at home?" or, "Shall we meet at So-and-So's?" "I won't stop you now," and then pass on. If you delayed to converse, it would necessitate their throwing away their

cigars, a sacrifice to the making of which you should not expose them.

In reference to these out-of-door meetings, I will venture to offer a word to the "girls' brothers." Suppose that two men were walking together, and that one of them raised his hat to a lady, the other should raise his likewise in a formal manner, without smiling, as the salutation should not be repeated were he to meet them again without an introduction. In accordance with the same rule, should a man meet two ladies, with one of whom only he were acquainted, he should raise his hat to both. Supposing that he wished to speak a few words to his lady friend, it would be better bred to turn and walk back a few steps with them than to keep them standing in the road or street. Were his friend alone and young, unless on very intimate terms with her family, it would not be etiquette to walk more than a short distance with her, unless with their knowledge of such an eventuality and sanction. If he desire to cultivate a still closer intimacy, it should be under the protection of her home, that of his own parents, or a mutual friend's house. Out of doors, the girl would be exposed to unnecessary comment and the mischievous tattling of idle tongues.

That a man should always change places with a lady with whom he is walking, no matter how often, so as to place himself on the outside of the foot-way, it seems scarcely necessary to remind "our boys;" the naturally courteous would do so intuitively. It might not, however, occur to them that they should not flourish a stick, whirling it round and round like a wheel (as I have often seen young fellows do) when standing to talk with women, and so running the risk of striking them, perhaps, in the face.

But to return to my girl-readers. Remember that your dress, voice, and general deportment when walking should be very quiet. Subdue your voice, refrain from laughing, and hold yourself erect and steady. Never stumble about, and roll over on your companion; be as dignified and self-possessed as may lie within your power. You may not dress as brightly when taking a walk as when driving. A bright dress attracts attention, and you have not the same protection in walking amongst "the madding crowd" as when in a carriage. As to your voice, it should be almost inaudible to any passer-by. Do not invite the observation of strangers, nor make old apple-women, "cabbies," and crossing-sweepers parties to your opinions and pleasantries. Vulgar people have an unaccountable fancy for talking loud, expressly to be heard by strangers; and a proclivity for telling all their private affairs for their information.

A few words now on the subject of riding and driving. But before giving any suggestions I must remark on the habit which so much obtains amongst half-bred people, and is sufficient in itself to stamp them as such, namely, the confounding of the terms to "ride," and to "drive." You ride any description of animal (and you may, after the same style, ride a bicycle), but, whether personally or by proxy, you "drive" in a carriage, or any similar vehicle, be it in a sledge, waggon, or railway carriage. It is useless to adduce examples of the use of the term "ride" by distinguished authors; learning and talent are one thing, and the modes of expression and code of manners obtaining amongst the aristocracy is another. In many instances "fashion" is not bound by rules of grammar, nor by pronouncing dictionaries. In the present case, however, she may claim to be correct, and this without at all impugning the general good-breeding of some who take exception to her rule on the point in question.

I will now suppose you to be on a visit in a country house, and a horse placed at your service, say for the space of a week. Although unnecessary, as a rule, for ladies to fee indoor man-servants, a gratuity to the groom must be given, from half-a-crown to five shillings, according to your age and position.

With reference to driving, the question of fees to the coachman is regulated thus. Supposing that you drive alone unaccompanied by a member of the family, you will have to give him, perhaps, a couple of shillings or half-a-crown before leaving. In some foreign countries fees are given on every such occasion.

When invited to a pic-nic, the promoter of the entertainment will probably give the orders for vehicles; but those who avail themselves of them pay for them, as also their railway fares. But the rules in reference to such entertainments are subject to variations, and you should compare notes with others likewise invited, so as to arrive at a general agreement.

Simple as it may seem to those who have been accustomed to the use of a carriage from childhood, it may be expedient for others to tell them how to enter and where to place themselves. The choice of the foot to be placed on the carriage step must be determined by the seat to be taken. If that facing the horses, place the right foot on the step and the left into the carriage; if with the back to the horses, the left foot should be placed on the step and the right into the carriage.

The "place of honour" is at the back of the carriage, facing the horses, and it is reserved for the person of highest rank, the elderly, or the matrons of the party. The front seat, with the back to the horses, is called that of "youth and beauty," and if there be a gentleman it is here that he must sit, married or unmarried, so long as there are two ladies to occupy the back seat. Age and infirmity, however, may be accepted as an excuse for the infringement of the rule. If the carriage be closed, it is usual for a man to remove his hat.

Should your hostess or friend request you to precede her, and to get into the vehicle first, do as you are desired at once, without further complimenting about it.

Should your friends hire a carriage and invite you to accompany them, you may accept the attention without offering to share in the expenses. But, should the expedition be by public train, steamer, or otherwise, pay your own fare quickly. If your male host be first in paying for all, your own tact must be your guide as to how far you may press your claim to pay for yourself, and when it would be in better taste to accept the attention gracefully. You should never let anyone imagine that you were too "high and mighty" to accept a trifling obligation from a friend. This does not, however, apply to the case when the favour is from a young or unmarried man.

When seated in a carriage you should not sit as you would in a chair, of which you appropriate the entire use; because you should so sit as to turn towards your next neighbour, and move your shoulder out of the way. Were you on a chair you should sit quite straight in it; but then you can move it, so as to face your companion, whereas you cannot move the seat of the carriage, and on that account should place yourself in the corner.

We will suppose that one of the girls' brothers is riding, and that he meets some lady acquaintances. Should there be any reason for stopping to speak with them, he must dismount, and stand between them and his horse, if unattended by a groom, who would take the reins. Where this act of polite consideration is neglected, the horse moves about, stamps, turns round, and tosses his head, and switches his tail, and I have seen ladies jumping out of such an animal's way. On this account you should bow and pass on, and avoid any appearance of wishing to detain the rider, and oblige him to dismount, perhaps on a muddy road.

If returning home on a country road, in company with friends, all driving in open carriages in single file, you should not break the order of procession, and drive past them, without asking them, *en passant*, to excuse your so doing, "as you were obliged to hasten home." Again, were you to meet a funeral procession, leave as much space for it as possible, and halt; if walking, face the *cortége*, and (if a man) raise your hat as the hearse and the first carriage pass; after which continue your walk or ride. Were you in a carriage bid the coachman to wait until all have passed. In crowded thoroughfares such seemly acts are not easily observed, and you must do what you can. Those in sorrow are sensitive to every indication of sympathy, and of respect for their dead; and my readers must recognise in them the principle on which good breeding is founded. No little act which kindliness may dictate is too trifling for observance, or, like the poor "cup of cold water," for acceptance, for they may be classed amongst those graceful and gracious things that are "lovely and of good report."

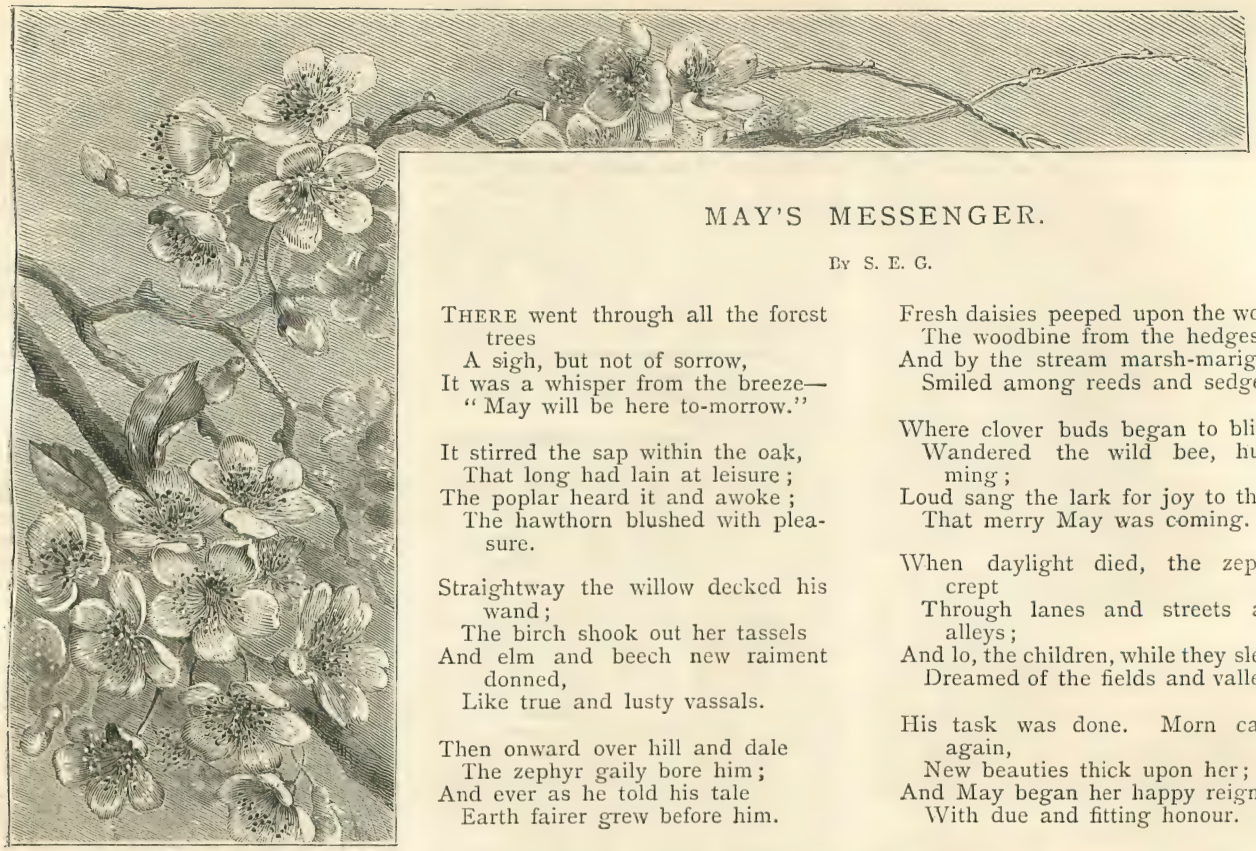
SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

The Big Hat, 5s.; Miss E. A. Price, 1s.; Miss M. Geller, 6s.; collected by Miss E. Thom, 9s.; A Grateful Friend, 1s.; Ida, 1s.; South Shields, 2s. 6d.; Edmonton, 10s.; Five Friends, £5; Every little helps, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss C. S. Hudson, £2 9s.; One Who Sincerely Hopes, 1s.; Warborough, 2s. 6d.; Miss Kate Brown, 5s.; collected by Miss Gertrude Barker, £2 11s.; collected by Miss A. M. Huish, £1 5s.; Miss M. E. Dorman, 1s.; The Misses Gage Hodge, 5s.; collected by Miss E. M. Graham, £2 6s. 9d.; Scarlet Runner, 1s.; Miss A. R. Arnott, 5s.; Two Scotch Lassies, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss Mary G. Realey, 10s. 6d.; Miss E. A. C. M. Hill, £1; collected by Miss Beaumont, £1 15s.; collected by Miss G. Smith, 12s. 6d.; collected by Miss R. Eggett, £1 3s. 6d.; M. P., 2s. 6d.; Three Jersey Girls. 7s. 6d.; M. I. N., 2s. 6d.; the Fifth Form Girls of the Clapham High School, 16s. 3d.; collected by Miss K. Ridman, £1 3s. 6d.; collected by Miss Mary Beckett, £1 10s.; collected by Miss Frances Water, £1; collected by Miss A. Bracknell, 3s.; collected by Miss Doyle, 2s. 6d.; G. B. C. B., 5s.; collected by Miss Ada Whiteley, 16s. 6d.; Marie, 10s. Total amount received to February 29th, 1884, £778 19s. 7d.

The honorary secretary of the Homes for Working Girls has informed the Editor that the real sympathisers with the establishment of the Girls' Own Home, and those who have more largely sent in subscriptions, are girls of the poorer class who can less easily afford such expenditure. These, of course, like the widow who cast her mite into the treasury, will be greatly blessed for their noble self-denial and loving interest, but the Editor wishes to know why the wealthier class should be so behind-hand in their help? As he knows that his readers include the richest and best girls in the land, he begs to say that his own collecting card is not quite filled with names, and therefore will be glad to add to it any contributions, not under ten shillings, that may be sent to him for the purpose. These would be acknowledged by him by post as well as printed in the subscription lists.



MAY'S MESSENGER.

By S. E. G.

THERE went through all the forest trees
A sigh, but not of sorrow,
It was a whisper from the breeze—
"May will be here to-morrow."

It stirred the sap within the oak,
That long had lain at leisure;
The poplar heard it and awoke;
The hawthorn blushed with pleasure.

Straightway the willow decked his wand;
The birch shook out her tassels
And elm and beech new raiment donned,
Like true and lusty vassals.

Then onward over hill and dale
The zephyr gaily bore him;
And ever as he told his tale
Earth fairer grew before him.

Fresh daisies peeped upon the wold,
The woodbine from the hedges;
And by the stream marsh-marigold
Smiled among reeds and sedges.

Where clover buds began to blink,
Wandered the wild bee, humming;
Loud sang the lark for joy to think
That merry May was coming.

When daylight died, the zepyhr crept
Through lanes and streets and alleys;
And lo, the children, while they slept,
Dreamed of the fields and valleys.

His task was done. Morn came again,
New beauties thick upon her;
And May began her happy reign
With due and fitting honour.

ADOPTED.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IV.

SNIP.

BEFORE Priscilla's holidays were over the season of hop-picking arrived. Shoals of poor ragged people—men, women, and children—came with it, in the hope of a job. Most of them streamed out of London and into Brookside like an inundation. Priscilla watched them with interest, knowing that they left town for the country for change of air as well as for gain. There were hop-yards on the estate her brother managed, as well as at Melton, where the Roseberrys lived, and they were soon filled with a motley crew of hop-pickers. She devoted herself to endeavouring to provide shelter for some of them, at least, in the barns and outhouses of Brookside Manor, while others were obliged to sleep under tents or even in the open air. She was glad to know that Mrs. Roseberry was also striving to ameliorate their condition, and to provide them at the same time with religious instruction. A more weary-looking set of vagabonds than many of them were could nowhere be found; and even the most respectable were of the poorest classes, who, when in town lived, as they say, anyhow or nowhere. Priscilla sympathised with them all, and went about amongst them inquiring of their abodes and circumstances. She did not, however, recognise any of them as belonging to the part of London where she worked.

One morning not long before the dreaded day fixed for her return to town, she was up with the lark and almost before the hop-pickers. Her mother had a great fancy for the water of a particular well, said by the villagers to be a panacea for all sorts of diseases; so Priscilla put on a sun-bonnet, tucked up the skirt of her clean print gown, took pitcher in hand, and went to the said well. It was a quiet nook, overshadowed by trees and fringed with all sorts of briers and bulrushes. Pausing a moment to listen to the glad praises of the birds that were warbling their morning orisons around her, she was startled by a shrill whistle, or a cry something between a Swiss jodell and the signal of a London milkman. In another moment a ragged boy appeared at a little distance, who threw himself flat upon the ground and began to drink, animal-fashion, of the clear water of the brook that flowed from the well. Then he got up, and proceeded to eat a piece of dry crust which he held in his hand. She had a few home-made biscuits in her pockets, ready for some juvenile "hopper," and the slight rustle she made in abstracting them attracted the boy's notice, who would have run off had she not shouted to him, "Stay; here's a biscuit."

He approached her timidly, but seeing the pitcher which she had laid down, he made a dart upon it.

"You mustn't take my pitcher," she exclaimed.

"I'm agoing to fill it for you, miss," he replied; and before she could remonstrate, his bare feet and legs were in the water.

She knew that the well was deep, and managed to lay hold of his ragged, collarless coat, and drag him back. He looked aggrieved, and she explained that he must dip the pitcher in, but might be drowned if he went in himself. He did so, and placed it before her. She thanked him and gave him the biscuit.

"You gave me one yesterday, miss," he said; "that's why I wanted to fill your pitcher."

She looked at him, and perceived that beneath the rags and coating of dirt there was something comely and pleasant about him.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

"From London, miss. I came with the hoppers; but I haven't got any work yet," he answered.

"What is your name?"

"Snip."

"Snip! Snip!" repeated Priscilla. "Come with me. You shall have work—you shall. Quick! quick!"

She took his hand and set off, leaving the pitcher behind her. They ran by the side of the brook, through a field, till they reached a gate which led to the hamlet. Once here, she dragged him into Snell's cottage. That worthy man, his wife, and Allie were at breakfast, and Allie was chattering merrily, to the delight of her friends. A very different meal it was to Mrs. Snarl's, though the hearts of the hostess of each were equally kind. Here was a clean table-cloth and well-washed crockery, home-made bread, a piece of cheese, and treacle for Allie; such a clean hearth besides, and steaming tea-kettle.

"I'm dirtying the house, please miss," said the boy, pointing to the prints made by his wet feet on the sanded floor.

"Snip!" cried Allie, at the sound of his voice.

"Allie!" shouted Snip, and made such a joyful somersault then and there as astonished the Snells, and further soiled the sanded floor.

"PAUSING A MOMENT TO LISTEN TO THE GLAD PRAISES OF THE BIRDS."

"Snip! Snip! Mother! Snell! it's Snip!" shouted Allie, tumbling off her chair, and throwing her arms around her poor ragged brother.

He was so bewildered that he seemed afraid to touch her, and said quite humbly, "Allie, dear, you will dirty your nice clean frock."

But Allie only danced for joy and led Snip up to the amazed Snells, who said at once, with country hospitality, "He must have some breakfast."

"Have mine. Let him sit on my chair," cried Allie, while Snip looked dejectedly at his rags and bare feet.

He was seated, however, and Allie climbed to his knee. He was five or six years older than she was, but he was apparently too shy or too much moved to eat; tears swelled in his eyes and ran down his dirty cheeks. Allie kissed them off, crying too; the boy laid his face on her head, and murmured, sobbing the while—

"I didn't run away from you, Allie, but from the bobby. I told father I would—I would—pro-tect--you—and—I—couldn't."

Here the poor lad broke down, and it was truly pitiful to watch the orphan children thus reunited.

"Allie shall never leave us," said Snell, drawing his rough coat-sleeves across his eyes and hurrying out to conceal his emotion.

As to his wife and Priscilla, they were sobbing outright.

"Let us leave them," said Priscilla; and she and Mrs. Snell went into the little garden, whence they could see and hear the children through the lattice window, without being seen by them.

First of all, Allie made Snip eat the remains of her breakfast, but did not touch the other provisions! then she poured out her little adventures with Snarl, at the hospital, and subsequently at Brookside, in eloquent but childish words.

"I've done nothing but run away from the p'lice and beg ever since, till I came here hopping, with a lot of others," said Snip, hanging his head as if ashamed of himself.

"You shall work like a brave lad," said Priscilla, returning to the kitchen. "Come with me, both of you."

She had resolved what to do, and promising Mrs. Snell to bring Allie back, the trio left the cottage, she preceding and the children following hand in hand. They almost ran down the road until they came to some stepping-stones in the brook, which they crossed, Allie leading Snip carefully, as if she were the protector; thence into a hop-field, now full of the pickers, and who looked more picturesque among the trailing tendrils and blossoms of that graceful plant than they had when they arrived, like so many gipsies, at Brookside. A path led between the leaf-cumbered hop-poles, along which Priscilla hastened, followed by the children at full trot. Now and again a friend hailed Snip, but he had no time to respond. Barefooted and awe-struck he held on his way, while Allie encouraged him.

"There's only one bobby here, Snip, and we don't mind him. Teacher ain't running away from the p'lice, and mother won't send us to the workus," and similar phrases came from her happy heart.

"Charley! Charley!" suddenly called Priscilla, coming to a standstill.

A young man who was superintending a bevy of hop-pickers near the pathway turned and faced Priscilla. Forcing his way through poles, tendrils, flowers, and leaves, he joined her; but before he could ejaculate the words on his lips, or even shake hands, she said, with breathless excitement—

"Oh, Charley, will you help me to save this poor boy?"

"I will do anything in the world for you, Priscilla," was the reply.

Her face flushed at this, but she did not pause to think either of the past or present.

"Only give him some work, and I will ask your mother to keep him for a bit; she promised," she said, hastening on, and signing to the children to follow.

He followed also, though they were not aware of it.

They soon reached Melton, a large, comfortable farmhouse covered with a vine, roses, and clematis. It stood in the midst of a delightful garden filled with all the flowers that Priscilla loved best; but she did not stop to admire them. Passing through an iron gate that divided an ivy-clad wall, she only hurried up a gravelled walk as if her life depended on her haste.

"Don't be frightened, Snip. I've been here, and the lady gave me cake and a penny," said Allie, as poor Snip trembled, and looked at his bare legs and rags and tatters.

Charley kept at a distance.

Mrs. Roseberry chanced to be in the garden, so Priscilla called to her as she had done to Charley, but less impulsively.

"Priscilla! well, I am glad to see you!" said Mrs. Roseberry, coming forwards with outstretched hands.

"Dear Mrs. Roseberry," began Priscilla, "you said yo would give a poor city child the run of the farm for a few weeks. I have brought you one. This is Snip, little Allie's brother and poor Lucy's boy."

Mrs. Roseberry surveyed Snip with some alarm. He was not, certainly, a promising specimen.

"He is a good boy, ma'am," broke in Allie, while Snip hung his head.

"I will find him work, mother, if you'll give him house-room," cried Charley, joining the group.

"You must clothe him first," said Mrs. Roseberry—"and—wash him."

"We can manage that between us, can't we, my lad?" said Charley, laying his hand on Snip's shock head.

"Yes, please sir," returned Snip, looking up into Charley's pleasant face, and displaying a pair of intelligent eyes and a set of white teeth.

"Have you breakfasted, Priscilla?" asked Mrs. Roseberry.

"I—I—really forget. I believe I have not," she replied.

All else was forgotten in the law of hospitality. The usual breakfast was over, but a second was improvised. Charley took the children to the kitchen, where he found a stirring domestic engaged in "washing up," and asked her to "wash up" Snip instead of the breakfast things. Priscilla, meanwhile, was feasted with the best cheer the farm afforded—and that was very good indeed. She had not been there before for many a long day, yet it seemed as if her visit and the friendship of the families had never intermitted. "Let the dead past bury its dead" was the sentiment in the hearts of the pair, and the "dead past" was buried, as all foolish feuds should be, and buried by the potent instrumentality of good deeds.

"Mother will think me lost," said Priscilla, remembering that breakfast was probably awaiting her at the cottage.

"Go you straight home, my dear; I will send Allie back and do what I can for the boy," said Mrs. Roseberry, imprinting on Priscilla's cheek the kiss of peace.

"May I look in upon you this evening?" asked Charley, who had returned to the parlour; "I must go back to the hop-pickers now."

"We shall all be glad to see you," replied Priscilla," and Mrs. Roseberry noticed that she blushed.

"Has pride stood in their way, too, I wonder?" asked that good woman of herself, as she went to look after the children when the young couple had left the house.

Many important events occurred during the three days which intervened between this visit and Priscilla's departure for London. Allie was formally adopted by the worthy Snells as their "own child," Snip was decently clothed and installed as "boy of all work" about the farm—a post he filled with amazing skill; and Priscilla was engaged to be married to Charley Roseberry. They had been long attached to one another, yet they never ceased wondering how the finale came about. "It was all through Allie and Snip," said Priscilla.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—India is at present an excellent field for medical women of all kinds. Read the articles on pages 284 and 324, vol. v., about "Medical Women for India," by Dr. Frances Hoggan, and write for information to the hon. secretary of the National Indian Association, Miss E. A. Manning, 35, Blomfield-road, Maida Hill, W.C. You will find an opening by inquiry, perhaps, at the Women's Emigration Society, hon. secretary, Cartaret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

PAULINE.—We think the market for nursery governesses is overstocked and underpaid, and we cannot think why many of them do not qualify themselves for upper nurses' places, where there is an under-nurse kept. It is a most comfortable, respectable, and well-paid position. The holder is not expected to leave her charges, and has her meals with them always. At present a knowledge of the Kindergarten system is desirable for a nursery governess, and more knowledge of music and languages is asked of her.

"PAULINE" excites our pity. "She feels she is getting old," and adds that "she is just five-and-twenty." We doubt her capabilities as a companion to children, who should always have bright and cheerful people about them. When young the path of knowledge is hard enough, and should not be further darkened by the teacher's dreariness.

IGNORAMUS.—Milner's "Universal Geography," price 5s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and Milner's "English History," price 5s., published at the same place, might suit you.

CALYPSO.—The address of the College of Preceptors is 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq., A.B.

GRACE NICHOL, ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE.—There is a training college and school for teachers of the deaf on the German (or lip-reading) system, near London. Address the lady principal, Miss Hull, Elmhurst, Castlebar Hill, Ealing, London, W. Ask her advice as to where a lady pupil could be received and taught. She has herself a private school for gentlemen's children, and there are also three ladies' Christian homes for deaf and mute children in London, where the oral (or lip-reading) system is carried out; but whether an adult pupil could be boarded in any of them we do not know. Miss Hull will let you know whether any college of this description exists in Paris, which would be suitable for your friend.

WYCH HAZEL.—The age for the Matriculation Examinations of the University of London is "sixteen years complete." They are held in June and December; for further information address the Registrar, University of London, Burlington gardens, W. The fee is £2.

ART.

LITTLE DORRIT.—There is no means of obtaining an appointment of illustrator to a magazine or story-book, save by taking your portfolio and showing samples of your skill and originality in your art to the various publishers in London and the provinces. We are always trying to impress upon our girls that personal exertion alone will help them in such cases.

AGNES.—We are much obliged for the sketch and the verses, and regret that neither are of any use to us. For the benefit of our other girls we give the first verse.

> "Oh Lily, loveliest of flowers,
> With leaves as white as snow,
> Thou *are* the queen of all the flowers,
> That on the earth do grow."

JESSICA JUMPS.—You could not paint in oils on the grey calico surface of a screen. It must be covered with canvas, brown paper, or American cloth, to enable you to paint upon it. The calico cover is intended to paste scraps upon. The lion shilling of George IV., having the crown surmounted by a lion, coined in 1825, is worth from 2s. 6d. to 5s.

PROXY.—We suppose you mean the article on glass painting, page 136, vol. v.

UNCERTAIN.—We do not think that a hot climate would affect crystoleum painting if properly done.

MARY A.—You had better send the glass to a carver and gilder to be re-silvered.

ROOK.—Paste the photograph to be mounted over at the back with a little thin best glue or starch, and well rub it down with a piece of thin paper over the surface of the print. If any of the glue come out from the sides, it should be wiped off with a clean wet sponge. Some people use gelatine such as is employed for jelly, to mount photos and valuable drawings of all kinds.

BROXBOURNE.—The article on crystoleum painting appeared in *Silver Sails*.

INVERLEITH and AGATHA.—We do not see why the photos should become spotty if properly placed on the glass, and all air bubbles were pressed out.

BANNER-BEARER.—When you have finished the water-colour painting on the terra cotta, wash it over with a thin coat of gum-water. When this is dry, varnish with the best copal or mastic varnish, using a small flat brush, and being careful not to run the varnish beyond the painting, nor to lay it on too thickly.

DIXIE.—You would obtain the materials for gilding in illuminating on vellum or Bristol-board at any good artist's colourman's, such as Messrs. Rowney and Co. You would need gold size, gold leaf, and an agate burnisher.

PUCKIE.—Terra cotta requires no preparation before using sydertype upon it. You should use oil paints for wood or earthenware.

MUSIC.

LADY LILIAN.—1. Learn three or four bars at a time, and next day add to their number by learning a few more. 2. Messrs. Novello and Co.'s primers are the best published on the subject.

READER OF THE "G. O. P."—Madame A. Goddard's article on "How to Play the Piano" is to be found at page 164, vol i. (March 13th, 1880) The monthly numbers of the first volume are still to be had, but not the weekly ones. Refer to the index of each volume for inkstains. There are five references in vol. i., one in vol. ii., two in vol. iii., and three in vol. iv., besides the chapter (vi.) in "The Fairy of the Family" on spots and stains.

KATE FRANCES B.—There would be no use in taking music lessons if you did not practise at all in private.

CHACHAMORENA. — 1. The questions relating to the publishing of songs are entirely a matter of arrangement between the publisher and the author. If the latter paid for the publication, the copyright would be his own. 2. In using words by any known author, you had better always inquire of the publishers of the poems whether they can be used. There is no fixed fee that we ever heard of.

LYRA.—The first Italian opera music was produced in about the year 1590 in *Il Satiro*, by Cavaliere, and *Dafne*, by Rinuccini, with music by Peri. But, as far as we know, *Li Gieus de Robin et de Marion* was the first known, and was due to "Le Bossu d'Arras," Adam de la Hale, a Trouvère, who was born in the year 1240. The precise origin of the office of "Poet Laureate" is not known, but as far back as the time of Henry III. there was a *Versificator Regis*, to whom a salary of a hundred shillings a year was paid. Chaucer assumed the title himself of "Poet Laureat" on his return from abroad, and he obtained a grant of a certain annual allowance of wine in 1389, the 12th year of Richard II.

COOKERY.

VEGETARIAN.—The address of the *Dietetic Reformer and Vegetarian Messenger* is 56, Peter-street, Manchester. All information as to their restaurants and publications may be obtained from them. We advise you to consult your doctor before making any change in your diet. It should not be lightly done. We are acquainted with cases in which it proved most disastrous, and a good mixed diet had to be resumed. The habits of your progenitors, as well as your own individual peculiarities of constitution, should be duly considered.

HEDWIG.—1. A printed paper of directions is usually given with dried Normandy pippins in reference to the method of dressing them. Leave them in warm water for a few hours, which will enable them to swell to their original size; then to a pound of the fruit add a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and stew gently for an hour in one quart of the water in which they have been soaked. You may add a little cochineal if you like. Stick a clove or two in each, and serve cold in a glass dish. Another method is to leave them in cold water all night, just sufficient to cover them, allowing for their expansion; add a little sugar and cloves in the morning, and a glass of wine if desired, and bake them (in a piedish) in a slow oven for two hours. 2. Articles of china, or any earthenware, already glazed are incapable of decoration by painting. They must be left as they are.

A. M. H.—To make "puff paste," which is "flaky" and much superior to "short paste," see "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," in which the various descriptions are thoroughly given. You write very well.

WORK.

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—Make the "Fedora puff" for the front of your jacket of velvet or velveteen; one breadth would be enough. Measure the length of the front from the throat downwards (to the end). Do not cut the velvet, but reduce the width at the waist by the gathering. The cuffs and an upright collar of the same, but no binding of velvet round the skirt end of the jacket.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—We have had no articles on the subject of macramé lace.

PIP.—The patterns cannot be obtained anywhere save from the articles, but you can enlarge them for yourself without much difficulty.

LEADER VALE.—As you understand dressmaking so well, you will do best as a lady's-maid; but you must learn a little hairdressing, or find a place where it is not required as "useful maid."

ALICE E.—We do not answer privately save in rare cases. We do not give addresses. The value of a knitted petticoat, apart from the cost of the wool, would depend on the time taken to make it and the value of the time.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—1. We cannot give addresses. There are plenty of advertisements. 2. We do not think that you can read our articles on good breeding and etiquette, and apart from these the answer to your question often repeated. Of course, you should never introduce a woman to a man. Introduce him; take him up to the lady, and say, "Allow me to introduce Mr. ——," and then mention the name of the lady. We recommend our girls to select better names for themselves; many of them are of such a weak-minded, feeble character, and the girls themselves get laughed at.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN UNLUCKY BEGGAR.—The 16th of January, 1868, was a Thursday. You had better consult a doctor and obtain some cooling mixture from him.

MADGE.—Many thanks for your letter and its friendly tone of criticism on the articles on "Girls' Allowances." The difference, we think, between a girl on £10 and yourself on £100, is that she always has to clothe herself plainly, and to make such an appearance as will enable her to meet you on some occasions, while you have to dress well and make a handsome appearance every day of your life. Between clothing and dressing the difference is in degree, and (if we may judge from present signs) simplicity and plainness of attire are gaining the day in morning dress amongst all the higher classes.

INGOMAR.—There is no rule in the matter, especially as the bride and her mother were both strangers to you, and the bridegroom only your cousin. We do not see how you and your father could both expect to stay in their house, even though you were to be a bridesmaid. We think your conduct was most rude and impolite in declining to act at the last moment for such a reason, which both you and your father should have considered before ordering dresses, etc. You seem to have been very anxious to take offence, and should have sent your picture in spite of your officious friend's advice. Of course you have offended your cousin and his bride, and you have no valid reason to give for your conduct. We fear you act on impulse, not on principle.

BLUSH ROSE.—The cuckoo is certainly not a thrush. The former is a bird of the genus *cuculus* (*C. canorus*) deriving its name from its two notes, the European species being distinguished by laying its eggs in the hedge sparrow's nest to be hatched by them. The thrush, or throstle (*Turdus musicus*), is famous for its powers as a songster, and differs from the cuckoo in its plumage and in its habits. Its breast is speckled, whereas that of the former is of a uniform colour. The largest species of the British is the missel thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*, so named from its love of mistletoe berries), is peculiar for its singing the most lustily in storms, from which it has obtained the additional name of the "storm cock." There are other species, known respectively as the "rock," "solitary," "blue," "red-wing," and "reed" thrushes. The cuckoo sings only for a short time in the early spring, whereas the thrush, beginning at the same time, continues at intervals until the autumn. It also builds itself a nest of a wonderful character, composed of hay, straw, moss, dead leaves, grass, shavings, paper, rags, etc., and the inside is lined with carefully plastered mud, over which again a second lining of soft grasses is laid. In fact, the two birds are utterly dissimilar in plumage, song, and habits.

PUZZLED HERMY. — If he seriously desire your acquaintance, he will obtain an introduction through his aunt.

LOUISE.—The mean annual temperature of Victoria is 58° Fahrenheit. In summer the north winds are often dry and hot, but the south and west winds cool and refreshing. The climate of Queensland in the south is temperate, in the north it is half tropical, but there is no malaria. The heat is moderated by the south-east trade winds blowing off the cool ocean. The temperature is from 14° Fahrenheit, to 112° in the shade. The rainfall varies from under twenty inches in the year in the western interior, to more than 100 inches in some parts of the north-eastern coast. The mean annual rainfall of Victoria is nearly thirty inches.

THIN LONG LEGS.—We have received both your letters. We are sorry that in writing the last you lost your temper. We do not think your height is remarkable for twelve years old. You should get up at seven o'clock, and go to bed by half-past eight at the latest; eight would be preferable to rest the long thin legs, and compose the sometimes ruffled temper. The 14th of February, 1871, was a Tuesday.

A LOVER OF SGODYNS.—The dentist should be consulted about your teeth and the swelling of the gums. Probably you have a tooth that needs extraction, and that removed, all pain and swelling may leave you with it. We thank you for your kind and grateful letter, which we fully appreciate.

HOLLY.—1. The "Gnostics" (a name derived from the Greek *gnosis*, or "knowing") constituted an ancient sect that endeavoured to combine the principles of Christianity with those of the Greek philosophy. Saturninus, A.D. 111, Basilides, A.D. 134, and Valentine, A.D. 140, were foremost amongst their teachers. In 384 an attempt was made to revive "Gnosticism" by one Pricillian, a Spaniard, who was burnt as a heretic at Treves. The particular tenets to which you refer are those of the Roman Catholic Church, which maintains the doctrine of "transubstantiation." 2. There are many little books of prayers and meditations published for use at the season you name.

LOVER OF OLD ENGLAND.—We thank you for the recipe, and quite agree with you that the method of cooking in Germany in private houses would not suit English girls. Your case is by no means an isolated one. We hope you will soon feel better.

ANONYMOUS takes a narrow one-sided view of the question of fees, *à propos* of visitors and servants. We never said that occasional extra attendance should be afforded gratis by the servants, but that it should be considered in their wages, and knowing that guests would be invited, it would be optional with them to accept the terms or not on being engaged. Guests should pay for nothing, and with what a feeling they often do it is better known to them than to those who thus take their wages in part from strangers. There are occasions when to give a little present would afford real pleasure to the latter, but the general principle remains unchanged. The tone of your letter by no means does you credit.

A FORGOTTEN GIRL.—It is very sad. Why did you not repeat your query when you wrote the third time?

CALEDONIAN.—We think England and Scotland are now so thoroughly one, that most people, in speaking of England, include Scotland too, and thus England and Great Britain have in a way become synonymous terms.

LIZZIE ROSS.—We are much obliged to you, but regret to decline.

HUBERT E. JONES.—The plush cloth must be sent to a cleaner, as nothing can be done at home for it, and a little oil may revive the American cloth, after you have cleaned it with a sponge and some warn water.

ALMA.—The city of "Salem" is supposed to be identical with Jerusalem, and, according to Josephus, was founded by Melchisedec. The ancient name was changed to "Jebus," from Jebusœus, a son of Canaan, and the Jebusites held it until the time of David, when the tribe of Benjamin took it, but permitted the ancient inhabitants to remain there. The Hebrews then called the city "Teruschalaim," or "the people (or dwelling) of peace." The Greeks and Romans called it "Hierosolyma." According to Josephus, at its destruction by Titus, A.D. 70, it was 2,177 years old, since the time of its foundation.

M. F. M.—The postage of book packets to Australia is rated at one penny for one ounce; above one ounce, and not over two ounces, twopence; above two ounces, and not over four ounces, fourpence.

BABEE.—The feathers are said to be cut off, not plucked out, but we cannot say how true this assertion may be.

H. M. FARMER.—You should procure Mr. Dunkin's "Midnight Sky," with thirty-two star maps, which will enable you to find all the stars of both hemispheres. It is published at the Religious Tract Society's office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 7s. 6d. There are two very good articles; the "Starry Sky," in vol. ii., pages 186, 252.

DEXTER.—We answered your letter at page 208, vol. v. Is there no name on either picture? and no name in the catalogue at Hampton Court? We should think that the subject was "Sophonisba" with her cup of poison, not "Fair Rosamond."

IOLANTHE. — *Sartor resartus* means "the tailor mended." Ariadne was the daughter of Minos II., King of Crete. She fell in love with Theseus, who was shut up in the labyrinth to be devoured by the Minotaur, and she gave him a clew of thread, by which he found his way out, and having conquered the Minotaur he carried Ariadne away and married her. When they reached the island of Naxos, he forsook her, although she was devoted to him, and she is fabled to have hung herself in consequence. Bacchus is also said to have given her a crown of seven stars and placed her among the constellations.

SEVENTEEN.—Your question was answered at page 303, vol. v. To clean pampas grass, lay it in clean cold water, shaking it lightly until free from dust.

MAIDENHEAD.—1. A young girl could be boarded-out in a "homely" way for a sum of from ten to fifteen shillings weekly. Much depends on whether in London or a country village. 2. Try gelatine for affixing pressed ferns to glass.

ANNIE LEE.—Inquire of your clergyman, and be guided by his wishes. You should in any case wear a neat little white cap. All those he has prepared ought to agree on the subject, although materials may vary in cost.

TROUBLESOME DAISY.—We were much pleased to hear that the invalid was so much cheered by reading our paper, during the weary days she was confined to her bed. Your lines enclosed, entitled "Evening," show poetical, as well as good religious feeling, but they are not writtten according to the rules of poetical composition.

ALGOMA.—1. Of course finish all that is on your plate without scraping it, gristle, bone, or superfluous fat excepted. 2. It is not necessary to thank your hostess for an agreeable evening, but it is always a gracious thing to do. Of course you should not fee the servants after dining at a friend's house. But if you gave your cloak into the charge of an attendant at a public entertainment, you should give her a shilling, even if no fee be exacted.

PECH.—The individual who "strongly recommended" you to apply belladonna to your eyes, to "make them appear larger and brighter," meant to blind you, or at least set you on a good method to accomplish such an end.

W. S. WARD.—You should refer to a London Directory, which you could see at any post office or bookseller's.

PEARDROP.—1. The dormouse eats nuts, haws, acorns, and such like things. 2. We regret to say that we cannot supply you with information designed to assist you in the present competition.

AUSTRALIAN READER.—The pouring of oil "on troubled waters" is a scientific discovery, recently revived and tested, and with perfect success. Already pipes have been used for conveying oil to the waters near the bar of one of our northern ports, so as to enable the ships to enter in rough weather. You write fairly well.

CARITA wishes to obtain assistance from us to win our competition! She asks for information about Amy Robsart, and also about Mrs. Cross the novelist (George Eliot). We must decline giving any assistance. She is endeavouring to take an unfair advantage of her fellow-competitors.

M. A. C.—We sympathise with you about your "lump," but how could we tell you what it is without seeing it? Perhaps a doctor only could tell you. It may be a wart, wen, or tumour, and in any case you should obtain a reliable medical opinion, and get rid of it before it may increase in size. You write well.

EDIE IRONSIDES.—1. Make your mind quite easy on the subject. Obedience is your first duty. And even apart from this obligation, quite as excellent and sincere Christians approve, as those who have scruples about, the recreations you name. No absolute rule, binding on all consciences alike, has been laid down in Holy Scripture in reference to such things. For instance, "Thou shalt not steal" is absolute and binding on all. 2. You may adopt any name in addition to your baptismal name, but it would not be of legal force. You may take an additional surname also, by advertising to that effect in the newspapers. Your writing is good.

THE HOLLY TREE.—See "Our Australian Colonies and New Zealand," page 676, vol. iv. By some it is said that the climate is an improvement upon that of England.

STRAY LAMB.—Such letters as yours afford us the greatest encouragement. We are indeed glad that you have derived so much benefit and comfort from our advice and answers to other correspondents who are likewise anxious to live consistent lives. We thank you, and wish you God speed!

WINGFOLD.—We sympathise sincerely with you if you have lost your mother. The verses have no poetical merit, although they show an affectionate disposition. We are sorry that any former letter was unanswered, and are not aware of having heard from you before. Your present letter has only just come to light amongst an immense heap of letters.

SUNFLOWER.—1. You are certainly old enough. 2. When our Lord is said to have cast out evil spirits and devils, the Holy Scriptures mean exactly what they say in such plain statements of facts.

A POOR GIRL.—If you have not the means to give your mother the benefit of a stay at some mineral baths, and very high living, she ought to go to a hospital, where she would at least get the latter, and the best treatment short of going abroad. Dropsy is the result of poverty of blood; it is not an independent disease of itself, so to say.

LAUREL wishes to "improve herself of being a bad walker." We can only advise her to practise a little daily, and she will gradually gain strength. 2. We have ceased to answer such unsuitable questions as her second.

BOADICEA.—The cure of consumption depends, as a rule, on being sent to such a locality as Pisa or Madeira before the disease has become much developed. If unable to take such means we recommend the daily use of much cream, and also butter, or else of cod-liver oil, with a milk diet; but many cannot take the cod-liver oil. Also to have a piece of fresh hog's lard, about the size of a walnut, rubbed into the chest, and all over and under the blade-bones of the body beneath the arms daily, both night and morning, taking care to uncover the person as little as possible while so doing. Keep up the patient's spirits, and never allow them to cry. They should be in bed and all settled for the night by nine o'clock; the air of the room should be kept at 60° Fahrenheit night and day if the cough be troublesome, and some farinaceous food prepared with milk given once during the night. But as we do not know anything about the case you name you should consult a doctor.

AN ORPHAN GIRL.—See "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii. Rub the flat iron with bath-brick to clean it.

MIRIAM L.—You were quite right in going to your mother. Your first duty is to "show piety at home, and requite your parents." You might offer "the mutual return of gifts, if what you have reason to suppose be true, that his affection could not stand the test of a temporary separation, brought about on your part by a feeling of duty in direct opposition to your own feelings and wishes." We had difficulty in reading your writing, the letters not being sufficiently well defined.

CORNFLOWER.—Take your cocoa and biscuits at eight o'clock, not later. You should obtain medical advice if your digestion be so much out of order. Why do you make such broken-backed "t's?"

FOUR YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Medical men give advice gratis, as a general rule, in the early morning. You had better go to some good general practitioner. The person you name gives his attention more especially to complaints in the throat. We cannot give names and recommendations.

FIREFLY AND R.P.I.—Inquire of the secretary, Northern Branch, Women's Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W., London.

NARCISSA.—How can we tell you whether the children would be too young for certain amusements when you do not name their ages? Get them a magic lantern or a conjurer.

HENRI, LE MARQUIS, and GERMAINE.—We do not consider that any combination of letters in our alphabet would substitute that of "ch."

ROSAMOND.—Consult the index of vol. i., where you will find four references.

LEDA F. K. H.—We feel obliged to you for telling us that you have derived so much spiritual benefit from the teachings of our magazine.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—Clean the shells with muriatic acid, and consult "The Fairy of the Family" in reference to the "shiny silk and woollen dresses."

MR. JAMES.—1. The quotation "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less," is from Prior's "Henry and Emma." He was a poet, born 1664, and died 1721. He was Ambassador at the French Court, and was said to have furnished many ideas to Voltaire. 2. We do not consider books such as that which you name by any means suitable for a little girl of your age.

A. J. W.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself for writing to tell of anything so discreditable to you. Banish all thought of one of whom you have no right to think.

HILDA NORTH.—Read our answers to correspondents, and you will see that your question has been answered dozens of times.

PROPRIETY.—You ought not to speak to any man as an equal, without an introduction. If he picked up your umbrella, or performed any act of service, you should bow and thank him and pass on, but you should not make any excuse of such a circumstance to found an acquaintance out of it.

HEARTBROKEN.—We feel for you, but we must tell you candidly that a girl of only seventeen ought not to "promise to love" any young man unknown to either of her parents, however harsh and severe they may be. You are too young to form any such mutual bond, and if your late friend be a minor, of course he had no right to propose to you, as he could have no legal right to marry you. Let your good sense at least come to your aid, for a young fellow who could give you up for another girl for no fault on your part is not worthy of your affection, and would not make you happy.

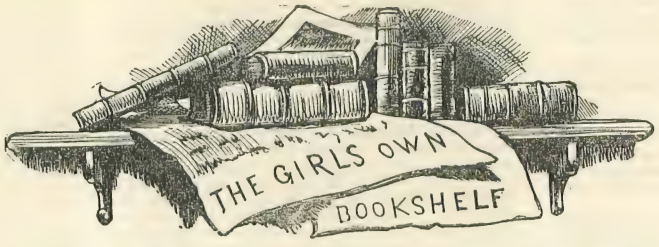
MALHEUREUSE might represent her feelings and her friend's new prospects to her parents, and ask leave to wait and see how he and she may think of the matter by the time she is of age. If they absolutely forbid any communication between you, submission, at least for the time being, is the only course open to you. You might communicate what you have done, and the result, to him through some friend. Your parents may consent later on if you submit now.

ONE IN DOUBT.—No one can obtain admission as a reader to the library of the British Museum under the age of twenty-one years.

MAUDINA BENETA.—Place the mounted photo in cold water, and it will float apart from the card after a short time.

A. M. G.—We thank you for your enclosure. Make the up strokes lightly, and the down strokes more heavily. You reverse the rule.

TWO SCAMPS.—The 6th of March, 1870, was a Sunday. Handel was born in 1684, Haydn in 1732, Mozart in 1756, and Beethoven in 1770.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles, taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers:—*

CORA: or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. With numerous Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE GIRL'S OWN COOKERY BOOK. By PHILLIS BROWNE. With Prefatory Note by Sir RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S. Price One Shilling.—This book is not simply a collection of cookery recipes, although a number of recipes are to be found in it. It is intended rather to fill the place of a guide or key to Cookery. The object which the Author has had before her in writing it is to inform those girls who wish to acquire skill in the art of preparing food, concerning the method to be employed, with the why and the wherefore thereof.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY. By ANNE BEALE. Price Half-a-Crown. Reprinted by special request.

A CROWN OF FLOWERS. Being Poems and Pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Edited by CHARLES PETERS. Quarto. Six Shillings, cloth boards.—This is a large and handsome volume, containing several hundred choice illustrations drawn by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others; printed on fine paper. The poems—which are varied and interesting in character, and worth committing to memory—are by the best English writers, among whom may be mentioned the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherly, Sarah Geraldina Stock, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, the Rev. Wm. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, and the Dowager Lady Barrow.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. By LADY BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Price Half-a-Crown.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE. By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

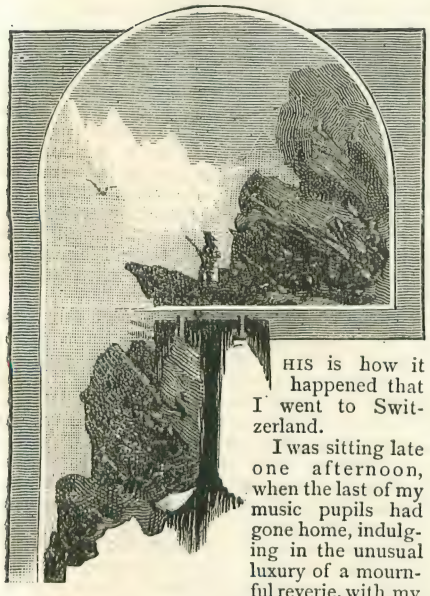
HOW TO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE. By Lady BENEDICT, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Lady LINDSAY OF BALCARRES, CLARA A. MACIRONE, LINDSAY SLOPER, and CHARLES PETERS. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

VOL. V.—NO. 227. MAY 3, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SNOW.

A STORY OF A SWISS HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER I.



THIS is how it happened that I went to Switzerland.

I was sitting late one afternoon, when the last of my music pupils had gone home, indulging in the unusual luxury of a mournful reverie, with my hands in my lap. The brilliant July sunlight was finding out all the weak points in my little double sitting-room. I thought it looked shabbier than I had ever seen it, with the threadbare places in the Brussels carpet, the faded chintz coverings of chairs and sofa, and the well-worn tablecloth. Only my books, I reflected, with irritation, redeemed the place from utter vulgarity, as they stood in choice array against the wall in my old oaken bookcase; for even my beloved Broadwood grand piano struck me in my present discontented mood as incongruous and clumsy, filling as it did nearly the whole of the front division of my room. My back window looked out into a little square plot of garden, which was my great delight; but as it was on the sunny side, I knew that for economy's sake I ought to pull down the blind, and, fearing the censure of my old servant Hannah, I reluctantly rose and did so. With a sigh I turned to the other end of the room to contemplate the dull suburban road, down which the milkman was seen coming. He paused at my gate, which bears the inscription—

"Miss Fielding, Teacher of the Pianoforte,"

and uttered the doleful hoot with which it is, for some unknown reason, his custom to proclaim his approach.

I heard Hannah bustling to the door; then followed a sharp altercation in the passage about his lateness, and the inconvenience caused thereby. Absurd as it seems, this trivial episode put the finishing stroke to my depression, and my thoughts began to shape themselves rebelliously somewhat after this fashion.

"How ugly and sordid genteel poverty is in London! How I long for the fresh air and just one sight of the mountains! Three years since my last real holiday!—for I don't count a visit to my cross, deaf old aunt at Tunbridge Wells. What would I give to fly away from it all and be at rest!"

Such were the discontented murmurs that crowded one another through my mind. And I was perhaps to be forgiven, for I was very hot and tired with teaching music all day; and the time, not many years ago, when my father was still with me in our happy home would come sadly back to memory.

Still, I always told myself in sober moments that I had great reason to be contented, and now I began to rehearse the bright side of my circumstances. In the first place, I had not been left utterly without income; I had no lack of pupils, for I was well known, and music was, as I knew, my one talent. My tiny town establishment, which I shared with the trusty old servant who was my guide and friend rather than subordinate, succeeded very well. Last Christmas I raised my terms, and had now almost every hour of the day occupied, either in visiting pupils or receiving them; thus I was able to pay my own way, and to save a little for future needs.

"So, Esther Fielding, you are a thoroughly ungrateful, discontented young person," I observed to myself sternly, having, by these encouraging reflections, routed the rebellious host of memories and longings; and at this moment a further diversion was created by the entrance of Hannah with tea.

"Why, Miss Esther, you look fit to drop, and your cheeks is as white as the milk-jug. Here, have some tea directly, and then go out and get a little fresh air, there's a dear. I'm glad them pupils have done strumming at you for to-day. You're fairly worn out with them, that's what it is."

Yes, my reflection in the mirror did look forlorn, with black-ringed eyes and pallid cheeks. I felt weak and worried, ready to cry at nothing at all.

"It won't do to break down," I meditated,

"TEARS STARTED TO MY EYES."

All rights reserved.]

and then I gradually came to a very serious decision. I would have a holiday trip somewhere this year. I had five pounds to spare, above and beyond my usual amount of savings, and that sum I would devote to my holiday. It would not go very far, but with care it might give me a fortnight or so at the seaside.

It was true that I did not enjoy the sea-side; it made me melancholy; but the mountains, for which my whole soul longed with a desire I dared never cherish, were too far away. Five pounds would be considerably diminished by the time I had taken a return ticket to the "north countree," and I dared not risk my hard-earned holiday on the slender chance of having fine weather. For in rain the Lake district, Scottish or English, is not bracing; and I *knew I must try to gain* health and energy to work with, if I spent so much money.

Margate? Yes, it must be Margate. The air is so life-giving. A fortnight there will send me back braced and refreshed in body, though by no means enchanted in mind. I can't bear it! but it will do me good.

These were my reflections as, in obedience to Hannah's injunctions, I paced, feeling very weak and weary, along the Hammersmith-road. The trees had long ago, though it was only the beginning of July, lost their fresh exultant greenness; they were dusty, and the air felt tired. I knew perfectly well that I was only tired too; tired with the strain of three years' hard toil, and only one little escape from London. For I had not served an apprenticeship to work, and till I was eighteen years of age I had hardly known care. Then my father's misfortunes, followed by his death, left me with a very small income, and I preferred work to dependence. For five years I had been struggling hard, with only one really enjoyable holiday, three years ago, in the northern home of friends who had now quitted England; it was not wonderful if my energies flagged sometimes.

When I reached home again I found a letter awaiting me. It was from the deaf aunt at Tunbridge Wells, to whom the visit, I ungratefully recollected, had been paid. On opening the envelope, something crisp revealed itself, and to my utter astonishment I discovered it was the half of a ten pound Bank of England note, with a kind though peculiar letter, intimating that the note (the second half of which should follow with various precautions) was to be applied to my holiday. The writer had intended to invite me again, but her infirmities really "did not allow of the derangement of her household by young people," therefore she sent me the wherewithal to obtain a change of scene elsewhere.

"And I called her cross and deaf!" was my penitent ejaculation, as tears started to my eyes. I wrote a letter of warm thanks without delay, and then began to speculate upon the use to which I should put my increased treasure. I felt in honour bound to use the whole of the gift, and, in all the luxury of wealth, I meditated now as to whether I should add the five pounds.

Before the evening closed, another event happened; for I received a visit from my friend Miss Treherne. She was a kind, active, middle-aged lady, always busy in some religious or philanthropic scheme. She liked to be thought literary, and traded on a very slender stock of material in the way of actual knowledge. Of genuine religious character, she nevertheless looked with a kindly eye on certain mundane vanities, and would rather, other things being equal, that her friends should have good houses and carriages and generally impressive surroundings, to which she could casually allude in conversation, and impress the less favoured. But I often blamed myself for the naughty reflections that would crop up from time to time on her "making the best of both worlds." I really do love Miss Treherne, for she is kindness itself in many ways; she was an old friend of my father's, and, when no gilded acquaintances are near, she will be unboundedly cordial and good to his orphan daughter, the music-mistress.

"We are going to try a new experiment this year," she announced, beaming with pleasure, and smoothing down her brown silk dress. "We went to Switzerland last summer, and did not intend to go again this year. But Mrs. Wilbraham—you know the Wilbrahams, dear—no? they are such *superior* people—tells us of a charming place in the Bernese Oberland, where we can live plainly but quite nicely for five francs a day (four shillings, you know), in the heart of the most glorious scenery. So I am going with my nieces straight there, to rusticate for three weeks. Really it will cost us almost less than staying at home. My sister wants the girls to have some mountain air, and you know she is such an invalid she cannot go herself."

"Oh, how I envy you! How I wish I could go too!" I cried, clasping my hands together.

"Well, my dear Esther, would it be utterly impossible? To tell the truth, I came rather with the view of seeing whether you could make a fourth. You and Laura are such good friends; you could share her room, and there are many advantages in having a *partie carrée*."

"I have fifteen pounds," I said; "that, and no more, I can spend. Of course I cannot go to Switzerland for three weeks with that."

Miss Treherne took out her pencil and made various rapid calculations. She was in her element in uniting a deed of kindness with one that exactly suited her own arrangements.

"Three weeks at Gimmelwald at 28s. a week will cost you, with a little margin, say £5; your return ticket from London to Berne, second class, will be £6 2s. 6d; I will see that your share of sundry expenses *en route* shan't exceed the balance—indeed, as we only stay one night on the journey, it can't. My dear, it can be done, and it shall be! You shall start with Beatrice, Laura, and myself from Victoria at ten o'clock to-morrow fortnight."

I was bewildered and dazzled. Once only I had been to Switzerland, when I was a girl of sixteen, with my father and aunt. The glorious scenery had haunted my dreams, sleeping and waking, ever since; but our month's tour was such an experience of careering from hotel to hotel, engaging carriages, chaises-à-porteur, horses, and guides, that I knew it had cost a small fortune. Never had I thought to see the snow-peaks again; and now it was proposed that I should go, for the modest sum at my command, into the very heart of all the glories of the Bernese Oberland—as Miss Treherne explained at some length the position of the *pension* whither we were bound.

I begged for time to decide, but she was resolute and triumphant. She guaranteed that I should not exceed the bounds of my modest exchequer; and was quite exultant when I signified that besides the £15 which went for the holiday itself, I should take a sovereign or so for the small personal expenses which I must have incurred at home, such as laundress and postage stamps.

"Say no more! it's settled! it's settled!" she declared, and away she went, nodding, with her bonnet very much on the back of her head, and her kind face beaming pleasure and satisfaction.

"Esther Fielding, you are an impostor! Your face is utterly altered!" I exclaimed, as I looked in vain for the white cheeks and dark-ringed eyes in the glass. A young person flashed back at me all radiance, sparkles, and animated colour; brown hair wavy and soft, pushed back from a broad, white forehead, large blue eyes now dancing with glee, a dimpled chin curving with merriment in harmony with the mouth—these made up the attractive features of a face that I had been told was sometimes pretty. If I ever possess that qualification, it is at the present moment, I told myself. The thought had given me fresh life, and I went to bed to dream of heaven-kissing peaks, glaciers sweeping down from the clouds, pine forests, torrents, and wild gorges, solitary and awful, piercing far up into the mountains, and receiving the avalanches as they thunder down from the snow-fields above.

The pleasure of preparing for a Swiss journey is no small part of the enjoyment of the expedition. I worked conscientiously harder than ever with my pupils, but as soon as I had ended their lessons, I was busy with my needle, or with my brain, planning eagerly what was to fill the one black portmanteau that constituted my luggage.

My wardrobe was very limited, and I usually wore black for economy's sake, so my equipment consisted of a travelling dress of soft silky black alpaca, and a black silk gown that had seen much service, but was lissome and becoming even in its decadence. I put in one or two lace collars for evening wear, and a card of cream lace for tuckers. One shady hat with a broad, but graceful brim, that I purchased at a sale at one of the West-end shops for a shilling or two, prettily trimmed with wheatears and poppies, went into the portmanteau; and I intended to make the black straw that I prepared for travelling serve for all occasions when that was unsuitable. I put one thick, strong pair of Levant winter boots into my luggage. They had been lying by for some time, and, with the addition of an extra sole, and nails in the heels, were quite appropriate for the mountains. How I rejoiced now over that economy which, one snowy winter, had caused me to invest in the clumsy, stout, square-toed things! for a pair of new Alpine boots would have taken nearly a pound from my little stock.

One change of linen, a pair of shoes, and some warm stockings completed the chief part of my outfit. I added two large square handkerchiefs of cream Indian muslin, trimmed with lace, which I made myself, and intended to wear out of doors to brighten up my black gown if the weather were very hot.

Although the character of the dresses taken will, of course, depend on the wearer's purse and habits, this sort of outfit is quite as much as any girl needs who is going to the mountains. Only, however plain the dresses may be, they should fit well and be properly made. It is a great mistake to sally forth from our island home attired in the very oldest, shabbiest clothes we can collect from our stock because "anything does to travel in." The fair Briton who thus arrays herself will, if she is at all sensitive, soon become dreadfully uncomfortable by comparison of herself with the trim, dainty figures she will encounter. But I knew, in my tightly-fitting ulster, undemonstrative hat, neat gloves and boots (for of course I did not travel in the monster pair), I should not be made ashamed of my appearance.

Miss Treherne never stirred without a small medicine-chest, therefore she told me I need not concern myself with any sundries beyond needle and thread and writing materials.

"But I have scarcely anyone to write to!" I thought; and at this suggestion the foolish tears were actually in my eyes again. Certainly I was growing morbid; and for a young lady with her living to earn and a house to maintain this would never do. I must brace myself up, meet life bravely, and keep on, as old Hannah says, "considering my mercies," of which the Swiss trip is such a very great one

that it blocks out the view of most of the others at present.

At last, the evening before the all-important departure arrives. I have packed and repacked my portmanteau four times over, resisted kindly but firmly Hannah's suggestions that I should take various articles she considers indispensable, arranged all details with my faithful old servant, and now, with £15 in a little bag (for Miss Treherne has my ticket), I sit in a kind of dreamy wonder, contemplating the legend I have placed conspicuously over the mantelpiece for the sake of any who may want my address :—

Miss Esther Fielding,
Pension Edelweiss,
Gimmelwald,
bei Mürren,
Switzerland.

CHAPTER II.

OFF for a holiday! O, the delight of that feeling!

You rich girls, who spend your lives in luxurious idleness or in the occupations you invent to kill time, and make believe you are busy, cannot realise the delicious, exquisite sense of freedom with which a hard-worked young person of three-and-twenty flings off all care and starts away from the routine of labour to revel in rest and change. And when that change is to include all the beauty that she has dreamed of and never thought to see again, has she not a right to be happy, and to feel profound pity for all the people she meets who are not going to Switzerland! Yet I do not mean to imply that work is a curse—far from it indeed! I could, had I chosen, have been supported in idleness by relatives, but I should have been miserable; and now in my little home with my busy life I am really quite happy, or should be if I were not so terribly lonely sometimes.

Perhaps, after all, this loneliness is a little my own fault. I am told that I am rather apt to say sharp things and to seem hard and cold. People don't know how I really *want* sympathy, even when I seem reserved and chilling, and they cannot tell that I am afraid to ask for it or to show any longing for a tender human heart to lean upon. Everyone thinks I am so wonderfully self-contained and independent to live and work alone as I do. Oh, if they only knew!

Such thoughts flit though my mind as I am being whirled down to Dover in the radiance of a bright summer morning with my three companions. We have registered our luggage through to Berne, and feel delightfully free from responsibility. Miss Treherne is resting in the corner of the second-class carriage with closed eyes, after the fatigue of a rather early breakfast and the effort of marshalling her little party into the train. Opposite to her sits her eldest and favourite niece, Beatrice Clyde, faultlessly dressed in a myrtle-green cloth travelling suit that becomes her fair complexion exquisitely. The close hat that crowns her coils of luxuriant fair hair is of the same dark hue; she looks as though a bow and arrows would harmonise well with her costume, but instead of that a small, dainty morocco travelling bag rests at her side, containing everything in the way of essences, scents, and smelling-bottles that exhausted nature is likely to require; she is reading a novel with tranquil ease, and her whole posture suggests that she is making a concession in going second class at all. I sit in the further corner *vis-à-vis* with her sister Laura, who is a complete contrast; she is plump, small, impulsive, vivacious, childish, but generous and lovable. We were all three at school together. Beatrice had a great deal of influence; she always did and said the proper things at the proper time. The girls admired her, and some adored her, but they were afraid of her pitiless criticism, which gained added force from her straight, tall figure and handsome face. She was never untidy, or late, or behindhand with her lessons, while Laura was all three. Yet I loved Laura, and my hard shyness seemed to melt away before her frank caresses. Beatrice was never shy: she said it was only self-conceit in another form, and so no doubt it is.

"She is lovely," I think, as I sit and watch the tiny pale gold tendrils of hair nestling round a small, shell-like ear, while the long eyelashes, delicate, high-cut nostrils, and firmly-chiselled mouth make up a profile of unusual beauty. I know I ought to like her; but oh! I don't. All my affection for the sisters is concentrated on Laura, who is now in such a state of excitement she cannot sit still; it is fortunate we have the carriage to ourselves. She is not exactly pretty, but has a dear little animated face of her own.

"Oh, Esther! don't sit so still and impassive. We are going to Switzerland! All day yesterday I was declaiming Matthew Arnold's lines. Don't you remember them :—

> 'There the torrents drive upward
> Their rock-strangled hum;
> There the avalanche thunders
> The hoarse torrent dumb.
> I come, O, ye mountains!
> Ye torrents, I come!'"

"Impassive, Laura? I am as happy as possible. I will add to your quotation for you :—

> 'There to watch, o'er the sunk vale,
> The frore mountain-wall,
> Where the niched snowbed sprays down
> Its powdery fall.
> There its dusky blue clusters
> The aconite spreads;
> There the pines slope, the cloud-strips
> Hung soft in their heads,
> No life, but at moments
> The mountain-bee's hum.
> I come, O, ye mountains!
> Ye pine-woods, I come!'"

"I had no idea you were such a student of Wordsworth, Esther," observes Miss Treherne, approvingly, having roused herself from her semi-slumber to hear my declamation. "His appreciation of the beauties of nature is truly wonderful and quite unique. There is no poet at all like him in the English language."

Laura goes off at this observation into a fit of laughter, which she vainly tries to stifle by placing her handkerchief before her mouth. Beatrice looks up from her book for a moment to send a scathing glance of reproof in our direction, and I hastily attempt to cover my friend's behaviour by a critical remark—

"That description of an avalanche is so marvellously accurate: 'Where the niched snow-bed sprays down its powdery fall.' People usually think an avalanche is something huge and massive in appearance."

Miss Treherne does not reply. Beatrice remarks—

"The opinion of ignorant people about things they haven't seen is scarcely worth quoting."

"Neither is the opinion of ignorant people about things they haven't read," observes Laura to me, *sotto voce*.

I quench her by a stern glance of reproof; and when we are fairly on the deck of the steamer that is waiting by the Dover pier to convey us over the tranquil, glittering expanse of sea, I find opportunity to say to her—

"Laura, you really mustn't be so naughty. You were quite rude to your aunt about that quotation from Matthew Arnold."

"Was I?" returned Laura, with undiminished good humour. "I'm awfully sorry. But why does she pretend so much, then? She is always telling me I ought to improve my mind, and talking as if she were an authority on literary subjects, when I don't believe she knows as much about books as I do."

"Laura!" called Miss Treherne, and I was left alone. The deck was covered with a motley throng of passengers, chattering, laughing, and exulting in the prospect of a calm passage. I stole away, and stood by the edge of the vessel watching the cliffs of Dover, now receding rapidly behind me. The fresh breeze lifted my hair, and seemed to caress my brow with an invigorating sense of freedom. My whole heart went out in thankfulness and in sympathy with "the innumerable laughter of the waves."

We reached Calais after a delightful crossing, and everything struck me with a delicious sense of novelty, from the quaint old town itself down to the blue-bloused porters in the simmering heat on the quay. The cup of coffee and roll in the *buffet* proved conclusively that we had left our native cookery behind us. I noticed how Miss Treherne deferred to Beatrice in everything, even at this early stage of our journey; it seemed an understood matter that she was to take no trouble about ordering or carrying anything; we were three satellites around her.

The train that was to carry us straight away to Switzerland was waiting by the platform, and we were soon ensconced in a second-class carriage with "Berne" outside. Fortunately we had no fellow-travellers, and each could occupy a corner. Away we sped through the level country, so like our English fields, and yet with the signs of strangeness in the stunted pollards, divided tracts of garden, and the legends on the little stations that we passed. At Boulogne, Laura and I were despatched to find a "Tauchnitz" for Beatrice, and spent several minutes running to and fro between the bookstall and the carriage, with inquiries as to whether she had read this, that, or the other, while the female guardian of the bookstall followed us, *volubly* discoursing. Beatrice was finally satisfied, not without a gentle criticism on our French idioms.

We reached Amiens at half-past five, descended for dinner, and then sped on again. Laon charmed me by its quaint, picturesque appearance; the town straggles along a rocky ridge of hillside, adorned by a grand old church. We passed by Bethény, where sundry passengers alighted to go on to Reims for the night; then the shadows descended, and we lay down to rest. Beatrice had all the softest wraps for her impromptu bed, Miss Treherne the remainder, and Laura and I were fain to pillow our heads upon the literature we carried with us. The engine now began, as though from malice aforethought, to utter fearful and unearthly shrieks at every juncture; but I did not care to sleep much, the novelty of the situation was all-engrossing. After a time I dozed blissfully away, to be awakened from time to time by the stoppage of the train and the lugubrious cry, "Cinq minutes d'arrêt," while the sleepy officials yawned on the platform of some dark road-side station.

The brief summer night soon melted into dawn, and Belfort was reached at 3.30. There we descended for the welcome refreshment of great basins of *café-au-lait* and rolls in the *buffet*.

At Dellemont we changed into another train, in which the compartments were Swiss, with a gangway the whole length of the carriages, and the seats placed at right angles to it. And now we began to realise that we really were in Switzerland, for our little railway wound along a narrow ledge on the hill-side; a torrent rushed below us, and craggy wooded heights towered above. From

glen to glen we journeyed, piercing between the hills, and gaining constantly changing views of peaceful villages, inhabited by the clock-making population that nestles in these Jura valleys.

At 8.45 a.m. our train drew into the Berne station, and we were glad to go across the square to wash, rest, and breakfast at our hotel.

"Oh, how charming! look at the women washing vegetables at the fountain!" cried Laura, running to the window. "Now, I feel I really am far away from home. Can you believe it is not twenty-four hours since we were at Victoria?"

"Just think that we are in a town from which the Alps are actually visible!" I cried. "Oh, Laura, do you think we shall have time to go to the Cathedral terrace?"

"Certainly not," replied Laura; "for we start again at twenty minutes past ten. Never mind, I know they wouldn't be visible. They never are when I go to see the view, and I have been six times."

"I should like to see the Bears for 'auld lang syne,'" I mused; "however, I don't suppose they are much altered."

"I am sure dear Esther will not mind going across to register our luggage and take the tickets," Miss Treherne said, after breakfast. So, feeling as if I were somebody else, or in a dream, I stepped across the square again, contrived, with a little stumbling in my German, to register the luggage that had just been unpacked from the van, and took places for Thun.

"In order to see the Alps, sit on the right as far as Münsingen, and thence to Uttigen on the left," proclaims Laura, from Baedeker, as we establish ourselves in the carriage. There are a few other English people; young men in knickerbockers, who all look at Beatrice; anxious mammas; portly English gentlemen, who have apparently requested their tailors to choose out the most ridiculous cloths in their stock and then make suits of them.

But I have no eyes or smiles for any eccentricities of my countrymen; I am straining my gaze from the window to see the snow. First of all this appears in faint, far-off patches, crowning the Stockhorn chain, a dark rocky wall guarding the horizon; then I rush to the left-hand window regardless of Beatrice's contracted eyebrows, and behold with indescribable delight the white wonder of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Blümlis-Alp; far away, it is true, and veiled in cloud, so that one can scarcely tell at first if the vivid whiteness be mist or mountain; yet a longer gaze reveals the truth, that I am indeed looking on the giants of the Oberland.

And now, after three-quarters of an hour, we reach Thun, fair quaint little town, with its turreted castle set on a hill, and the rapid river racing from the lake, whose blue-green expanse stretches peacefully below the mountains. Away on our right rises the dark cone-shaped Niesen; beyond spread the snow-fields of the Blümlis-Alp.

We are soon jolting along the principal street, in which the pavement runs about ten feet above the road, on the roof of cellars that abut on the causeway. And now, surely we have come to the sweetest haven that ever weary traveller could find! for we enter a shady garden, drive to the door of a large, cool, green-shuttered building, and are greeted by a tall, grave, gracious damsel, the daughter of our host, who might be the portress to the Palace Beautiful. She speaks English perfectly, welcomes us with dignified grace and courtesy, and has ere long established us in large rooms with polished floors, green jalousies, and the most enchanting view of lake, mountain, and snow, set in the window-frame.

The rest of the day (for as yet it is scarcely noon) passes for me in a vague, delicious medley of sleep, luncheon in a sort of conservatory, rambling with Laura through gardens that lose themselves in forest ascending the hillside, sleep again, and *table d'hôte* dinner in a charming cool room with a fountain playing in a circular alcove at the end. Fountains, indeed, are everywhere in this Eden of coolness and beauty.

After dinner I roamed away alone, and found my way to a pavilion of polished wood in the grounds, furnished as a reading-room, but deserted, in which I discovered a piano. It was just what I wanted to respond to my own unspeakable happiness. I sat down, and poured out my whole soul in one after another of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

As I played I became aware that one or two people had come in and were listening, but I cared nothing, and went on, with all my heart in the mingled joy and sorrow that the music conveys.

A soft, penetrating voice was heard close beside me—

"Auntie is looking for you, Esther."

It was Beatrice, in her evening dress of dull blue cashmere; a black lace shawl was daintily drooped over her head. I ceased, and went out with her, while the listeners contemplated us with curiosity.

"Well, you certainly are the strangest girl I ever knew," she observed, as we walked through the rustling shade. "You always professed to be shy; but to go and play unasked before a number of strange men in a public reading-room would have exceeded even my *sangfroid*, and I flatter myself I have a good deal."

"I began to play when no one was there; they came in afterwards, and I never thought of them!" I exclaimed, hotly, my cheeks flaming with indignation.

"There is no occasion for any display of excitement," replied Beatrice. "You cannot deny that it was a very odd thing to do; but it does not signify, as we leave to-morrow and nobody knows us. They will probably put it down as one of the freaks of the English feminine mind."

I am ashamed to say how much this trifling episode jarred upon me, and when we rejoined the others, Laura exclaimed:

"Why, Esther! your cheeks are all on fire!"

"We are going to the concert in the grounds of the Thuner-hof," interposes Miss Treherne. So we all wend our way to the terraces of the great hotel that fronts the lake, and there, under the light of lamps, with the dusky gardens spreading around, the waters before, and the dim mountains beyond, I am rapt far away from all petty worries and vexations by the strains of a German waltz that rises and falls in appealing tenderness, gladsome mirth, and ever and anon a hint of infinite underlying sadness. Music in such a scene—on such a night! The groups of people sitting at their little tables chattering in polyglot fashion annoy me; they seem careless and unappreciative. I should like to be alone, alone with the music and the mountains.

But it is growing late, the musicians are scampering through a noisy galop, and we withdraw. As we pass through the grand hall of the Thuner-hof on our way to our own hotel, I behold Miss Treherne and her nieces suddenly in the midst of a little group of elegantly-dressed ladies, shaking hands and talking with great vehemence.

"So glad to meet you! No idea you had left town!" etc., etc, are the exclamations that greet my ear. I wait a little apart till the colloquy is finished, for I don't know these people, but can see from their dress and bearing that they are what Miss Treherne would call "very superior." Surely I catch the words from Beatrice, who is talking to the tallest and most imposing of the ladies: "Orphan—teacher of music—like to be kind to her—sort of protégée of ours."

How my rebellious cheeks flame again, and how I should like to protest against the idea that is evidently being vaguely and falsely given, that I am conducted through Switzerland as an act of pure benevolence! Miss Treherne, who is not at all above that kind of general insinuation, whether it be true or not, looks kindly and noddingly in my direction. Laura is fidgeting on one foot, and is evidently rather "out of it."

"Charming people, Mrs. L'Estrange and her daughters," says Miss Treherne, as we stroll back to the hotel. "I tried to interest them in you, Esther. She says she will recommend you if she can remember when they get back to town, and you must send her a prospectus. I told her that I didn't think you had brought any with you."

"Very kind of her," I reply, ungraciously.

Laura gives my arm a little pinch, and I feel rebuked for my over-sensitiveness, which I know is pride. Why should I mind people not speaking to me and being distantly condescending? But Beatrice's half-truths I do mind, and won't let them pass if I hear them again.

It is charming to rest after a night in a railway carriage, and dreamless and delicious is the sleep that wraps us round. We wake to find brilliant sunshine on lake and mountain, and to remember that this is the day which is to introduce us to our upland home at Gimmelwald.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

Metzler and Co.

Six Songs, composed by Blanche Gore, to words by Shakespeare, Tennyson, and other poets.—Several of these songs display talent of a superior order. We may mention No. 1 and No. 2, and especially No. 4, as well worthy the notice of vocalists. They are published at 5s.

May joy come to greet thee! Words by Marion Chappell. Music by G. A. Osborne.—A melodious and sympathetic setting to appropriate verses. This song is above the average of those sent to us.

There let us dream. Words by Clement Scott. Composed by Andrew Levey.—A singable and dreamy song, as the title implies, wakened in the middle of each verse by a refrain in waltz time.

The Dance at the Forge. Descriptive piece. Composed by E. H. Sugg.—A very clever and original solo; requires only to be known to find a place in the repertoire of most of our readers. We recommend it.

Edward Crosse.

How cheery are the Mariners. Words by Benjamin Parker. Music by George Sothern.—These stirring verses are set to vigorous and effective strains. With a good baritone voice would be highly approved.

Reid Brothers.

Oh, rest thee, my darling. Song. Written and composed by Mrs. C. Newsam.—A very interesting and simple cradle song, with chorus at the end of each verse; requires tender feeling in the interpretation.

Weekes and Co.

The Pilgrim's Progress. A sacred cantata. Words selected and arranged by Bertha Rogers. Music composed by Edmund Rogers.—A most praiseworthy cantata, both as to the selection of the words and com-

position and arrangement of the music. The introduction is dignified and simple, the first chorus is stirring and well harmonised. There are solos for tenor, bass, contralto, and soprano, with choruses and duets. We scarcely know how to make a selection; the cantata is good throughout. The angels' trio, "Peace be to thee," unaccompanied, is exceedingly tender and soothing. The duet for tenor and bass is very effective. The final chorus is jubilant and bright. The vocal score, the chorus parts, and book of words can be had separately; the full score and orchestral parts can be hired from the publishers. We doubt not this cantata will be in great demand by the different choral societies, the music being so pleasing and easily rendered by trained singers.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Waif. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by Edwin H. Lemare.—A very good song, with telling accompaniment, written in the key of C. It is also written in the key of G.

No Dream. Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by A. L. Moir. Written in two keys, F and G.—A very easy song for a soprano voice of moderate compass.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was no lack of accommodation in the old hall at Fell Foot, and, as at Brinnington, Hilda had one of the best rooms for her sole use, whilst Gladys and Dorothy shared the adjoining chamber. Often enough the girls would linger together, talking over the events of the day before finally separating for the night. But for once, this was forbidden.

"You have all had enough to tire you, and must go straight to your rooms," was the mother's command, and no one dreamed of disobeying it.

Hilda's inclination was in harmony with her aunt's wish. Much to her maid's satisfaction she only glanced round her room, and said, "I have all I can want, Jackson. You need not wait; I am sure you are more tired than anyone, so go straight to bed."

The maid gladly availed herself of this permission, and left her young mistress to her own thoughts. These were fully occupied with one subject—the unexpected meeting with Geoffrey Penwarden, and the portion of his story told by her uncle.

The fact that he had been the friend of her childish days, and the knowledge that he had suffered a grievous wrong at the hands of those nearest of kin to him, roused all the romance of Hilda's imaginative nature. Like most active minded girls whose lives have been spent within a narrow circle, who know little of the real work of the world, and nothing practically of its trials, she indulged largely in day dreams. Her vivid fancy pictured scenes, and peopled them with beings, on whose imaginary joys and sorrows she bestowed the sympathy which, if rightly directed, should have been expended on real ones. For once, however, Hilda's feelings were excited, not merely on behalf of a fancied hero, but an actual one. Surely if ever man deserved to be called a hero, Geoffrey

"HANGING UP THE SPARROW'S CAGE."

Penwarden might claim the title! Hour after hour the girl lay wakeful upon her pillow, thinking, first indignantly, then pitifully, of Geoffrey's parents, who had driven from their roof the son who could have only proved a credit to the old name of which they were so proud.

They were used to boast of the family they could trace back for so many centuries, and say that the Penwardens had seen many a change of fortune and some reverses, but disgrace or dishonour had never been associated with one of its members.

Hilda recalled to mind how, from her earliest days, she had wandered in the picture gallery at Treneweth, and listened to stories of the dead and gone Penwardens, whose quaint portraits adorned its walls. She had seen Geof's face glow and his eyes flash as he, too, listened to tales of brave deeds done and noble lives led by his ancestors. She could remember that he had told her, his child-confidant, that it would never do for a nineteenth-century Penwarden to disgrace such an ancestry. She remembered Mrs. Penwarden, tall and handsome, a mother for sons to love and reverence, and very tender and caressing towards herself, the lonely little girl at Silvermere. Yet she was stately and dignified, too, as well became the mistress of a home which was the central feature in so many traditions, and held the spoils of ages that had been collected by the Penwardens of so many generations past. This was before the trouble came.

Then Hilda could recall the time when the mother's stately head became bowed, and her face wan and bearing traces of tears, though no one saw them shed. The dignified matron shrank all at once into a feeble, frail old lady, while Mr. Penwarden held himself more and more erect, as if he would defy the inquiring looks of those around him.

This must have been the time spoken of by Mr. Oakley, when first suspicion of Geoffrey's guilt and then conviction of his unworthiness had come home to his parents. The younger had been in a manner banished, the years had come and gone; the elder son of the house was seldom seen, and Geoffrey never mentioned. The mother grew frailer until the end came, and then only did Mr. Penwarden's outer crust of stern reserve give way, and allow people to see that the man whom they had considered hard and cold was almost heart-broken.

Hilda knew that her aunt Lydia had not only cheered Mrs. Penwarden's last hours, but she had stayed for a couple of days longer at Treneweth, because her presence alone seemed to give a gleam of brightness to its bereaved master. But a message came to say that Arthur was on his way to attend his mother's funeral, and then an indignant flush was seen on Miss Oakley's face, and, in spite of all entreaties, she left the house before the arrival of the heir.

All these events, little thought of for some time past, came back to Hilda Cranswick's mind as she lay wakeful in her new chamber at Fell Foot. The very place and her immediate surroundings encouraged these retrospections. The oak staircase, with its quaint carvings, black and polished with age, had reminded her, as she ascended it, of the one which led to the picture gallery at Treneweth. The furniture of her room might have been brought from the same place; it was also of oak, and had been made centuries before. In the great window halfway up the staircase there were armorial bearings in stained glass, filling each of its divisions, and suggesting a similar one in Geoffrey's home.

Hilda smiled as she thought how often she had made him and his brother the heroes of her imaginary scenes and stories. Geof was always the good, Arthur the evil genius of these ideal pictures. The younger brother, tall, broad-shouldered and strong, with honest brow and kind eyes of that rarest of colours, dark grey, was always her friend and champion. Arthur, slender and lithe, with his dark Italian complexion, thin lips and black hair, had teased her many a time for the mere pleasure of teasing, and seemed to enjoy the little scenes which followed, when the spoiled child first became wild with impotent anger, then burst into passionate tears because she could not punish her tormentor or silence his mocking laughter. No wonder that in thinking of those old days and coupling them with what Mr. Oakley had told her, Hilda's sympathies were all on Geoffrey's side, and that she rejoiced in his return from unmerited banishment.

But then, to what a lonely home he had come! His mother and Arthur dead. His father spared to him only for a few weeks of renewed affection and trust, and then he, too, called away, and poor Geoffrey left heir of Treneweth, but, servants excepted, the solitary occupant of the grand old home.

Leaving realities, Hilda began to indulge in another waking dream, in which she figured as a principal, and Geoffrey Penwarden was closely concerned. But, happily, it was interrupted, not as dreams generally are, by the end of sleep, but by its beginning, and she knew no more until she awoke to see the sun high in the heavens, and to hear the sounds of eager voices and pattering feet on the gravel below her window.

The feet and the voices belonged to Jack and Janet, who were hanging up the sparrow's cage in such a position that he could receive visits from his feathered friends and relatives, and enjoy the fresh air, until, his health being utterly restored, he could be set at liberty

The figures of the children were not, however, the only ones in sight, for pacing up and down were Mr. Oakley and Geoffrey Penwarden, the arm of the former passed through that of his younger companion, to whom he was listening with deep attention while his face expressed equal sympathy.

As Hilda looked at these two masculine faces, she scarcely knew which was better calculated to inspire confidence or promise faithful friendship. "My Uncle I know," thought she; "but Geoffrey is the person next to him of all the world to whom I would go if I wanted a service. Last night I scarcely saw his face; this morning, in spite of the big brown beard and the colouring the sun has spread over it, I can see the old kind expression. He is just the frank, brave youth, improved and developed into a still nobler manhood. Uncle always says that nothing brings out the good or evil qualities of a man like trouble. Geoffrey has had enough to bring out his character, and no doubt, like sterling metal, the rubs have made it shine the more brightly."

And then the girl laughed softly to herself, as the idea crossed her mind that for her all the needful rubs were yet to come, and that the gold must be in a very tarnished condition, if, indeed, it deserved the name at all. "Perhaps," she thought, "I make a mistake in wishing to have my share of the rough along with the smooth side of life. The rubs which polish the true metal only carry away the surface from that which is plated, and show the baser material underneath."

Hilda moved quietly about her room, for she did not wish to have the presence and help of Jackson, who usually waited upon her when dressing. She guessed that Mrs. Oakley, judging that she would be tired with the journey and bustle of the preceding day, had given orders that she should not be disturbed. Now, the girl preferred to wait on herself, in order that she might indulge her fancies, and look, from time to time, from behind the still-drawn blinds at the two figures as they paced up and down the drive below. She caught herself comparing her own age with that of Geoffrey, and saying audibly, "He is only ten years older than myself, after all."

But dressing and accompanying dreams must come to an end, however much they may be prolonged, and Hilda's appetite was of far too healthy a character not to make itself felt, especially as her ordinary breakfast hour was long past. Still, when she drew back the curtains, and the full beauty of the scene before her was revealed, she could not help pausing for a moment to enjoy its loveliness.

Beyond the smooth gravel of the drive the grounds were charmingly laid out. There was the wide lawn for games, with its surface like velvet. The flower-beds, innocent of ribboning and all the modern devices for cutting everything to pattern, were literally teeming with many-hued blossoms.

There were grand old trees that had taken centuries to attain their present size, with seats below them to invite you to rest or read beneath their graceful shadow. Beyond, the grounds sloped very gradually down to the edge of the lake—no artificial one—whose dark waters were as motionless as a mirror.

But the wonderful wealth of roses especially charmed Hilda. They were everywhere and of every hue. The front of the hall and its gables were trellised, and the roses stretched and climbed all over at their own sweet will, pushing in their beautiful heads whenever a sash was raised or a lattice opened. Hilda flung open her own and looked out, scattering and receiving a shower of rose leaves as she did so. The sound at-

tracted the attention of those below, only Jack and Janet, as it happened, for the gentlemen were at some little distance.

"Out of bed at last, Miss Hilda," shouted the former. "Breakfast has been cleared away for above an hour, only I suppose you'll get some. You always do, though mamma would tell me I did not deserve any if I were so late in getting up, unless I were ill. And on a fine morning like this; don't you feel rather ashamed of yourself, Hilda?"

"I do, indeed," she replied, though the laugh that accompanied her words sounded rather like a contradiction. "But I am more anxious about breakfast than anything else, for I am frightfully hungry. I hope you young cormorants have not cleared the table."

"No fear of your being left without; but you had better make haste and get it, for some of us are off for a row on the lake, and we shall not wait long, I can tell you."

Janet's words were more consolatory. "There are three boats, Hilda, and someone is sure to wait for you, if we do not."

The youngsters pattered off, helter-skelter down the sloping path to the boat-house. Mr. Oakley and his companion were now out of sight, and Hilda thought they might have gone in the same direction. She regretted this, as she wished that the "someone" might be her uncle, in which case she would most likely have the society of Geoffrey Penwarden also. This thought quickened her steps, but on entering the room where breakfast awaited her, she found Mrs. Oakley as its solitary occupant.

"Good morning, dear. I hope your late appearance is a sign that you have had a long sleep, and are thoroughly rested," she said, after meeting the girl with a motherly kiss.

"I have had the sleep, but unfortunately during the wrong part of the twenty-four hours. I lay awake when I ought to have been sleeping, and reversed matters afterwards. Where are my cousins? I mean the elder ones, for Jack and Janet I have already seen from the window."

"Allan and the girls are on the lake, but they will keep within sight of the boat-house until we go down, and will then come to the landing and take us on board. Your uncle and Mr. Penwarden are gone for a long walk, and may or may not meet us later on. They have so much to talk about, and on subjects which could not be made public property, that they preferred strolling off by themselves."

Hilda mentally wished that she could be an invisible listener whilst this confidential talk was going on. She had only heard enough of Mr. Penwarden's history to whet her curiosity, and was longing to know more. She hoped that her uncle might be able, without a breach of trust, to fill up the gap caused by the seven years of absence, but for this she must wait patiently—one of the hardest things for Hilda to do.

She was, however, very quiet during the meal, and Mrs. Oakley, who had rather expected an outburst of enthusiasm about the loveliness of her present surroundings, was a little concerned at her evident abstraction.

"Are you disappointed in Fell Foot, Hilda?" she asked. "We have all felt more sorry on your account than for anyone else that all had to come."

"Sorry! My dear aunt, I would rather be here than in any other place in the world," was the energetic reply. And the words puzzled Mrs. Oakley, and set her pondering as to what they could mean.

True, Hilda was remarkable for sudden likes and dislikes, but while feeling that she must be pleased with the fair, natural pictures which met her on every side, Mrs. Oakley was not quite prepared for such a strong assertion as the one she had just uttered. Her thoughts turned towards Geoffrey Penwarden also, and she wondered, remembering all his old boyish devotion to Hilda as a child, whether the meeting with him had anything to do with her niece's words.

The matron and the maid were a rather silent couple as they walked towards the lake together, for Mrs. Oakley was troubled and pondering as to the best way of telling Hilda a long-kept secret.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Pope.

NOTES ON HANDS.—The differences of hands, according to sex and age, are very significant. The woman's hand, independently of the effects of different occupations, is naturally smaller, narrower, softer, less hairy, and more delicate than the man's, and its fingers are more roundly formed. When these characters are reversed, they mark, as clearly as any other misplaced features do, the similarly misplaced mind; they betray the too strong-minded woman and the effeminate man.

THE DANGER OF DRAUGHTS.

The danger of draughts has passed into a proverb in more than one language. "Shun a current of air from a narrow passage as you would the point of an arrow," say the Chinese, and the Portuguese have an admonitory couplet to this effect:—

"If cold wind reach you through a hole,
Go make your will and mind your soul."

PURITY.—If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the fœtid vapours of evil impressions.—*Richter.*

A MOSLEM CUSTOM.—It is a universal custom of the Moslems to write the following phrase at the commencement of every book, whatever be the subject, and to pronounce it on commencing every lawful act of any importance:—"In the name of the Compassionate, the Merciful."

THE KNOWLEDGE OF SORROWS.—She that knows most of hearts knows most of sorrows. —*Bailey.*

A COMMON ERROR.—Nothing is so frequent as to mistake an ordinary human gift for a special and extraordinary endowment.—*Holmes.*

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.—Girls, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them, and they will grow into other thoughts almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—*Elihu Burritt.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A warrior Monarch, well you know his name,
War was his pastime and almost a duty;
From sunny south his lovely Lady came;
He left no son to emulate his fame,
Nor she a daughter to hand down her beauty.

1. A Town, which the Elector Palatine
Could claim ere German unity arose;
Here "Marshal Forwards" cross'd the rushing Rhine,
In hot pursuit of flying foreign foes.

2. Ill-fated Nymph! who mourn'st thy husband lost
To thee, through doting on a fairer face!
Thy prophecies he heeds not, to his cost,
But dares the vengeance of an armed host,
Who bring his land to ruin and disgrace.

3. The radiant Fish, that we so often see,
Thrown by the waves upon the sandy shore,
When all the graceful gliding, which must be
By movement of its tentacles, is o'er.

4. Rising 'mid mountains of perpetual snow,
This River grows a wondrous lake to be;
Past ancient towns its rapid waters flow,
To lose themselves within a southern sea.

5. When orient streaks of glimm'ring light appear,
And brilliant constellations pale and wane;
When Phœbus turns his steeds to fresh career,
And sullen Nox must cease her gloomy reign.

6. Name for a Saxon prince of royal birth.

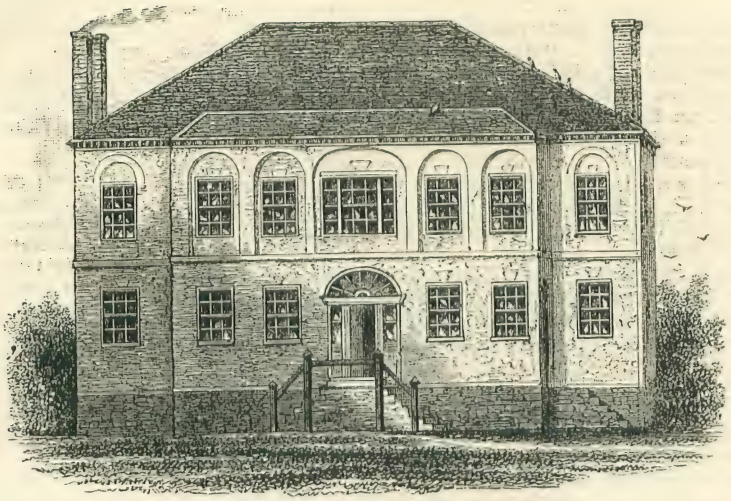
7. An ancient Province, where none lux'ries knew;
Her sons were hardy, simple in their worth,
Their deeds were glorious, and their words were few.

8. A well-known Town in Somersetshire, where
All once was flourishing—now, all forlorn;
And early in the thirteenth cent'ry, there
The greatest thinker of his age was born.

9. Suppose yourself a Frenchwoman, to take
Your poultry into Paris to be sold;
Arriving there, your bargaining to make,
The purport of this Word you would be told.

10. The most stupendous Cataract, that parts
Two friendly countries from each other's shore;
A falling mass of water, as it darts
In clouds of spray, amid a deaf'ning roar.

XIMENA.



THE HOME AS IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.

MISS RYE'S GIRLS' HOMES.

By the Right Hon. the MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T.

On one of the cold, dull mornings of March there was a large group of persons collected on the platform of a railway station. There was the usual bustle among the busy porters, who were seeing everybody and everything into the proper place. There were many people taking leave of their friends, as though they did not expect to see them again for a long time; but, amid all the stir, the group of people I have mentioned were quietly waiting. They were evidently also bound on a journey, and meant to go by the train which was about to start for Liverpool. But before they left London there was someone expected to whom they wished to say good-bye. There are among them some grown-up persons, but most of the group we have noticed are very young. They are all girls, nicely dressed, and cloaked to keep away the cold. They are evidently very fond of the ladies who have accompanied them to the station, and one of these ladies is going with them on their journey, so it is with the others that they are talking about saying farewell. Presently the talk is hushed, and they all look in the direction in which some gentlemen are approaching them. Among these gentlemen is one very tall and stately; he is evidently a man who has seen many years, but he is still very handsome, and holds himself as well as if he were only thirty. The expression of his face is a very noble one, and his hair is still dark, and his step firm. With his friends around him, he comes rapidly to the waiting group of ladies and little girls.

They seem all to know him and love him well, for he is one of their best and kindest friends. The girls make a curtsey to him, and he greets them all as though they were his children. No wonder that they are glad to see him, and that they love and revere him, for this handsome old man, with the strong features and the soft heart, is one who is known all over London and all over England, wherever there is suffering to be soothed, good to be done, and help to be given to the helpless. It is Lord Shaftesbury who has come to see his little friends off. He talks to all of them, and hopes that they will be happy in the great new land to which they are going, for they are to be taken away across the ocean to another land, a land called Canada.

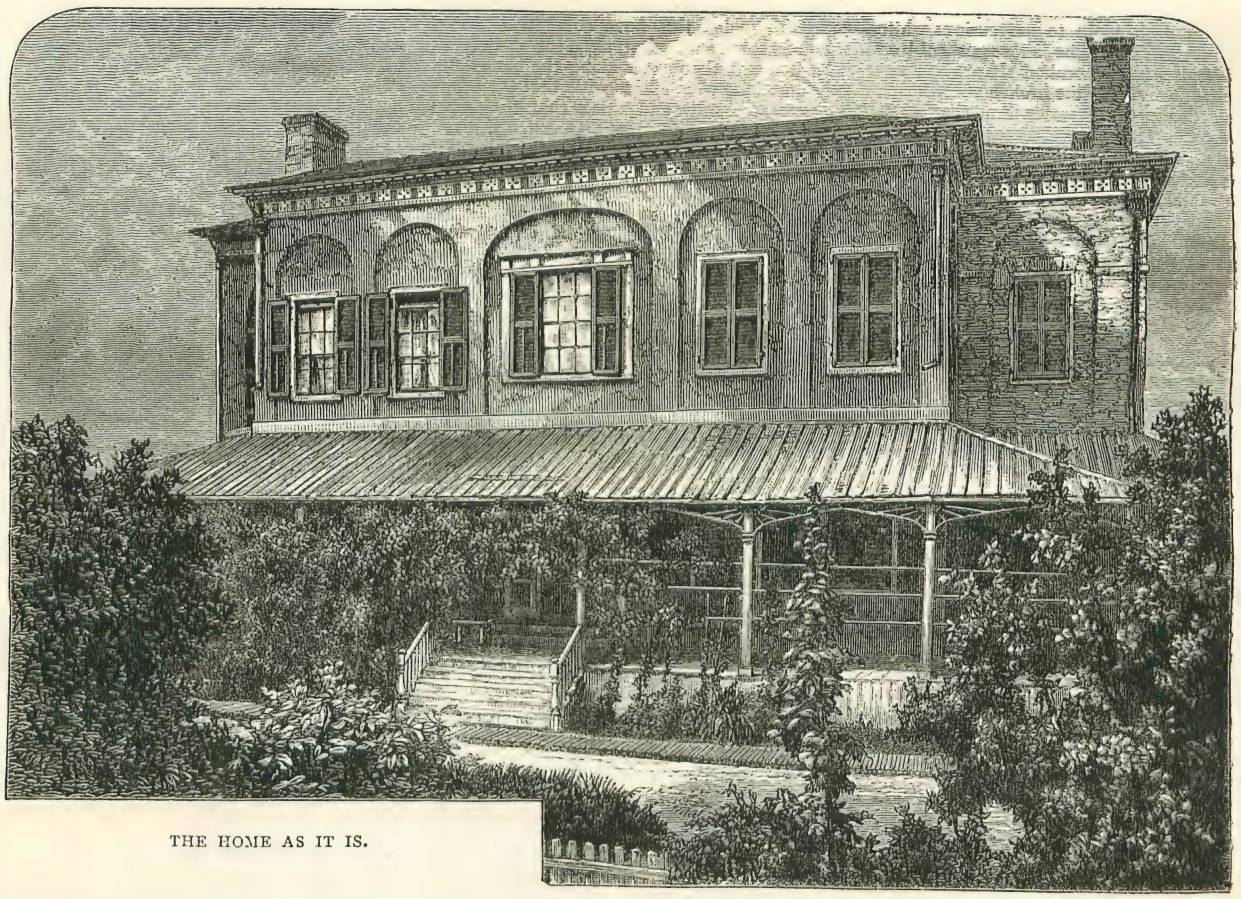
AS THEY WERE.

They have been told a good deal about this country already, and are not a bit afraid of the journey. They are to go to Liverpool, in the north of England, and will arrive there in about six hours after leaving London. Then they are to go on board a big steamer, and are to have eight or ten days upon the sea.

None of them have ever seen the open sea before, but they have heard of its beauty and majesty, and how the long broken lines of waves flow over its blue and grey surface, and how, when fairly upon it, one can see no shore, and nothing but water, water everywhere. All round them there will be nothing but the moving waters, with the skies above coming down to meet the distant line of the waves upon the horizon. Some of the children are sure not to like it at first, for they will be very sea-sick, but they are told that after a little time this feeling will wear off, and then they will have such good appetites that they will wish to have five or six dinners each day! After all, many people do not like the motion until they are accustomed to it of a swing, and yet how soon girls become accustomed to it, and delight in being swung up and up, and then to feel the rush through the air as they come back again! The motion of a ship at sea is not nearly so trying as that! Now the time has come for the train to start, and with many a "God bless you!" from Lord Shaftesbury the adventurous girls take their places in the train, and away it steams out of the station away to the North. Most of these girls will not come back again to England, for they will like best to remain in their new homes, so there is a good deal of sadness among their friends whom they leave behind.

But their relatives and others who care for them know it is for their good that they depart, and they are sure they will hear good news of them. So we will follow them, and show what sort of a journey and voyage they have. By the time they get to Liverpool they are either very sleepy or have woke from a good nap in the train, and are a little puzzled at seeing the quantity of ships in the River Mersey. To be sure, in the Thames they may have seen as many, but at Liverpool the houses do not crowd down so near the water's edge, so that a wider view is obtained of the river, and of the tangle of masts all along the banks, and of the great steamers, with funnels painted red, and white, and black, which are lying at anchor in the middle of the channel.

The kind lady who has taken charge of the children says that the steamboat agent has just told her that one of the biggest of these vessels, having a red funnel with a narrow black and white ring painted round it, is the steamer which is to take them across the



THE HOME AS IT IS.

Atlantic Ocean. Soon all have to get out of the railway carriages, and a little steamer takes them to the big one which has been pointed out to them. How big it looks! Such steep black sides, with the long rows of little round windows called portholes! A stair, made like a ladder with broad steps, is seen to hang slanting down the side. At a little distance it looks such a narrow place to climb up, but when once on it the children find that there is quite a broad passage by it up into the vessel; and once on the deck of the ship they see that there is a cord netting all round to prevent careless people from falling or slipping off, and there are many little houses of one storey only in height on the ship between the great masts and the enormous funnel, which is already blowing out a lot of smoke. The word is passed to start, and before the girls have seen their rooms on board they find the shores and houses of the town and the other ships all gliding away from them; for their own ship is moving, and before they have ceased to wonder at the sight, Liverpool is quite far away, and there are only low sandy banks to be seen on each side of the wide river, and they are told that it is time to look at their rooms in which they are to sleep.

ONE OF THEM AFTER TRAINING.

These are found to be nicely furnished with berths or beds fixed to the side of the cabin, with a board at the side of each bed, so that if the ship rolls, there may be no chance of the girl rolling on to the floor! And now after so much excitement and novelty all go fast asleep, and we may look at them and hear from the lady in charge where they came from. She says that they are nearly all Londoners, and very many are orphans. Their parents had lived in the East End of the great city, and dying had left the poor children helpless and likely to grow up without any proper care and teaching. Several had been taken from their little playmates in the alleys and dirty streets, and had never known what it is to see green fields and a sky unclouded by smoke. It was not pleasant to think of the future life many of their little friends who were left behind would have to lead, because there was not sufficient money to take more out to Canada. It is earnestly to be hoped that more wealthy people will follow the example of that noble lady, Miss Rye, in founding girls' homes in Canada, whither as many little girls as possible should be sent, if only good care be taken of them on Miss Rye's system when they get there. For if the London children have lost their parents or are friendless or forlorn in the streets, what misery they often experience! Some get some work as seamstresses, and have to toil all day long at very scanty wages; others lead unhealthy lives in stuffy factories. But these are the best. There are many we are told who become bad, and whose characters are never lifted to be worthy of the name of Englishwoman. The happy and the rich in London should remember all this, and give Miss Rye and Miss MacPherson, or any other lady having such a girls' home, money to make the place larger, so that more may share its benefits.

Miss Rye has had all these little voyagers in a house in a pleasant part of London for some time before she has sent them on their present journey, and has seen that they leave old England in a good state, with healthy bodies, and, as far as she can do so, she has seen that they shall have healthy minds also. When they wake the next morning our young friends see land, and they are told that this is the last time they will see the old world, for that land is Ireland, and after leaving the shores of that country there is nothing but sea all the way to America. There is soon a great deal of sea-sickness among the children, but in two or three days they brighten up wonderfully, and are taken on deck, where they see the great sails set, and such a quantity of smoke coming from the funnel, and leaving a long dark line in the wake of the ship. The waves seem very high, and their tops are white as they rush after the vessel, which rises as they come and lets them pass under her. Gulls are following, and the children are allowed to toss bits of broken biscuit into the water, and then see how the pretty white birds turn their heads on one side as they fly along, and, closing their wings, dart down—sometimes two or three at a time—to pick up the morsel of food.

Further on, during another day, they are brought on deck again to see curious white islands in the sea. The air seems cold as these islands of high peaked shapes are approached. They look like broken snow-heaps and icicles floating in the water. And that is just what they are. They are tall pieces of ice which are as big as St. Paul's Church, in London, and one can only see a part of them, for there is much more hidden under the blue waves, which are dashing up in spray all round the line where ice and water meet. They, too, are on a long journey; but they have come from the far-away North, and from no smoky town, but from a country which is mostly covered with thicker ice than a girl can imagine. Think of ice thicker than Somerset House, or the whole height of the Crystal Palace! This is what the ice is like in Greenland, whence these icebergs come. In that country you see ice which looks as though an endless number of Crystal Palaces stretched away right and left, as far as the eye can see, and this mass of ice comes down to the shore in many places; and when summer arrives, these pieces as big as St. Paul's break away and float off southward, and get in the way of steamers, who don't like to run against them in the night, for the ice is harder than the ship, which might get a hole knocked into her by running against an iceberg, and then there would be danger of going to the bottom of the sea instead of to Canada! So a good watch is kept, and the steamers pass quickly by them, and are glad to see their beautiful shapes, and notice the green colour of the cracks in these floating hills, in the daytime, rather than to meet them looking like vast white sails in the night. The eight or ten days soon pass, and again shores are seen on each side of a river, but the river is miles wide.

It is called the St. Lawrence, and is one of the widest, although it is not one of the largest, rivers in the world. Many of the passengers think it very pleasant to get again into a calm channel, and they are all anxious to see the first Canadian town. There it is, shining in a thousand points of light around a hill, like the jewels that an Indian girl wears on her forehead. Trumpets are calling from the top of the hill as the ship passes it, and the children are told that there are soldiers in that place, and that soldiers have been kept there for ever so long, for 200 years, because the place is so beautiful and strong. It is called Quebec; and our little friends are quite sorry that they must now leave the steamer and get into a railway train again. Although there is nobody whom they can like quite so much as Lord Shaftesbury at Quebec, yet there are some very nice gentlemen there who come to see how they are, and in the railway carriages they find that there is a passage down the middle of each, so that they can take a walk in each carriage, and pass from one to another while the train is tearing along at a great speed. What a long railway journey it is! The journey from London to Liverpool is nothing to it. This one lasts for two days, and yet the children are not tired, for they sleep well in the comfortable cars, as the carriages are called. The country they pass is not so green as England, but has far more wood at the back of all the fields. There are no hedges, and the fences are all much rougher than in England. But the fields seem larger, and there seems to be such a lot of land that people do not care to have it all used at once.

How snug and bright the little villages are, and some handsome cities are passed, each looking so much cleaner than towns in England, for there is little smoke, and the air is so full of warm sunshine that each spire, roof, and street sparkles and glows in the cheerful atmosphere. For most of the long journey the travellers see the great river, up part of the course of which they have come, still alongside of their road. But they see it only at intervals, and then pass along the banks of a very blue lake which is so wide that they cannot see across it, and think that they have arrived again at the Atlantic Ocean. But no, it is all fresh water, and has the beautiful name of Ontario. And now they hear that it is near this great lake that they are going to live in their new girls' home, but they are to be close also to a big river, and to the most magnificent waterfall in the world—the cataract of Niagara. What a pleasure to have such scenes around one! What a change after the noise, dust, wind, and smoky vapour of London. And they find their friends have not told them half of the charms of their new home. They have but a very short way to go from the station to reach it, and they walk there clapping their hands with pleasure at the green country they see with its fruit orchards, and fields of tall beautiful Indian corn, and numbers of fine tall trees like the plane trees in the London parks. And when they get to the house, they find that they have it all to themselves. There are other houses near, but they are a field or two away. There is a gallery in front, all festooned and covered with trailing plants, and such a nice garden, with many flowers in bloom in the piece of ground near the carriage approach. There are lots of other girls ready to be companions for them, and after a time each of the new comers is shown her own little bed where she is to sleep, and the large common room in which all meet for play and for any grand occasion, such as the visit of a Government inspector. There are books kept, in which is written down the names of all who have ever entered the Home, showing how long they were there, how they did their work, if they were attentive in learning all the various things taught—cookery, arithmetic, reading, writing, sewing, and household duties of all kinds. Then the books not only tell all this, but more, for they mention to whom the girls were sent as "helps," and what reports were received of them; if they were still with the farmers' families or in service in towns, or if they are married, and the number of those who have got married seems to show that the greater number like to be "helps" to one man for life, rather than "helps" to a family for a while only! All this shows that the authorities in the Home do not lose sight of their pupils, but keep an eye on them as far as they can do so, and are always glad to help them and give them good advice when needed. In the matron's room are photographs and pictures of some of those who have been taught in the institution, and who are now the wives of farmers, proprietors, lawyers, and physicians. These sometimes come back to have a look at the place where they passed some happy months of their childhood, and take an interest in their successors.

One of the gentlemen who takes much interest also in the welfare of the girls is Mr. Plumb, a Senator of Canada, who lives in a pretty house only a little distance away from them. He is always glad to assure everyone who asks him of his good opinion of Miss Rye's Home. He has watched it ever since it was first begun, and he says it has been the means of doing much good. Everybody will be disposed to place reliance on the statements of this gentleman, who has had so long and so varied an experience in public life, and who has taken so much pains to inquire about the establishment, and what has become of its former inmates, seeing himself all the while the whole working of this benevolent and beneficent scheme. He asks most truly, where can there be any comparison between the children's former life and prospects and their present happiness?

The region near their home is healthy and delightful. What a pretty sight it is in the early summer to see the white and pink clouds of blossom on the apple and peach orchards, of which there are so many! Then in the autumn, when the yellow grain is nodding to the light winds from the lake, and the wheat is being gathered, what wonderful harvests of fruit there are! Each bough in the orchards is heavy with peaches, and the men and women gather them and send them off to the markets of the big towns, such as Toronto and New York.

Sometimes the children are taken to see Niagara itself, and may stand on the cliff overlooking the wide, deep gulf, into which the green and white-ridged rapids pour the thunderflood of the mighty river. It is difficult to tear oneself away from the fascination of the never-ceasing rush and roar of the brightly-coloured waterfalls, but there are other sights to be seen in the autumn. Often at this season there are several thousand of Canada's red-coated volunteers drilling near Niagara, and the children may see a sham fight. Sometimes they may have a sail in one of the many boats on the Lake Ontario, and in winter what fun they often have. The snow remains on the ground from the end or middle of December to the end of March, but it is all dry, and it is impossible to get one's feet wet in it, except, indeed, during a thaw, and such thaws come very seldom. It is only when the warmth of early spring melts it that the snow is unpleasant for a fortnight. The sun is, however, so powerful, that the dampness of that time soon goes, and winds and sun together dry up the surface of the roads, so that instead of snow there is soon dust on the highways. The climate is milder here than in most parts of Canada, as is proved by the fact that ivy may be seen on some of the houses, growing almost as well as in England, and there a quantity of old May trees brought in old days by French soldiers from France, and these thrive as though they were in Europe.

It is difficult to say which season is the pleasantest. For my part I like the winter, so long as the snow is dry, and there can be sliding down the hills on little sledges, and tramps on snow-shoes over the fields whose fences are half hidden in the white covering. But the early summer and autumn months are all that can be desired, and healthiness is the unvarying character of the district. There are no fevers, no agues, very little rheumatism, and even of the stock of colds there is much less kept on hand than in England during an English winter.

Altogether, no one who has seen the Home and the children in London, and the children at Niagara, can for one moment doubt that the change made in their fortunes by removal under Miss Rye's care has been the means, under Providence, of ensuring for them a useful, healthy, and happy life. If anyone can have a chance of improving the conditions of their existence by emigrating (and how few comparatively are the failures) these children have the best chance. All thanks and honour then to Miss Rye, for her ceaseless care in promoting so sure a condition of improvement! Instead of two or three of such institutions as hers, there should be a thousand of them.

LARDING AND BONING.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

LARDING is one of the advanced operations in cookery. It is performed by cooks who are adepts at their business, and who bring a light heart and a skilled hand to their work. When we hear a young cook say "I can lard," we feel as we do when we hear a young artist say "I sketch from nature," or a young musician say "I play music at sight;" that is, we know we are in the presence of an individual who has made progress in her art, and we feel respectful accordingly. Cooks who have never tried to lard feel when conversing with those who are accustomed to lard, as occasion arises, humble and lowly-minded, as before a superior who has attained to heights of proficiency inaccessible save to the initiated. Would it be possible to convey an idea of larding by means of descriptive words? I do not see that there need be any difficulty about the matter. If the girls of our cookery class will pay attention and do their best to comprehend, I will try to do my best to make the subject clear, and between us let us hope that we shall arrive at a satisfactory understanding.

Fortunately for both sides, it is not so much clearness of expression or quickness of perception that is required here as practice. The theory of larding is simple enough. It is the process of inserting slips of bacon, called lardons, into lean meat by means of a larding-needle—that is, a piece of wire pointed at one end and split at the other. The operation is supposed, and rightly, to improve certain meats in appearance, and to render those which would otherwise be dry and tasteless succulent and juicy.

Nearly all lean meat may be larded with advantage; but the breasts of dry white birds are most frequently selected for the purpose. Sometimes truffles, slices of tongue, ham, fillets of anchovies, and pieces of fat meat are employed instead of bacon, but bacon is most usual. It should, however, be cured according to a special method—that is, without saltpetre; otherwise a red tinge may be imparted to the meat. Larding bacon is sold by many dealers, or the bacon required may be prepared at home. The following is the celebrated Miss Acton's recipe for the preparation of bacon for larding:—

"Cut the bacon (say 14 lbs.) from the pig with as little lean to it as may be. Rub it well in every part with salt (14 ozs.) which has been dried, reduced to powder, and sifted. Put the layers of bacon close against and upon each other in a shallow wooden trough, and set in a cool but not damp cellar. Add more salt all round the bacon, and lay on a board, with a very heavy weight upon it. Let it remain for six weeks; than hang in a dry and airy place."

The first thing to be done in larding is to prepare the lardons. The bacon is best taken from the back, and that which lies nearest the rind is the firmest. The length and thickness of the lardons must be determined by the use to which they are to be put. Thus for birds, hares, and fricandeaux the bacon should be two inches long and the eighth of an inch square; for small pieces of meat, sweetbreads, and fillets of game or poultry they should be an inch and a quarter long and an eighth of an inch square. Sometimes meat is larded in the centre instead of on the surface, the larding-needle being put right through the meat, leaving the ends just out of sight. In this case the lardons must be a little less wide than the meat they are intended to enrich.

The method of cutting the lardons may be thus described:—Lay the block of bacon, cut to the requisite width, on the table, the rind underneath. Press it flat, then with a sharp knife cut slices across, parallel to the rind, an eighth of an inch apart; press these close together, then cut slices downwards, also an eighth of an inch apart, thus making every piece of bacon exactly the same size.

Years ago I heard a learned lecturer on cookery say that larding was very much like rug-work; anyone who could do the one could accomplish the other. This is quite true. The stitches in both are very similar. Just as you take up the threads of canvas in one case, so you take up with the larding-needle as much of the flesh as will hold the bacon firmly, and draw the needle through. The pieces of bacon are laid into the ends of the larding needle one at a time, and they must only be drawn through far enough to leave the ends even at each side, when they must be freed from the needle and left in the meat. The stitches, too, must be taken at regular intervals, in lines which intersect each other. Thus the first stitch of the second row must be put on a line a little distance away from the first row, but not opposite the stitch of the first line—rather opposite the space between the two first stitches. The perfection of larding depends in great measure upon its regularity; yet, as I said before, skill in accomplishing this can only be obtained by practice. I do not think it is possible for a girl to lard properly the first time of trying. There are little movements of the needle which can only be gained by experience; therefore let no girl be disheartened if she fail the first time. Perseverance will ensure success.

It is a great point in larding to have the bacon firm and hard. If it is soft, it drags or breaks, and then the meat looks very untidy. On this account it is well to perform the operation in a cool place, and to handle the bacon as little as may be. It is very usual for cooks to dip the breasts of poultry into boiling water for a minute, in order to make the flesh firm, and this is a very good plan.

Cooks who are afraid to lard the breasts of game or poultry, frequently content themselves with *barding* the same, in order to prevent dryness. Barding is, compared with larding, like—what shall I say? Will it be considered a desecration of poetry if I say it is as "moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine"? This is really a statement of the fact, however. It is an attenuated form of the same thing. In barding, the flesh likely to dry in cooking is swathed in a slice of fat bacon, instead of having the bacon inserted in it. This is easy enough; but care must be taken to have the bacon cut thin, and also to put it down before a quick fire during roasting. Also, the bacon should be removed a few minutes before the bird is taken down, otherwise the breast may not be properly browned.

I have already said that dry meats are the ones usually selected for larding or barding. The reason of this is, of course, obvious. So far as birds are concerned, the breast only is operated upon as a rule; in hares, on the contrary, the backs and thighs are covered, and in meats the bacon is inserted into the whole of the upper surface. When meats have been larded they must be either roasted or braised. Braising is a superior way of stewing meat in good gravy, with vegetables and flavouring ingredients. This mode of cookery is very popular in France, where a pan for the purpose is employed, constructed to hold live embers in the lid, so that the cooking can be carried on above as well as below. An ordinary stewpan with a closely fitting lid is, however, very generally used for the purpose. The meat is placed in a stewpan not much larger than itself, upon a savoury bed of vegetables and herbs, gravy is poured round it, buttered; paper is put over it, and it is very gently stewed till done.

Boning meat and poultry is another of those operations which call for practised skill, and which it is so very desirable that cooks should understand. The unfortunate fact connected with this business is that few but professed cooks are equal to it, while it would be especially valuable to other than professed cooks, because it assists economy. Take, for example, the case of a shoulder of mutton. I have heard experienced housekeepers say, "Under no circumstances is a shoulder of mutton an economical joint. It costs less per pound than the leg; but it contains so large a proportion of fat and bone that it must be unprofitable." Sometimes people who want a small roast are deluded into buying half a shoulder of mutton. What is the consequence? The fortunate individual who is first served gets a handsome slice, the second has one almost as good, and then there is a stop to the proceedings. The carver is in a state of desperation. If he is unaccustomed to his work, he slashes and fumes without effect; if accustomed to it, he turns the joint over and takes a portion from underneath; then he, alas! arrives at a standstill. He turns it back and tries once more, but to no purpose. The joint looks as if it were scarcely touched; but it is a delusion, for little can be got from it. The same disappointment attends the purchase of the fillet end of the leg of mutton. With the bone in it how satisfactory it looks on the dish—how unsatisfactory it is when cut into! When one or two good slices have been taken, there are nothing but scraps to be had. Amateur cooks are often advised to buy a good-sized leg of mutton and use it for three hot dinners—cutlets from the middle one day, boiled knuckle end another day, roast fillet a third day. Oh, what a fall is there when the fillet's turn comes round, if the amateur has not been advised to get the joint boned before cooking it! Boned, stuffed with veal forcemeat, tied compactly together, roasted and served with good gravy, the fillet is excellent; cooked in its original condition it is a fraud.

The same remarks apply to loin of mutton. This is generally considered a delicious though an extravagant joint. I am not going to praise it as a profitable one, though I can say that if boned it will go half as far again as if left unboned. Somehow the quantity of lean meat will seem to be increased when the bones are removed. Ordinarily with loin of mutton the diners leave the bones half-picked, cut off the fat, eat the lean piece from the middle of each chop, and get up hungry. But when the joint is boned, and the fat liberally pared away, to be rendered down for frying fat, the diners have a good time, for they receive a goodly slice of delicious lean meat on their plates; the carver has a good time, for he has the easy task of cutting straight through a succulent roll and finding an abundance to dispense to his friends; and the economical spectator has not to endure an agonising time, for he will not see unlimited waste perpetrated. Thus general satisfaction will prevail.

Perhaps it will be thought that after having thus expatiated on the advantages of boning meat, I am about to describe the process. Indeed I am not going to do anything of the kind; for, to tell truth, I do not think I am equal to

it. If I were to try to convey the necessary ideas in words, I should lose myself in a sort of descriptive tangle, and everyone who tried to understand what I said would be bewildered. I do not think it is possible for people to learn to bone meat by reading about it. They must see the thing actually done, make trial of it on their own account, make mistakes, and perhaps cut their fingers, and try again, before they do any good. I may, however, suggest a method which is within the resources of civilisation; that is, that they should get the butcher or poulterer to do the business for them. Indeed, butchers ought to be willing to oblige their customers, for they charge enough for their meat. As a rule, too, they are perfectly willing to do what is required in this direction, if only the customer will allow due time for the performance, and not ask for it at specially busy times. And if by arrangement or accident the purchaser could remain in the shop during the operation, and watch the proceeding, she would learn more about how to bone meat than any number of written words could teach her.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE LADYE'S TOWER."

Of course, Margaret Stewart in Fowlis Manse and the marquis and his cousin in Fowlis Lodge were in daily communication. Mrs. Esselton and Margaret had more than one consultation as to the ways and means for making smooth the way to May Castle's northern visit. Margaret wished her to travel back with her and her father; of course, that would not entail any additional expense on the girl, for Balacluva would pay for the whole party, not in his proprietary, but in his patriarchal character, and would have done the same for a duke's daughter as for the foundling. Mrs. Esselton dreaded to think of her *protégée's* shabby attire and homely appointments. But Margaret, in her grand young unworldliness, would hear of nothing being done to renew or supplement them. "When we go to foreign courts," she said, "we should wear the costume of our own. If we are rich we ought not to dress shabbily to go among the poor. The same rule holds good all round; we may have servants in liveries—there's a grand meaning at the bottom of the custom, fallen as it is, but we don't want friends in livery. If May Castle is anything she will be a friend."

"All very fine, my dear," said lively Mrs. Esselton, "but I know when I have been going up other people's staircases, it has been a great consolation to me when the luggage following behind was presentable. It was not always, my dear; I have frequently condescended to very neat brown holland to hide sham leather. That was in poor dear Charlie's time, and I believe that sort of thing proved my love for him more than my going to the scaffold would."

And Mrs. Esselton had her way in one matter, keeping it a secret from Margaret, who only found it out much later from May herself. She presented the girl with a plain, handsome Russian leather portmanteau.

"That will hold all you need take with you, except your wraps," she said. "I wanted to give you a parting remembrance, and as I knew you had not travelled before, it occurred to me this was a suitable one, and it will keep you from forgetting your old friend when you are at Dresden and Florence and Rome, and all the other places where I suppose your art studies will take you in time."

To herself she said, "The Balacluva servants will all know that is a good thing; it will pass off her poor little shawls and alpaca umbrellas, which only the maids will notice. Margaret would be savage with me for thinking the Balacluva domestics of so mercenary a turn, but I know that common human nature is very common all the world over. Haven't I heard whispers about paste diamonds on the very staircase of St. James's Palace?"

It did not strike Margaret that May Castle managed to evade the proposed interview at the manse of Fowlis, nor, if it had done so, could she have imagined the reason thereof. The two girls met two or three times more at Fowlis Lodge, but Margaret found it almost impossible to get May to accede to the proposal that she should travel with her and her father. She said stoutly that she was not frightened of the lonely journey. It was only Mrs. Esselton, who, speaking with the authority carried by accustomed kindness, at last brought her to yield.

Those were busy days to May, to whose small means and experience her preparations seemed great. She made them as quietly as possible, almost stealthily. Of course, everybody knew of the invitation which she had received and accepted. It brought her a good deal of notice and attention, but these revolted her soul almost more than the neglect and indifference to which she had grown accustomed. The schoolhouse people volunteered a promise that she should find her place and her room awaiting her on her return. Nothing but a qualm of sheer prudence restrained May from saying that she would not claim such consideration; for, indeed, the thought of return to Fowlis had grown to her as the thought of its cage must be to a wild bird which has escaped from captivity. She had, indeed, little idea of what might be awaiting her in the world, and if her inexperience screened her from some real terrors, perhaps it exaggerated and even created others. But it seemed as if nothing could be worse than what was to her the uncongenial drudgery of the schoolroom, the familiar faces without friendliness, the depressing atmosphere of petty gossip and depreciatory criticism. Still, May only said soberly that of course they would hear from her at Balacluva, and that she would not ask them to wait for her if it should prove inconvenient. In the matter of Jock they thought her absolutely mad. Did they not offer to take care of him? But then they only did so after ridiculing "such a fuss over a common cat," and suggesting that he would be perfectly able to forage for himself, as was the fashion among many poor half-starved beasts about Fowlis. So their kindness was too tardy to be trusted, and May procured, and with her own hands padded, a snug hamper for the favourite. Work of one kind or another wakened her early in the morning, and kept her up far into the night, and she felt that if it had not been so, she could have scarcely tolerated these few days longer of the scenes and society which she had endured, she knew not how, for twenty years. Little did the poor child then dream of the revelation that would come to her at the very last.

What happy days those were for the marquis and Margaret! While May sat at her lonely sewing, and while the old laird of Balacluva sat by the bedside of his sick friend in the manse of Fowlis, the two young people walked or drove through the sunny glades of Fowlis Park, or rested in some of the pleasant corners of the Lodge. There was always so much to say, and yet there were intervals of silence which were so sweet. Of what did they not talk during those seasons? They talked of pictures and books, of poetry and music. The marquis spoke in softened tones of the dear old days, when he had wandered there, a little orphan boy, holding his mother's hand. Those vanished days seemed more real and near just now than they ever had since they had gone past. He told Margaret of many of his mother's stories and sayings, and how they had wrought in his heart and head until they had transformed themselves into plans and aspirations, which he shyly unfolded for her approbation and sympathy. And Margaret talked to him of her free, glad life at Balacluva, of her wild canters by her father's side over the bleak island moorlands, of the exciting morning when the fishing boats drove the whales up the Voe, under Balacluva windows, and sea and shore were dyed crimson with the fierceness of the fray. Or she spoke of the long quiet evenings in the drawing-room, with household readings from Shakespeare or Milton, uninterrupted save by the arrival of doctor or minister, returning from some errand of mercy, and thankful to secure the unfailing hospitality of the house. Sometimes she would sing snatches from the songs with which she would enliven these evenings.

Oh, those were happy days! They knew each other "by heart" before they were ended—the young marquis

and the young lady of Balacluva. They knew that each loved and was beloved, and they were glad and free in the knowledge, as if they had been shepherd lad and dairy damsel. The times for formalities would come, for the pomps and vanities due to their rank and estate. The hand of Margaret Stewart should be ceremoniously asked and given under the ancient roof-tree of her forefathers, and the young marquis had whispered to her that he should be there very soon.

It was the last afternoon before Balacluva and his daughter should take leave of Fowlis and return to their island home. The marquis was sure to spend that evening at the manse, but in the afternoon Margaret wandered out alone, glad to be solitary awhile for her very gladness, for when her lover was by her side he interrupted her proud thoughts of him, and her thanksgiving over her own joy. A tender, self-forgetting joy it was. "I wish he was not Lord Fowlis," she thought. "I wish this was not his ancestral home, where it is his duty chiefly to live, for then we might have stayed generally with papa and mamma. But we shall be able to go to Balacluva in the summer, and parhaps they will come to us for the winter. I am certain mamma would consent, and maybe we shall persuade papa, but if Fowlis and I must live here, perhaps also papa and mamma must stay at Balacluva. People with wealth and rank ought to feel as much bound by their duties as the lighthouse keepers at Sumburgh or the Skerries."

Fowlis Park slept peacefully in the calm autumn sunlight. It seemed more lonely even than Margaret's own moorlands, for there one was seldom out of sight of a tiny farm or at least a rude hut, with human occupants and interests. But here Fowlis town was hidden from view by the great belts of trees which sheltered it in its hollow from the winds which swept down from the hills in winter, and there was not a sign that man was or ever had been in the world, except for the grey towers of the ruined castle. The old place had for Margaret a strange mingling of horror and attraction. Its name was written deeply on more than one blood-stained page of Scottish history, and during her present visit Lord Fowlis had told her many weird and thrilling details of the more domestic life which had been lived there. For few of its old masters had been true and gentle as he who now bore their name and their declining honours, and there had been many blighted lives and broken hearts endured to the end in its cramped, low-browed chambers, to say nothing of the darker secrets of its dungeons.

Margaret stole under its low portals,

"BUT IN THE AFTERNOON MARGARET WANDERED OUT ALONE."

looking like a black blot in the sunshine.

She had explored its recesses before, once as one of a gay party spending a day at the Lodge, once with only the marquis and Mrs. Esselton; but she felt a longing to go through it alone, a strange yearning, as if in the gloom and the hush she could somehow stretch out her hand to the vanished women and forgotten sufferers of the race to which she was soon to ally herself, and ask them to forgive her that her lot was cast in days and ways so much brighter and better than theirs had been, and perhaps so to catch their spirit, that she, too, might, as she should require it, learn from them how to endure and be silent.

She passed the guard house, went through two or three outer chambers, and turned down a long and dusty corridor, leading to what was known as the "Lady's Tower." It had been built by "the cruel Lord Fowlis," for his wife Isobel, the daughter of a good baron whom he had first humbled and killed. The story ran that the fierce warrior learned to love the low-voiced, sad-faced wife, who shrank ever from the slayer of her father, and who pined and died before the "cruel lord" had completed the sumptuous addition to his narrow keep, which, in his half-savage pride and affection, he had determined to rear for her.

He had stopped in his building, leaving an unfinished staircase and some unroofed chambers, and his descendants had left it so, believing it under his curse, and had carried on their own additions in different directions. For nearly two centuries the room where the Lady Isobel had died had remained shut up, as the "cruel lord" had ordered it to be when her corpse was carried out. It was only when the place fell into utter ruin, and the heavy door dropped from its hinges, that it had become visible and accessible to the curious eye and careless foot of the antiquarian and the visitor.

Margaret wanted to go to that room. It was odd that, despite all her tender pity for sweet Lady Isobel, her woman's heart yearned towards the "cruel lord," whom softer feelings had touched for the first time in such ill-omened fashion, only, so history said, to leave him more fierce and hard than ever. Lady Isobel had escaped from life so soon, so young, and so innocent, but he, poor soul, had had to live on, growing old in years and crimes, and every day farther and farther from her, of whom legend reported he had said, "She might have made him what she would." Would that grim old baron have scowled or softened could he have known that in three centuries time a maiden likely soon to bear his name as her own love trophy would steal along his dark corridors, sighing over him as "a poor soul!"

Margaret started and paused. What was that sound? Surely it was no exaggerating echo of her sigh, or could it be a mere fancy? Was she brave enough to advance? She stole forward a step or two. She was not far from Lady Isobel's chambers, and at least there was full daylight there.

Again! There was no mistaking it now. It was no echo, neither was it an owl's shriek, nor a cushat's crooning. It was the low, bitter wail of a woman!

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLOSSIE.—You have passed the age for both employments; the limits are from eighteen to twenty.

ANXIOUS W. A., BUTTERCUP.—You will find several articles on infant and Sunday-school teaching in the G.O.P. See "Sunday-school Work," page 182, vol. i. (May 1, 1880), and "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii.

PRINCESS IDA.—We have read your letter carefully, and we think that both you and your sister are overworked, and that the over-pressure is doing you both harm. Your parents very likely have not noticed it, and should have their attention drawn to your sister's illness and the number of lessons given at college.

PUSSY.—We do not see the question of wearing glasses for short sight raised at the competition, but as there is a doubt, you had better write to the Civil Service Commissioners' Office, Cannon-row, Westminster.

ESPERANCE.—The lowest limit of age is eighteen. The medical student must pass one of the examinations in arts recognised by the Medical Council. The best for you will probably be the first or second class certificate of the College of Preceptors. You had better write direct to Mrs. Thorne, hon. sec., at the school, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., who will supply you with every possible information.

SUNSET.—We do not advertise lesson-books, unless of our own writers. You will require oral teaching to acquire the pronunciation of French. The letters of the English alphabet afford no assistance. Your writing promises well.

ART.

DRONE.—Send to any artist's colourman for the best crayons employed for chalk drawings. He will supply them in colours if you require such.

LUCY.—We do not think, from the style of your painting, that you have ever had lessons, or been properly taught yourself. How could you teach others?

VIOLET.—The gold size can be procured from an artist's colourman.

MARGERY GRAHAM.—Plaster of Paris figures may be cleaned by rubbing them lightly with plaster of Paris powder, or flour.

MUGNET, A FRENCH GIRL.—There is a school of wood engraving at 122, Kennington Park-road. Apply to the secretary.

MAMIE.—There is no Christmas card competition at present advertised that we have seen. But the publishers are glad to purchase new designs which are original and pretty.

BEATRICE FORD.—China painting is completely overstocked, and only very high-class and original work has any chance of a sale. Where there is real artistic talent, designing for wall-papers, fabrics, satin, and pottery is still found profitable. Apprentices are received by Miss Collingridge, 9, Beaumont-street, W. Have you no private means from your own father that your step-father is so dissatisfied? He should have counted the cost before marrying a widow with a family. As it is, why not take a situation as mother's help? Or else go to the office for the Employment of Women at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.C.

WORK.

UNA PHELIMY, ANNIS W., and AN IGNORAMUS.—The method of making braces for stooping shoulders was described at page 351, vol. iii., but they may be purchased ready-made at every ladies' and gentleman's outfitter's in London, and of a very excellent shape.

WILBURTON.—Pampas grass may be bleached by laying it in a weak solution of chloride of lime. The "Dictionary of Needlework" (170, Strand, W.C.) would form an excellent reference book for a school.

WIGWAM.—If the bride wear silver-grey silk, she should wear a bonnet to match it, not a veil; and the bridesmaids might wear dresses of deep red cashmere and velvet. In winter the bridesmaids do not wear such light colours as formerly.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—A little turpentine washed over the acorns will kill the worms, and when varnished you will have no trouble.

WILLIE.—Many thanks for your kind note.

MISTEEN will find directions for making plush frames at page 603, vol. iv.

J. G.—The length of your apprenticeship would depend on your age, and on the arrangements made for you. A good knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic is needful, and the multiplication and pence tables, for you be a quick and ready calculator.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOTTIE YELDRA.—Perhaps the Female Provident and Benevolent Association, Milner's Buildings, Moorgate-street, E.C., might suit you. Write to the secretary for a prospectus, and state what you require, mentioning also that you are in the drapery business, and in what capacity.

DUNCE.—Pronounce the word "trio" as if spelt "tree-o," and "violoncello" as "veeo-lon-chél-lo." We can scarcely understand your never having seen such an instrument. It resembles a violin, but is very large, and is played resting on the ground. The name is an Italian diminutive for "violone," a bass viol, a still larger instrument of the same kind. It has four large strings, which give sounds an octave lower than the tenor violin.

A WRITER ON A RAINY DAY.—You should say, "who was quite well," not "whom was quite well." The words "I hoped" deceived your ear. Omit them, and you will at once perceive the nominative, not the accusative, case is employed. Pronounce "yclept" as "e-klept" and "Brindisi" as "Brin-de-see." Lay the accent on the first syllable.

AN IRISH LADY.—Perhaps Knutsford, Cheshire, might suit you. It is pretty, and provisions are plentiful and fairly moderate. Frodsham (the upper village) would also be worth your consideration, in the same county, some twenty or thirty minutes by rail from Chester. Possibly the latter, a quaint old city, might prove satisfactory.

SCOTIA.—You could not, of course, use your employer's name without her permission, but you could say, "Miss Smith, lately from Jones and Co.'s," which is merely stating a truth.

A THANE GIRL.—Your question about parrots has been answered in the recent articles on them in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

EN VRIENDIN (The Hague).—Many thanks for your kind letter. We are glad to hear that our paper is so much liked in Holland. Your English is extremely well written.

TOPSY TURVEY JOE.—In Green's "History of the English People" we find the following:—"The surrender of Stirling completed the conquest of Scotland. A general amnesty was extended to all who had shared in the revolt. Wallace, who refused, indeed, to avail himself of Edward's mercy, was captured, and condemned to death at Westminster on charges of treason, sacrilege, and robbery. The head of the great patriot, crowned in mockery with a circlet of laurel, was placed on London Bridge. But the execution of Wallace was the one blot on Edward's clemency."

MARIANNE S.—What we know beyond the Holy Scriptures is found in profane history, in the writings of the Christian Fathers, and in tradition—also from comparing dates and events. Thus, in the book of Acts we find the Church entirely Jewish from A.D. 30 to 41. From A.D. 41 to 50 we find Gentile converts, and we gather that the headquarters of the Church was at Jerusalem. "The Bible Handbook," by Angus, would give you particulars.

SCRIBBLER'S SISTER.—You could obtain a plant of the famous eucalyptus at any nursery garden. 2. Show the manilla matting to a dyer, and he will tell you whether anything can be done to restore its appearance. We do not think that you could do anything of any value to it yourself.

LILIAN.—Names of persons and places are often pronounced in an arbitrary manner, and generally to be explained by their primitive derivation and spelling, the latter having undergone a change. The name Llandudno is pronounced by the Welsh as "Thlan-did-no," the double "l" being always sounded like "thl." But those who do not adopt this pronunciation of the double "l" at all events substitute the second syllable "did" for "dud." 2. To skeletonise leaves, see article, page 582, vol. i., and brief notice at page 64, vol. ii.

CHARLES A.'S SERAPHAEL.—If you have taken in this publication from the first number, we cannot understand you having so often overlooked our answers to persons making the same complaint. See pages 383 and 624, vol. i.; also the article, "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," page 348, vol. i. We do not undertake to tell our correspondents their characters and intellectual capacity from the style of their handwriting. If your young friends charge you with fickleness, you should ask them to substantiate such a charge by naming an instance in which it was demonstrated.

GLEN MARY.—The children of Wisdom, in behaving wisely, justify their mother (Wisdom.) We could not explain it otherwise.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—A full account of "How to cure Skins" will be found at page 368, vol. iii.

FAIRFAX.—We regret that we cannot help you. The first line of "Luther's Hymn" is "Ein fester Berge ist unser Gott."

C. A. M.—See "Lawn Tennis," pages 9 and 25, vol. iv.

EIGHTEENPENCE should write the date after the name of the month.

N. S.—We have not heard of the book. You should try to find out either the name of the author or publisher.

A NEW QUESTIONER.—Homer was a Greek poet, B.C. 907. He wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey. Xenophon died B.C. 359. He was also a Greek, who was famous as a general, philosopher, and historian. Euclid was a mathematician of Alexandria, who flourished B.C. 280. He was the first to give a sys-

tematic form to the study of mathematics. 2. You had better write to the head mistress.

JENNIE, JACK'S LITTE WOMAN, and others.—We should advise you to purchase one of the shilling manuals of knitting at any fancy-work shop. There are numbers of them with all kinds of long recipes.

VELSIE.—You are bound by great obligations to your uncle and aunt, who are doubtless your guardians, and stand in the place of your parents. Under such circumstances you should not carry on any clandestine correspondence with any man. All your actions should be open and straightforward. Your aunt should be consulted. Why is it that "no one cares for you"? Be good-tempered, thoughtful for others, gracious in manner, punctual in reference to the rules of the house, endeavouring to make the utmost return in your power for the home, care, food, and clothing which you gratuitously receive, and people will care for you. You are not tidy, judging from all the blots in your letter. Slope your writing a little more.

LAUGHING HYENA.—If your brother's friend came into your house with him, of course you should bow, or if your brother met you in the street with his friend, and stopped to speak to you, his friend should raise his hat, and you should bow. 2. The term "Hades" is Greek, and signifies "unseen," and is applied to the abode of departed spirits. In the Apostles' Creed the phrase "descended into hell" is equivalent to "descended into Hades," or else "into the grave." In Webster's dictionary it is called "the habitation of the dead, the invisible world, or the grave."

DEVONSHIRE LASS.—No girl should walk or drive with any man who has not been introduced to her by some reliable friend; and not even then without a companion.

BUNCH OF VIOLETS.—The 10th of February, 1868, was a Monday. See page 176, vol. iv. (answer to "Miss M. D."), p. 80, vol. iii. We thank you for your good wishes. The directions given for pressing seaweed would help you in reference to flowers. Consult our indices.

MISCHIEF (Plymouth).—The quotation beginning with the line, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," is taken from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," 14th stanza. 2. That a lady who has no fingers on her left hand can be legally married there is no question whatever. The wedding ring will be placed on the third finger of her right hand—that is all. The clergyman should be apprised of her sad loss just before the ceremony commences, that he may act accordingly.

STUDENT.—The Olivetan Bible was the first translation published by Protestants, of which Calvin was the author in chief, if not solely. The work was accomplished before he developed his extreme views on certain doctrinal points. Copies of it are very rare and much worn. Not wishing to be responsible for it, he gave Robert Pierre Olivetan's name to it, who was a relative of his own.

GOODY.—1. Santa Klaus signified Saint Nicholas in Dutch, said to be the patron saint of boys. On Christmas Eve boys in Flanders put out a stocking or shoe, in the hope that their patron may place some gift in them for good conduct before morning. He is also called Knecht Clobes. 2. The eating of mince pies in connection with the Christmas season was designed to have an emblematic meaning. The pastry over the top used to be made in the form of a cratch, or hayrack, to represent the manger in which the Holy Infant was laid—a resemblance not kept up in our more modern days. The plum-puddings provided for this festival were intended originally to represent the various offerings of the magi, being composed of so many good things.

EVA.—The letters "i.e." signify *id est*, the Latin for "that is." The letters "e.g." stand for *exempli gratia*, or "for example."; "q.v." for *quod vide*, or "which see," and "i.q." for *idem quod*, or "the same as." We are glad that you find our paper so useful, and that various members of your family equally approve of it and our "Answers to Correspondents."

GEORGIE.—The seven senses are enumerated in the book of Ecclesiasticus xvii. 5 (Apocrypha), as seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, understanding, and speech. We are also said to have "five wits" by Stephen Hawes (1515) in the "Passetyme of Pleasure":—"These are the five wits remevyng inwardly—first, Common Wit, and then Ymagination, Fantasy, and Estimation truely, and Memory."

BROWN EYES.—It would depend on the characters of the three young ladies. Quiet, ladylike girls require less care and trouble than those less self-respecting

A LOVER OF THE G.O.P.—Many thanks for your letter. We are glad to have as good a confirmation of our own opinion about English girls going abroad. We think it a most unwise step, and hope no parents will consent to it. Your personal experience, from living in France so many years, is valuable.

DEWBERRY.—1. You should write to the lawyer first, and inquire if he will kindly listen to the case for the sake of charity. 2. The elder lady will probably speak first.

CYNTHIA.—Use tincture of myrrh in water to hold in your mouth. Consult a dentist and a doctor. We should imagine your health is not good.

MAGGIE.—The name by which a son-in-law calls his father-in-law depends on the degree of intimacy. If not great, Mr. So-and-so is usual. A sister-in-law would call her brother-in-law by his Christian name, unless there was a great disparity of age.

ALICE TYMES.—We prefer the patterns marked 2, 5, 6. Red, and indeed all, flannels should be washed in a tepid lather, wrung very dry, and quickly dried. They will not shrink or change colour.

A. S.—Unfortunately, the proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," is not of universal application; as, for example, you cannot will yourself to have ideality and originality. Genius, whether great or small, is a gift of nature, born with you, and no amount of study or patient thought will produce it. Still, we do not wish to discourage you, and you may discover that you can write a very interesting story; and then the difficulty of finding a publisher has to be met. Our own staff of writers is full already, and we employ experienced writers.

CLARA.—Perhaps it would amuse your little sister to give her a game, such as solitaire, draughts, or dominoes. The latter she would probably enjoy, and you and others could join in the game.

DORA might braid her friend a nightdress, satchet, or flat bag. Her writing and Clara's promise fairly well for their ages.

MARY JANE.—Kid wears better than silk for gloves, if of a sage or dark green. Her writing is much like that of her friend's above-named.

MISTLETOE.—The practice of kissing under the mistletoe has its origin in Scandinavian mythology. Loki hated Balder (the Apollo of the North), and as everything that sprang from fire, air, earth, and water were sworn not to harm the celestial favourite, the evil spirit made an arrow of mistletoe, which he gave to the god of darkness (the blind Höder) to test. He shot and killed Balder. Being restored to life at the request of the gods and goddesses, the mistletoe was given into the charge of the goddess of love, and everyone who passed under it was given a kiss, to show it was the emblem of love, and not of death.

MARY.—The two texts may be found in Romans iv. 25 and St. John xvi. 21. You had better read Heb. xi. 6; indeed, the whole chapter will be the best lesson on believing that you can have.

DARBY AND JOAN.—The singular arrangement by which Cromarty is scattered in detached portions through Ross-shire and along the borders is said to have been caused by a former Earl of Cromarty, who wished all his property, wherever situated, to be embraced within one shire. "Beaten" is the past tense.

HELEN DE TORRE, ETHEL HERBERT, MARTHA EDISON, and others write to ask how they can get tales and stories into magazines. We can only give the same advice which we have given to so many already. Try all the magazines, and, if you fail, write something else, and try them all over again. The article on "Crystoleum Painting" was given in *Silver Sails*. 2. The hymn beginning "One by one the sands are flowing," which is usually published anonymously, is by A. A. Proctor.

"THE FIRST STRAW HAT."—It is far better to send your straw hat to be cleaned, as it needs bleaching—a process with sulphur, which you could not carry out.

THANKFUL GIRL.—"Candalaria" and "Esther" began with the new volume in October, 1883. The Rules for the Correspondence will be found in many places, and, amongst others, at page 64, vol. v. (October 27th, 1883).

JEMIMA SPRIGGINS.—The population of Great Britain and Ireland amounts to about 36,100,000, and the total of the entire empire 305,400,000. We gave a recipe for making almond rock in vol. iii., page 575, in the answer to "Eleanor" (June 3rd, 1882).

VALE OF EDEN MAID.—Such decorations are worn on one side of the throat, rather on the shoulder. But it is a matter of no consequence; the make of the dress, as well as the material, should regulate trimmings and decorations of all kinds. Try to concentrate your thoughts on your music, and to forget that any one is present.

INEZ.—There are four different solutions of "Mind your P's and Q's." The best one, to our idea, is that when scores were kept at public-houses with a tally, "p" was set down for "pints," and "q" for "quarts." Thus the person who made the score would be frequently charged by both host and customer to "Mind his P's and Q's."

AUDREY NEGRETTA.—A line stretching from the mouth of the Tees in Durham, and following a waving course by York, Nottingham, Leicester, Gloucester, and Taunton, to the mouth of the Exe in Devonshire, divides, generally, the mining and the manufacturing districts of England on the west from the agricultural on the east. Coal extends through the northern and western counties. Coal is divided into two great divisions—anthracite and bituminous. The former does not flame when kindled, the latter does. Anthracite is chiefly composed of carbon, creates very little ashes, and emits an immense heat. It has been long used for domestic purposes both in the United States and Canada; the soft, or bituminous, coal being used to kindle or start the fires only. The best bituminous coal is called "cannel" or "parrot" coal in Scotland, because it makes a crackling sound when burning. A great effort has been made within the last two years to induce London residents to burn anthracite coal, as it emits less smoke.

MRS. W. GARNETT (Texas).—Your letter interested us much, and we thank you for expressing your appreciation of our paper, and your good wishes. May you be blessed in your children, and be long spared to train and guide them for another and a better life.

E. K. R.—We feel deeply for all your severe trials. You can only "commit the keeping of your soul to God in well doing," and "cast all your care on Him, for He careth for you." Do not imagine that with a household to guide, and six children to take care of, you have anything further to do in the way of earning your bread. Had your husband the misfortune of losing you, he would have not only to keep, but give a salary to a respectable housekeeper. You are therefore earning your living, and hardly too, as your health is tried, and your spirits and patience severely by such unmanly and ungrateful treatment, day by day, during the last twelve years. If his treatment drove you and your children from home, he would be compelled to provide for you and them.

L. F. S.—We quite agree with you that to adopt the pseudonym of "Deeds, not words" in making an entry of one shilling on a subscription card is laughably ostentatious. We are glad you take such an interest in the "Girls' Home," and work so hard for it.

DOLLY VARDEN.—The name Britain was unknown to the Romans before the time of Cæsar. The derivation is supposed by Bochart to be traced to the Phœnician, or Hebrew *Baratanac*, or "land of tin"; and by others from the Gallic *Britti*, or "painted."

EULALIE.—The extreme shyness of which you speak is owing to great self-consciousness, and also perhaps to some weakness in the nervous system. To be always thinking of oneself is very distressing, and he must try to correct himself in this respect by thinking of and wishing to help others. The companionship of a young friend of his own age, and a walking tour this summer, would both be good for him. If he read, it should not be novels, but good and improving books, biographies especially. Trollope's, Carlyle's, and Mrs. Carlyle's are all three full of instruction. Carlyle's absorbed and selfish home life is a lesson to the reader.

ACTON.—We sympathise much with you in your anxieties and trouble, for which you are very young. Your father, in leaving your brother sole master of the money, of course only intended him to act as guardian and trustee for you and your grandmother in his place. So the money is not "his own." But, alas! you are in his power, and you cannot leave home so long as your aged grandmother lives. So you must make the best of everything, and spare her anxiety and trouble in her old age. Meanwhile, you must prepare yourself to earn your own living, and to look forward to it with a brave heart. We do not know what your special talents may be, nor the amount of your learning, but you must set to work soon. Your writing needs improvement, and the composition of your letter is faulty. Do not be discouraged nor unhappy. Treat your brother with constant kindness and patience; he may improve. If you have no near relative in whom you can confide, make a confidant of your clergyman, and when your grandmother dies, being already acquainted with your case, he will give advice and perhaps assistance.

MAY BLOSSOM is thanked for her kind letter. She writes a fine, free hand. We are obliged to her also for the curious discovery she supplies of so many words to be made from the letters employed in the word "antelope," but we have withdrawn "ate" (duplicated), "nat," "pote," and "pout," leaving still the goodly number of ninety-seven words. Those of our readers who have ivory letters might compete with one another in forming as many.

UNA PUERTO-RICO.—December 24th, 1875, was a Friday; the 6th February, 1872, a Tuesday; April 24th, 1874, a Friday; and the 14th June, 1878, a Friday. We are glad that you so much approve of our paper.

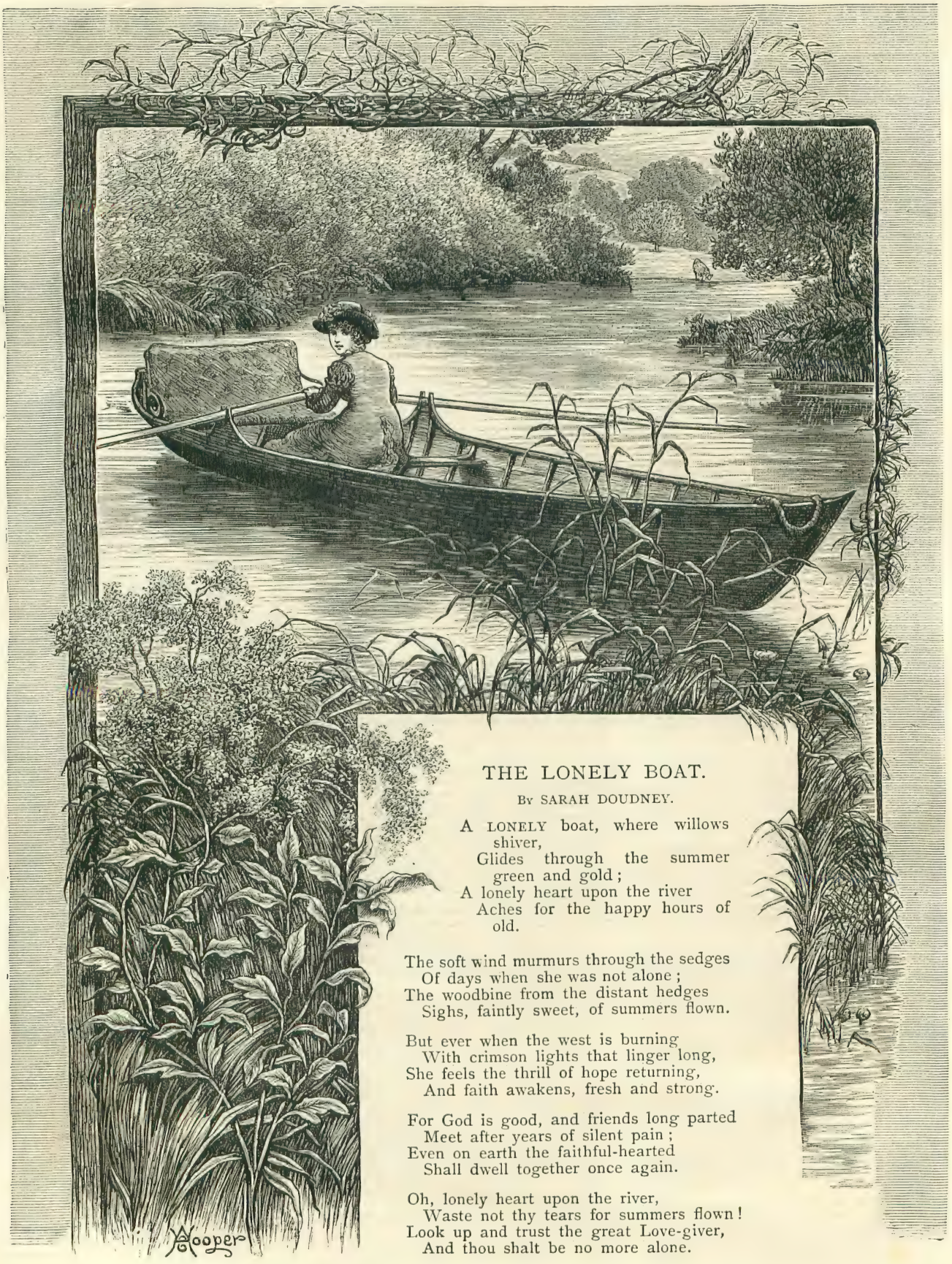
M. L. B.—We think that possibly your nerves or digestion may have something to do with your sad difficulties as to your temper, and the children may have grown too much for you. If you take beer, you should leave it off and eat meat at your dinner only. Can you not ask for a holiday, after your three years' service, and take a rest either in the country or by the sea? Leave off tea, and take cocoa or coffee, and read a few pleasant story-books. Trying to think of pleasant things, and not allowing unkind nor angry thoughts to occupy your mind, cultivate charitable and loving ones.

MISS MYBROW.—1. The promise "I will never leave thee," &c., applies to all who, trusting in the death and merits of their Saviour, endeavour to serve and please Him, and prove their faith by their deeds. Certainly our blessed Lord died for you and for all mankind. 2. The game of battledore and shuttlecock is a very healthful one, and suitable for grown people.

IDYLL.—In reference to pressing seaweed, see page 494 and 176, vol. ii. The 24th of April, 1865, was a Monday. Your writing should slope more, and you lean too heavily on your pen. Accept our thanks for your kind letter.

MISTLETOE.—We must refer you to our indices, as we have ceased to repeat our advice and prescriptions in reference to the complexion. The 27th of January, 1868, was a Monday. We are glad you like the story "Esther," and we are obliged to you for all your kind expressions.

COMPAGNON DE LA MAJOLAINE.—We regret we cannot read your letter, which, in addition to being scribbled, is crossed. The poem of which you ask the name is, we think, the "Erl King."



THE LONELY BOAT.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

A LONELY boat, where willows shiver,
Glides through the summer green and gold;
A lonely heart upon the river
Aches for the happy hours of old.

The soft wind murmurs through the sedges
Of days when she was not alone;
The woodbine from the distant hedges
Sighs, faintly sweet, of summers flown.

But ever when the west is burning
With crimson lights that linger long,
She feels the thrill of hope returning,
And faith awakens, fresh and strong.

For God is good, and friends long parted
Meet after years of silent pain;
Even on earth the faithful-hearted
Shall dwell together once again.

Oh, lonely heart upon the river,
Waste not thy tears for summers flown!
Look up and trust the great Love-giver,
And thou shalt be no more alone.

VOL. V.—No. 228. MAY 10, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

All rights reserved.] "'WHAT! IS IT YOU?' CRIED MARGARET."

CHAPTER VII.

A ROYAL LINEAGE.

MARGARET STEWART only paused a moment, while the wild stories she had heard in her childhood rushed through her brain. But with them came the brave-hearted adage of an old Shetlander, "That neither ghost nor fairy should make one less than a man." "Or a woman either," added Margaret to herself, and stepped resolutely forward, though it cannot be denied that her lip paled and her heart beat fast.

There was not another wail; only a deep, heart-breaking sob, and then silence. One more step took Margaret to the archway of the Lady's Chamber.

Her footsteps had startled another almost as much as that other's lamentation had scared herself. For there, on a low stone shelving from the old wall, with a face still convulsed between passionate grief and the effort to command it, sat none other than May Castle.

"What! Is it you?" cried Margaret, with a sense of relief. "What a foolish scare I felt! But what is the matter? Why are you here, May?"

"Why should I not be here?" May asked, with a wrung-out bitterness. "I know I've always hated the place! You know I told you I'd never sketched it! And yet—and yet—it is the only place in all the world where I know somebody has stood who knows who I am, and to whom I belong. And so I came here to take a last look, and all of a sudden the very stones seem more friendly than anything else can be. There isn't a home for me in all the wide wide world; but I suppose this is the nearest like it! My home, this," she added, gazing wildly round, and then crouching down again, she moaned as she had done while Margaret came through the corridor.

It was the fierce eruption of a volcanic nature, which had lain dormant during all May's life of twenty years. The kindly touch of sympathetic natures, the stirrings of hope and of the gentler feelings had roused it from its enchanted slumber, only, at least at first, to set free its wild forces of passionate revolt against untoward fate and all its harsh decrees. Hitherto May had experienced nothing but the mildest and coolest sensations of dutifulness and gratitude. But her heart had gone forth in a sweet unreasoning affection towards Margaret Stewart. May had never been tempted to envy the sort of family affections which had shut her out, and amid which she had lived a solitary life. She had rebelled and chafed against their narrowness and injustice often enough, but she had so keenly recognised their innate selfishness, their ignobleness, that she had never coveted them for herself. But about Margaret she was instantly aware of a different atmosphere. She felt, though she could not have explained herself, that in Margaret's eyes nobody in the world need be an orphan while her own father lived, and nobody need be homeless while she had a home to open to them. And, in strange contradiction, May's heart at once cried out against the destiny which had deprived her of such a father and such a home. Why had one everything, and the other nothing? Could there ever be friendship between two, of whom the one could give nothing but help and honour, while the other had but helplessness and disgrace? She did not grudge Margaret one jot of her bright destiny. (Ah! there came days when May thanked God that she could truthfully say that even of her darkest mood.) It was rather that her strange yearning love after the girl who had come into her life like an angel from heaven, made her realise what a thing of shame and blankness her own past was.

Margaret stood beside her, awed. She remembered what Mrs. Esselton had told her of May's one sad fragment of history. She could not see it with May's eyes, could not feel the pain of burning shame tingling in every nerve. The worst sting of every lot is known only to its owner. Each heart knows its own secret, and each life must bear its own burden. Margaret could not enter into all the misery and loss which May absolutely felt—she could only measure them by the treasures which May had not; no gentle mother, no brave, true old father, no happy home, where one had to be so very good because everybody was so reluctant to think one naughty. She could not dare to pity May for missing so much. She only sat down beside her on the shelving stone, and put her arm round her neck, and drew her head down on her shoulder and kissed her cheek.

May wrenched herself away. "You shouldn't do that," she said, turning her dry, blazing eyes on Margaret's, which were full of tears. "How do you know what I am, or what I yet may be? I never did anything they could blame, was never frightened into telling a fib, or fretted into a fury, without them all thinking that it was the bad blood in me coming out. I heard them say so once or twice, and I know they thought it always."

"May, May, what are you saying? What do you mean?" cried Margaret, bewildered. "How can anybody know anything bad about you, when the pity is they know nothing—simply nothing?"

May laughed a hard, bitter laugh. "Do they know nothing?" she echoed. "Would *your* father or *your* mother have brought you here and left you here on a bitter December night, to live or die as you thought fit and chance decided? That's what they know of mine. Call you that nothing? And where have they been, and what have they been doing, during all these years since? Did they never seek to know what became of me? Or did they quietly stand aside and let strangers feed and rear me? Miss Stewart," she said, with a hissing bitterness, "I wonder how you would feel to look round on hard, cold faces, and to wonder which might be your father's or your mother's, knowing only that theirs could not be the good or kindly ones?"

Margaret was still silent. It came to her with a fresh force, how much she owed to the honest and honourable forefathers who had, as it were, made a beaten track for her, in right paths. She remembered how she had learned the first simple lesson of well-trained childhood, in the words of the Stewart family motto—"Aye speyk truth," and had grown up in the feeling that it was quite impossible for a daughter of that race ever to do otherwise. She remembered how, when her nurse had once chidden her for a fit of childish passion over some fancied wrong, she had heard some other ancient domestic remark, "It's well when the shelties have mettle if their rider has mair," and had instantly felt the dignity of holding one's indignation in hand, and directing it only at fit seasons to fit objects. She recalled how many a girlish feat of perseverance, daring, or endurance had been inspired by stories of ancestral courage, fortitude, and patience. She felt that it was not by their heritage of place and power and wealth that her forefathers had blessed her; no, it was by being what most of them had been—brave and true and tender.

"May," said Margaret, suddenly, scarcely knowing what she was going to say, but speaking out of a strong impulse rising to an absolute faith, that all these terrible seeming wrongs and inequalities of human life could be set right and equal if one could only get deep enough down in God's purposes. "May, you and I and everybody in the world are all God's children. What else was it which Jesus Christ came to teach us? He Himself is our elder Brother, who holds our birthright for us. Those who are the most like Him are the noblest born, because they have the very lineaments of the King. We ought to know ourselves to be as we are, the King's daughters. Yes, May, think of that. Don't you feel that we often realise truth better if we use fresh words about it, words that bring it closer to ourselves and to our own circumstances — the King's daughters—that makes the world our palace home, which we have to make happy for everybody else, because everybody belongs to the King, our Father?"

"Ah," said May, quickly, for this was where the bitterness had entered her own heart, "you can feel so, because you can make others happy; but if you had nothing of your own, like me, Miss Stewart, how could you bear it? I am of no use to anybody, what can I do? What have I to give?"

Margaret hesitated; her own words had led her up to a thought new to herself,

"Why, May," she said, "you may be the greatest giver of all! Whatever God takes from us or keeps from us is our gift to Him, if only we give Him also our quiet submission and patient endurance. And as for our fellow creatures, May, everybody can give the best gift, which is simple love."

May shook her head, but when she spoke her voice was softer.

"But love must be made manifest somehow," she said. "How can I prove my love for you? It may be but the love of the brute for the hand which feeds him."

"Love will be manifest," Margare

answered, choosing to ignore May's last bitter words. "It is the one thing which I don't think can be hidden. May, we can readily and joyfully take from those we love, because our own longing love teaches us that it is truly more blessed to give than to receive, and so we can be glad that they should have the better blessing, and so, in the highest sense, we have the best blessing of all."

May spoke again, more quietly.

"Still it is hard," she said; "yet I do think that if we only could get over that lesson, everything else would be easy. But then, you see, Miss Stewart, other people don't think like this. When people did things for me, I know they felt quite differently from how they felt when they did them for their own children."

"And you felt differently from how their children felt in receiving their kindness," said Margaret. "One or the other must be the first to feel rightly; sometimes it is the one, and sometimes it is the other."

"Of course, one has always heard about the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, in church and in Sunday books," said poor May; "but one had a sort of feeling that it was all meant in a spiritual sense, not in a real, practical kind of way."

Margaret gave a low, sweet laugh. "What is a spiritual sense?" she asked. "Is it not the most real and practical sense of all? God is not the shadow of our earthly parents; they are only the shadow of Him; the terribly distorted shadow of Him, sometimes, May, but at the very best, only His shadows. My own father, May, is only my dear, good father, because he, too, is God's child."

And May remembered how, from the very first, she had felt herself the richer and not the poorer for all that Margaret had, while she lacked. Was this, then, the solution of all those problems of existence against which she had beaten her subtle young brain, this simple spirit of love, which gave each a share in all that others possessed, or enjoyed, or suffered? Truly enough this did seem the lesson which Jesus Christ had taught the world both by word and deed, both in life and death; but poor May's heart had grown so numb and bitter in an atmosphere reeking with the spirit of such proverbs as "Blood is thicker than water," and "Service is no inheritance," that like one imprisoned from birth in a smoky, windowless den, and then brought suddenly to face the dawn, the sudden brightness and sweetness half-blinded her, and the accustomed gloom still seemed the universal reality, and the strange glory only the glamour of a happy dream.

But even a happy dream is something, especially when we are accustomed to nightmares. May rose from the stone with a comforted look on her face. Yet the old pain was not easily laid.

"I could bear the loneliness easily," she whispered. "If I were an orphan it would be different. Then it would have been God who had taken my parents, not their evil hearts which had tempted them to leave me. To leave me, and to leave me here, Miss Stewart, a baby in a ruin on a winter night."

"How do you know you are not an orphan?" asked Margaret. "At any rate, perhaps it was not your own mother who left you here. And even if it was, we don't know all the circumstances. It was not for lack of love that Moses's mother left her babe in its basket among the crocodile-haunted reeds, May."

But May refused this consolation, "She left the little sister to keep watch," she said.

"And how do we know you were not watched too, May?" pleaded Margaret. How do we know that somebody would not have come back and lifted you up again, if you had not been taken into safe keeping, like Moses was?"

"Only I was not taken in charge by a princess," said May, with a gleam of rueful humour. "Yet old Miss Grant was kind enough, I know, and so was the dowager marchioness. I think I could have loved both of them dearly, if I had not felt as if all their kindness was a debt heaping up against me. I don't owe much to the people I've been with since," added May, rather morosely.

"Owe no man anything, save to love one another," whispered Margaret; "that is the spirit of true inter-dependence."

"Do you know," said May, suddenly, tempted into confidence by Margaret's unobtrusive sympathy, "it is because of these mattters that I never care to speak to the minister, your papa's friend, Mr. Rowan. It is why I have never been up to the manse once since I was quite a little girl, twenty years ago. At the time of my birth Mr. Rowan and his wife were the friends and counsellors of everybody far and near, so I never can help thinking that Mr. and Mrs. Rowan, who knew everybody's business, must have had at least a suspicion as to whom I belong. I used to think sometimes that they looked curiously at me; and whenever Mrs. Rowan visited the school, she was always very strict with me, and she gave me much very severe, plain-spoken advice."

"But she was kind?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, she was kind," May admitted, "and perhaps she spoke in the same way to all the other girls, only in my circumstances it made me fancy that she thought I was full of inborn evil and likely to come to no good."

"Mrs. Rowan spoke very plainly to me once, when she visited us at Balacluva," narrated Margaret, with a smile. "She told me what a misfortune it was to be an only child, and that nothing short of a miracle could save me from growing up selfish and frivolous."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried May.

"Well," said Margaret, "it vexed me at the time. It made me dislike Mrs. Rowan a little, but that set me on my guard not to fulfil her prognostications, and after a while I could see she had some grounds for them. Yes, May, I owe less to many people than to Mrs. Rowan I am always so glad I understood her better the last time I saw her, just before she died. The poor minister has been very lonely since then, and sometimes he gets sad and disheartened. He thinks the young people soon forget the old, May. I have heard him say that the old folk's own friends all go before them; papa is almost the only one he has left, and though they could care for the young a great deal if they would only let them, the young don't seem to care for them."

"Oh, I don't think that's true," said May. "I'm sure the school-house people are not very warm-hearted, but they are very fond of the grandmother. And so I'm sure I should be, if I only had one."

"And Mr. Rowan has no grandchildren," said Margaret, quietly.

May understood the rebuke; her face flushed a little. "Do you think Mr. Rowan would like that I should go up to the manse, and say good-bye to him before I leave?" she asked, shyly. "But I think you said he could see no visitors now."

"Indeed, he would like it," said Margaret. "He may be, perhaps, too ill to see you, but if you left a little note and some flowers, you would make him happy for a week."

They had both risen to depart. At the arched entrance to the chamber they turned and looked back. Margaret Stewart understood the yearning gaze of May Castle's eyes.

"Don't make sure it was your own parents—your own mother—who left you there," Margaret whispered, eagerly. "Perhaps both your parents were dead, and somebody to whom they had trusted you proved unworthy of the trust. It may well be so. And think how dreadful it would be to go on harbouring hard thoughts of dear dead parents, who had done the very best they could. I remember a verse I read somewhere, in which somebody said how often he had noticed

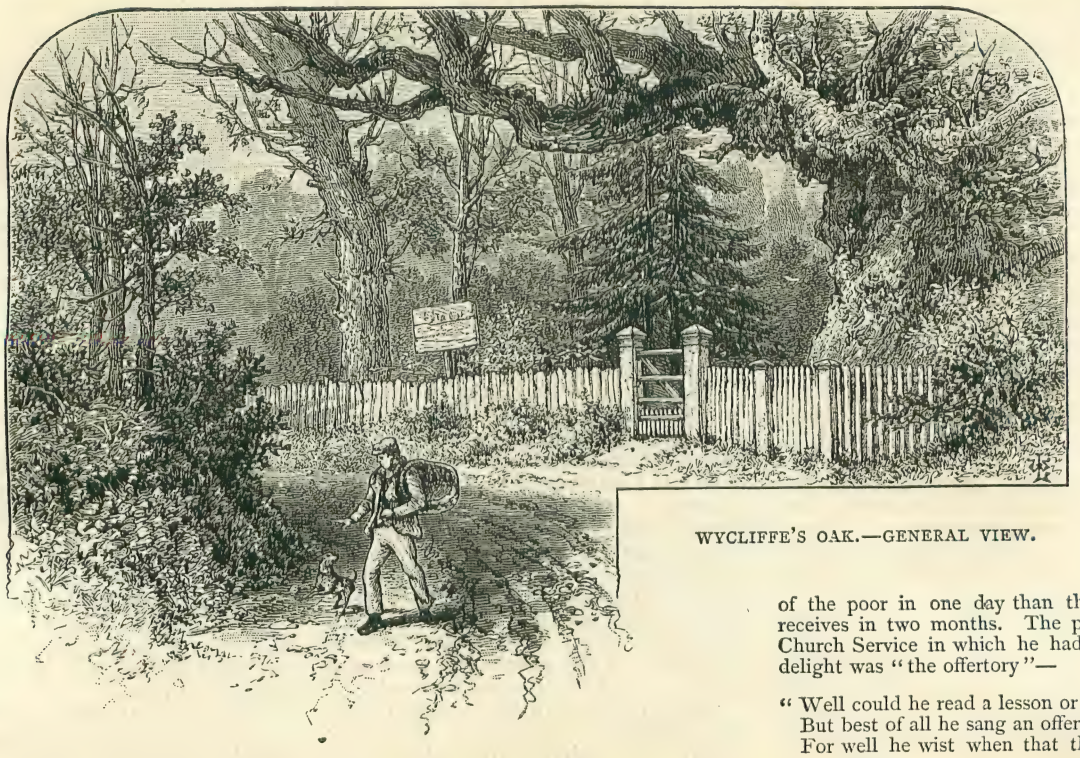
'That the cheeriest words come true;
And one can't do better than seek for hope,
When there's nothing else to do.'"

May's eyes filled with tears. She forgot her galling sense of isolation and dependence, and grasping Margaret's arm, she hid her face on her shoulder.

"Oh, if what you say could be only true!" she sobbed. "And if not, then God forgive my poor parents, and help me so to live, that if, whenever all things are made known, they may be able to forgive themselves."

"Amen," said Margaret Stewart, softly. And the two young women went out into the sunshine, and parted in the shadow of the castle. And as Margaret went back to the manse, she thought to herself, "I have been speaking brave words: true words, too. Only, from me to May, they were like a lesson in navigation, read by one who has never been to sea to one struggling to bring his boat through the waves."

(*To be continued.*)



WYCLIFFE'S OAK.—GENERAL VIEW.

OLD ENGLISH TREES AND WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN.

By ANNA J. BUCKLAND.

WYCLIFFE'S OAK.

"But riche he was of holy thought and werk
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Christés gospel trewly woldé preche.
His parichens devoutly wolde he teche,
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne makéd him no spicéd conscience,
But Christés lore, and his Apostles twelve
He taught,—but first he folwed it himselve."
—*Chaucer.*

At Addlestone, near Chertsey, in Surrey, there stands a very ancient oak, which was once considered to mark the boundary of Windsor Forest towards the east, and about which some interesting traditions hang. In former times an open common stretched around it, although it is now enclosed within a railing, and thus connected, for its better preservation, with the grounds of Captain de Visme. This enclosure has been rendered necessary in consequence of its being the practice of the village maidens to peel off its bark, from a superstitious idea of its virtue as a charm. It has the name of Crouch Oak, given to it possibly from the form of its growth, which is somewhat remarkable. At the height of about nine feet from the ground an enormous branch, in itself as large as a tree, extends forward, almost horizontally, to a distance of forty-eight feet (it is said to have once reached the limit of nearly sixty feet). An immense roofing of boughs and foliage is thus formed, spreading shade and protection over a surface of some hundreds of square feet. In this green temple, formed without hands, Wycliffe is said to have preached. Whether the tradition which asserts this fact is reliable or not it is difficult to say, but there is no doubt that the peculiar growth of the tree must have often suggested its use as a place of meeting for an assembly of persons; and during the times when the free preaching of the Gospel was prohibited in the cathedrals and churches of the land, the great truths of God's love to sinners and of the only way of salvation through Jesus Christ, His Son, may have been often proclaimed to eager listeners beneath this leafy roof. Without attaching undue weight to a tradition not verified by historical proof, it is worth while, nevertheless, to look back upon those days when the oak at Addlestone was very likely to have been made use of for preaching God's truth to the people. At that time the mendicant friars swarmed over England, selling to the poor folks in country villages and rural districts pardons for any sins they wished to commit. Chaucer, writing at the very time when Wycliffe preached, describes these men among the group of his "Canterbury Pilgrims," and as this poet draws all his characters from the English life of his own day, and is careful to make each of them an honest picture of his class, there is no doubt but that his "Pardoner" and "Friar" are faithful representations of the wandering priests who every year carried off large sums of money collected from the poor of the country villages and rural districts. Whilst professing a vow of poverty, they practised on the ignorance of the lower classes, in order to extort from them their hard-won earnings and goods, alarming them by coarse denunciations of future punishment, and then offering for sale pardons for their sins. Chaucer's "Pardoner" is described as a Provençal of Rouncevall, who rides along upon his gay horse, singing love songs, and having before him his wallet "brimful of pardons come from Rome all hot." In his box he has an old pillow-case, which he exhibits to the people as "Our Lady's Veil;" another shred of stuff he shows as "part of the sail of St. Peter's boat." Besides these relics he carries also with him, "in a glass," as though too sacred for common touch, "pig's bones," which he affirms to be the remains of some saint. By the sale of pardons and the exhibition of these "relics" he takes more money of the poor in one day than the "parson" receives in two months. The portion of the Church Service in which he had the greatest delight was "the offertory"—

"Well could he read a lesson or a story,
But best of all he sang an offertory;
For well he wist when that this song was sung
He must then preach and well atune his tongue
To win the silver, as he right well could,
Therefore he sung the merrier and loud."

A companion picture is the Friar, who is described as "the best beggar in all his house." He paid so much a year to his order for the right to beg within a certain district, and into this none of his brethren intruded; he thus "farmed" the begging in that part of the country, and so persistent was he in his exactions that he got far more than he gave for the licence. Though "a widow had but a shoe" he would get a farthing out of her ere he went; "he was an easy man to give penance" when he knew he should have a good fee. If a man gave much it might stand him instead of repentance, so he taught,

"For many a man so hard is of his heart
He may not weep, although him sore smart;
Therefore, instead of weeping and preyères
Men might give silver to the poor frères."

Doctrines such as these, so utterly contrary to the truths of God's Word, and so destructive of all true religion and morality, roused the earnest, truth-loving spirit of Wycliffe. Almost alone at that time, he lifted up his voice against them, and began to speak boldly of the errors and abuses in the Church. He published a treatise called "Objections to Friars," and in this book he struck at once the keynote of the Reformation, and of the noble music of his own life. "The Gospel," he said, "in its purity and freedom, with no opinion of man added to it, is the sole rule of religion."

In 1372, Wycliffe began to lecture at Oxford as a Professor of Divinity. He gathered a band of pupils around him, whom he taught from the Word of God, and shewed them the way of salvation through Jesus Christ and the spiritual reality of the Christian life. The hearts of the young men were stirred, the light of Christ's Gospel could not but make manifest the corruptions and false teaching of the Church; and as the practices of the Friars were one great source of the superstition and

the wickedness of the people, so some of these young men determined to travel through the land preaching to the people the pure doctrines of God's own Word. They were called Wycliffe's "poor priests;" they asked for no money for themselves or their Church—freely they had received and freely they gave the bread of life. The light thus penetrated into many a rural district and far-off hamlet, preparing the people for the sunrise of the Reformation. Wherever they could gather a crowd on a village green, in an old country market-place, on the open downs, or by the roadside, these "poor priests," like the Apostles of old, taught in the name of Jesus, for, like them, they felt, in the fresh ardour of new light and love, that they could not but speak the things they had heard and seen.

It was at this time, very probably, that Addlestone Oak acquired the name of "Wycliffe's tree," for its peculiar formation would suggest at once its use as a place of assembly, and whether Wycliffe himself stood beneath its branches, or his "poor priests" preached here those doctrines which at first were associated with his name, there is no reason for doubting that this aged tree is connected with the day-spring of Gospel truth and teaching in England, and that it saw the dawn of that sunrise which we hope, by God's grace, shall never set over this country.

The good seed sown by Wycliffe and his "poor priests" took root, sprung up, and brought forth fruit, notwithstanding the efforts to crush its growth and the disturbed state of the country during the civil Wars of the Roses; for when in Henry VIII.'s reign he established the Reformed Religion by statute, and freed the country from the rule of the Pope, he only put the spirit of the country into the form of its laws. He found the people ripe for the change, and even in advance of his own desires for reform; because though Wycliffe and his immediate followers had finished their work and gone to their rest a hundred years before, yet the truth had worked like leaven among the people, for Wycliffe had left to them the precious legacy of the Bible, translated into the homely, manly speech of the people. The old oak at Addlestone had its share in the joy and festivity of that time when, the struggle being over, a pure, strong faith in God's truth filled men's hearts with a wonderful courage and joyousness. Never at any period were men more full of a simple, firm faith in God and His truth than in the age of Queen Elizabeth, and never was there a more general, widespread, earnest sense of duty in the highest form—duty done for God's service. The devotion, the courage, the sympathy with all that was noble and beautiful, the strength for self-sacrifice, and the firm adherence to duty which are characteristics of this age—all had their source, as they must in every age, in a living, simple faith in God and His truth, for it is from Him alone that we learn what is good and true, and from Him alone that we receive, through Jesus Christ, the strength to lead a noble life, devoted to high aims and free from degrading fears and the miseries of unforgiven sin.

The old oak saw a glimpse of this age when one day Queen Elizabeth herself came with a party of such men as Sir Philip Sydney, Edmund Spencer, and others, and they all dined beneath the spreading branches.

Two centuries later the earnest religious spirit awakened at the Reformation had become frigid and languid. The era was one of a cold formalism and practical infidelity. A certain respect expressed as a sentiment for the laws of God had taken the place of a living faith in Christ and the working of the vigorous spiritual life in duty and service for Christ's sake and to His glory. Then there arose again, as in the earlier time, men called by God to speak to the people, to remind them in earnest, piercing words of the reality of unseen things, and to wake them to a sense of their state before God and need of a personal faith in Jesus Christ the Saviour. And in those days the old oak-tree at Addlestone saw one of the greatest of these men, and heard him speak stirring words to the people gathered round him under the leafy branches, beholding, perhaps, the tears gather in many an eye long unused to weep, and the meeting of many a heart long hardened by sin, as George Whitefield spoke of that love of Christ with which his own heart was filled. The tradition of Whitefield's preaching under Addlestone oak may, like that of Wycliffe, refer to the tree having been used in that time for some of the out-of-door services held by the followers of Whitefield in various parts of the land; but still, as in the former case, this much is no doubt sure, that the story points to the use of the old oak again as a place of assembly in a time of religious revival when the Gospel was freely preached to the people, wherever they could be got together to listen to it.

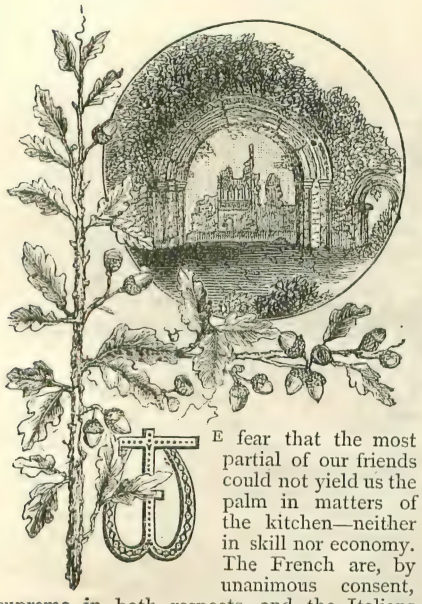
Later still, the old oak has seen another great preacher stand beneath its branches and preach the same truths, in the same old homely, manly speech of the people. Only a few years ago the announcement that Spurgeon would preach at Addlestone drew together so large a number of persons that the service was held under Wycliffe's oak, and where he or his "poor priests" had first taught Christ's Gospel to the people, a crowd of persons gathered to hear the same good news, simply and freely spoken, with firm faith and fervent earnestness.

WYCLIFFE'S OAK (THE CROUCH OAK).

For more than five hundred years the old oak at Addlestone has stood the storms of many a season of tempest and the drought of many a burning summer, but neither fierce winds, nor scorching sun, nor chilling frost have been able to quench its vitality—it stands as a true type of the Gospel of Christ; and as we look upon the tree in its greenness and age we may learn a lesson of faith and hope.

The old oak at Addlestone may tell us, too, how in times past of doubt and peril, when gross darkness covered the people, or a cold formalism crushed the life out of religion, it was found that the simple preaching of the sin and loss of man, and of the infinite love of the atoning sacrifice of Christ, won its way to the hearts of the people with instant conviction of its truth. Faith was to them but as the natural putting forth of the tendrils of the fallen creeping-plant, as soon as it is directed to its true support; and men believed with their whole heart and soul and gave themselves to the Lord, in spite of all that might be urged against the truth of Christianity or the attacks of hostile philosophers.

ITALIAN COOKERY.



We fear that the most partial of our friends could not yield us the palm in matters of the kitchen—neither in skill nor economy. The French are, by unanimous consent, supreme in both respects, and the Italians certainly rank second, having two invaluable points in common with them—ingenuity at making a good deal out of very little, and a talent—innate one might really say—for frying. They will make a crisp, dry (in the sense of not greasy) *frittura* or *frittata* out of anything, and all, young or old, male or female, trained or untrained can do it. That terrible person, "a maid of all work," has no terrors for us in Italy, for, whatever her other shortcomings may be—and they will not be many—she will put before one a palatable meal. Indeed, much could be said in praise of the Italian serving class; even the least competent invariably have good manners, are good-natured and sympathetic. They force one to take them more as friends than servants, yet very rarely would one meet with forwardness or pertness.

The men too, of all callings, have a natural aptitude for cooking. Once the writer and her sister were left for a while to the tender mercies of an individual who here would be called a "washing man"—one who carries the linen to and from a laundry—in this instance his wife's. His cookery was so excellent that curiosity as well as gratitude led us to ask him whether he had ever been a cook. It proved that he had never had a lesson, yet his skill was well known, and more than once he had been offered a cook's place at a hotel. In Italy the class who keep no servants do not seem to portion out the work of the household as it comes quite naturally to us to do. No doubt the men there, as elsewhere, are usually the bread-winners outside, and the women attend to the work indoors; but in their spare hours the males are nothing loth to do whatever comes to hand, let it be cooking, cleaning, washing, or looking after the babies. In this last occupation they excel, and on the Sundays and *festa* days it is quite the exception to see the wife carrying the baby or even leading young children by the hand. Indeed in all classes *babbo* (papa) is far oftener on the lips of the little ones than mamma.

The *frittata* and *frittura* above alluded to are generally cooked in oil, butter and lard being very sparingly used in Italian cookery. It also frequently substitutes butter in pastry—not sweet pastry—but for patties or pies, and particularly for crust for frying. A tablespoonful, or even a little less, of olive oil rubbed in to a half pound of flour will make a very excellent crust, and in these days of expensive butter it is an idea worth imitating. Our dislike to the notion, particularly for frying purposes, is in truth only prejudice. If the oil is sweet and the fry properly drained, even a delicate palate would find it difficult to distinguish the difference of flavour. Omelets—also called *frittate*—are much eaten, and what we should call an economical omelet, in the hands of a skilful frier, is an invaluable aid to any meal, and can be prepared in a few minutes. Two eggs are sufficient—one even will do, the rest is made of flour, a little milk, and the requisite flavouring of chopped parsley or any other herb, or minced ham if at hand. Frequently artichokes cut in six pieces, with the choke removed, are fried in with the egg mixture and make a very nice dish.

Perhaps no one—unless, indeed, she has mixed a good deal with the poor of various countries—can quite realise of what inestimable value an aptitude and general intelligence for cooking, or a little cultivation in the art is. It conduces to a wholesome, even refined taste among a set who in England would be boors with a coarse taste and no palate to speak of. And it does more than that: the difference of good or ill cooking to the wearied bread-winner helps to make or mar the peace of many a household; and no woman, whatever her class, whatever her calling, should forget how much is, in this respect, in her hands.

The institution in a saving household called "hot pot" is nearly unknown in Italy. The frying-pan takes the place of the "pot," and pieces of meat, bones, cold vegetables, slices of stale bread, everything that there may be, fried all together make a dish that generally ends the day and which few would find unsavoury. Poultry is also fried sometimes, the chicken being of course limbed and the body cut in suitable sized pieces. In the Italian markets one can buy half a chicken or even one piece, a leg or a wing, if one wishes. In many parts of Italy, however, the fowls are of a poor quality. Fish one does not see in great quantities, nor is it cheap, with the exception of red mullets, which one gets—usually stewed—to satiety. Soups are made out of everything and nothing, and fish soup (the recipe, with others, will be given at the end) is a favourite one.

Minestra or *zuppa* (soup) is quite a national taste, and everyone—labouring classes included—will begin their dinner, and if possible their supper too, with a basin of *zuppa* or *brodo* (broth). Clear soup is very rare; they always put in vegetables or some sort of *pasta*. This word includes rice, macaroni, vermicelli, and a score of other things of that class, varying in name according to shape, such as *stelle* (stars), alphabets, &c.

Among the nobility and at all the first-rate hotels and restaurants (*trattorie*), French cookery is much adopted, and, strange to say, even a few thoroughly English dishes are much in fashion, such as beef-steak (bifstecka, as they Italianise it) and roast-bif, cooked more or less as we like it, underdone.

The national food, however, varies in the different parts of the country. In Naples and in the South generally, macaroni forms part of almost every mid-day meal, and is largely eaten by the poor. In the Venetian States *polenta* takes its place. This is a kind of porridge, rather thicker in consistency, made from the flour of the Indian corn (*gran Turco*). It should be stiff enough to turn out, which is usually done, on a wooden platter. They do not touch it with a knife, but divide it in slices by a thread of strong cotton. It is very cheap indeed, and more eaten by the labouring than the wealthier classes, and where an English labourer would take a hunch of bread-and-cheese a Venetian one would take slices of *polenta*. In the Apennine districts, chestnut-flour, usually made into large, flat cakes, is almost the sole food of the peasants; and in Florence and higher north beans (*fagiuoli*), are more partaken of by far than *polenta* or even macaroni. They boil them in, or thicken soup with them, they eat them as a vegetable, or dress them as a salad. Chopped parsley is generally added to them when dressed for salad, and eaten with fried fish. At the corners of the streets people can buy a penny-worth of beans—strictly, ten centimes—already cooked, as one can buy chestnuts here, and it is no mean allowance. Meat is not very cheap, and a pound of fish costs the same as a pound of meat. If one does not pay ready money, the custom with the butcher is to count up at the end of the time how many pounds of meat of all prices he has sent, and then he strikes the average. This would vary, according to the locality, from sixty to ninety centimes, but it must be borne in mind that an Italian pound's weight is only twelve ounces. Almost everything is sold by the kilogram (*chilo*) as they say, which is thirty-six ounces or three pounds.

Puddings seldom form part of an Italian dinner; fruit, which is cheap and plentiful, almost entirely takes their place. The word even is not in their language; *dolce* (sweet), and *pasticcieria* (pastry), do duty for every sort of pudding.

Fruit is not so good as it is here; the very best generally finds its way to other markets, also much of it grows with little aid excepting Nature's own. They have all the varieties known in England and a few more. Japanese medlars, a small yellow fruit looking something like our yellow plums, but having the stones of the medlar, is a very refreshing fruit; and in their season, which is often prolonged to the end of August, mountain strawberries are most abundant, and preferred to the garden ones. Their most important produce are grapes, figs, and chestnuts. In the Apennine districts there are miles upon miles of Spanish chestnut woods. In a good year they are sufficiently abundant that a considerable quantity can be stored to help until the next harvest of them. They are made into flour, which in its turn is made into cakes, more than equal to bread in nutritive powers. The general aspect of the inhabitants—whose chief sustenance it is—and more especially the appearance of the girls, is a guarantee of the excellence of this food. The water there too is most pure, and keeps them in good health. People live to a great age there, and a ridiculous story to exemplify this fact is told, of how once an old man verging upon three-score and ten was found crying by the way-

side, and, on being asked what ailed him, answered that his father had scolded him. The young and middle-aged men, however, do not as a rule look as healthy as the women, indeed many of them are miserable-looking and shattered in health. The reason is that with the exception of the labour that the chestnuts bring there is little to do, and the men have to seek work elsewhere. They are in their own mountain homes little more than three months, the remaining time is spent in the quarries or in the *maremma* (the unhealthy, marshy land of Italy), where the poor fellows almost invariably contract intermittent fever.

Even in the parts where food is more plentiful and more varied, the Italian working classes eat little. Wages are low and the climate does not require high nutrition. Meat is by no means eaten daily, and they seem to thrive very well upon about two ounces twice a week. So long as they have their beloved *zuppa*, two pennyworth of red wine, a hunch of bread and a helping of *fagiuoli*, *macaroni*, or *polenta* they need scarcely anything more. This would be their mid-day and practically only meal. Coffee in the morning, for those who can afford it, and a little bread and fruit for supper would be an average day of meals. In the agricultural districts, however, they do not fare so well. The misery there is very great. A franc (tenpence) a day for the men and an occasional *soldo* (sous) for the women and children are the average earnings of a family.

Many of the Italian dishes are quite appreciated by us foreigners, but there is nevertheless much in their cookery, besides the free use of olive oil, which does not seem to suit the English taste. For instance, sauces are too plentifully used and almost take the place of gravy. Also they give them regardless of a monotonous sameness of flavour. Often the soup will be flavoured with tomato, the meat will have tomato sauce poured over it, the rice or whatever *pasta* there is will be smothered with it, and not impossibly the salad will have one or two raw ones cut up into it. This last, however, is a very nice dish, and indeed needs no green salad addition. They can be simply peeled and cut into slices (across) and then dressed with oil and vinegar, etc., or they can be first scalded with hot water.

The varieties of green salad are considerable, and make one see that many other kinds might with advantage be cultivated in England. Another objection to the sauces, particularly those which are bought and not made at home, is that they are too salt and induce thirst—a thing to be avoided in that country.

Lesso everyone has heard of, and most English people grumble at the constant appearance of this dish upon the table; yet when well made it is very good, and very suitable for a hot country, more especially in the summer, when appetite for rich or heavy food languishes. The soup that is brought up will have been made off it, but great care should be taken only to boil the meat until it is tender, and not until it is in rags, and it is important that there should be some fat with it. It should, when cooked, be cut in slices (not thin) and placed in the middle of a plate with a little of the liquor, and surrounded by pieces of carrot, turnip, *zucchini* (something like vegetable marrows, but not bigger than a finger length, and cooked whole), and served separately; there should be tomato or caper sauce according to taste.

Mushrooms (*funghi*) grow in enormous quantities, and so in their season are very cheap. They are very large, and they generally cut them up in pieces and stew them. Sometimes they are sufficiently large that the dish has the appearance of hashed mutton. Parmesan cheese may be grated over them, or chopped onion stewed in. The Italians are very fond of them, but, as a rule, the English find them too rich.

Once we were asked by a servant girl, who came from rather an out-of-the-way country village, whether we liked broad beans, and, on being answered in the affirmative, she procured some and brought them in at dinner-time with the pleasant expression which she always had, rather increased by the feeling of doing something which would be agreeable to us. They were uncooked, in their natural state, pod and all, and we were to cut them up and dress them as salad! We made a worthy effort to do justice to this novel dish, but they were neither very palatable nor very digestible.

The hours and meals of the upper and middle classes are as follows:—Many people take nothing but a cup of black coffee in their room, or even before rising; but they who make something of a breakfast would take *café au lait* at eight in the winter, and seven, or even six, in the summer, and a roll—seldom butter. They do not call this *colazione* (breakfast), but *caffé*. The *colazione* comes at eleven, or thereabouts, and at this meal is taken wine, a dish of meat of some light description, but more usually a *frittata*, some *pasta*, salad, and abundant fruit. The dinner is at four, five, or six, according to the season of the year—soup and two courses, one of which is frequently *lesso*; where it is desired, a *dolce* as well, and then the usual fruit. Generally a cup of black coffee follows the dinner, which is the best meal of the day. They do not as a rule go to bed early, but they prefer to go to rest fasting. In the summer this rule is often broken by the custom of sitting out in the air at one of the various *cafés*, when a cup of coffee is partaken of, or an ice, or glass of lemonade, or some such cool drink. In the beautiful long summer evenings even the English have to give way to the necessities of the climate and give up their late dinner. After the exhausting heat of the day, when windows have been shut tight and venetian blinds drawn to keep the rooms even tolerably cool, one is forced to order the dinner at such an hour that oneself and one's household can go out and breathe and enjoy from seven until bedtime out of doors.

Their Christmas festivities are not marked, as ours, by roast beef, turkey, and plum-pudding. In some parts they have during the week a dish of stewed wild boar, with a sweet and sour sauce thickly mixed with dried currants and *pignelli*, the fruit of the pine. *Pignelli* are something like almonds in taste, which, cut up in small pieces, would make an excellent substitute. Another Christmas delicacy is *mandolato* (almond sweet), and *mostarda*, a hotly-flavoured conserve; but neither of these dishes are universal among them, as our plum-pudding, etc.

Minestra a Pesce.—Take the liquor in which fish has been boiled, then take the head or some part useless for table and stew a little longer, strain it, then put pepper and salt, chopped onion and parsley. Add rice, boiled in another vessel, or slices of bread, according to taste. If taken clear a small quantity of meat stock should be added.

Riso con Piselli.—Take the liquor from the *lesso*. Previously boil some rice and a handful or two of green peas; stir this into the liquor and boil up all together with salt and pepper. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

Risotto.—Boil some rice with salt. When thoroughly dry place the pot over a clear fire, and stir quickly in salt butter, partly melted, and grated cheese. When sufficient butter and cheese are in, a flaky substance will come up in the spoon while stirring. This dish often precedes the dinner in the place of soup.

Macaroni.—The best quality of macaroni should be procured. Boil one pound in water, slightly salted and without any other seasoning. Drain it, and arrange it in a dish which can bear the heat of the fire. Sprinkle each layer with grated Parmesan cheese, pour in some very strong meat gravy, and cover the top with a thick layer of grated cheese, on which pour two ounces of tepid melted butter. Place the dish over the fire only long enough for the cheese to melt, and serve in the same dish.

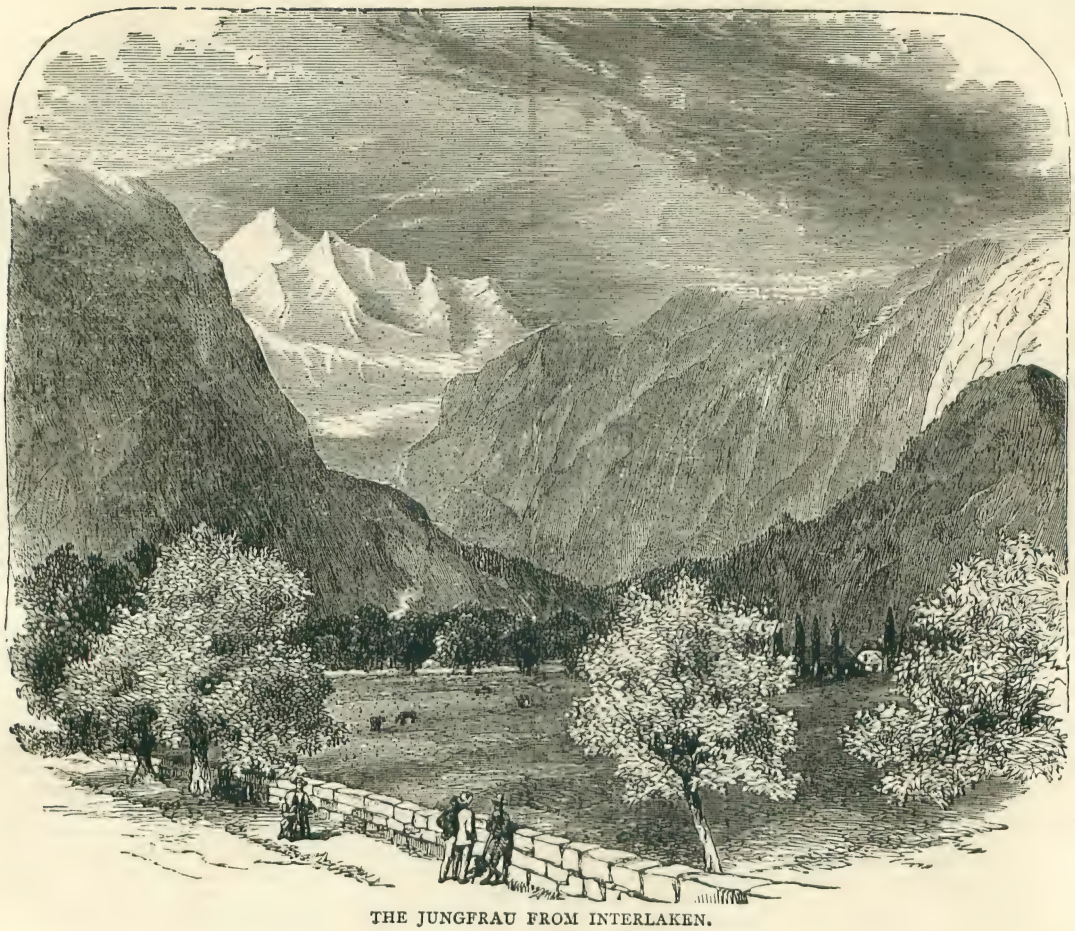
Castrato or *Montone.*—Take some mutton (usually a shoulder), bone it, pare off the skin, and remove some of the fat. Smooth and stretch it as much as possible. Sprinkle inside with salt, pepper, and chopped herbs; then roll it up and tie it. Put into a saucepan the bones, two carrots, two onions, and a bunch of herbs. Rub the rolled meat well with butter, so that it will be well browned all round, and place it in the saucepan. Pour over a cup of strong meat gravy, and a glass of white wine. Cover the saucepan, and let it stay on a slow fire for two hours. When it is cooked, pass the gravy through a sieve, take away the fat, and add an equal quantity of tomato sauce. Stir this mixture over a hot fire, place the rolled mutton on a dish, and pour the sauce over it. If the sauce is too thin, lay the meat on spinach.

Entrée.—Cut some *ris de veau* and some marrow into small pieces, and stew in a good meat gravy. Boil vermicelli, and when it is sufficiently cooked to adhere together, pour into mould—made for the purpose—with hole in centre. Put in oven until it takes the shape. Turn out of mould into dish, and fill centre with stew.

Cotelette.—Dip six cutlets in melted butter, then cover them with breadcrumbs, well seasoned with salt and pepper. Beat up six eggs, dip the cutlets into them, and roll the cutlets a second time in breadcrumbs mixed with Parmesan cheese. Fry in butter or oil until they are a good colour; arrange them upright in a circle, and fill the centre with macaroni dressed as above. Pour over the whole tomato sauce, or rich gravy mixed with half a glass of madeira.

Dolce.—Whip some cream flavoured with vanille; pour into a glass dish, and sprinkle it with coloured *confetti* (sweetmeats). Hand round rolled wafer biscuits, such as are eaten with ices.

Or another *dolce*, with custard instead of cream. Pour custard into an open glass dish; spread some raspberry preserve over some ladies' fingers, and float them on the surface of the custard. MARGARET MUDIE.



THE JUNGFRAU FROM INTERLAKEN.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SNOW.

A STORY OF A SWISS HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER III.

THE scene is changed! Surely we are in the kingdom of Undine's grim relative, Kühleborn! On either side of the road along which our carriage, drawn by two horses, is struggling, rise mighty walls of cliff and mountain, from which torrents leap into the valley as if they would overwhelm us. Beside us rushes the "Weisse-Lütschine," tossing its white mane *like a steed set free*, and wafting a cool breath into our faces. Behind us, dark clouds gather ominously; before us the gorge narrows, shut in at the further end by a wondrous amphitheatre of snow, veiled ever and anon by the fleeting mist, and then revealing far up in the clouds some gleam of whiteness where it seemed no mountain could be. In the foreground a waterfall, lofty and aërial above all the rest, flings itself into mid-air, and then falters into spray, for this is the famous Staubbach, and we are nearing the village of Lauterbrunnen, or Fountains-Only. Rain is driving fiercely down the valley and the roar of thunder is heard in the distance. The driver, looking over his shoulder, pours forth a flood of German to the effect that we cannot go beyond Lauterbrunnen to-night.

It is between four and five. We have had a charming day, coming by steamer down the lovely lake of Thun to Interlaken, and rejoicing there in the majestic vision of the Jungfrau framed in the opening of the glens—who does not know it by sight or by picture? Then we entered upon our twelve miles' drive up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, guarded at its entrance by the ruined castle of Unspunnen; the weather has been superb, but the sunshine and heat have now given place to storm.

Stechelberg, the point from which we must ascend to Gimmelwald, is four miles higher up the valley. Shall we remain or go on?

Beatrice is firm; she dearly likes to carry out plans that have been settled. Our rooms are taken at "Pension Edelweiss," she knows that at Stechelberg men will be in waiting with a *chaise à porteur*, and she gives the mandate to proceed. Miss Treherne is frightened and nervous, but does not insist on staying. As for Laura and myself, our spirits are raised to such a pitch of exhilaration by the adventurous drive, the romance of the situation, and the beauty of this enchanted land, that we are ready for anything. So, after tea at the Hôtel Capricorne, and a violent altercation conducted by Laura and me to the best of our ability with the driver, we proceed to Stechelberg.

The gorge narrows; the torrents grow in volume; thunder crashes around us; forked lightning plays round the window; the roar of water becomes ever louder and louder. It is sublime! Poor Miss Treherne leans back in the carriage with closed eyes. Beatrice argues with her that the storm is evidently a passing one, and will be over by the time we have reached Stechelberg. Meanwhile the scenery increases in magnificence, and the glimpses, caught through cloud, of the head of the valley reveal an unspeakably glorious panorama of glacier, rock, and snow.

"There is Stechelberg!" cries Laura. A few scattered houses stand near the leaping Lütschine, and away on our right a wild gorge comes down to join the Lauterbrunnen-Thal. This is the Sefinen-Thal, and high up on its nearer side stands, we know, the *pension* whither we are bound; but we only see the steep forests clothing its entrance and the torrent that raves between them.

We left our carriage, and found to our relief that the rain had ceased, for I was really concerned on Miss Treherne's behalf. The landlady of the humble tavern came out with a "So!" of deep amazement to find that we had really ventured through the storm; but the men who were hovering near with a chair borne on poles, and frames to carry luggage, were evidently much relieved that their waiting had not been in vain. Two porters shouldered our portmanteaux, and the bearers of the legless chair stalked away with their burden in the shape of Miss Treherne.

Never had I gone through so weird an experience as to be standing in the evening shades before the entrance to the awful Sefinen-Thal, knowing that we must go up and up into those majestic solitudes to find our home. The glaciers and snow peaks that close in the head of the Lauterbrunnen valley were now

THE LAKE OF THUN.

distinctly visible, and ever and anon a gleam of lightning illuminated the snow. The roar of water was incessant, and our path lay upon the bank of the torrent that thundered down from the Sefinen valley.

On and on we went on the further side of the torrent, up through the pine forest, with a scene away upon our left hand that increased in splendour at every few paces of ascent. For, as everyone knows, the giants of the Bernese Oberland, the Jungfrau, Ebnefluh, Mittaghorn, Grosshorn, Breithorn, Tschingelhorn, curve round at the head of the Lauterbrunnen valley to the great Tschingel glacier. The snow regions of these mountains, whose lower precipices alone we could behold in our drive along the valley, were now gradually revealing themselves as we turned to contemplate them. Immediately upon our left hand rose a mighty wall of cliff, under the shadow of which we were climbing; we knew that if we could scale that dark barrier we should look down upon the Tschingel glacier. This was the further boundary of the Sefinen glen.

Beatrice walked well, and was now on ahead beside Miss Treherne, encouraging and reasoning with her. Laura used all the breath that was left in her plump little frame from the effort of climbing to ejaculate repeatedly—

"Oh, Esther! could you ever have imagined anything so beautiful?"

No, I never could; and I thought so still more when the trees broke away from the side of the path and I found myself high above a curving abyss with forest-clothed sides, into which a cataract roared down. The Sefinen-Lütschine, as this stream is called, flung itself in one leap into a rocky basin, then sprang forth again in a broken, raging flood to speed down to the Lauterbrunnen vale. In the deepening twilight the waterfall actually frightened me. I shuddered with awe and delight, and caught at Laura's hand.

"Ah, Esther! I remember how you used almost to worship waterfalls!" she cried. "You always declared that a water-fairy must have presided over your birth."

"I feel as though they were alive with some dread, forceful Presence," I said, "and if it were much darker I should tremble to pass this one."

"Yes, for a less romantic reason. Mind your footing even now!" exclaimed my companion. And the warning was needful, for we had to traverse a shelving part of the path, crossed gleefully by infant rivulets hurrying from the cliff to the dark abyss below.

After nearly an hour's climb we crossed a bridge over the stream, and began to scramble up the other side of the glen, high on which we knew our *pension* was situated. The darkness had now fairly come, Miss Treherne and Beatrice had disappeared, and we wandered on in loneliness and ecstasy, seeing the snowfields ever and again lit into brilliancy by a flash of purple lightning, which illuminated for an instant the whole dome of heaven. The roar of falling water was the only sound we heard, and weird and awful was the night. How ridiculously incongruous Laurel Cottage, Florence Grove, West Kensington, seems! Can I—oh, can I have quitted it only the day before yesterday? It seems far away in another sphere of existence.

Shouts are heard, lighted windows are seen against the dark background of the hillside, and we press on, for I know we have loitered in our climb, and Miss Treherne will be anxious. So we approach the *pension* at last, which I can see is a large wooden châlet-like building, and a neat little woman comes forth to shake us by the hand, saying in English, "You are welcome, Miss Fielding, Miss Clyde."

The lower storey of the *pension* is devoted to kitchen purposes, so we are not surprised at the rough appearance of the interior. Ascending the stairs, we find ourselves in a wooden corridor, from which a row of doors open. At the end of the passage on our right a step or two leads down to a large wooden *salle*, with a long table decked with flowers at which a few people are reading. The bedroom which I share with Laura is upon this floor; it is a neat little cabin, with two little beds, two strips of carpet on the floor, and everything necessary for comfort.

"Isn't it delightful, Esther?" cries Laura. "All so clean and wooden, smelling of the pines. I have seen that sofa before; it was in a box of furniture I bought for my doll's-house! Just look! the shape is exactly the same, and the chest of drawers is out of the same set. Oh, look at the view!—what you can see of it!"

We had two windows, as ours was an end

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

(Sketch taken from the rising ground behind the Pension, showing the Ebnefluh and Mittaghorn.

room. I peered out into the night and shared her rapture; we seemed to be suspended in the air, and to look out into fathomless gloom with mountains rising beyond.

After a composite "high tea," which our attentive hostess served for us in the *salle*, we were glad to rest our weary frames on our primitive beds, which were more comfortable and healthful than many a down couch. I could not sleep very well upon this first night, the roar of water, the wild majesty outside, the strangeness of the scene, roused me from time to time with a sense of something "uncanny," but towards morning I fell into a deep refreshing slumber, and woke to make my first real acquaintance with Gimmelwald.

The Pension Edelweiss (for so we will call it, although it is not its real name) stands high upon a mountain ridge which forms one side of the Lauterbrunnen-Thal, and at the corner which is made by the fork of the Sefinen-Thal from the main valley. My readers must know the Staubbach waterfall, by photographs if not by sight; then let them follow in imagination the stream that takes this leap, high above the 980 feet of its final spring, proceed a little way along the ridge thus reached, and they will come to Mürren, lying on the brink of precipices shooting straight down to the Lauterbrunnen valley, nearly three thousand feet below. Let them continue along the edge of the cliff for about forty minutes, descending a little, and they will reach the hamlet of Gimmelwald, standing, as I have said, high above the point where the Sefinen glen comes down to join the Lauterbrunnen valley. Thus the *pension* commands the scenery of both the main valley and this tributary glen. The ground breaks away so steeply from its door that the stupendous precipices that bound the further side of the Sefinen-Thal rise sheer in front of the windows with no sense of intervening country, giving the impression to the gazer from the *pension* that he is suspended in the air. Beginning from the left hand, the view bridges the Lauterbrunnen valley to the Wengern Alp, the inn upon which I could see from my side bedroom window; and the glorious panorama of snows and glaciers of the Jungfrau chain, curving round at the head of the Lauterbrunnen valley, then press closely upon the gaze till the view is interrupted by the dark mountain barrier nearer to the spectator, across the Sefinen glen. Away to the right the view ranges up the Sefinen-Thal with its wild and savage scenery to a great wall of snow-streaked precipices that shut it in at its head, while behind the *pension* the forests and uplands rise gradually towards the crest of the Schilthorn, invisible from Gimmelwald.

This sketch may give some idea of the vastness of the view, but cannot convey its incomparable magnificence. It is hopeless to describe the scene on which I gazed in silent ecstasy, that brilliant July morning. Laura was wild with delight.

"Oh, Esther! the snows and glaciers are so close that one could almost fling a stone upon them. How delightful! You see our position here commands two views instead of one. First, the Bernese Alps, then this glorious valley all to ourselves. How I long to explore it! Do make haste and dress, instead of staring out of the window; I want to go out."

I obeyed her with difficulty; I could scarcely direct my eyes from the imperial pageant without, where the Jungfrau, her summit beyond our view, held her maiden court in dazzling purity and splendour.

We found several groups of people breakfasting in the large *salle*, with eleven windows and two balconies, that formed the chief apartment of the place. The dear little hostess was stepping from one to another, supplying every want. Neat and spotless was she in dress, and gentle and methodical in all she did. Various requests were going on, from one and another, all answered from her lips by the encouraging idiom, "Of *corse* you can." She had only one assistant, a pretty, refined-looking girl, of tact and quickness.

"What delicious rolls!" exclaimed Laura, *sotto voce*. "And what butter and honey! And the coffee is perfection."

She was right, though the beauty that pressed on the gaze through every window almost distracted one from breakfast. Through the range of front windows, opening on a balcony, the stupendous wall beyond the glen, met by the more distant curve of the snow fields, appeared; from the side the view ranged up the Sefinen valley, over field, forest, and cliff, to the precipices at its head.

"These people are English," murmured Laura to me. "I know it, because they won't talk. See how they keep to themselves in their own little sets!"

"One at any rate isn't English," I reply, taking care not to glance at the head of the table, where a gentleman is breakfasting alone. His long, brown hair, flung back in artist fashion, soft, fair moustache, and spectacled blue eyes, have something unequivocally German about them, even if I had not seen he was reading a German newspaper.

"Who? Which? Do you mean that dishevelled artist up at the end? He might develop into an æsthete if he had only begun in time, but I am afraid he isn't young enough to take it up now."

"Do you think we can go out before seeing Miss Treherne?" I hastily inquired, afraid lest Laura should pursue the subject.

"Of course! Beatrice is resting, and will not appear yet. Come along!"

So she and I are soon on our way along the brink of the cliff up to Mürren.

Is there a walk in Europe more beautiful? On our right hand the cliffs plunge down into the narrow Lauterbrunnen Vale; on the left the swelling pastures lose themselves in forest on the spurs of the Schilthorn; the brooks leap merrily down to fling themselves into the abyss below. The air is fresh and invigorating; the panorama of snow and glacier slowly unfolds itself as we proceed, and we keep turning back to behold it. Peasants meet us from time to time with a cheerful "*Grüsse*."

"Mind, Laura!" I cried, for in her wild spirits she insisted on approaching too near the edge of the cliff. "Do you know that a girl was killed here some years ago?"

"*Vide* Baedeker," responded Laura. "I saw it in the guide. She must have turned giddy, which I never do. Let us sit down by this stream."

As we rested in a curve of the path above a waterfall, where we had a dazzling view of the Eiger beyond the valley, the gentleman whom I had noticed at breakfast came striding past us. He raised his straw hat without seeming to glance at us and was gone.

"He looks clever," commented Laura, "but perhaps it is only his spectacles that give him that expression. I daresay that is the reason why Germans wear them. I never thought of it before. If we see him again I shall ask him."

"You will do nothing of the kind," I replied. "He looks as though he would extinguish impertinence very quickly."

"I daresay Homer was thinking of something like that when he describes Athênê by that queer word, *Glaukopis*, which they say means owl-eyed—don't you remember?" pursued Laura. "That round, glaring look, like the eyes of an owl, is imparted by spectacles. It is the characteristic of superior wisdom, since Athênê possessed it; therefore when people wear spectacles it is because they are trying to become *Glaukopis*, like Athênê. I remember Liddell and Scott translate it 'with gleaming eyes.' Nothing can be plainer."

"I don't quite see the drift of your speculations," I replied. "Do you mean to imply that Athênê wore spectacles?"

"No, but that people wear spectacles now as the nearest approach to the *Glaukopis* look of Athênê," eagerly exclaimed Laura. "I consider that a discovery. I shall telegraph it to some leading London literary paper. Which will be the best?"

We amused ourselves with the conceit, and with reminiscences of our joint Greek studies (for at school we read a little Homer together) until we reached Mürren, on the brink of its stupendous precipices, with the two huge hotels, the cluster of cottages, children offering lace for sale, and tourists arriving in the opposite direction on foot and horseback. Directly across the valley the mighty frowning rock-wall of the "Black Monk" confronted us, breaking the dazzling whiteness of the panorama. We drank of a spring of deliciously cold water that spouts suddenly out of the earth, and rested awhile, trying to learn the dazzling view by heart. It was a perfect summer's day; our shady hats protected us from the heat, and we basked in the warmth and splendour.

Laura's spirits rose almost beyond bounds, and as we walked home again she indulged in the gayest antics. She persisted in clambering up the high bank that borders the path in some places on the hillward side, and careering along, singing at the top of her voice. No one was near, so I did not check her childish exuberance, but walked along in graver contentment, which was suddenly and rudely disturbed by her rolling down the bank, with a great clatter of stones and falling earth, into the path in front of me.

"Laura, child, are you hurt?" I cried, in terror, hastening to raise her, while my heart gave a great throb of fear, for I had visions of what might have been had she rolled a little further.

"Not much," gasped Laura, slowly rising and brushing her dress. "How stupid of me; my foot caught under me as I fell, but it isn't hurt."

It soon became apparent, as she tried to walk, that it *was* hurt; not seriously, I thought, for there was not the acute pain that accompanies a sprain, but enough to make it very hard for her to limp along.

"I really think I must rest, Esther," she said, her merry face contracted with comical dolorousness. "There is half an hour's walk yet to Gimmelwald, and take off my boot I must."

This was done, and we were sitting disconsolately by the path, I meditating on the advisability of leaving her and going on for assistance, when the German gentleman came along. He raised his hat, glanced at us, went on, then stopped and came back.

"Pardon; you haf met with an accident?" he inquired, in a pleasant voice.

I explained, feeling much relieved that it was not necessary to do so in German.

"Then, as we lif in the same hotel, you will allow me to help you to take the Fräulein home," he said. "You will help her on that side, I on this, and the thing is done."

He emphasised his suggestion by helping Laura to rise, and signing to me to support her on the side of the sound foot; so, as it was evidently the best thing to be done, and he took it for granted we should comply with his arrangement, we started home down the rugged path, with our patient between us. In this way the bruised foot had scarcely any work to do, as Laura invented a remarkable pace between a hop and a skip, and she was highly entertained at the novelty of the proceeding.

"When you get to the *pension* you will

wrap your foot in a cold-water bandage, and you will rest it," observed the stranger; "then in a very short time you will haf the use of it as well as ever."

"How do you know I haven't sprained it?" questioned Laura.

"Because, if you had, you would be crying, not laughing, as you are now," he seriously replied.

"But for anything you know I may be a heroine, able to control my feelings to the utmost," she pursued.

"You may control your feelings, not your face," he replied. "I see by the lines of your countenance that not much harm is done." Then he led the conversation, to my relief, away from Laura herself to the scenes in which we were; talked enthusiastically of the mountains, and spoke of the excursions that we should take from the *pension*.

"But I would recommend to you, Fraülein, a little more care," he said; "for there are some places where a slip would not be at all so light a thing."

Laura, eager to defend herself, was describing her usual excess of prudence and caution, when we approached the back of our *pension*. The path abruptly turns the corner to the front of the building, and we found ourselves in full view of Miss Treherne and Beatrice, seated in the balcony.

It is not easy to describe their consternation at the arrival of Laura, supported thus by a strange gentleman and myself. Miss Treherne uttered a little scream, and Beatrice ran down to receive us, looking very charming in her grey beige dress, with a large bunch of freshly-gathered pinks in her bodice; she was neatness and coolness itself, while we were flushed and heated with our adventure.

"Laura, what *have* you been doing?"

"It is not much, Fräulein, the foot is a little hurt; I haf ventured to help the young lady home, and that is all."

Raising his hat comprehensively, our friend vanished, while Laura sank on the bench outside.

I explained as well as I could under Beatrice's cold gaze what had happened, and, with Miss Treherne's assistance, we conveyed the culprit to her room.

"Most unfortunate! but somehow you always were unfortunate, Esther," Beatrice candidly observes. "If any small catastrophe occurred at school, you were sure to be in it."

"I am at a loss to see how I could have prevented this, at any rate," I declare hotly. Everything Beatrice says has the bad effect of raising a hostile spirit within me.

"I don't say you could; I simply mention the fact, and if I had been there it wouldn't have happened. Some people are always lucky, others are always unlucky; haven't you noticed that, auntie?"

"Don't quarrel about me, my friends," observes the victim serenely, from her bed; "and as this room is of decidedly limited dimensions, don't you think some of you had better withdraw?"

Miss Treherne and Beatrice took the hint, and Laura at once launched forth in mingled eulogium and speculation about the German.

"I didn't at first think he was a gentleman, did you? One can't tell when men wear that *négligé* sort of dress; short jacket, and so on."

"Yes, I think one can," I reply. "I knew he was a gentleman."

"I wonder what he is! I wonder if he's a student! or an artist! or a philosopher! I wonder what his name is!"

Speculation is scarcely necessary, as we shall know the last point, at any rate, before long.

We hear at the one o'clock dinner that our friend's name is Max Lichtenstein. Laura's little accident on the very first morning of our arrival has one good effect, that it attracts sympathy towards our quartette, and the ice of English reserve is thawed at once. A survey of our party at table, explained by subsequent knowledge, shows us that the most conspicuous members are a Captain Clifford and his wife. He is a tall stalwart soldier, she a bonny sweet woman who is a splendid walker, and accompanies him in nearly every expedition. This is an "off-day" with them, or they would not appear at a mid-day meal. Two German sisters, the Fräulein Sonnenschein, are spending their holiday here, in short rambles and restful mornings among the pine woods. There is a gentle, middle-aged lady, Miss Vaughan, from Hampshire, staying here for the benefit of her health with an active and capable friend, Miss James, who has her in charge. A German family, with extraordinary manners and a great capacity for absorbing Liebig's extract of meat in all their meals, are among the least agreeable members of the party, yet they are thoroughly good-natured. A dark young German, Herr Ulrich by name, also spectacled, converses much in his native tongue with our friend at lunch. I can't hear plainly what they are saying, but I somehow fancy that he is trying to find out who we are from his countryman, and that Herr Lichtenstein is trying to check him.

A tall and dignified Swiss girl, Bertha von Lauener, who comes from Berne, attaches herself, I find, a great deal to Miss James; she has an elderly companion who speaks no English. These and many other minor points I discover afterwards, but the little hum of inquiry and interest about Laura makes us all feel at home at once in Pension Edelweiss.

After dinner I found Laura disposed to sleep, so I sallied forth alone up the Sefinen-Thal. The floor of the glen is at an elevation far above that of the Lauterbrunnen-Thal, and slopes quickly upwards, so I had not very far to descend through forest before I came out upon a level with the torrent that rushes madly down the gorge. I was in the wildest of glens; the forest receded and left a clear space by the foaming water's edge. Across the stream the wooded heights rose steeply, and if I turned to look towards the *pension*, I could, through the opening of the vale, see the Jungfrau. A snow peak away to the left I descried as the Wetterhorn, lit by a strange lurid flush. A fresh theme for wonder and delight was afforded by the flowers, which abounded in exquisite luxuriance. Great bushes of the Alpine rhododendron bordered the stream, pinks, and a delicious sort of orchid with an aromatic scent attracted me, and I filled my hands with the ravishing treasures. Wandering there among the long grass by the impetuous river I forgot all my London life, all the care, all the trivial anxiety that had ever burdened my mind; my heart went out, motherless as I was, to our great bountiful mother Nature, who has so much to say to her children if they will but hearken to her voice. I felt lulled upon her breast, and listened to her soft words with unspeakable ecstasy, all that summer afternoon.

By seven o'clock I had returned to the *pension*, and adorned my plain silk gown with some of the flowers I had gathered. The visitors assembled for "supper," a composite meal of tea or coffee, cold meat, pastry or fruit, at this hour, and we noticed some new arrivals, among whom were two healthy, fresh-looking young Englishmen, in knickerbockers. One of these was placed *vis-à-vis* to Beatrice, and made the most of his opportunities. She looked charming in her dull blue dress, and some lilies that she had gathered in an afternoon expedition to the Blumen-Thal at Mürren. Miss Treherne was delighted with the day's experience, notwithstanding Laura's accident, and the talk and laughter that resounded through the room told of a happy party. Frau von A——, the ever-watchful, ever-attentive hostess, moved noiselessly about the room, with her one subordinate, waiting with a dexterity and attention that no London footman would equal. I had ascertained that Laura's foot was much better, and enjoyed with a light heart the conversation of the gentle German schoolmistress at my side.

After tea, several of the people withdrew to the *salon*, a smaller wooden apartment with two windows, where they diverted themselves by reading, writing, playing chess, or a game with letters, which seemed to afford Captain Clifford, his wife, and the other English intense delight. Beatrice and the two young Englishmen joined them by invitation. I sat in the balcony outside the *salle*, above the darkling glen, listening to the incessant roar of water and looking on the strange cold white of the snow-fields, touched but half-an-hour ago by a soft rosy flush, but now resting in the coldness and silence of death.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

CHURLISH DEEDS.—Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.—We measure the excellence of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet poor enough, as poets used to be, seeing an alderman in his gold chain upon a great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse!"

CONTENT.—There is not a single dispensation of Providence which, if properly viewed, will not afford an excellent lesson. Never repine at the good fortune of others, for many are there who wish to be raised to your station.—*Persian Poet.*

ECCENTRIC EXHIBITORS.

Some very eccentric proposals were made by ladies—only, alas! to be rejected—to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition at South Kensington in 1862. One lady sent a stuffed cat, which she said had lived to be fourteen years of age, and was known to have killed during his life 3,270 rats. When alive it would follow its mistress for miles, and would seize a rabbit now and then, and place it at her feet.

Another lady wrote to say that she could procure the identical shirt that Charles I. was executed in. It was composed of the finest possible cambric, most elaborately worked, and had been handed down to her from early ancestors; but, unfortunately, it was then in the hands of the pawnbroker, who had advanced £10 upon it. If she could receive this sum, and a further amount sufficient to buy a glass case for it, she was sure it would prove one of the greatest attractions of the Exhibition, and show how superior was the needlework of that age to any produced at the present time.

A third lady sent a large sheet of cardboard on which only black marks were visible, without any outline that could be understood. She wrote:—"This, gentleman, is done with charcoal—charcoal, no drawing pencil, simply charred wood. I want it exhibited, to show to the world that woman's mind is superior to circumstances, and that I, a woman without means, am superior to Michael Angelo." The Commissioners sent it back with the curt remark, "With thanks, but no space."

A JUNE SONG.

By MARY ROWLES.

JUNE month is a royal lady,
Forest paths grow cool and shady
When she enters, and before her Nature's brightest buds are strewn;
Climbing vetches bend to meet her,
Foxglove bells ring out to greet her,
And all woodland blooms are sweeter 'neath the wild-rose crown of June.

Airy flights of light-winged swallows
Skim across the flowery hollows,
In the fields, set thick with grasses that have donned their best for June,
Hums the bee, that busy rover,
Rifling meadow-sweet and clover,
Which the butterfly flits over, all the sunny afternoon.

Every year hath somewhere in it
Summer days for lark and linnet,
And as surely, late or early, every lifetime hath its June;
When sweet hopes like rosebuds growing,
Tender thoughts like pansies blowing,
And heart music outward going make the whole world seem in tune.

Happy days of song and laughter,
What though autumn follows after
With its silence, and its longings for the glory passed so soon?
Out of summer's very fleetness,
Out of this life's incompleteness,
In His home of joy and sweetness God may bring eternal June!

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER IX.

OW, Geoffrey, tell me the story of your seven years' exile, for I am wholly in the dark as to what has befallen you during that time. We parted so long ago on the deck of the ship which carried you to the shores of a far-off land, and I have never felt more sympathy for anyone than I did for you then."

Geoffrey Penwarden's face lighted with pleasure as he heard Mr. Oakley's words.

"I knew it," he said; "and I must have seemed both proud and ungrateful, because I as firmly refused to draw upon your friendship for comfort during my exile as upon my father's purse. You understood me better than most, and could judge what it cost me to refuse even to keep up a correspondence with the one friend who believed in me, until those who condemned me should themselves declare my innocence. I felt so sure it would come to light almost immediately, and for the first few months after my arrival I lingered at Melbourne or in its neighbourhood, expecting the letter which should recall me, not merely to my native land, but to the love of friends and their renewed confidence.

"I little thought that more than six years would pass without my receiving such a summons, and that my homecoming would at last be made doubly hard by the death of my mother, before the truth was made plain."

The young man paused, and Mr. Oakley pressed the strong arm on which he leaned in token of sympathy, but made no comment.

"Did you guess," resumed Geoffrey, "why I thought it best not to correspond with you? You knew, did you not, how I should be hungering for news of you all, and the only crumb of comfort that could have reached me in the meanwhile must be through your hand? It was all for her sake. I denied myself that one consolation, because she was so very dear to me. If I had written to you it would have been almost the same as corresponding with Lydia, and I wanted her to feel as free as if we had never met. I did not wish that the dark shadow which hung over my life's path should extend to hers, or that she should feel one feather's weight of the burden that weighed me down."

"Ah, Geoffrey, the shadow and the burden could not be wholly lifted from her as long as they rested on you. But the light of God's love shone through the one into poor Lydia's troubled heart, and, in the strength He gave, she has borne her share of the load, going on her way patiently, finding happiness in giving comfort to others, trusting when all seemed so hard to understand, faithful through evil report and good report, and in spite of the flight of years and your absence and silence. This, Geoffrey, pictures what my sister is to-day, and what she has been ever since you left England."

"I can well believe you; and hearing your words, I realise that my decision, though meant in kindness to Lydia, was not the best. I never intended to be selfish; my own desire was to spare her by going entirely out of sight, and thus helping her to forget the past and me, if she could do so. I ought to have known her better. You tell me she has never forgotten, but gone on trusting and waiting, though hope and faith might well have been extinguished during seven years of suspense unrelieved by a single word or line."

"Undoubtedly the silence and suspense made Lydia's trial much harder. She had not only to believe in and maintain your past innocence in spite of the attacks or the silence of those to whom your good name was equally dear, but to trust you during these terrible intervening years. There is, however, no need for you to grieve over what cannot be undone. I hope that these clouds are now for ever dispersed, and that a bright future is before you both."

"If I were really, what I am in name, heir of Treneweth, I should look forward as hopefully as you do. But, unfortunately, I am a very poor man, whilst I am thought to be a rich one."

Mr. Oakley made an exclamation of astonishment. "How can this be? The estates must be yours, if Arthur died unmarried."

"Yes, I am the heir, and Treneweth is mine, but so burdened, that many years must pass before it will yield me a penny of income."

"I am grieved to hear this, for your sake, Geoffrey. After these long years it is sad for you to come home and find yourself impoverished by Arthur's extravagances, as I suppose these sums of money have been raised on his account. It was hard enough for you to bear the blame of his fault for such a length of time, and to lose home and friends, without losing your patrimony in addition."

"There is just this one gleam of comfort through it all. Arthur was not the guilty person for whose fault I was punished. On the contrary, he discovered the real culprit, after having believed in my wrong-doing as truly as did my parents."

"And as you believed that you were bearing the blame in Arthur's stead?" said Mr. Oakley, much astonished.

"Exactly. I will go very briefly over the circumstances, that you may the better understand how these strange mistakes occurred which proved the fruitful seeds of sorrow to so many lives.

"You will remember that a forged cheque for a very large amount was presented to, and cashed by, my father's bankers in London. The signature was so perfect an imitation of his, that its genuineness was never suspected, and though the sum was so considerable that it actually far exceeded the balance in the bank at the time, it was cashed without hesitation; only a notification of the overdraft was sent to Treneweth.

"Then, of course, inquiries followed, and it was ascertained that the cheque had been presented by a gentleman whose description exactly tallied with mine. Indeed, more than one of the clerks declared without hesitation that they had recognised Mr. Geoffrey Penwarden as he stood amongst a number of others at the bank counter that day.

"I was well-known at the bank, having gone there many times with and for my father, as well as on my own account. I was more than a man in the eye of the law, being twenty-two years of age, and during my college days I had always saved considerably from the very handsome allowance made by my father. Like him, I hated debt, and always persisted in paying ready money for everything, whilst Arthur, as you will remember, was never able to meet his liabilities with even larger means. My brother's extravagance and reckless expenditure were always a source of annoyance to my father, who was extremely particular about money matters, and as punctual in his payments as became one who realised how dependent human beings are upon each other for the power to meet their business engagements.

"But Arthur was the elder son, and heir of Treneweth, and he spent or rather wasted his allowance, like one who possesses an inexhaustible source of supply.

"I, as the younger brother, strove to keep before me the fact that my means would be small in comparison with his, though my mother's little fortune would come to me at her death. I was always rich by dint of keeping considerably within my means, though I had always had something to spare to help those in need. My brother, with his present income and brilliant prospects, never had enough to meet his personal requirements.

"Beyond all considerations of mere prudence and honesty came a still stronger motive for reasonable economy in my case—my deep affection for Lydia, which was known to, and fully approved of by, my father and mother.

"Just when that miserable suspicion fell on me, I was looking forward to our marriage in about a year. Knowing the constant drain upon my father, caused by Arthur's extravagance, I was determined not to increase it. I calculated that, without any further assistance from him, I should have enough to prepare a fitting home for Lydia. My income was to be increased from the time of our marriage, whilst her little fortune was to remain

untouched and to form a reserve fund for future contingencies.

"Could you imagine a happier prospect than mine was before that miserable occurrence which blighted our hopes? Blessed with the affection of a lovely and pure-minded girl whom my father and mother were ready to welcome with open arms, with sufficient means, the good will of friends, the desire to be of some use in the world, and the certainty that, in Lydia, I should have one who would encourage and help me. Surely I was a man to be envied.

"I had my plans for work in England. I never looked forward to a life of idleness, or thought that because I bore a good old name, and should have a sufficient income to maintain a home and family in comfort, I ought to feel no responsibility. Far from this, I honestly desired to act as a faithful steward of the talents God had entrusted to me, both as regarded my Heavenly Master and my fellow men.

"Lydia and I had talked and planned together. We wished to live for God and our neighbour as well as for ourselves; and, under these conditions, we pictured our home as an earthly paradise."

Mr. Oakley saw his companion's lips quiver and felt his arm tremble beneath his own touch. "My dear Geof," said he, "I can picture all this; do not harass yourself by going over these painful details; they are past now, and, though you have hinted at further trial in store, there can be nothing like what you have already gone through."

Mr. Penwarden overcame by an effort the momentary display of emotion, and continued—

"It is a pleasure, of a kind, to go over these things again, though the very telling unmans me for a time. But think what all those years of silence must have been, spent as they were amongst people who knew nothing of my past life, and to whom I durst not tell my trouble, lest they, too, should believe me guilty. To go back to the day from which all my misfortunes dated.

"It happened that I was actually in London and Arthur at Treneweth when that forged cheque was presented and cashed. Moreover, I had spent my time in a very unusual manner, and, in a place where I was absolutely unknown. The night before I had been in company with some earnest-minded Christian men who had been talking of the misery, ignorance, and utter poverty which lie so close to untold wealth and splendour in most of our large cities.

"My heart had been touched by what I had heard, and, having a few hours to spare, I had resolved to pass them in visiting one of the poverty-stricken neighbourhoods so vividly described.

"Dressed in the plainest fashion, and carrying with me only a small sum of money to meet any probable emergency, I spent my spare time in verifying what I had heard.

"I need not tell you what I saw during that solitary ramble, but amongst the good resolutions registered on that day was one for improving the condition of a few of those amongst whom I wandered, unknown to all.

"I pleased myself with the thought that a sum of money should be thus expended by trusty hands as a thank-offering to God on my wedding day, and I pictured in my mind how dear Lydia's happiness would be increased by the knowledge of these brightened homes and rejoicing hearts. I lingered amidst these new scenes, fascinated by their very contrast to all my past experiences, until, on looking at my watch, I found I had only just time to catch the train I meant to travel by.

"I was going down to Treneweth, and was to accompany my father, mother, and Arthur to a dinner-party at a house three miles from our home. I ought to have started earlier to give myself time to dress at home, or else I should have done so before leaving London. As it was, I returned to the hotel, where I had only a few minutes for a much-needed wash, whilst a cab was being called and my luggage conveyed to it.

"I was well-known at the hotel, and I have no doubt that my return in shabby attire, dingy-looking and mud-stained with my long ramble in dirty neighbourhoods, would excite not a little comment. Indeed one of the waiters stepped before me as I was about to run upstairs, and was preparing to bar my progress, thinking I had make a mistake, or was a too suspicious-looking character to be allowed in such a place.

"He looked surprised on seeing my face, and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, I had no idea it was you, Mr. Penwarden. Can I get you anything, sir?'

"I laughed at the man's disconcerted look, and said, 'I only want a cab with as little delay as possible, as I am afraid of losing my train. Let the porter fetch my luggage down at once.'

"The man did as he was requested, but I noticed that as I came down, still in the same dress, he stood near the foot of the stairs and watched me curiously, as I hurried to the cab with my heavy ulster on my arm.

"I reached the station just in time, and soon found myself the solitary occupant of a first-class carriage, into which my portmanteau and other belongings had been hastily put.

"A happy idea struck me. The train was going at express speed, and would not stop for nearly an hour. I would utilise that time by changing my dress during the interval. I knew I could only reach Treneweth by the hour at which we all ought to leave it, in order to keep that dinner engagement. My father was habitually punctual, and would be fidgeting, because of my non-arrival by the earlier train, and if I had to dress at home we should be late in starting. Fortunately, I had already washed at the hotel, and I had all the needful appliances for completing my toilet in the carriage.

"I was in full evening costume long before the train stopped, and, wrapped in my ulster, had only to step from my cab to the carriage when I should arrive at Treneweth.

"I had fastened my portmanteau and dressing-case, and was disposing myself comfortably on my seat, when I caught sight of the old suit I had worn during my ramble. I had emptied the pockets and dropped it piecemeal on the floor of the carriage, where it now lay, and might have lain until the end of my journey, had I not accidentally observed it, when I rose from my seat to open the window a little, after passing through a tunnel.

"I was very tired, and felt equally disinclined to unfasten my portmanteau, or, were it open, to put these old garments into it again.

"I did not give myself time to think, but hastily twisting them into a bundle, I opened the window and threw it out.

"'There,' thought I, 'some poor fellow will pick those up and find a serviceable suit in my castaway garments. I only hope they will fall into the hands of some poor wayfarer who needs such a windfall.'

"Afterwards it crossed my mind that the finding of this bundle might rouse suspicion of foul play, and cause inquiry, and I had a hearty laugh at the idea of a sensation being got out of my old clothes, and the ease with which I could put an end to it.

"My amusement was followed by a feeling of annoyance, for I remembered that in emptying my pockets, I had forgotten to take out the contents of one. Just before leaving the hotel in the morning, I had received a little note from Lydia—only a few lines, for we were expecting to meet so soon. But every line of hers was, of course, precious in my eyes, though, in one sense, her letters might have been read by all the world. Nevertheless it would have seemed a species of sacrilege for other eyes to look on the sweet words which were written for me only, the one love of her pure, young life.

"However, there was the letter left in the breast pocket into which I had pushed it, envelope and all, clearly addressed and signed with the writer's name in full. You know how thorough she was in everything, and she did not fall in with the girlish fashion of putting only her Christian name at the end of her epistles, as so many do.

"Unfortunately the note contained an allusion to my brother's affairs. Arthur had asked me to lend him a rather considerable sum of money. I had often let him have small amounts, in order to prevent him from troubling my father, but I would not comply with this new request, because I knew that, while he might ask the money as a loan, it would never be returned. He used to laugh and tell me that such an old carefulsides as myself ought to be relieved of a portion of my hoards, or I should become a downright miser. He judged my expenditure by what I spent on myself only, for he knew nothing either of any help I had given to others, or of my plans for the future.

"I could have let him have the money had I chosen to do so, but Lydia and I had talked the matter over, and she agreed with me that it would be more truly kind to refuse. In her note she told me so again, and urged me to be firm for Arthur's own sake.

"I reached home in time to leave Treneweth with the rest of the family party, though had it not been for the prospect of meeting Lydia, I should have preferred sending an apology and staying at home, for I was thoroughly tired, and felt unfit for social enjoyment. We met, however, and I told her, in answer to an inquiry, that her letter reached me before I left London, but I said nothing of having subsequently lost it, because I was unwilling to cause her even a momentary annoyance.

"How bitterly I afterwards regretted my silence, and with how much cause you will no doubt remember."

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATIONAL.

ADRIFT.—There is a splendid opening just now for well-educated girls at the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, at Castlebar Hill, Ealing. Those prepared there are in great demand for the Board School classes, both in London and in various towns throughout England. An opening is just being made in Scotland also. As teachers in Board schools they can, when certificated, obtain a salary of from eighty to a hundred pounds a year. But no girls need apply for training at the Ealing College who have not had a sound English education—good spelling and arithmetic—and can show a certain amount of ability in taking notes at lectures and in composition, which is essential to enable them to pass the preliminary examinations. A higher class of young persons is wanted than those who now venture to present themselves.

J. D. and A. S. P.—1. We have said many times that governesses' situations in France are not desirable for English girls, save under very exceptional circumstances, and we advise all girls, before attempting to go there, to communicate with Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and to take her advice on the subject. 2. What prevents your getting up in the morning? Laziness or illness? If the former, make a rule, as the Iron Duke did, that "your first turn shall be a turn out." If the second, consult a doctor.

COOKERY.

TOBIE.—1. We regret that we cannot maintain the practice, so disadvantageous to our other readers, of perpetually repeating the same answers and giving duplicate recipes. Those who care for them should keep the back numbers for reference. As to an apple charlotte, you could obtain a recipe for it in the cheapest cookery book published. 2. Procure some of the stamped roan leather bordering for bookcases, and secure it all round the edges of your screen with gilt-headed nails. We thank you for your polite letter.

E. W. W. gives us a recipe for a sponge pudding, as follows:—Rub 6 oz. of butter into ½ lb. of flour in which a dessertspoonful of ground ginger and 3 oz. of brown sugar have previously been mixed. Add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, mixed with a little milk, and beat all together into a soft batter. Pour into a buttered basin, and boil for two and a half hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

HOUSEKEEPING.

JUNO JANE.—We think you might revive the tea-trays by giving them two or three coats of Japan black, letting one coat dry thoroughly before you put another one on. The 8th October, 1854, was a Sunday; the 10th July, 1856, was a Thursday.

MYRA might remove inkspots from boards by the application of strong muriatic acid with a piece of cloth, and washing well with water afterwards. 2. The appearance of ground or "muffed" glass may be produced by brushing a hot solution of sal-ammoniac over it. The latter is useful in other ways to the housekeeper, as it is excellent for the purpose of cleaning brass when finely powdered and wet. The brass should be previously warmed, and afterwards polished with wash-leather.

E. WHITE.—Filigree ornaments (silver) should be kept in a box of arrowroot powder to preserve their whiteness. If dirty, they may be cleaned with a solution of hartshorn and water, applied with a soft toothbrush. Gold chains may also be cleaned by adding a few drops of hartshorn to the soap-and-water in which you wash them. They should then be well shaken in a bag full of boxwood sawdust.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.—1. There is nothing unladylike in fishing. 2. Yes, human hair will give out sparks when combed in frosty weather. Your hand promises to be a better one than your sister's. Her capital M is very ill-formed, and the upward flourishes to her terminal letters are ridiculous.

METEOR.—The style in which persons of rank and title should be addressed will be found in all peerages. Read "The Art of Letter-writing," page 237, vol. i. We do not undertake to recommend books not our own. That we have been singularly successful in pleasing everybody (almost) is demonstrated by the enormous circulation of our paper.

MARY DOT.—If you refer to page 804 of vol. iv. you will find much information respecting our Australian and New Zealand Colonies. The chief town of Tasmania is Hobart. The cost of steerage passage is £16 16s., but assisted passages are to be had. The demand for immigrants there is moderate. Apply at 25, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. There would be no use in your advertising in any English newspaper for a situation in Tasmania as domestic servant. You will have to be guided by the advice you obtain at the emigration office we have named.

MADELINE BRAY.—Lycius was a Greek sculptor, B.C. 428. Of the name Lysias there were three distinguished men, *i.e.*, an Athenian archon, B.C. 681; an Athenian orator, B.C. 378 or 458; and a general of Antiochus Epiphanes, B.C. 162 or 165. Your verses are very fair for nine years old.

LADY MAUD inquires of us "the best way to clean a black-and-white mantel." What does she mean?

ELEANOR W.—We have more than once answered your question about Shrove Tuesday, the day on which Roman Catholics are shriven before Lent.

PLEURAPOPHYSES writes to inquire whether we think her qualified for a teacher. The following words occur in her specimen letter:—"Oblidged," "wether," "qualifyed," "bean" (for "been"), "wich," "realy," "opinyon," and "interresting." She also abbreviates thus:—"You've" and "you're"; and says, "I should think I may consider myself finished.'

SWEET WHITE VIOLET (?) need feel no surprise that such letters as hers receive no reply. Ill-spelt, ill-expressed, and wretchedly scribbled, this young person's letter does her little credit. She says, "There is too many religious subjects in it, and not enough about dress," and advises us to copy two other papers, as our magazine would then "go down sweeter"!

STANISLAUS (Vancouver's Island).—1. We thank you for your interesting letter, and for your recipe for making cornucopias of whipped cream. The word fane has two meanings; one from the Latin *fanum*—a temple or place consecrated to religion, a church; the other fane is derived from the Greek *phaino*, "to show," and is applied to the apparatus, otherwise called a weathercock, to turn with every change of the wind, and show from which quarter it blows. 2. Christmas trees are of German origin.

BARBARA.—Yes, it is quite true that music has not only charms, but curative properties. The playing by David on the harp seemed to have driven the evil spirit out of Saul, and allusion is made in Holy Writ also to the adder that was deaf, and so was uninfluenced by the voice of the charmer. In cases of death from yellow fever, considerable relief is afforded to the sufferers by means of singing to them. In Dr. Burney's "History of Music" there is an article "On the Medicinal Powers attributed to Music by the Antients," and Mr. Burette, a medical man, maintained that it could relieve sciatica, affecting the whole nervous system.

TWO PATRIOTIC DUTCH GIRLS, MACHTELD AND SJONKJE.—We do not think it a question of so much importance. Everybody should wear their hair in the manner most becoming to them individually, and avoid looking odd and peculiar. The first book mentioned by "Machteld" is a very favourite book in England, and is read by old and young; but her second selection are none of them suitable for young girls. The works of Sir Walter Scott, Miss Muloch (Mrs. Craik), the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," Miss Hesba Stretton, Miss Anne Beale, and others are far better for them. We are very much pleased with both the letters of our kind Dutch girls, and can honestly praise both the writing and the composition, as well as the extreme neatness they evince.

ALICE NEMEIN.—We do not know of any other societies except those of which we give the addresses. Many thanks for your kind and gratifying note.

PATIENCE.—If the cold bath do you no harm, you had better continue it; but most people modify it during the cold months. It should be at summer temperature. We have not seen anything so ugly as your writing for a long time. The s's and the Greek e's are dreadful, and the tendency to flourish is vulgar.

GTANTIOV.—Several excellent manuals are published on gardening and kindred subjects by L. Upcott Gill, *Bazaar* Office, 170, Strand, W.C.

INQUIRER.—The feudal system was not in full force in this country until the year 1066; but some such system obtained at an earlier date, having been introduced by the Saxons. Malcolm II. organised it in Scotland in 1008. It was finally abolished under Charles II., 1660. You may avoid seeing a person whose acquaintance is not desirable without being guilty of the rudeness of "cutting" them.

GEORGIE.—University degrees and the appointment of masters and doctors appear to date back to a very early period. In a canon of a council held under Eugenius II. at Rome in November, A.D. 826, such degrees are recognised. That of bachelors was of later date, instituted by Gregory IX. 1227-41. In the reign of our Henry III., 1216-71, those of bachelor and master were conferred in Oxford. The arts to be acquired in the Middle Ages were seven in number, *i.e.*, grammar, logic, rhetoric (the Trivium), arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music (the Quadrivium).

LYNETTE.—Twelfth Night is the eve of Old Christmas Day (according to the old style), January 6th. It is observed as a rustic festival in England, for the purpose of securing a blessing on the fruits of the earth. In Herefordshire twelve small bonfires are lighted on the highest part of a wheatfield at about 6 p.m. by the farmers, their friends and labourers, amongst other observances, and much feasting and merrymaking.

CINDERELLA.—Your digestion is slow. The brain and stomach are little able to perform their work together. It would suit you better to dine early, and to take a lighter meal in the evening. Do not attempt to read when so drowsy, and never when your eyes ache. Are you sure that you do not need the aid of spectacles at night? Aching in the eyeballs looks like a call for help. If obliged to rouse yourself in the evening, a cup of tea would assist you.

R. S. V. P.—We were not aware of having left any letter of yours unanswered. Your writing is too upright, and one of your signatures, which you now quote, is quite illegible.

WILD ROSE.—The name of the ice-flower, *edelweiss*, is a compound of two adjectives in German, *i.e.*, *edel*, meaning "noble," "precious," and "excellent," and *weiss*, "white." Slope your writing.

UNTAUGHT.—We can assure you that your case is exactly that of everyone else, learned or unlearned—that "the more they know, the more they find they do not know." This is a great truth, which every year as it passes only the more reveals to us all. Your letter does you credit. In reference to the cracking of the loaves of bread at the top, it is caused by placing them in too hot an oven at first, the rising being too sudden.

THE PRESIDENT (Glasgow).—There is no Girl's Own Lifeboat Fund, but we strongly recommend the Girl's Own Home to your notice, which is in need of support, and should be patronised by all girls. See vol. iv., pages 6 and 64.

MURIEL.—Your little verses to your tennis bat are creditable to your ear for rhythm, considering your age. The 20th July, 1866, was a Friday. You will find a series of articles on the several significations of women's names in the "G. O. P.," vol. iv., pages 39, 135, 235, 355, and 381. The name Mabel (contracted from Amabel) means "amiable." It is of Latin origin, and dates back to 1090.

MARY ANN.—When a woman is disposed to accept an offer of marriage, it is her duty to be exceedingly open and straightforward with him as to all her present circumstances as well as future prospects, and if there be any disreputable character amongst her own immediate family, she ought to tell him about it under the seal of a sacred confidence, so that were he disposed to withdraw from the proposed connection, a family secret should be guarded by his feeling of honour and of gratitude for your honourable conduct towards him. However, he would not be worth your regret if he withdrew in consequence.

MOFFRAM.—The North-west Passage was discovered by Sir John Franklin by sailing down Peel and Victoria Straits, now named Franklin Straits. Captain M'Clure also discovered a North-west passage in 1850, and passed from ocean to ocean. To the sixteenth century belongs the credit of conceiving that it was possible to open a shorter and safer route to India by passing round the North Cape of Europe,

and it shows how little was known of the geography of Northern Asia. Three expeditions were despatched by the merchants of London between 1553 and 1580. This is called the North-east Passage. The North-west Passage was to the north of America, and with it the names of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and Baffin are connected, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is no longer any hope that a practicable sailing passage will ever be established, and attention has been directed to effecting explorations towards the pole merely for scientific purposes.

AMETHYST.—The daffodil and jonquil belong to the genus narcissus, of the natural order *Amaryllidaceæ*. The jonquil is called by botanists the *Narcissus jonquilla*.

EIKONOKLASTES.—We should not call it a "bull" ourselves, but a misnomer, as the Bride of Abydos was not really one, only about to be one—a bride-elect.

VIOLET, HOUSEWORK, TEMPERANCE, HENFIELD.—We can well understand that such small questions of conscience are a serious trouble to young Christians; but we can answer them without much trouble by recalling our Lord's rebuke to the Pharisees, who "gave tithe of mint, anise, and cumin" (the smallest and most worthless things), and "neglected the weightier matters of the law." We therefore advise them to ask themselves concerning these "weightier matters." The heart that is firmly set on following God's commandments will be kept and guided in all things. "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

SGNINNEJ A.—The name "Cholmondeley" is pronounced "Chumley," and "Cannes" as "Can." Many thanks for your nice letter and card.

SISTER BESSIE.—You should wear flannel next the skin always, and consult a doctor as to medicine. The local treatment likely to do you good would be rubbing the hand well with the old-fashioned oppodeldoc or soap liniment, to be purchased of any chemist, and to wrap it up warmly in flannel.

MISTLETOE.—The Mediterranean is not absolutely without tides. In the Adriatic it rises five feet in the Port of Venice; at the Great Syrtis, to five feet at new and full moon; at Naples, twelve inches. But in most other places the tide is scarcely perceptible.

VANDA AGATHA BEENEY.—We are very sorry for a poor "little girl of eight" on being sent away to a foreign school at such a tender age. She writes, spells, and expresses her little self wonderfully well. "How to bear the pain of leaving home" we can scarcely tell our poor little friend. She must pray to the Lord Jesus to help and comfort her in her trouble, and He surely will. She will never be really alone amongst strangers when He is always near and ready to help her. If her parents or guardians wish her to go, she is only doing her duty in trying to "bear the pain" patiently, and she will please God by so doing. Is not that a comforting thought? She may find some nice kind little playfellow where she is going, and that will make the time to seem shorter till she can return home.

EDWIN.—We are most happy to give our sympathy and advice to any of "our brothers." It is difficult to suggest opportunities, not knowing the circumstances by which you are surrounded; but we think you might make a confidante of some mutual lady-friend, and ask her to contrive an opportunity for you, at the same time informing her that if the young person appear to regard your suit favourably you will at once obtain an interview with one or both of her parents, and make them acquainted with your wishes, your present means of support, and your future prospects.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER and NOTHING.—Send the story to any magazine for which you think it is suitable, and persevere in sending until you find someone who appreciates it.

A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER.—Many worthy people object to raffling at bazaars on the ground that it partakes of the nature of gambling, and others object as strongly to bazaars likewise because they believe in "giving, hoping for nothing again;' not giving and getting back some article you like. You will find "many men of many minds" in the world; let us cultivate a spirit of charity.

M. H. E.—Perhaps you could clean the whip with pipeclay, made into a paste and put on till dry. If not, and it be valuable, send to a saddler.

POOR SHOP GIRL.—Get a tin of "insecticide" from any chemist.

MINNIE.—Both pieces will probably be found in some of the popular reciters, of which there are many.

E. S. B.—You would be obliged to have the cupboards painted black. You could not stain wood after it had been painted.

HAPPY SEVENTEEN.—Go to a dentist and have the tooth stopped. We do not know whether we shall laugh or not in heaven, but we shall be happy, and there will be no tears there; and so this question, and many other puerile ones like it, do not deserve any answer. True happiness on earth is not marked by noise, but by quietness and peace.

ALMOST HOPELESS.—You seem already over-worked, and your strength exerted to the utmost in helping others. So be happy, do that which now lies before you, and leave all your shortcomings and imperfections to Him who alone is perfect. Do not vex nor worry yourself about anyone's perfections. Be content to be as you are if you endeavour to serve God.

EVERGREEN.—*Vendredi* is the French for Friday.

AN UNHAPPY ONE.—We do not understand your letter at all, but we sympathise with your suffering state. Nervous disorders take long to cure, and demand much patience. We should advise you to have good advice, and to follow it. Take enough exercise, fresh air, good food, and tepid baths to strengthen you, and avoid all indigestible food for mind, as well as body.

BOSSIE.—1. Return the present, by all means, to the sender. 2. It is both unladylike and unkind to others to make any noises or do anything that may annoy or alarm them.

J. A. C. K.—Probably the powder is pipeclay, which is put on as a wet paste, dried, and then shaken out. The wings of the grebe would answer for hats, or might be arranged into fans and fire-screens. The skins would answer for trimming children's dresses and jackets better than for grown-up people.

A WEAK ONE.—The signature, "A.L.O.E.," means "A Lady of England," the first initial of each word being taken. They stand for Miss Charlotte Tucker, who has used them as a *nom de plume* since the year 1854.

CHARLIE.—1. See article on "How to Make a Gentleman's Dressing-gown," page 724, vol. ii. 2. No, you should not scale salmon before boiling it.

BLUETTE.—We regret that we cannot help you. The brown lace may be stiffened by ironing it on a damp cloth, which may be wetted with sugar or gum water.

BERTIE.—There is no cure for stammering like reading aloud slowly and speaking with great exactness, sounding every word and beating time to each syllable.

TOPSEY.—Twelve years old is not too young for our competitions.

X. Y. Z.—Cold water is better for the face than anything else. We should advise you to send the manuscript to the periodical which you imagine it will suit, and keep on sending until someone recognises your merit. There is no "royal road" in literature, and no introductions are really of service.

A FOREIGN STAMP.—The writing is quite clear enough for a clerkship. We do not see that that kind of copying would be of use.

WHITE LILY.—Zenobia is called a Princess of Palmyra by Lemprière. She claimed to be descended from the Macedonian kings of Egypt.

SNOWDROP.—Works of charity and benevolence, in consideration of the necessities of your fellow creatures, such as those connected with your professional duties, may be regarded as exceptional cases.

GRATEFUL ALLIE.—Clothes such as you would wear in England would be suitable for Texas, with the addition of more thin dresses for summer use. Thank you for your letter.

WINIFRED.—Heat some silver sand, and clean the seal-skin with that, or else with hot bran.

J. L. S.—It is impossible for us to tell you that you have "any chance of obtaining a situation in the costume department of a good London shop," because only persons of experience in styles, materials, measurements, and qualities required in mixed costumes would be eligible. You should be well acquainted with prices regulated according to certain proportions of one material added to another; as for instance, for so much fur of a particular kind on a particular description of mantle, which would require much quickness in calculation. Thus, a good figure and height, pleasing manners, to write a good hand, and to be acquainted with the ordinary rules of arithmetic are not sufficient qualifications to ensure success, even should you find a vacancy.

ELLA.—The Jews date from the Creation described in Genesis, which, we believe, they calculate at about 3,760 years before our Christian era.

A MUCH DISTRESSED ONE.—No one can do anything for you, because you must acquire self-control and self-forgetfulness through prayer and strenuous personal effort. Perhaps if you thought more of others, and how to help and be of service to them, and cultivated greater humility, you would improve. We should advise you to make a practice of learning by heart, so as to have something to think of save eternal "self."

A WELLWISHER.—We can only advise you to persevere in a plain diet—meat once a day, no fat, little butter, no beer, and plenty of beans, lentils, and good wholemeal bread.

A UNITARIAN.—Many thanks for your kind letter. Our facts and definitions were taken from a well-known book of reference, "Haydn's Book of Dates," last edition. It is now issued at a price within the reach of all.

URSULA.—Yawning may be produced by emptiness, flatulence, or tight lacing, and some people are unable to bear as long fasting between meals as others. Perhaps, however, you commence your studies too soon after dinner; and a disposition to drowsiness is common to many after that meal. Children are very apt to yawn over their lessons, as the mind grows weary very quickly over ungenial exertion. When you say you are "not very strong," you explain the cause of all the "gaping" carried on between you and your two pupils. Nervous people yawn, and it is, in fact, a sign that from some cause or other the lungs want air. Perhaps the windows want opening for a time.

A SUFFERER.—We have ceased to answer queries on such personal matters. You have only to refer to our indexes. Your writing is legible and promises well, though scarcely formed.

THOUGHTFUL.—To say that your brother is "running madly in the broad road that leadeth to destruction" because he is allowing himself greater liberty and indulgence in the matter of amusements than you conscientiously allow yourself, is a very grave judgment to pass upon him. If, indeed, he be "mixing with the worst of society," it is a more serious subject of alarm on his behalf, and your warning would be better directed to this point. But at sixteen a lad should be absolutely under the rule of his parents. The right to claim his obedience is theirs, and should be judiciously exercised.

BUTTERFLY CASSEL.—Five feet ten inches is a good height for a man, and five feet six or seven (in shoes) for a woman. In our northern counties our people are generally taller than elsewhere. Those in large cities are very much shorter all over the world than country folks, born in healthy and hilly localities. If you sloped your writing and reduced the size, it would be greatly improved.

SNOWDROP LIN.—Of course you should bow or shake hands with your doctor whenever you meet him. How could you imagine that you should do otherwise, especially when so "extremely kind and friendly?" Your handwriting is exceedingly pretty.

A FRIEND.—No young girl of "sixteen" (nor at any age) ought to carry on a clandestine correspondence with any man, unknown to her mother. In direct opposition to her mother's known wishes, it is simply most undutiful and unchristian. As to little half-educated and inexperienced girls of "sixteen" so doing, it is disgraceful. What does the Scripture mean by the command, "Let them first show piety at home, and requite their parents"; "Children, obey your parents," etc.? Show your friend what we have said. As to the man who dares to correspond clandestinely with any young girl, he proves himself unworthy of her acquaintance, and in this case the girl's mother has formed a correct opinion of him.

A MACCARTHY.—1. In reference to "spots and stains," refer to the sixth chapter of the series called "The Fairy of the Family," "G.O.P.," vol. iv. In other places you will find how to remove tea, coffee, and other stains from linen, if you refer to the indexes, at page 528, vol. iv., and page 126, vol. ii. Our correspondents give us unnecessary trouble, and it is inexcusable when supplied with indexes, which they are too idle to consult. 2. We recommend you to learn dressmaking in your own village, and to sleep at home.

A BENEFITED READER.—To clean brass inlaid work, see page 410, vol. iii. To clean brass articles, either of these three pastes may be employed: rotten-stone and sweet-oil (or soft soap); cream of tartar one ounce, rotten-stone four ounces, soft soap one and a half ounce, applied with a little water; or oxalic acid (a dangerous ingredient) in quantity equal to a quarter of the rotten-stone, a little oil of turpentine, sweet oil, and rotten-stone. The brass should be well rubbed with a washed-leather after the cleaning with the paste. Your writing is too angular. How can you be "turned" eighteen? You "are" eighteen years old and upwards.

A SWIFT.—The origin of some of our street names is curious, and always interesting to trace, throwing some light on the history of the city. "Mincing-lane" was originally "Mincheon-lane," called after the "Mincheons," or nuns of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, who had tenements there. "Smithfield" is corrupted from "Smoothfield," a descriptive name applied to the locality from before the twelfth century. It was employed as a horse fair.

BELLADONNA.—Are you out of your mind, or were you born with any brains? A man would make a bad choice if he accepted an offer of marriage from any girl; for one who could so far set aside all natural feelings of maidenly delicacy as to ask him to marry her, would be quite unfit to be the mistress of a house and to bring up daughters of her own. Are you so utterly incapable of understanding a joke as to imagine that the recurrence of an extra day in February could justify you in throwing off all reserve, and degrading yourself thus?

OLIVE.—Perhaps you could qualify yourself to take a situation as a "mother's help."

BUDGIE.—You have our very sincere sympathy in your severe trials. You may gain strength as you grow older. Have you ever consulted your doctor as to the use of electricity in some form? Whether it would be of use in your case, we are not in a position to judge. Also, have you read our articles on "Occupations for Invalids?" The appliances described are inexpensive, and would assist you in occupying yourself. You had better endeavour to banish all thought of ultimate marriage with the person who has so early strayed from the right path, and also changed towards you.

E. M. LANGWORTHY.—We think that someone has given meat to the bird, which has given him a craving for it, and makes him pull out his feathers. Such food is improper for him, and tends to spoil his plumage; but as the taste for it has been acquired, you will have to supply him with little bones to play with, having as little meat on them as possible, while giving him enough to keep him busy in picking them. This may divert him from the trick of drawing his own blood.

RENEE and ROSEBUD are referred to our articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family;" also to the indexes in each volume.

VOL. V.—No. 229. MAY 17, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

All rights reserved.]

"... LONELINESS; I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

FELLOW FEELING.

"WELL, you are looking very happy," said the schoolmaster's wife to May as she re-entered the house after her talk with Miss Stewart in the Ladye's Tower. "I suppose you are so glad to be getting a little change. Well, well, it is not as if you were parting from your own people."

"I'm sure you can't be very sorry to part from me, for I've not been half as useful or agreeable as I should have been," answered May.

The schoolmaster's wife looked up surprised, struck by the strange softening in May's manner. "I did sometimes wish you'd seem more at home with us," she said. "But then I knew we were nothing to you, and that you only expected us to do our duty by you. I'd have often asked you to help me in little things, but I thought you might resent it, as not being your own place."

"I've often wanted to help," said May, "but I thought it would be an intrusion."

"Is that why you always went off to your own room for the evening?" asked the schoolmaster's wife, with a curious expression of countenance.

"Yes," May replied; "I felt I had no right to force the presence of a stranger into your family circle."

"There, now," said the other, "that's exactly what my husband said. But I wouldn't believe it possible. I thought you fancied that very likely you belonged somehow to gentlefolks, and as you couldn't get among your own sort, you didn't care for ours. And that made me pretty bitter, quite naturally, I think. Maybe, if I'd been the sweet sort to begin with, the thought wouldn't have come. Well, well, it is too late now."

"No, it is not too late," cried May. "We shall know each other better by our parting than we should if we had stayed together for years And we'll have kind thoughts of each other, and we'll each be wiser next time."

It came into May's mind at that minute that what are often called the darker dispensations of existence—change, parting, death—are surely angels' hands troubling the waters of life, that they may be healing streams, and not a stagnant pool.

She had never liked the Fowlis people so well as during those last hours among them. They were not an attractive race, indeed, being generally hard of feature and blunt of speech. But one and another dropped in at the schoolhouse to say "good-bye," and one brought a pair of knitted socks, and another a needlecase, and another a little basket of scones and apples for the journey of the morrow. May would not let herself harden against these kindly influences by any reflection that these attentions might be due to her new position as the invited guest of Miss Steward of Balacluva. If she did so, might she not be perpetuating the misconception in which she and the schoolmaster's wife had just detected themselves. And even if it were so, what of it? Blessed be any influence which leads to kindness! And those who had had such doubts of the possible "bad blood" in her might easily feel honestly re-assured by seeing that those whom they honoured and respected were not afraid to trust her. May felt able and ready to forgive and love the whole world. Margaret Stewart's words had helped her to wrestle with the armed shadows which had hitherto encompassed her soul; and a great soul in its day of victory is always inclined to issue a general amnesty.

"The lassie's real nice at heart, after all," decided the Fowlis gossips, "but there's a queer streak in her, surely; to think of taking a common cat with her when she goes to stay with gentry!"

"Perhaps we haven't been so kind to her as to make her ready to trust her pet with us," said the schoolmaster's wife, rather ruefully. "Maybe she's right. I laughed too much at the trouble she took with it for her to trust me to do the like."

After sunset, late in the sweet autumn gloaming, May stole up the silent roads to the manse. She had with her a note in which she had enclosed one of her tiniest sketches, and in which she expressed a hope that if ever she needed advice, she might be allowed to seek it from Mr. Rowan.

She did not expect to see the invalid minister, who had been denied to almost everybody of late. But just as she laid her hand on the bell, for the manse door was closed, the door opened, and a young servant girl issued forth. She started when she saw May, and exclaimed—

"Eh, Miss Castle! it's just yesel' I'm wantin'. I'se ganging awa' to your place, to tell ye the minister'd like to see you. He'll be real glad that you're here already."

May's heart beat fast as she followed the damsel through the little hall and up a short stair. She heard a pleasant sound of conversation coming from one of the downstairs apartments; she recognised the marquis's voice. But the master of the manse was unable to be among his guests.

He was alone in his little library, reclining on an invalid chair, from which he was unable to rise, though he sat upright when May entered, and stretched out his hand to greet her cordially. He had not been seen among his people for months past; scarcely since his wife's death. And how changed he was! He had grown quite an old man. And there was something different about him from aught May had noticed before—something as if an angel were struggling to make itself visible through the rending garment of the flesh.

"Sit down, my lassie," he said, "sit down. And so you are going out into the big world! And you are going up in the world, too, I hear, and some day old Fowlis is to be proud of you, and to write up that you were born in her. She (and he indicated a little picture of his dead wife) always said there was a great deal in you. You were sure to be clever, she said, if only you would be good, too."

Somehow, the plain words did not hurt May now, though they touched a quick which made the tears start. The old man's bright eyes were fixed upon her from beneath his shaggy grey brows.

"I did always try to be good, sir," said May, softly.

"Aye, aye, she said so. She was a wee sharp on you at times, wasn't she, lassie?"

"I did think so," poor May admitted.

"Aye, aye, she said that too; but she said it must be. She said she'd often noticed that the young folks who had no friends of their own lost more by lacking the bracing breezes of domestic rule and criticism than even by wanting its indulgences. There's more people who will give a strange child a sweetie when it doesn't deserve it than a slap when it does. They may give it a slap when they're in an ill temper, maybe; and if it falls by walking where they never told it not to go, they let it scramble up or sink down further without much help of theirs. She'd not have done that, May Castle. I did think whiles, she was oversharp in her advices and her warnings; but this I know, if you had not heeded them, she'd have done her best for you still. She was not a summer friend, lassie."

May sat silent, a little awed.

"It was she who always said that I must do what I am going to do now," the old minister went on, his voice growing lower and more solemn. "She always said that when we were nearing the end of our own journey, we should set up the crosses we had carried, to show those who come after what the Lord had done for us, and how He had helped us thus far. And she said, too, that we must be the more careful to do this, if the cross had been of rather a particular pattern (she had a quaint way of speech, you know, lassie), because there were sure to be others like it, whose bearers might miss the comfort and the sympathy of fellowship with the cross-bearers of a more general kind. Now, lassie, do you mind telling me what you feel to be the cross in your life?"

May was weeping. "Oh, sir," she said, "it has been so lonely! And it is so dreadful to know—so terrible to think, that perhaps——"

"Lassie," said the aged minister, taking her hand in his own, and speaking in a voice shaken with deep feeling, "I know the loneliness; I know all about it. It has been mine own. And all that you fear and fancy, lassie, I know, and I grew up, knowing it all. My father died in a convict prison, and my mother in the workhouse ward, where I was born. But when my father and my mother forsook me, lassie, the Lord took me up, as He's always willing to do. He's our Great Father, lassie, and if our nursing fathers and nursing mothers are unfaithful in their service to Him, they just throw us back into His arms."

"But the worst is, is not evil itself so often hereditary?" said May, lifting her streaming eyes to the grand old face before her, and taking heart to name her secret terror to this one who had so conquered in this hard bit of life's battle, even more plainly than she had named it to happy Margaret Stewart.

"Aye," he granted, "as any thing may be hereditary, if the son follows in

the father's steps. But what becomes of the rich man's wealth if his son will neither save nor earn? What becomes of the sage's wisdom if his son will neither think nor learn? What has the Bible to say of it, lassie? Did Eli's sons resemble him? Did Rehoboam take after Solomon? Was not sweet, steadfast Jonathan the son of weak, malicious Saul? And was not good Hezekiah the child of wicked Ahaz and the father of perverse Manasseh, who yet turned to the Lord in the day of his affliction? And was not saintly Josiah the son of the reprobate Amon? Nor does it signify to the point, if more children follow in the steps of ungodly parents than in the steps of godly ones, so that some have said bitterly that surely evil is hereditary, but good is not. There is a crook in human nature—the conflict of the flesh (the low self) over the spirit (the higher self)—which makes it easier for us all to do evil than to do well, until the victory is won and the slave is in subjection to the Master. No, no, lassie, each to his own heaven'y Father shall he stand or fall, and He alone knows the measure by which each shall be measured. And, as for the likes of you and me, lassie, who know or fear that our fleshly garments may be spotted by the defilement of others' sins, let it but make us the more careful to wash them in the living waters of God's love, and to whiten them in the Sun of His Righteousness."

There was a solemn silence.

"And now, lassie," he said presently, "don't be afraid of your coming life. You do your part and God won't fail in His. I think sometimes that He puts His best things into the emptiest hands. There are friends who stick closer than any brother, and I have had one in Stewart of Balacluva, and those who are high and mighty cannot know the sweetness of it, when one loves one all for one's self as my wife loved me. There's a compensation in everything, I've often seen that so clearly where one might least expect it, that I'm inclined to believe it holds good everywhere. And so, lassie, I've told you a bit of my history that very few now living know. She told me to tell you whenever you made a start into the world. She said it would hearten you up to find that one whom you had only known as honoured and beloved, had had as bad a start as your own can be, and possibly much worse. She fancied I was very much honoured and beloved," he added, with a sly deprecating smile. "I don't know about that; I know people are very good to me, and I ought to be very happy, only I get down-hearted sometimes. An old man is apt to fear he grows wearisome."

May remembered what Margaret Stewart had said.

"Will you let me write to you sometimes, sir?" she asked.

"Aye," he said, "and you may write pretty often, lassie, for I don't think it will be for long. And now good-night, and good-bye, and may the angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lassie."

May went off softly under the starlit sky, and these were the Mr. and Mrs. Rowan whom she had mistrusted. "If parting can bring us such revelations as I have had to day," mused May, "what will not death do?" And then it came into her mind that God alone knows all the good that is in the world, but that if we could only keep faith in Him and cease to cherish wrong thoughts of each other, then we should enter into the very heart of His love and patience with us all.

(To be continued.)

THREE FABLES.

FABLE I.

An honest farmer stood among his trees,
Eating his homely lunch of bread and cheese,
And noting how the early summer blight
Had made his crop of apples poor and light;
When through the lane there pass'd a ragged tramp,
A sturdy, plausible, audacious scamp,
Who, seeing Styles enjoy this humble fare,
Determin'd, if he could, to have his share.
So he, in whining tones of wretchedness,
Pour'd forth a piteous story of distress;
A broken leg had kept him long in bed,
From want and misery his wife was dead.
A landlord harsh had driv'n him from his door,
To wander through the country, lame and poor;
For eight and forty hours no food had pass'd
His lips, he felt each hour might be his last.
The tale was pitiful. "Here, take this bread
And cheese, poor fellow, eat," the farmer said;
And as he watched each mouthful disappear,
He saw the vagrant's clothes were worse for wear.
The shoes, especially; for round and round
Each foot a rope of straw was tightly bound.
"I think," said he, "I have, in-doors, a pair
Of shoes still good enough for you to wear."
He turn'd into the house, from whence he brought
The leather shoes that for the tramp he sought;
And as he pass'd the trees where apples swung,
He pluck'd a spray where Ribston pippins hung.
The vagrant took the shoes: "Ah, these will do!
I'll make a present of my ropes to you.
What clumsy boots! They're near an ell too wide,
There's room to stuff a load of hay inside!
There's still some apples left upon that tree;
You might as well have given them *all* to me!"

Grieve not, if gen'rous actions, kindly meant,
Excite not gratitude but discontent;
If disappointment follow what you do,
Be not dismay'd! the pleasure rests with you;
How great soe'er may be your friendly will,
The thankless soul will be ungrateful still.

FABLE II.

Near a thick bramble in a tangled wood,
Escap'd from gilded cage, a parrot stood
And watch'd a cat, who, basking in the sun,
Slept on, unconscious of an adder's run.
The reptile poised itself, as if to dart
Its fangs, directly Puss should wake or start;
But Poll, with sudden movement, seized its head
Between his beak, and crushed the creature dead.
The struggle roused the cat, who murm'ring purr'd,
"Why do you thus disturb me, meddling bird?
The snake would not have harm'd me while I slept,
If you your distance had discreetly kept;
Begone! disturb no more my calm repose."

Aid, when unask'd, oft unrequited goes.

FABLE III.

A bear who had been led
Through Italy and France,
Could stand upon his head
And even gravely dance.

Arriv'd at home, he tries
To gain his due applause,
And pleasantly surprise
His friends with hoofs or paws.

He seeks the monkey first,
Displays his foreign graces;
Pug's cheeks with laughter burst
At sight of his grimaces!

"Friend Bruin, will you please
To heed an honest neighbour?
What I can do with ease,
To you is heavy labour.

"You were not made to dance,
You're far too stiff a creature;
Forget your trip to France,
And leave yourself to nature."

The bear, enraged and hurt
At this appreciation,
Went off, with answer curt,
To see his next relation.

He found the hog at home,
And proudly glad to see
So great a trav'ller come
His visitor to be.

The bear performs his feats:
"What grace! what elegance!"
The admiring hog repeats,
"How charmingly you dance!"

Th' astonish'd bear desists,
Such praise who could expect?
It clears away the mists
That dimm'd his intellect.

"'Tis true! the monkey says,
"That I can ne'er succeed;
"But, when the hog can praise,
"I must be bad indeed!"

A wise man's condemnation
Makes us feel uncivil,
But a dunce's approbation
Low'rs us to his level.

Ximena.

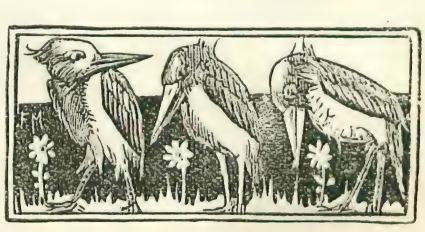


FIG. 1

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3

FIG. 4.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

By Mrs. WALLACE ARNOLD.

From the number of works existing on education it might be supposed that nothing fresh, or rather of interest, remained to be said on the subject; and doubtless this is true as far as regards the mental education of girls, which in late years has taken such immense strides. But there is one branch which appears to me not to have as yet received that attention which it deserves; need I say that I allude to their physical education, concerning which, as the title of my paper suggests, I would offer a few remarks?

Firstly, then, as to its necessity. In the case of boys we have but to look around us to see in what light it is regarded. A glance at any of the numerous school-magazines, or even the ordinary daily papers with their reports of athletic meetings, and accounts of football and cricket matches, etc., so often described in what seems to us so much unintelligible jargon, will assuredly testify that physical instruction is not forgotten or neglected in scholastic life. Indeed, to some anxious parents it would seem as though mental acquirements were too often subordinated to physical superiority, and one of our leading novelists took this view of the question in a recent novel. At any rate, no school for boys now but has its athletic club, and few that are without a gymnasium.

If, then, the importance of duly training the body in conjunction with the mind is thus recognised in the cause of our boys, surely the future wives and mothers of England—for such is our girls' destiny—may lay claim to a no less share of attention in this respect.

One of the most beneficial results of a really good education is undoubtedly the equilibrium established between the respective powers, mental and physical. I might here quote that trite but ever true line of Juvenal, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, which many of our girls have doubtless read when examining with admiring eyes the silver medals of the Oxford University Athletic Club, brought home and exhibited with manly pride by their brothers, or those brothers' friends, who are ofttimes of more interest in their eyes for the time being. I could add much more as to the necessity, but I have at least made out a primary case, and must pass on to more practical considerations, and the first of these that naturally presents itself is, at what age should this physical education commence? To which I reply, it can hardly begin too early, though of course all exercise should be proportionate to age. "Let children," says Rousseau, "have substantial nourishment; let them run and play in the open air and enjoy their liberty."

FIG. 5

FIG. 6

In these days of higher education for women we are apt to forget that, while forcing the mental faculties to the utmost at an early age, the precious time is slipping away during which their figures are being formed, and that habits are too often engendered which in later years cannot be abandoned or remedied. Many an anxious mother must have observed with pain how many hours her daughter is compelled to sit at her studies, the greater portion of the time being occupied in writing, and that at a desk which compels an attitude that must result in a stooping form. If not engaged in writing, she is probably at the piano, where the back again, having no support, becomes weary, and sinks on one side; then to the drawing-board, where the same stooping position produces a like result, inducing too often a curvature of the spine, as many of our doctors can testify.

Moderate bodily exercise, taken under supervision, will do much to correct—nay, prevent—this mischief. Many of the subjects of the education of the day are matters which can be as well, or perhaps better and more thoroughly, acquired after the age of seventeen. Not so a naturally easy and graceful carriage. From infancy up to about the age I have mentioned our bodies are being formed, and with them our habits, gait, and deportment.

Habit is a frequent repetition of the same acts causing different modifications in the organisation. In youth habit has the privilege of modifying the original constitution, and if the habit be a bad one, of injuring it so powerfully as to render the injury thus caused incurable. How careful, then, should we be that during these few early years none but graceful, elegant, and healthy habits are acquired. Of course, I am speaking now more particularly of bodily habits, though the rule applies with equal force to all, whether physical or mental. It is useless to recommend a child already deformed to keep straight; she may endeavour to make the effort, but following the bent of the acquired organisation, she quickly resumes the position that has become habitual. These considerations bring us to the second practical object of my paper—the best means of obtaining a good physical education for our girls; and these are calesthenics, practised when possible under a qualified teacher.

Calisthenics, practised under proper super-

vision, are of incalculable benefit, not alone as a means of remedying defects already acquired, but as a preventive. Many of my readers doubtless attend some class connected with their school or independent of it, but it is not so much to these I would address my remarks as to those who, from distance or some other valid reason, are unable to avail themselves of professional instruction.

In a properly-constructed gymnasium there are, of course, a number of fixed appliances which, while of immense value in themselves, are not only out of place, but impossible to be utilised at home. There are, however, some exercises which require either no appliances at all, or else such as, not being fixtures, are easily obtainable and simple in their use.* First among these comes the chest-expander, which can be procured at any surgeon's mechanist's or indiarubber warehouse. It consists of a strip of indiarubber secured at each end to a handle; the indiarubber varies in strength, and care should be taken in choosing an expander to select one proportioned to the age and strength of the girl. In the best makes the indiarubber is concealed by a long band of goffered silk, and the handles consist of shaped flat pieces of ebony or walnut having holes pierced for the fingers. I will now proceed to describe a few of the more simple forms of its use.

The first easy exercise is as follows:—

The girl must stand with her heels together, toes turned slightly outwards, knees straight, waist drawn, chest out, head up, shoulders down, and arms straight downward in front of the body, holding the expander loose, *i.e.*, without using its elasticity, the knuckles being turned slightly inwards (fig. 1.); then slowly raise the arms until the expander, still unstretched, is on a line with the chest, in the meantime counting four (figs. 2 and 3).

2. Slowly raise the arms, counting four again, until they are over the head (fig. 4), the expander still unstretched, the arms perfectly straight, and the knuckles turned towards each other.

3. Pass the arms sideways, holding them quite stiff and straight, and bring the expander, now fully extended, behind the body until it is on a line with the shoulders (figs. 5 and 11), taking care to clear the head and back, counting as before.

4. Drop the arms straight down behind as far as possible, allowing the expander to contract and hang loosely, the knuckles slightly turned towards each other, and counting four, as in the previous passes (fig. 6).

Then reverse the movements, counting as before. Care must be taken that a perfectly upright position is maintained throughout the whole exercise, the chin and waist being kept well drawn in and the heels together.

This exercise should be continued for about five minutes, which will represent twenty complete repetitions of the exercise, from front to back and back to front being reckoned as one.

For a beginner this will be found sufficient during the first month's practice, as nothing is more injurious than to carry on any exercise until fatigue is experienced. After that period, when the muscles have become more strengthened and the joints more supple, the time may be increased, but in no case sufficiently to induce fatigue or a laborious habit of breathing.

When the pupil has thoroughly mastered this exercise so as to perform it easily and without effort, she may then advance to

Exercise No. 2. This is similar to No. 1, but two only are counted between each pass.

Exercise No. 3. The movements in this are also similar, but the pupil counts only one between each pass or eight to the whole exercise.

In all three care must be taken that the action is steady, uniform, and continuous, and not done in jerks or spasmodically.

Exercise No. 4. The pupil commences as in No. 1, raising the expander while counting four until it is on a line with the chest, then over the head; then pass the expander behind, lowering the right hand, and raising the left until the expander is in a diagonal line across the body (figs. 7, 8, 10); now, keeping the right arm extended downward, bring the left one down sharply to the side, the thumb touching the shoulder, and the elbow close into the body (fig. 9). Repeat this action of the left arm twelve times, or less if this number is found too fatiguing, and return the expander in front, as in No. 1.

Exercise No. 5 is the same as No. 4, but in this the left arm is extended downward and the right arm worked.

As from habit the right arm is almost invariably the stronger, exercise No. 4 should be practised much oftener than No. 5, to induce as far as possible an equilibrium between the two members.

Exercise No. 6 is somewhat similar to the two preceding, but instead of bringing the expander diagonally across the body, it is stretched across the shoulders, as in No. 1, and both arms are worked into the side and out again, making the fingers touch the shoulders, and taking care to keep the expander as far as possible clear of the back (figs. 11, 12).

* For young children, skipping practised backwards forms a capital exercise combined with pleasure, developing the chest, and giving full play to all the limbs.

There are other and more complicated exercises with the expander, but those I have endeavoured to describe are the most essential, and my space warns me that I must draw these remarks to a close.

In conclusion, I would add that the exercises I have described, and which I can so confidently recommend, should be practised for ten minutes every morning, while still in the dressing-gown and slippers, before leaving the bedroom.

NEW MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS.

Prize Day. A cantata for ladies' voices. Written by Jessie Moir. Music by Charles Marshall.—The first part is an introduction and chorus announcing the "Prize Day," when the Kaiser's prize is to be competed for by two equally successful students, who are crowned with flowers, according to an old Greek tradition. Solos for soprano and contralto, with duets for the same voices and choruses for the whole of the students, follow. There is also a pretty trio for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. The accompaniments are very good, and the cantata as a whole most enjoyable. It is printed well and clearly, although in a small-sized book.

Two Duettinos, for equal voices. Words by Theo. Marzials. Music by Ch. Gounod.—"Arithmetic" is the title of one, and "Our Letters" is another. Both are easy and of small compass.

METZLER AND CO.

Household Words. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—The song is written in three keys: No. 1 in D, for contralto or bass; No. 2 in F, mezzo-soprano or baritone; No. 3, soprano or tenor. Although this is by no means one of Cotsford Dick's best songs, it is smooth and pleasing.

Unbidden. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—This song is also written for contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano voices. A simple song without pretension or difficulty for singer or accompanist.

Sunshine. Words by Alice Lowthian. Music by Caroline Lowthian.—A pleasant little song, both as regards words and music. The accompaniment is light and graceful.

Sing to Me. Ballad. Words by Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. Music by Lady Arthur Hill.—The words breathe a tone of sadness and disappointment, and the music is in Lady Hill's usual style. The song is written in three keys—E flat, F, and A flat.

Lingering Fancies. Words by Robert Anthony. Music by F. Rivenhall.—The usual love song, not very original, but one easily sung and of moderate compass.

Love must Make or Mar. Written and composed by William A. Aiken.—The style is bold and sustained, with an accompaniment to suit the words.

My Heart's Beloved. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Hugh Clendon.—A pretty song for a high soprano, with an accompaniment that requires smooth and skilful playing.

Rigaudon. Par Joachim Raff. Pour piano et violin.—A good study, and one that will be appreciated by the admirers of this popular artist.

Little Treasures. A selection of popular melodies arranged as pianoforte solos. By Michael Watson.—No. 13, "Au Printemps," is an easy arrangement of Waldteufel's charming waltz, especially adapted for small fingers. We recommend it to our young girls.

Ave Maria. By Schubert. Arranged for the American organ by Louis Engel.—This talented artist has been particularly happy in the arrangement of the favourite and well-known melody before us. It is one of six from the old masters, all equally adapted to the lover of this instrument.

Three Melodious Sketches for the pianoforte. By Eugene Woycke. Morning, Noon, and Night are separately treated with musical expression. No. 1, "Morning" (*moderato cantabile* in G), is smooth and soft, as an awakening to the day's work and duties. No. 2, "Noon" (*allegretto giojoso* in A), is more stirring and brilliant, requiring good playing, but not difficult. No. 3, "Night" (*andante con moto* in D), is quiet and more restful, gradually passing from the time of activity to the time of repose. Each sketch is sold separately.

Die Fussgarde. Quick March. Composed by Alois Volkmer.—A brisk, clanking march, suitable for young pianoforte players, written in the key of C, without any unmanageable stretches or difficulties.

Pas de Pierrots. Pour le piano. By Hugh Clendon.—A very easy and pleasing little lesson for the student of the pianoforte, short and quickly learnt.

SWAN AND CO.

To a Flower. Poetry by Barry Cornwall. Music by V. H. Zavertall.—This is some of Barry Cornwall's pretty poetry set to suitable music. The accompaniment is very nice, requiring delicate playing and taste.

A Broad and Limpid Stream. From the Spanish, by J. G. Lockhart. Music by V. H. Zavertall.—A quiet song, with guitar-like accompaniment; without difficulty for either player or singer. The air is pretty.

Sunshine. Trio for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. Poetry by Mary Howitt. Music by V. H. Zavertall.—A well-arranged trio, needing good and careful singing.

Souvenir d'Helensbourg. Mazurka. By V. H. Zavertal.—A brilliant mazurka, well marked, the character of the dance kept prominently throughout.

Fantasia Scozzése. By V. H. Zavertal.—A collection of well-known Scotch airs, easily arranged and quickly acquired.

WEEKES AND CO.

Fantasia Brillante. By C. T. West.—A showy drawing-room piece in five flats, not difficult for a moderately advanced pianoforte player.

WORK FOR ALL.

CLERKS, BOOK-KEEPERS, ETC.

CLERICAL work, being in its nature quiet and sedentary, is very suitable to young women; indeed, they do it with so much satisfaction to themselves and to their employers that a tradesman who has once had the services of a thoroughly efficient female book-keeper, not only desires to retain her, or, if she marries or for other family reasons has to leave, to replace her by another girl, but recommends his friend to employ a female book-keeper, assuring him that she will be found as efficient and more generally satisfactory than the young man he can get for the same salary.

For a book-keeper, accountant, or commercial clerk the most important qualifications are trustworthiness, punctuality, and steady discharge of duty, with a quiet and self-possessed deportment. Her handwriting must be firm and legible, her figures well made and unmistakable. The value and importance of a good hand can scarcely be overrated; clerks almost invariably have to make application for a situation by letter, and the girl who writes the best letter is pretty sure to be selected—a carelessly written or ill-expressed letter being almost certainly fatal.

A clerk must be able to say what she has to say concisely and clearly: she should therefore be well practised in English composition, and accustomed to think clearly and accurately. It is a decided advantage to a clerk or book-keeper to be versed in the art of stenography, for employers not unfrequently prefer to dictate their letters, which the clerk takes down in shorthand, and copies out at leisure.

A knowledge of French and German is also a great advantage, as in many trades there is a large foreign correspondence. It will be seen from these observations that the subjects commonly taught in schools are precisely those which are most essential to the clerk or book-keeper—good arithmetic, grammatical study of language, and careful and accurate expression. In some of the middle class schools the technicalities of book-keeping are taught, and in all particular attention is given to arithmetic and English composition. It follows, then, that a girl who has successfully passed the Oxford or Cambridge local examination, or the third class College of Preceptors, is in a position to get up the technicalities of her calling without difficulty. There are excellent book-keeping classes in London at the Colleges for Working Women, 29, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, and 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square; at the Birkbeck Institute, and in various other places; while the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, has for more than twenty years given a thorough and systematic training in book-keeping in all its branches, to girls who desire to seek employment as clerks or book-keepers, and when they have passed a satisfactory examination, the society does its best to find them suitable situations.

Trained women are, as a rule, quick workers, and the salaries of those who are skilled in office work average from twenty shillings to thirty shillings a week. The hours indeed are long, but as the occupation is sedentary, they are able to bear them without excessive fatigue.

The period necessary for the special study of book-keeping is from four to six months; and it is very desirable that the student should join a class, private study from a book seldom being so effectual. The learner should make her books, the items being dictated by the teacher, as they would occur in a house of business, and arranged by the student under their respective heads—an exercise of great value, as it familiarises her with the principles and minutiæ of trade, and she can hardly attain skill in this exercise if she be teaching herself from a book. A certificate from a well-known authority is of immense advantage to a book-keeper when she is first seeking employment. Our witty neighbours' *mot*: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, is never truer of anything than of the book-keeper's start in life; a good introduction generally securing her steady and fairly remunerated employment for the rest of her business life.

Shorthand is taught at the School of Stenography, Lonsdale-chambers, Chancery-lane. Pitman's manuals, which can be procured of any bookseller, are very clearly drawn up, and it is not at all impossible for a student to acquire the art by herself; but her progress will be much more rapid if she can join a class, as the teacher will naturally explain difficulties as they occur, and will dictate distinctly at a steady rate a certain number of words a minute.

There is at present but little opportunity in England of acquiring a knowledge of the commercial technicalities of French and German; there is indeed a good class at the Birkbeck Institute, and as the attention of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute has been called to this matter, there is reason to hope that before long classes will be opened at Gresham College for the study of these languages for the purposes of commerce.

Girls become book-keepers at 18 or 19 years of age, and a young book-keeper earns about 15s. a week, without board and lodging. When she has gained experience her salary will rise to £1; while if she can undertake correspondence she will earn from 30s. to 40s. a week all the year round.

It is more than ten years since Government opened certain branches of its postal clerical work to women, and Government work has the advantage of being permanent, clerkships being retained till the girl marries or is superannuated. Government clerkships in the departments open to women are obtained as in the other departments—by competitive examination, and are open to girls between 18 and 20 years of age. As the salaries are good and the hours short, the competition is very keen. To have any chance of success the candidate must be well acquainted with English history, geography, and arithmetic, and must understand the principles of English composition; she must, as a *sine quâ non*, write a good hand, and be able to express herself well in writing. If she is weak in either of these matters she will be unable to pass the preliminary examination, and no knowledge of higher subjects will avail her.

All Government clerks undergo a year's probation, and if found unequal to the work by the end of that time they will be dismissed. Cases of such dismissal do occur, though happily seldom; and it becomes a candidate who is accepted to be very careful. Girls sometimes think that if they once get into an office they are provided for; and so they are if their performance of work be equal to their promise; but it is only just to the public, whose servants they are, that the character and efficiency of their work should be maintained.

Government examinations are held twice a year, and the dates are advertised in the daily papers, no other notice of them being given. Girls are admitted to the competitive examination for the situation of female telegraph learner in the General Post Office, London, between the ages of 14 and 18; the subjects of examination are—writing from dictation, handwriting, and easy sums in the first four rules of arithmetic. Candidates who are successful must attend the Post Office Telegraph School to undergo a course of instruction in telegraphy; for this course there is no charge, but while they are in the school they receive no pay.

The course of instruction extends over three months; but should it appear that the candidate has no aptitude for the duties of a telegraph clerk after a month's trial, or even later on, her nomination will be cancelled. The scale of pay is 10s. a week, when they are certified from the school, rising to 12s. when they are certified to be fully capable of transmitting public messages, and rising to 14s. if they are certified to be capable of taking charge of a telegraphic instrument, increasing at the rate of 1s. a week up to 17s, and thence at the rate of 1s. 6d. up to 27s., promotion depending on merit.

Girls between the ages of 15 and 18 are eligible as sorters; they are chosen by open competitive examination, provided they are duly qualified in respect of health and character. (Candidates must not be less than four feet ten inches high without their boots).

They are examined in (1) reading and copying manuscript, (2) handwriting, (3) spelling, (4) arithmetic—the first four rules, simple and compound—and the geography of the United Kingdom. The wages of sorters begin at 12s. a week, and increase by a shilling a week up to 20s.; promotion depends on merit.

Girls between 18 and 20 years of age are eligible for the situations of female clerks in the Receiver and Accountant-General's office, and in the Savings Bank department of the General Post Office in London. The subjects of examination are—arithmetic, English composition, with special reference to grammatical accuracy, geography, and English history. Before candidates can enter for this there is a preliminary examination in handwriting, spelling, arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions. The salaries of savings banks clerks commence at £65 per annum, and increase by £3 per annum up to £80.

Post Office clerks must be unmarried or widows: they are required to resign their appointments on marriage.

Besides the above there are various kinds of clerical work which girls can do perfectly well, such as addressing circulars, copying MSS. and music. A good deal may be made by this kind of work, but the supply is necessarily uncertain, and it is chiefly valuable to fill up time between the intervals of regular engagements. A great deal of such work is done at the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, which has earned a first-class character for such work.

Girls are occasionally employed as secretaries, and for a bright, intelligent girl no more desirable occupation can be suggested than to be the secretary to a high-class scientist or author. The lady who was secretary to Sir Charles Lyell has won for herself a place in the scientific world which is justly admirable. Many societies also have female secretaries, those specially which are concerned in the interests of women and of households, as the Ladies' Sanitary and the Health, but the salaries of secretaries are not equal to those given to men who do the same work; and to be an able secretary a woman must have special capabilities, unwearied devotion to her work, and unflagging perseverance.

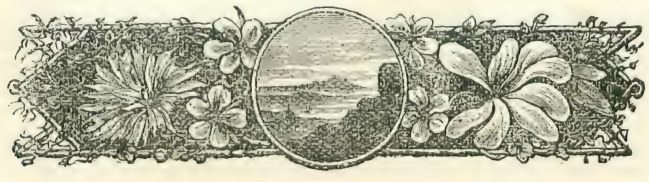
Printing, which is in many of its details an employment thoroughly suitable to women, seems to find its proper place in connection with clerical work, though it is purely a mechanical calling. Many firms now employ girls as compositors; the apprenticeship is for three or four years, the premium £5, which, however, is not always required. A printer can earn from £1 to 25s. a week; if she becomes a proof-reader more, according to her knowledge and skill. This trade has been worked with much public sympathy by Miss Emily Faithfull; and the Society for the Employment of Women, which has been indefatigable in its efforts to promote the objects for which it was founded, and to raise the moral and physical status of women wherever it seems feasible, accepts printing as an occupation in all respects suitable to women.

There is a printing office entirely managed by women at 21B, College-street, Westminster, where apprentices are taken. The apprenticeships are for three years, and the premium £5, but after the first three months apprentices receive wages at the rate of 2s. 6d. per week, which rises to 10s. at the end of the three years; after that time the average earnings are from £1 to £1 5s. a week. The hours of work are from 9 till 6.30, with an hour's interval for dinner.

An account of the clerical occupations suitable to girls would hardly be complete without a brief notice of the remarkable success which has attended a private venture. It is now several years since Messrs. Kelly and Co., of 51 Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn, began to employ girls to assist in compiling their Post-Office directories; and owing to the admirable management of Mr. Kelly himself, and of the lady to whom the superintendence of the girls has been entrusted, the experiment has been from the beginning an undoubted success. Girls are admitted from the age of fourteen, their one qualification being that they can read, and that they write a firm and legible hand. The wages begin at 8s. a week, increasing 2s. a week every year. The hours are from half-past nine until half-past five, except on Saturdays, when they leave off working at three o'clock. An hour is allowed for dinner, which is eaten on the premises, a cooking apparatus being provided for those who like to use it.

The cutting and sorting of coupons affords occupation to a considerable number of ladies, who can earn from 15s. to £1 or 25s. Messrs. Rothschild, St. Swithin's-lane, and Messrs. Baring, Bishopsgate-street Within, give employment to a considerable number of ladies in this occupation.

Law-copying is an art that can be perfectly practised by women, and women take position in the Census of 1881 as "law clerks;" law copyists serve an apprenticeship of six months, sometimes paying a small premium of two or three guineas, sometimes only being required to give their time. After six months they begin to earn a few shillings a week, which may increase, according to their efficiency, to 25s. The hours are from nine to seven, except on Saturdays, when they leave earlier. But law-copying is hardly a calling to be much recommended, as there is not now a large demand for women copyists, owing chiefly to the fact that many law documents which formerly had to be copied may now be printed.



THE BROKEN CHORD.

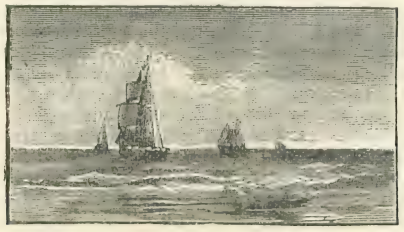
By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

VERY weary, weary was he,
  Weary of glare, and weary of din;
All night long, to a thoughtless throng,
  Playing his violin.
But now at last, he has fallen asleep,
  Sound as a babe on its mother's lap:
For he never heard, tho' it hung by his bed,
  A string of his fiddle snap.

Ah, never mind! it is only a string,
  They often break giving no warning;
Let the child sleep, for he can mend
  The broken chord in the morning.

Very weary, weary was he,
  Sore of soul, and heavy of heart;
All life long to a heedless throng,
  Playing his loveless part.
But now at last, he has fallen asleep,
  Sound as a babe in slumber lapped;
And no one heard, when the silver chord
  Of his weary life was snapp'd.

Ah, never mind! it is only death,
  It often comes, giving no warning;
Let the child sleep, for God will mend
  The broken chord in the morning.



HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER X.

"I AM ashamed of my long story," said Geoffrey, as he and Mr. Oakley resumed their walk, after calling at a wayside farm for a draught of milk. "But you urged me to give you all these details, that you might the better understand more recent events. They may well have partially passed from your memory, though they are deeply engraven on mine. Such trivial things they seem, yet each made a link in the strong chain of evidence against me, which I was powerless to break down.

"I dare say my manner was less genial than usual at dinner that evening, and that I seemed pre-occupied. Besides the little annoyance about the lost letter, I could not help thinking of the scene I had witnessed a few hours before.

"Even Lydia noticed my abstraction and was concerned about it, fearing that I was not well, or else that some new trouble had arisen about Arthur.

"I could not speak to her then and there of what had so deeply interested me, but I intended to do so afterwards. I only smiled at her anxiety, and assured her that there was no ground for it, as I was perfectly well.

"Next day came the notice from the bank. Then followed inquiry. More than one of the clerks asserted that it was I who had presented the cheque and received the money, though I indignantly denied that I had been near the place on that day, or, indeed, for a month before it.

"My father employed detectives, with no idea of bringing home the crime to me, but simply to discover the culprit. But though my friends did not at first suspect me, the detectives did, owing to the statement of the clerks.

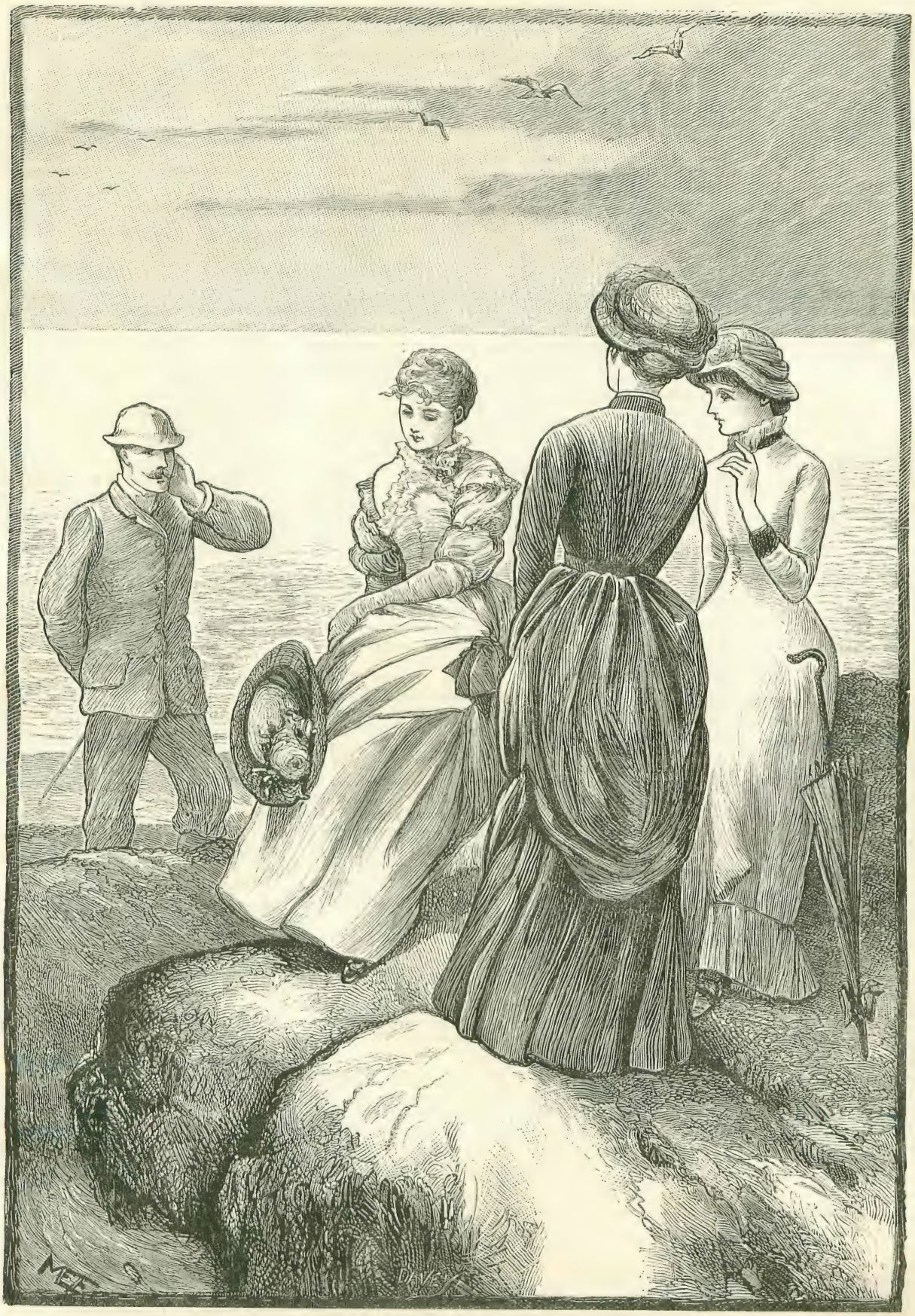
"Then, step by step, came out the story of my leaving and returning to the hotel in shabby clothing, of my starting for Treneweth in the same garments, and arriving in full evening costume.

"The bundle was picked up and the address on poor Lydia's letter furnished a clue to the owner. It was brought to Treneweth and increased the circumstantial evidence against me.

"I told my story, but there was only my own word against all this array of facts. Those who were conducting the inquiry looked incredulous, my father's countenance changed towards me, my mother with tears and embraces besought me to clear up the mystery which surrounded my doings. And yet I had done nothing but what was perfectly straightforward, and said no word but what was strictly true, though both action and words were regarded as condemnatory.

"By a mere chance, my father found that I was in possession of a considerable sum of ready money, and that I had refused a loan to Arthur only three days before.

"The money was that which I had dedicated to God's service, and for the help of some of His poor. I did not



"THE YOUNG PEOPLE FORMED A PICTURESQUE GROUP."

regard it as mine, so I had not banked it with the rest, though I always meant to invest it until the eve of my marriage.

"You know that no one outside Treneweth, except Lydia, Maurice, Mrs. Oakley, and yourself knew many of these particulars. The detectives were not made acquainted with anything which told against me, except what they found out, and to them my father preserved a lofty manner. Even if true he wished to hide the dishonour, and professed to ridicule the idea of associating the name of his son with the forged cheque.

"So the inquiry came to an end, so far as they were concerned. They were handsomely paid and dismissed, the bankers fell in with my father's wish to let the matter drop, and I—well—I felt myself to be a domestic pariah in my home from that time.

"People can inflict terrible suffering on others, and my father, by his proud silence, tortured me more than he could have done by his bitterest words. He suffered, too, for the lines on his face deepened rapidly, and he seemed to age daily, while my mother grew thinner and paler every day.

"Arthur's conduct grieved me most of all, for he calmly assumed that I was acting a part, and advised me 'to make a clean breast of it.'

"'Truth always pays best in the long run,' he said, 'as I know by experience, though I am afraid I have not always kept the promise,' never to do so any more. 'See this,' and he pulled out a cheque which I believe my father had given him in very terror of further dishonour, that he might pay his debts; 'I have had my affair out with the *pater*, and see the result. Better follow my example, Geof.'

"Believing Arthur guilty of that for which I was blamed, his words nearly drove me frantic. True, he was not in London at the time, and he had been at Treneweth for several days, but I thought he had an accomplice, and that his stay in the country had been arranged as a blind, so as to throw the blame on someone else.

"Poor fellow! I wronged him, as he did me; but surely his recklessness about money afforded grounds for suspicion, whilst my life had been so different. But then he had never been in my confidence in regard to the disposal of my allowance, and he judged me by himself.

"My life at Treneweth soon became unbearable. Everyone could see that something was wrong, and that my father and I were not on good terms, though they did not know why.

"In desperation I proposed to leave the country, and the suggestion brought the first gleam of brightness on my father's face. His pride in the old name he bore was stronger than his love for his sons, and the sight of me was unbearable to him.

"You know all about my departure, for your hand gave the last friendly slap to mine before I left England, and I have told you how I lingered near the port at which I landed, always expecting the summons that never came, hoping against hope, that my innocence would be made clear.

"How did I realise the truth of those words 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' when I at length turned my back upon Melbourne, and soon obtained remunerative employment! I worked hard, won confidence and respect, and strove to do what good was within my power, whilst endeavouring as far as possible to keep myself from dwelling on the past. I tried to think of all the precious promises in God's word that were given to cheer and strengthen such as myself. 'The just shall come out of trouble,' 'The lip of truth shall be established for ever,' were words plain enough, and yet though innocent I suffered and waited in sorrow of heart. But there was comfort for my saddest hours when I thought of Him, my Lord and Saviour, who though 'He knew no sin,' yet 'bore the sin of many, and died, the just for the unjust.'

"I never really lost hope, but prayed for strength to bear and to trust on. I was prospering in worldly things, and becoming more resigned to the quiet, almost solitary home life which I led, in spite of many kindly friends who would have drawn me out of it, when at last letters came to me from Arthur saying, 'Come back to England; the real culprit has been discovered.'

"From my father. And oh, what a tremulous hand must have traced the lines, 'Come home, Geoffrey, my dear, injured son, if you can forgive your father!'

"When I reached Treneweth he alone was left to welcome me, and to tell how the mystery of the forgery had at length been revealed to my brother. Some months before the false cheque was cashed, Arthur had paid a debt to one of his unworthy associates with a real one signed by my father. The man kept this until by dint of practice he succeeded in producing an exact imitation of the signature, and, being about my height and complexion, he also counterfeited my appearance to a nicety in order to insure success, when he went to the bank to cash the forged one."

Mr. Oakley here interrupted the speaker for a moment. "There is still a difficulty to be met, Geoffrey. How could this man obtain possession of the blank cheque, which I distinctly remember had been abstracted from Mr. Penwarden's book, without the connivance of some other person?"

"It seems the man was hanging about Treneweth in order to see my brother, and get that first money from him, though he was afraid to inquire for him at the house. You know that the library where my father always sat to write had windows on two sides, and that these were so low that anyone could easily enter from without, by stepping over the sill.

"This could scarcely have been done unnoticed at the front, but the shrubbery at the side offered facilities for concealing an intruder who might be playing the spy, or attempting to enter the room unobserved. We never thought of this. We were so surrounded by our own people and by friends, that long security made us careless.

"Langton, the culprit, when dying, sent for my brother and told him how he had been watching for him, and whilst hiding in the shrubbery had seen my father's movements, and during his brief absence from the room had succeeded in abstracting a cheque from the book left on the writing-table. It was, he said, only a bit of by-play, quite unpremeditated, but rendered possible by circumstances, meaning my father's absence, and his receiving the money in the form of a cheque from my brother.

"Arthur secured the presence of a magistrate, and Langton, as the only reparation in the power of a dying man, repeated his statement on oath. So it turned out that we two brothers had mutually misjudged each other, and I grieved the more for my share of the wrong, because I could not now ask Arthur's forgiveness, whilst he had been the means of proving my innocence.

"Poor fellow! He lived long enough to waste his patrimony by reckless extravagance. From the time I had left home my father lived in a state of morbid dread lest want of money should tempt his elder son to bring public dishonour on the old name, and, in consequence of this, he seemed unable to refuse him anything. Thus I returned to find myself only the nominal heir of Treneweth.

"Still, the memory of the last few weeks with my father is indescribably comforting. He knew not how to say enough to express his sorrow for my unmerited punishment, and you may imagine that, much as it cost me, I strove to forget all, except that during three-fourths of my life he had been to me one of the tenderest and most indulgent of fathers. But for one miserable mistake he would never have been otherwise. What added to his grief was the knowledge that, by his weak concessions, he had allowed Arthur to bring poverty upon us all.

"On looking into matters I found that there were still many unsatisfied claims and debts unpaid. For my father's sake, and sharing his feeling with regard to the race from which we sprang, I sacrificed all I had brought home with me, and all that came to me from my mother. Everyone was paid to the last farthing, and, after this was done, my father cheered up wonderfully. We Penwardens might be poor, but there was no dishonour attached to the name.

"His last words were a blessing on my head, and a prayer that God would grant me such happiness and prosperity in the future as would make amends for the sorrow of the years that were past. I did not let him know how little I had left after all demands were satisfied.

"My story is now virtually finished. You know now why I did not hasten to seek Lydia, though I had ascertained that she was still unmarried.

"How could I go to her with Treneweth encumbered as it is, and nothing but present poverty and the prospect of years of work before I could offer her a fitting home? I was not selfish enough for that, so I came to Fisher Ghyll, only to take a few weeks' rest before turning

my back upon England again for an indefinite time. You will guess why I chose this quiet spot.

"Do you not remember that the summer before I went away you were all at Fell Foot—Lydia too—and what happy days we had together, for I was your neighbour then, as now? The whole world was full of brightness, and I did not care to ask myself if it were possible that a cloud could overshadow our lives in the future.

"I had no thought of meeting you and yours in this place, but I am deeply thankful that we have met."

Thus ended Geoffrey Penwarden's story, and it may well be imagined with what true sympathy Mr. Oakley had listened, and in what kind words it was expressed.

"Though you seem to give up hope of remaining in England, Geoffrey, I cannot help thinking that some way may be devised for keeping you amongst us. But we will talk of that later on. At present we will try to be happy together, and if Maurice makes good progress, I trust Lydia will be able to join us here in a week or two. It would be too hard for you to part again, after all these years of faith, patience, and unchanged affection. You are still young, and may yet have a long and happy married life together."

As Mr. Oakley finished speaking, the sound of other voices reached his ears and those of his companion. They were drawing near the low end of the lake, where it was arranged they should meet the boating party for lunch, if they should find it convenient to do so, and a little more walking brought them within sight of it.

The young people formed a picturesque group. The three girls and Allan were scattered on some outlying rocks, and while waiting for the completion of the party, the Oakley girls were amusing Hilda after a novel fashion.

The spot was famous for a triple echo, and the girls shouted, sang, and laughed, each sound being flung back again and again with weird variations, which excited the wonder of the listeners.

Mrs. Oakley, under the shelter of a large sunshade, sat in one of the boats, alternately reading and looking at the two people, on two of whom especially she felt it necessary to cast a motherly eye.

These were Jack and Janet, who, with garments tucked and rolled up, were paddling barefooted in the shallow water.

"Janet, Janet!" cried Mrs. Oakley, as she caught sight of two masculine figures approaching the place. "Mr. Penwarden is coming with your father."

She was somewhat scandalised at the display of bare feet and ankles, as her youngest daughter danced merrily in and out of the water.

"He'll not mind," returned Janet, sublimely and innocently unconscious that she was the person who needed to concern herself about Mr. Penwarden's presence under the circumstances.

Jack hailed his new acquaintance with the cheerful announcement, "You are just in time for lunch, Mr. Penwarden. Mamma would not let us begin till you came, for she said if we did there would be nothing but scraps for you and papa."

"Mamma manifested the wisdom gained by long experience of your appetite, Jack, when she kept a sharp eye on the provisions," said Mr. Oakley. "We are quite ready to join you in discussing them. Mind you young people wait on us properly, for we are tired with our long walk."

No looker-on would have guessed from the speaker's face or manner that he had spent his morning in listening to such a tale as the one told by his companion. He was determined to wean Geoffrey from dwelling on such sad memories by making the present as bright as possible, and the young people unconsciously aided his efforts by their own enjoyment of the simple meal amid such surroundings.

Hilda was the only member of the party whom, owing to her late rising and solitary breakfast, Mr. Penwarden had not seen earlier in the day. Naturally he went straight towards her to say good morning, and as she rose with extended hand to receive and return his greeting, he added, "I am glad to find that you were not invisible on account of indisposition when I made such an unreasonably early call at Fell Foot."

"I was only unreasonably late," said Hilda. "But do not judge me too hardly for my first offence against country habits and hours. I had not been taking a double dose of sleep, but less than my average allowance, at the wrong time. No, thank you," as Geoffrey offered to help her down; "we are going to lunch on these rocks."

"I should have chosen that soft, green grass that looks so invitingly cool under those trees at the edge of the wood, as a better place than these bare rocks at midday."

"So did I at first, but I made a mistake. My cousins know every inch of wood, shore, and rock; they have tried each inviting spot in turn, only to give a lasting preference to this. They discussed the pros and cons for my benefit, when I displayed my ignorance as——"

"'As you did,' were you going to say?"

"If the thought crossed my mind, politeness interfered in time to prevent its utterance," replied Hilda. "For myself, though I know nothing of the ins and outs as yet, I can comprehend that even a sunny rock without flies is better than a grassy shade with every variety of winged and, in some cases stinged, insect in addition."

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Penwarden," said Allan, "the provisions are spread on a flat rock below the one upon which we are standing. This larger and higher rock spreads a grateful shade, and gives us something to lean against whilst we enjoy our meal."

"So we are at rest under the 'shadow of a great rock,' eh, Geoffrey? You will allow that it is a charming place for the purpose."

As Mr. Oakley spoke to his friend, he was leading his wife to her usual seat—a raised portion of the rock, made specially comfortable by a cushion of soft shawls spread upon it, for the mother.

There was an amusing interlude caused by the appearance of Jack and Janet, still in a barefooted condition. The irrepressibles could not at first be made to comprehend that shoes and stockings were essential parts of outdoor dinner dress, but withdrew to assume the same in compliance with the maternal injunction. It goes without saying that these young people occupied the shortest possible time in completing their toilet, and presenting themselves in close proximity to the provisions.

Was it by accident that Hilda so seated herself as to occupy space enough for the comfortable accommodation of two full-grown individuals, and that when Mr. Penwarden was looking round for a place, a little, scarcely perceptible movement left one vacant at her right hand? At any rate, it was by the side of his former child friend that Geoffrey Penwarden was seated during the *al-fresco* meal.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Happy Family.—A sweet temper has a soothing effect over the minds of a whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, smiles, kind words, and kind looks are sure to characterise the children, and peace and love shed their influence over the home. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

Religion and a Healthy Mind.—"I believe," says a well-known physician—"and it is in some measure the result of considerable observation of various psychological states—that in this age of fast living nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties than an earnest practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity."

In the Wrong.—Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of—that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error—more humility to acknowledge it and more grace to correct it.—*Seed.*

Frugality as it should be.—Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—*W. Penn.*

Let it be To-day.—"Turn to God one day before your death," said Rabbi Eliezer. His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Then you should turn to God to-day; perhaps you may die to-morrow. Thus every day will be employed in turning."

Speaking with Calmness.—Speak with calmness on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Getting the better of Anger.—She who can support a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SNOW.

A STORY OF A SWISS HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS struck the other day by the truth of an observation I happened to read, that, frequently after a very short experience of holiday social life in a hotel or boarding-house, one's whole existence seems split into two utterly separate and unconnected parts. One of these is the past of home duties, and home surroundings, remote and visionary; the other is the present of new acquaintances, new enjoyments, which for the time seems alone to be real and permanent. This was certainly true in my case, for after a few days at Pension Edelweiss my past life seemed to recede far away; my intercourse with the guests of Frau von A—— in our wooden aërial dwelling, and my wanderings in the never-ceasing sound of torrents and sight of snow constituted a matter-of-course existence that must go on, while the work-a-day London experience was an irrelevant exploded relic of the past. It was fairly impossible to realise that the different elements of the little community up in these Alpine solitudes had each separate interests, homes, and friends; our joint life appeared so natural a thing.

Sunday came, and we took the glorious walk along the brink of the cliffs to Mürren, surely the finest journey to church that one can imagine! The wooden edifice is set on a hill, and round its walls within run the appropriate sentences—"O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever. O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever. O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever. O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

And the icy peaks beyond the vale look through the windows on the worshippers, whose hearts surely need but little incitement to thankfulness to the Source of all beauty. We sang a favourite hymn of mine, that ends with the verse—

"Thou Who hast given me
eyes to see,
And love this scene so fair;
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere;"

and as I came out from the door, the glaciers and snows across the valley seemed to echo a majestic response. In the evening we gathered round the piano in the *salle à manger*, and sang hymns as the stars came out one by one above the mountains, and the deep glen sent up its voice to blend harmoniously and solemnly with our own.

Monday was wet; but Laura was glad of the opportunity for completing the cure of her foot, and we sat together in the *salon*, watching the mists fleet along the Sefinen-Thal and the torrents grow in volume. A strange life it was above the clouds on such a day, and I thoroughly enjoyed it as a change. Miss Treherne was completely satisfied with her surroundings; the unremitting attention of Frau von A—— could not fail to propitiate her; and an elderly lady, Mrs. Arnold, a friend of Miss Vaughan, who had just arrived, proved a very congenial companion. Their walking powers were of the same extent, and they found they had some acquaintances in common, so they enjoyed many quiet hours

THE SEFINEN-THAL.

of reading and talking in the balcony. The young Englishmen had not departed on their way, as they intended, but remained enthralled by Beatrice; they presented to my mind a confused vision of good-nature and knickerbockers.

"Look at the fresh patches of snow everywhere," cried Laura, as the clouds furled themselves towards evening. And upon the opposite ridge, and the mountain wall at the head of the Sefinen-Thal, great white tracts were visible; the lower spurs of the Jungfrau range were silvered, and huge cataracts roared where only slender threads of water had dropped from ledge to ledge.

"Let us have some music to-night," was the general proposition after supper. The lamps were lighted, a brisk fire was blazing in the *salle*, and the guests arranged themselves for a comfortable evening. Miss Treherne, Mrs. Arnold, Beatrice, Laura, Mrs. Clifford, the Misses Sonnenschein, Miss James, Miss Vaughan, and myself formed the chief feminine part of the audience, as the Swiss girl, Bertha von Lauener, walked to the piano; Captain Clifford, Herr Ulrich, and the two Englishmen, whose names were Scott and Atherton, hovered round our chairs. Herr Lichtenstein stationed himself in the dark corner of the room, between the piano and the window, in order to turn over the leaves of the music. There were a few other people in the background, playing chess, or reading, and two or three more were gathered in the small *salon*. Fräulein von Lauener sang one of Schubert's songs, followed, at our request, by a second; her contralto voice was powerful and finely trained, and the instrument which accompanied it was of very fair quality indeed. I was astonished to find so good a piano in a mountain *pension*.

"How did they ever get it up here?" inquired Laura, when the music ceased among a profusion of thanks. "Should you suppose a porter carried it on his back through the pinewoods?"

"I should think it was hoisted by ropes some 2,000 feet up the cliff from the Lauterbrunnen Valley," I gravely replied.

"Oh, they couldn't have done that," interposed Mr. Atherton, "they'd have knocked the works about, don't you know."

"It would probably have required tuning by the time it reached the top," I answered, with undisturbed equanimity.

"Why are you so flippant when I am trying to investigate an interesting subject?" inquired Laura.

"Me flippant!" rejoined Mr. Atherton in amazement. "Never was more serious in my life, give you my honour."

"Perhaps they brought up a manufacturer and had it made here," I suggested.

"They don't make pianos of pine-wood," Mr. Atherton observed; but at this juncture I heard Beatrice sweetly remarking to his friend:

"Me! oh, no, I don't play; when Esther is with me, at least. I leave all that to her. She is a *professional*, you know."

This of course brought down a general appeal to me, and, nothing loth, I went to the piano. The window close on my right hand looked out into the glorious night, and I could see the snow-fields dimly lying under the stars.

I began with two or three of my favourite

"Songs without Words"; Herr Lichtenstein was standing in his dark corner and looking down. "He will appreciate, at any rate, whether the others do or not," I thought, "for Germans all understand music."

In response to an enthusiastic encore I played Number 12 of Beethoven's Sonatas, where, after the enchanting theme and variations, the glorious Funeral March stirs the heart with alternate triumph and sadness. Then came the last movement, in which the unwinding rhythm of the music always seems to me best described by Milton's words:

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

I went on in rapture and inspiration, and was greeted by a chorus of thanks and praise. Herr Lichtenstein, who had turned over the pages for me, alone was silent.

Miss James and Miss Vaughan, after very much pressing, now contributed to the entertainment the time-honoured duet: "What are the wild waves saying?" and Laura, frankly declaring she knew she should break down, went laughing to the piano and played "The Funeral March of a Marionette," very correctly, in her own compact brisk little style. Then Captain Clifford and his wife attempted a duet which would have been very nice if his deep martial bass had not almost drowned her sweet slight soprano.

"Miss Fielding, pray play again," was the general request, and I went back willingly to the piano. I turned over the music; the audience, I thought, could evidently appreciate something classic, and so I took from my portfolio Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Herr Lichtenstein stirred from his dark corner, and said in a low voice, inaudible to the others, who were just then talking and laughing:

"Do not play that, I ask of you."

"Don't you like it?" I inquired, in surprise.

"Do I not like it? That is the reason."

Then as I hesitated he went on, "It is too difficult for you. Choose something that you can play really well; then listening becomes a pleasure instead of a pain."

Too difficult for me! listening a pain! Does this impertinent foreigner know who I am? Does he know the fact that music is my one talent, my life work? Does he—but then, Germans are so intolerably conceited where music is concerned; they think the very fact of their common nationality with the great masters entitles them to set up for judges. Presumptuous! insolent! Various ejaculations of this description course through my brain, and I have a great mind to go on and play it right through; but with those blue critical eyes looking through their spectacles at me out of the gloom—can I? With an impulse of real ill-temper, I push aside the sonata, and take from my collection a "Tarantella," which, I am bound to own, I play with an excess of energy and exasperation that suits the music well. When it is finished I decline to play any more, though I am entreated to do so, and retire to the background, catching on my way the words from Mrs. Clifford, "I suppose we must not ask you, Herr Lichtenstein?" They are uttered in a laughing tone, and a smile and a bow is his only reply.

"So he can't play at all himself," I meditate. "Then he has the less right to criticise so arrogantly. It is always the way with those sweeping fault-finders! they take care to censure only those things which they can't do themselves, that others may not retaliate upon them."

It was a common practice at Pension Edelweiss for the inmates to crowd upon the front balcony after supper, and enjoy the night air, while those who could not find room there clustered round the French windows. The rain of the day had not deterred the ladies from following this custom when the music was over, enveloped in various shawls of dainty hue and soft texture; and as I felt cross and mortified still, I retreated to the side of the house, where the less favourite balcony, with its view up the Sefinen-Thal, was unoccupied. Stepping out into the night I was musing upon Herr Lichtenstein's unexpected and, as I thought, unjust criticism on my playing when I found him beside me. He made some general remark on the prospects of fine weather on the morrow, but I answered briefly, and plunged at once into the subject that occupied my mind.

"Will you tell me why you thought I could not play the 'Moonlight Sonata?'" I inquired.

"With pleasure," he replied. "I judged it from what I had already heard of your powers."

"And what of them?" I inquired, defiantly.

"You do not play altogether badly. You have expression and feeling. But the execution—ach! it is there that your fault lies."

"Execution!" I gasped. I had prided myself upon my manual dexterity, won by many and many a weary hour of exercise.

"You haf not self-command," he pursued, calmly. "You let your feelings run away with you. In the last movement of the 'Funeral March' sonata your time was all to pieces, because you grew excited, and had no control ofer your feelings; and you went on at random—hurrying and hurrying—no steadiness, no power."

He waved his two hands, with long fingers extended, abroad in the air, as if to symbolise complete disintegration, and shook his hair back in strong disapproval.

"Now, in such music," he pursued, "the musician must be calm. He may feel as much as he likes; the more the better; but he must master his feeling, not let it master him. He must be true, exact, accurate, conscientious—or, see you, it is a pain to hear the music interpreted."

"Then you like a mechanical style of playing?" I inquired, with some bitterness. I thought of adding, "Perhaps your ideal would be a barrel-organ," but I felt it would be rude, and checked myself.

"Mechanical? No, not mechanical merely. You do not say a great master paints in a mechanical style because he is accurate in perspectif and drawing. Neither is a musician mechanical because his mechanism is perfect.

AN AVALANCHE.

See you, that is the first thing, the foundation of all. The form is needful; the spirit is another thing — higher, I grant you. But without the perfect form, how can the spirit worthily manifest itself? What is the good of expression if the notes are in a sc-r-r-amble?" [It is vain to attempt to convey the terrible expression that Herr Lichtenstein threw into the first three letters of this word.] "First haf that which you make the vehicle of expression perfect; then express all you will. But see you, unless one can draw well, one does not attempt pictures with ideas in them; unless one can play well, one does not attempt great music."

I am ashamed to say that I felt very angry as well as mortified. My solitary life, my success as a teacher, shut me out from criticism, and I could not imagine what right this German had to assume the functions of a judge. I consoled myself by thinking he probably knew nothing about it, and then said coldly:

"I must ask you not to repeat your remarks before other people, at any rate. I happen to be a teacher of music, and though doubtless I have mistaken my vocation, still, as I must gain my living in that way, it would injure me to be described as incompetent."

I fancied in the darkness he was looking at me with surprise.

"*It is not likely that I will criticise* you before others," he simply replied, "nor did I say you were not fit to teach. I answered candidly your question, for your ears alone. I am sorry it has offended you. The night air grows chill; you had better come in." He held the window open for me, bowed, and vanished.

When I re-entered the *salle*, Beatrice was looking at me in surprise, and Laura had a twinkle of merriment in her eye. At night she asked me—

"What were you and Herr Lichtenstein talking about on the balcony?"

"Nothing of interest," I replied, tartly; then I repented, and went on. "He had the rudeness to criticise my playing very unfavourably, but it doesn't signify, as he evidently knows nothing about it."

"Knows *nothing about it!*" cried Laura, stopping in brushing her hair and staring at me in surprise. "Why, my dear girl, he is a tremendous authority! Mrs. Clifford has been telling me all about him. He's one of the professors at the Leipsic Conservatoire, and plays *splendidly*."

"Why didn't he play to-night then?" I gasped.

"His left wrist is bound round, didn't you see? He strained it quite slightly in swinging himself down some rocks the other day, so it's understood he doesn't use it at present. Oh, I think he's charming, Esther! I've had several talks with him to-day, and he's wonderfully clever."

"I wish I had known that," I soliloquised, "then I shouldn't have taken offence."

"It's what I always tell you," rejoined Laura, with a wise air. "You're too proud, Esther, and 'take offence where none is meant,' as my old nurse used to say. Do you remember I used to call you 'Pepper' at school? and I shall now if you don't alter. Of course I know you play beautifully, but a man like that has a right to find fault."

"Did *you* know who he was?" I inquired.

"Not till after my own performance was over. I noticed how disapproving he looked at the 'Funeral March,' and I asked Mrs. Clifford if he had lost a relative. She said no, but he was probably criticising; and then told me about him. They stayed at Leipsic last year, and got to know him quite well. It was he who told them of this place. She said she purposely didn't say too much about him, especially now he can't play, or nobody would ever touch a note, which would be dull."

The next day, which proved to be beautifully fine, a picnic to the head of the Sefinen glen was resolved upon, the party to consist of our four selves, Herr Lichtenstein, his German friend, Mr. Scott, Mr. Atherton, Captain and Mrs. Clifford, Miss James, and Miss Vaughan. At breakfast we communicated our request to take provisions with us to Frau von A——, and with her customary, "of *corse* you can," the dear little woman was soon bringing stores of cold meat, hard boiled eggs, bread, butter, and wine, which we divided into separate packages. We sallied forth in high spirits, alpenstocks in hand. Beatrice was very gracious. She thoroughly enjoyed the life at Pension Edelweiss, plain though it was, for, as she often said, there was nothing to compromise refinement in the homeliness of everything. I was pleasantly surprised, as I had fancied she would be more fanciful and dependent on luxuries. But what she said is perfectly true—in clean, wooden floors, exquisitely-cooked plain food, pure mountain air, there is no vulgarity. That lurks in the close, dusty rooms and cheap, sordid gentility of cities, far from this sweet upland home. I thought often of Mr. Morris's words, *àpropos* of Pension Edelweiss.

"Simplicity of life, even the barest, is not misery, but the very foundation of refinement; a sanded floor, and whitewashed walls, and the green trees, and flowery meads, and living waters outside; or a grimy palace amid the smoke, with a regiment of housemaids always working to smear the dirt together so that it may be unnoticed; which, think you, is the more refined, the more fit for a gentleman, of those two dwellings?"

And though the walls were not whitewashed, nor the floors sanded, but all of pine wood, the moral is the same!

Past the *pension* the path led between huge logs of wood, waiting to be sawn; then came a bridge, below a waterfall, which thundered down into a black, grim pool; then the way traversed a forest till it came out on the level of the torrent.

Here I had gathered flowers and mused on the first day of my visit, but now we were to penetrate farther up the glen. As the path grew narrower, we found ourselves walking two and two. Beatrice was with Mr. Scott, Mr. Atherton was forced to put up with Laura, whose lively sallies were somewhat bewildering him. Captain Clifford was good-naturedly listening to Miss Treherne's anecdotes of very *superior* people, and his wife was talking to Herr Ulrich. Miss James and Miss Vaughan were inseparable, and were toiling along together, so I fell to the lot of Herr Lichtenstein. With his long hair floating in the breeze, and a turned-down collar of spotless white, fastened by a black tie with ends all abroad, a Swiss straw hat, and spectacles, he looked utterly unlike an ordinary Englishman, but his tall figure and broad shoulders suggested no lack of strength. He was evidently considering how best to begin a conversation after the episode of last night, but I saved him the trouble.

"It was foolish of me, Herr Lichtenstein, to be annoyed by your criticism. I am sorry I showed it."

He looked at me with a smile, and a long-drawn "So!" of surprise.

"I was thinking you would expect me to express my own apology," he said. "But I am used to criticise, and perhaps I do not always judge well to whom I may speak freely."

"I didn't know; I only heard who you were afterwards," I stammered.

The smile brightened. "But does the justice of the criticism then depend on who I am?" he inquired.

Certainly he was irritating. "Of course not," I retorted; "but I shouldn't have minded if I had known you were a professor."

"Then the censure seemed not to you just in itself?" he pursued.

"I don't think you would have had the right to criticise if you hadn't understood music," I objected.

"But would it not haf been well to look at the words, apart from the rude person who spoke them?" he said, smiling still. "I am older than you, and I know that truth is always good, even if it is not pleasant. The first thing one has to ask oneself is, 'Is it true?' not 'Is it rude of such a one to say it?' Yet I perhaps would not have blamed your execution if you had not directly questioned me."

"But before that you asked me not to play the 'Moonlight Sonata,'" I said.

"Yes, yes," said Herr Lichtenstein, shrugging his shoulders, and shaking his spread fingers; "that understands itself. I liked your touch well enough to wish you to do only what you could do. See you, had you played quite badly I would haf said not a word. I would quietly haf gone out of the room, and said to myself, 'Let her play on, it makes nothing to me.'"

I was beginning to be much interested and entertained by my companion, with his occasional lapse into German idioms. Suddenly he said in a changed manner, very gently—

"You are a teacher of music; that is a hard life for a woman. Can I help you in any difficulty you haf found?"

The floodgates *of my confidence* and sympathy seemed all at once opened by this kindly question. I know not how it was, but I felt sure that Herr Lichtenstein was a friend whom I might safely trust, and without my staying to think or to question I found myself talking to him of all my perplexities, my lonely life, my difficulties with my pupils, and other matters, as if I had known him for years. Our common profession seemed a link between us, though I was so lowly, and he so high. He listened to all I had to say with sympathy and interest, frowning and tossing back his long, brown hair at intervals. As we talked, earnest though I was in the conversation, I did not fail to observe and to rejoice in the beautiful glen narrowing towards its head, where the great walls of precipice came more and more distinctly into view, and at last we arrived at a glade of perfect loveliness. Moss-covered rocks, bushes of alpine rhododendrons, wild flowers of every variety, adorned this exquisite spot, and with one accord a halt was called.

How can I describe the scene immediately in front of us? We were shut in by mountain piled on mountain of solid rock, with great patches of snow here and there, and cataracts streaming from ledge to ledge. The height of these mighty battlements was greater than the mind could realise. High up on our left a glacier flung its greenish ice-waves over a cliff, upon a slope of névé or old snow. I stood before this Titan barrier in awed silence, and the lines of Wordsworth came into my mind.

"My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here; where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness!"

My companion was mute also. At last I said,

"You have been here before?"

"Yes, several times. I had this little strain," shaking his left hand, "in swinging myself down these cliffs. I lofe the place; familiarity makes it not less sublime."

"It reminds me, though perhaps the comparison is not worthy, of some of Gustave Doré's wildest pictures of imaginative scenery," I said. "It is weird and rugged beyond anything I ever saw or dreamed of."

"Lunch is ready!" cried Miss James, and we disposed ourselves comfortably on the moss, while Mr. Atherton ran to see if he could find a calm pool anywhere in which to deposit our bottles of wine. It was a difficult task, for all the water was falling, leaping, racing headlong down the vale. Suddenly a roar like thunder filled the air.

"Come here! Quick!" shouted Herr Lichtenstein, rushing forward. In wild confusion we darted pell-mell towards him, just in time to see a whole Niagara of snow come pouring down the precipices with terrifying force and tumult.

"Oh, save me!" shrieked Miss Treherne, clinging to Captain Clifford's arm. Her terror, though unfounded, was not unnatural; for an instant I, too, shrank and quailed; the mighty, thundering cataract seemed so very near, just above our heads, and as though it must overwhelm us. But it all roared harmlessly down upon a slope of snow high up among the precipices, and there remained. It took less time than is occupied in writing the description.

"So we have seen an avalanche!" cried Beatrice, standing pale, but composed, like the spirit of the scene.

"And you might have explored long without seeing one so close at hand," said Herr Lichtenstein "We are fortunate. It is doubtless some of the new-fallen snow."

This event gave a theme for conversation during the whole of our picnic. When lunch was over we started onwards to climb to the glacier, leaving the elder members of the party to rest where they were. We soon came out upon level tracts, thickly studded with the lovely dark blue gentian, and then began to scramble up over névé and moraine.

It was quite an hour's climb to the ice, though it had seemed comparatively close to us. Three most wonderful waterfalls arrested my attention on the way; they were torrents bursting in full force and volume straight out of the rock. The greenish waves of the glacier seemed arrested in their plunge over the cliff, just above me, and I should like to have climbed upon them, but Captain Clifford forbade me to make the attempt. He, with Mr. Scott and Mr. Atherton, made a short tour of inspection upon its surface, and then we all retraced our slippery way to the valley, Herr Lichtenstein helping me down the steep slopes.

"What a charming day we are having!" cried Laura, clapping her hands with glee. "It's perfectly delightful, isn't it, Mr. Atherton?"

The young man, who was escorting her because he could not get near Beatrice, and who had attracted much attention by his rueful demeanour all the morning, was somewhat discomposed by this direct appeal, but answered gloomily in the affirmative.

As for me, I was in reality enjoying one of the very happiest days I had ever experienced. The unspeakable sublimity of the scenery, the brilliant summer weather, and the companionship of Herr Lichtenstein, formed a charming whole. All the way home through the valley he was by my side; we talked of music, of books, of life from the standpoint of an artist, and I was astonished as much by his wide knowledge and extensive culture as by his ready kindness and sympathy in all my difficulties. He told me something of his own early life, and I found that he had spent two or three years in England during his youth, with an uncle who was settled in a northern manufacturing town. His parents were poor, and he had had a struggle to raise himself to his present position. Only his mother survived, and he spoke of her with a tender loyalty that touched me, for I had never known a mother's love.

We found a number of new people at our *pension* when we returned, and talked to some of them after supper. One of these was a mournful Englishman, apparently stranded without the smallest appreciation or knowledge of what he had come from his native land to do.

"Is there a glacier up the valley?" he inquired of Laura, who had been dilating on our day's expedition.

"Certainly," she replied.

"Is it a nice glacier?" he forlornly inquired.

"An ice glacier? Of course it is! all glaciers are made of ice," she rejoined, with malice aforethought.

The Englishman indignantly tried to explain, but Laura had turned away, and was talking to someone else.

Days passed on in perfect enjoyment. We walked in the pine woods; loitered down the Sefinen-Thal; explored the further side of the torrent; went sundry times to Mürren, to purchase postage-stamps and sundries at the little wooden shop there; saw avalanches fall from the snow-fields of the Jungfrau chain (more distant, and therefore less imposing than the one we had seen in the Sefinen glen), and passed evenings of delightful talk on the balcony or round the window.

In all these conversations Herr Lichstenstein took part. Since the picnic he seemed to have instituted a special charge over me. I fancied he had observed that I was comparatively friendless, and that Miss Treherne and Beatrice were apt to make me feel my loneliness. For this German artist was exquisitely kind. He was thoughtful for everyone; plain spoken, it is true, and quite capable of fiery indignation on occasion, but always anxious to fill up a blank in anybody's life, and to help others, even it were only by consideration in saving our patient hostess unnecessary journeys.

I must not omit to mention that at the end of the week I paid my share of our bill for board and lodging, and, as I took no wine, this scarcely exceeded twenty-eight shillings, which, like David Copperfield, I thought "extremely cheap for so much joy."

If people only knew what health and delight they can win at little cost by going to the mountains (provided they are not dependent on luxuries, and are lovers of Nature), our seaside resorts would not be as crowded as they are in the summer months, and the community would be very much the better. I did not forget to be grateful to Miss Treherne for giving me the opportunity of such enjoyment

One evening we were all clustered round the balcony; it was a perfect night. The glen below us was filled with soft gloom; the noise of torrents rose through the stillness; beyond the dark cliffs opposite a light in the sky showed that the moon would rise ere long.

"Herr Lichtenstein, I do not want to be unreasonable," cried Mrs. Clifford, "but can you not play to us to-night?"

A chorus of entreaties rose from German and English. The object thereof smiled and bowed.

"Certainly I shall play," said he; "my wrist troubles me no more."

Then going to the piano he sat down, and looked through the window upon his right hand.

"The night suggests it," said he dreamily, as though to himself, and the soft underflow of the *adagio* to the Moonlight Sonata glided into sound.

Never had I heard the twilight, veiled mystery of that entrancing movement so perfectly rendered. Looking forth into the dusk, the music with its rhythmic peaceful undertone, the deep, solemn recurring notes of the melody, seemed merely the translation into a different language of the dark, rushing stream, the deep brooding shadows of mountain and forest, waiting in a hush of expectancy for the silver touch of moonlight. And had not the music something to re-echo of the sad still longing that twilight brings—the thoughts that fly the broad garish daylight, but return with tender melancholy, when

> The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of Night.
>
> * * * *
>
> A feeling of sadness and longing,
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain.

Fainter and more faint the music grew till it died away into stillness.

Herr Lichtenstein paused; the silence was profound. I saw what caused the prolonged hush, for a curve of dazzling light was just apparent over the crest of the dark ridge, all the more wonderful by the contrast with the utter blackness. Another moment or two, and the moon had revealed herself in pure, serene splendour above the dark mass of mountain. A unanimous sigh of wonder and admiration greeted the apparition, and sharp and clear, sparkling and radiant as the moonlight, the brilliant notes of the *allegretto* flashed on the silence.

Moonlight in music! I had never understood it thoroughly before; but there was the silver light after darkness, the resplendent touch on valley and hill, the calm triumph of which Wordsworth spoke, when

> The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare,

all expressed in this noble interpretation of the Master's work.

The moon for us shines on, but the vision of the music changes. Storm and darkness —the conflict of good with evil typified by the struggle of the heavenly light with envious obstructing clouds—crash forth in bewildering strife. Ever and anon amid the tumult notes of calmness and peace in utter, celestial beauty fall upon the conflict, but it is not quelled; the tempest still rages; the serene light is overcast again, and it seems doubtful whether good or evil will win the day. Only for a little while, however; in *adagio* notes of soft quiet the wild rush of the *presto agitato* is stayed and finds composure, and with a final utterance of bright, glad triumph the music ends.

There was no noisy outburst of gratitude and admiration; some of the listeners drew a long breath.

"I never understood the Moonlight Sonata before," said Mrs. Clifford.

"You haf been assisted by the scene without," said Herr Lichtenstein, waving his hand towards the window. "It is not often the musician can interpret his work by the help of Nature. Yet, even so—it is not interpreted, save there is the heart to understand."

I seized an opportunity of saying to him a little apart from the others—

"Oh, Herr Lichtenstein! you were right in saying I could not play the Moonlight Sonata."

With a bright smile, he replied—

"But you will learn."

I inwardly resolved that I would, indeed, if I could.

"You must let me hear you play more," he continued; "then I will tell you in private perhaps more unpleasant truths; perhaps – who knows?—some pleasant ones! To-morrow night, when we haf music, you will begin; and we shall see."

This formidable prospect rather dismayed me, and I hastily changed the subject.

"Do you think Beethoven meant to symbolise the conflict of good and evil by that last movement?"

"Who shall say?" replied Herr Lichtenstein. "But it matters little. The tempest and the moon that shines through the storm symbolise it themselves; the master but is true to Nature. Is it not so in the works of your great Shakespeare? You draw endless lessons from him. You say he meant to teach this, that, and the other. Not so; he but paints life with unerring truth; the lessons are in the life, and to each succeeding age they teach themselves."

This led us away into a conversation upon Shakespeare, and the way in which he is studied in Germany. We were roused by an exclamation from Laura.

"Do you hear, Esther? We are going up the Schilthorn to-morrow. Herr Lichtenstein, you must come, too, to drag me home if I fall down again, for I most certainly shall, I feel convinced of it."

"Laura!" her aunt ejaculated, with a frown. We joined the circle, and heard that our long-talked-of expedition to ascend the mountain, on one of the spurs of which the *pension* stands, was to take place to-morrow. The party was to consist of the Cliffords, Messrs. Scott and Atherton, Beatrice, Laura, Herr Lichtenstein, Herr Ulrich, Miss James, and myself. The Captain, who had been up before, volunteered his services as a guide, and we went to bed early as a preparation for rising at half-past five in the morning.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS APPLICANT writes:—"What salery oeght I expect as nersury governess? My duties will be to wash and dress 3 small gurls, teach them reading, riting, and speling (!), and atend to there close." Eight mistakes in spelling in a few lines do not, we think, entitle any honest woman to take a situation as nursery governess, and we hope you will think better of so dishonest a step. As a nurse less would be expected of you, and the position would be equally good and better paid if you had previous experience and understood children's complaints, &c. You should first obtain a place as under nurse, so as to gain experience under an older and more competent woman.

A SCHOOL BIRD.—You will find an article in two parts on the subject of nursing in the April number of the "G. O. P." You should not begin your letter in the third person and conclude it in the first. You speak of yourself as "she" and then "I."

C. A. M.—We could not insert your paragraph without a stronger recommendation. It is really an advertisement.

LOUIE.—Candidates as nurses are generally required to be from twenty-five years of age. If you wish to come to England, you had better write to the matron of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, W., for all information. Assistant nurses are paid at the rate of £10 per annum and uniform. We think, however, that as you live at Wicklow, it would be better for you to go to Dublin. Apply to Dr. Atthill, Rotunda Lying-in Hospital, Rutland-square. But as you are under the roof and protection of your uncle and aunt, it would be very ungrateful on your part to take any step in the matter without first consulting them and ascertaining whether it would meet with their approval. Perhaps they may require your services. The word nurse is not spelt "nurce." Read "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i

COOKERY.

NELLIE.—We gave a recipe for making pancakes very recently, and you will probably find it before you read this. Your assurance that our paper has been of so much spiritual benefit to you has gratified us exceedingly.

POLLY.—The following recipe for simnel cake has been sent us:—Beat a pound of butter to a cream; add the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth, and the yokes also well beaten, 10 oz. of powdered sugar, 1¼ lb. of currants, 1 lb. of flour, 5 oz. candied citron, and 3 oz. candied lemon, cut into thin pieces, 5 oz. of almonds, blanched and pounded, grated nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, and a little salt. It will take some time to beat these ingredients in separately. Make a paste of flour and water, and roll it out; fill with the mixture, and tie up in a cloth like a pudding. Boil for three hours, then take off the fire, remove the cloth, and, after brushing over with egg, bake in a slow oven till the crust be hard.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ELIZABETH A. STAGG.—When waiting at table, the maid goes to the left-hand side always, with both plates and dishes. The plate or dish is held in her left hand also. If the cream while in process of whipping become too thick, add a spoonful of cold water to it, and do the same if it should turn or crack, which often happens in hot weather.

N. E. L. L.—We should advise you to try and procure a situation as matron in a boys' school or as head nurse in some good family where several are kept. In some large lunatic asylums a needlewoman is kept, and also in large hotels.

ISABELLA TORRIANO.—1. Painted baths may be cleaned by rubbing them with wet whiting. In France paint is very generally cleaned with a very little turpentine in the water used. 2. The Crimean helmets are very thankfully accepted by the Thames Mission for the use of the seamen and fishermen in the North Sea. The address is 31, New Bridge-street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. See Articles, page 468, vol. iv.

FLORENCE and KATE.—1. It is said that furs wrapped up carefully in brown paper, or placed in brown paper bags, are never touched by moths. Pepper is also a good thing, and should be used powdered and very strong, scattered on the fur plentifully. 2. Leaving a piano open is said to rust the strings and spoil the colour of the keys.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JANEV.—Black dye always comes off the very best woollen stockings. Leave them to soak all night, and then wash them in hot soapsuds and a tablespoonful of oxgall. The amount of water should not exceed half a pint, and you should rinse the stockings until no colour comes out.

A COUCH DIVER'S TORMENT.—You will find the latest official returns and the members of government of each colony in "Whittaker's Almanack" for every year, price one shilling. Your nationality is British. Both parents, as well as yourself, were born under British rule.

A SINCERE READER.—If the Birkbeck Literary Institute, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C., be not too far away for you, it would answer your purpose admirably. There are evening classes for both ladies and gentlemen on every subject, a fine library and reading rooms, and annual examinations with prizes. Subscription, 12s. annually. Apply to the secretary for prospectus.

IVANHOE (Melbourne).—1. Many thanks for your pleasant letter, which is very well written for your age. Of course, our competitors must read up, for otherwise they would not know anything about the subject, and would only invent! But copying is a different matter. 2. An egg boiled very hard and chopped up, yolk and white, is good. Also ants' eggs and the branch of a rose-tree, covered with green fly or "aphides," are great treats for the occupants of the aviary.

PATIENCE.—The Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., will give you all information, and supply you with any number of this magazine that you require. What do you mean by "the winter number?" There are three winter months.

ALICE C. A.—We thank you for the "buried girls' names," but do not require any for insertion.

J. A. F.—We do not inquire whether our girls who join in our competitions be regular subscribers or not.

EDITH.—It is of no importance whatever. Wear your hair plaited at the back and tied up, or not, or left loose like a horse's tail, just as your mother may prefer; only your dress will suffer. Such a large hand could not be "ladylike;" it is too coarse.

E. L. S., M. L. H.—You must borrow books of reference, or else hire or purchase them. It does not signify of whom you obtain them, nor under what circumstances, provided they be not stolen or copied.

ROSE, SHAMROCK, and THISTLE.—When girls are at school we think short cropped hair is a convenience, but in most cases it is not becoming or pretty. Half an hour twice or three times a day is enough practising at a time at your age, or at any time with a due consideration for others.

VERITAS.—We should advise you to consult a doctor without loss of time.

DORICE L. W.—The quotation, "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be," is from "Rabelais," book iv., chapter 24. We studied your pseudonym for ten minutes without being able to make it out, and it was only by comparing it with the other malformations of letters in the same letter that we discovered what you meant.

HAMLET.—We know of no other cure than your own will and determination to stop. In both cases you would only need to exercise it, and you could do so

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—You will find the articles on "Foreign Cage Birds," pages 82, 274, 602, 731, vol. iii., useful to you. Full and clear instructions are given for managing them. It is a wise plan also to consult the dealer from whom you got the birds originally. A change of diet might do good.

A BLIGHTED BLOSSOM is trying to write a book. Judging from her name, it will not be a lively production. When finished, send it round to the various publishers and see what they say. Meanwhile, if it give you occupation and amusement it will not be useless, and you cannot be very "blighted" at fifteen.

M. ROBERTS.—We regret that we do not supply addresses. The Association for Promoting the Welfare of the Blind has an office at 28, Berners-street, W., and you might obtain the address and information there.

"NANT GARW."—Picciola was the name of the flower. The name of the prisoner was the Comte de Charney. Quite right. We are much obliged for your note.

GEOEME.—As a rule, all kinds of "teasing" are detestable, and everything that gives pain to others should be most scrupulously avoided by all who profess and call themselves Christians. Such habits are utterly unworthy of Him whom they take as their Exemplar. A "tease" is, as a rule, impertinent, and in presuming on her intimacy with you to give pain she proves that she is not worthy of friendship.

A USELESS GIRL.—Read the article on "Christmas in the New Hospital for Women," page 248, vol. v., and go and pay it a visit, taking your books with you, and seeing for yourself how you can give the help they need in little matters.

POETESS.—Alexandrines are rhyming verses, each consisting of six measures or twelve syllables. The only complete poem in English in them is Drayton's "Polyolbion." The last line of the Spenserian stanza is an Alexandrine. The name is supposed to be derived from an old French poem of the twelfth century on Alexander the Great. Others consider that the name was given from the fact that one of the authors of that poem was named Alexander.

D'UNE FILLE ANGLAISE.—However late in making you acquainted with his marriage, it is your place, or that of your parents, to call on the bride, unless you wish to drop the acquaintance. You write very well.

NANCY.—We have given the story of the Chinese "willow pattern" before. None of the specimens of writing very good. "Harry's" may be tolerable for a boy, but it takes up too much space.

LUCRECE.—1. We never heard that there was any "meaning attached" to the cutting off of a corner of the fly-leaf of a book. 2. What do you mean by being "too old to go in a shop at twenty-four?" If you mean, to be offered a situation as shop assistant, of course you are not too old.

QUEENIE.—Consult our indexes in reference to both your questions.

A FRIEND OF DOGS should feed them with dog biscuits and give them plenty of water. Bones break their teeth, and meat makes them mangy and offensive in smell.

NELLIE H.—The Nonconformists opened their first place of meeting on November 20th, 1572, at Wandsworth. The name was taken by the Puritans on August 24th, 1662. They divided into different sects because they differed in opinion one with another.

LYDIA (Cape Town).—Many thanks for the recipe for the cake. The best recent recipe for taking out ink-stains will be found on page 410, vol. iii. The pattern of a child's knited vest will be found at page 568, vol. iv.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—The Witch of Endor is described as having a familiar spirit; but whether she was a pretender or not does not matter, for she was in this case used as an instrument in the hands of God; the appearance of Samuel being a genuine one, who uttered a genuine prediction, and was sent to rebuke Saul. The woman appears to have been both startled and alarmed, so perhaps by means of her "familiar spirit" she had intended to raise someone who looked like Samuel, and she was amazed when the real Samuel came. We must believe in the existence of "witches" under the Mosaic dispensation, for no sin is more severely rebuked by the sacred writers. You will find the same in the Gospels; see Gal. v. 20.

A SCOTCH LADDIE'S LASSIE.—We think you must obey your mother. "First learn piety at home." So be brave, occupy yourself, and think as little about your troubles as possible, leaving the results to God, with patience and faith.

CLARE.—You have our deepest sympathy in your loss. Your letter arrived too late for us to help you in the answer about the competition. You must read, of course, but not copy.

THE FAMILY TREASURE.—Many thanks for your kind letter. A mucilage made of quince seeds is used for the purpose, we believe.

MISS JACK.—We have no doubt it was a mistake for "bread-nuts." Many thanks for your note and the recipe.

SILLY HUGGINS.—Order through a bookseller. The 23rd April, 1869, was a Friday.

MORGIE M.—Rub the brown boa with hot silver-sand, which will clean it from grease and dirt.

R. C. M.—We have not found the answer, in spite of constant inquiries.

NORA.—The "h" is not silent in "handsome." The silent "h's" are in the words heir, heiress, honesty, honourable, hostler, hour, and humorous; but in hospital and humble it is not silent.

A CUMBERLAND LASSIE.—We suppose you did not read the article with attention, and did not understand the writer's allusions.

MOLLY.—We are much obliged for the correction. The new address of the British Women's Temperance Association is 16, Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street; Mrs. Boocock, secretary.

A DISTANT RELATION OF CETEWAYO.—We are much obliged for the recipe. The 28th January, 1870, was a Friday.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 230. MAY 24, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PENWARDEN was irresistibly attracted by the charming face which beamed a welcome upon him, as he dropped down by its owner's side on the rocky seat left suddenly vacant for his accommodation.

Hilda was in one of what Allan often called her dangerous moods. Dangerous, because when she chose to exert all her powers of pleasing, she could be so very winning.

Close observers were wont to say that Hilda attracted admiration from all, but only a few of those drawn towards her remained loyal to their first impression, whilst Gladys Oakley, less noticed in the beginning, made real friends and kept them. We may exert ourselves to please from very selfishness, and in order to obtain some coveted indulgence or merely to compel admiration from those around us, or we may do it solely to give happiness.

Hilda was sincere enough whilst the effort lasted, but her winning mood was almost certain to be followed by a fit of

All rights reserved.]

ON THE WATER.

wilfulness, or by an outbreak of that selfishness, for the existence of which she freely blamed all who had taken any part in her early training. Probably, however, no one guessed how painfully conscious the girl was of her besetting faults, or how honestly she wished and tried to conquer them. Her apparently defiant fashion of speaking about her failings was the outcome of a longing for a higher and nobler life. She regarded her worldly advantages as so many hindrances, and wished she could be driven into the right path by the pressure of outward circumstances.

Just now *Hilda's thoughts* were full of Geoffrey Penwarden. She was longing to hear the sequel of his story, and would have liked to have it from his own lips. But this she felt was hardly to be expected. The most she could hope for would be that her uncle would satisfy her curiosity, and that he would be able to do so without any breach of confidence, after his long talk with Mr. Penwarden.

In the meanwhile Hilda was determined as far as possible to bridge over the years which had passed since Geoffrey left Treneweth and to talk to him with as little restraint or ceremony as she had been accustomed to do when they were neighbours and she a child.

Mr. Oakley unconsciously assisted her in this. "You have taken the very place I wanted you to occupy, Geoffrey," said he. "Hilda is sure to have a great many questions to ask, knowing that you have come from Treneweth so lately."

Geoffrey expressed his willingness to be catechised, but doubted his power to give much information of a kind to interest Miss Cranswick.

"I shall not allow you to give me any at present," replied Hilda. "You and uncle are to be waited upon by us children. We have been idling away the morning in a delightful way on the lake. You must both be tired with your long walk."

"And you must set me down as a very old individual if you think that a couple of hours' walk has unfitted me to wait upon myself," replied Geoffrey. "I assure you I am quite equal to any amount of work that you can find for me to do, and shall insist on taking my share of waiting upon others also."

"Then here is some work for you," said Hilda, passing a well-filled plate to her neighbour. "You are the only visitor, and must be helped first."

"That is a double unkindness of which I did not think you capable," returned Mr. Penwarden, with an injured air, as he passed the plate to Gladys with another empty one, that its too ample contents might be divided.

"How have I been unkind? I am always making mistakes when I want to be specially good and considerate."

"I am so grateful for the explanation. It is cheering to know that the motive was good, though your remark inflicted a double wound on my feelings. First, you called me the only visitor, when I was rejoicing in the thought that, here, of all places, and with the family of such a friend as your uncle, I might count myself one of them, and feel at home. Next, you showed your estimate of my habits by giving me the first supply of chicken and ham. I had nearly said the first chicken and ham, there was so much of both, and evidently expecting that I should begin to consume the same, regardless of the fact that all the ladies were unserved."

Geoffrey spoke in jest, but his words brought a hot flush to Hilda's brow. She felt indignant at herself and at him, and the other listeners were afraid of some sudden display of anger, as they noted the effect of Mr. Penwarden's words.

Before Hilda could speak, Jack made a happy diversion.

"Never you mind, Hilda," said the youth. "It was a lovely plateful, and Gladys need not have divided it. She might have passed it on, with two knives and forks, whilst Allan was cutting some more, and Dorothy slicing the bread. Janet and I could have joined, by putting the plate between us. People often do at picnics. I have seen them myself."

"Beside," said Janet, "father often tells us we twins ought only to count one in the family."

"But I should not like that," returned Jack, sagely. "If you took it in earnest, you know, it would mean only one breakfast and so on for both of us, Janet. Mind, though, you must not think we wanted to be first served. We know better than that, I hope, only there was that big plateful ready."

Mrs. Oakley was often put almost to her wits' end by her outspoken youngest children, and found it difficult to reconcile some of their utterances with the feelings of her guests. But at this moment everybody rejoiced that there were a Jack and Janet in the family.

Everybody laughed, Hilda included, and with recovered good humour she handed Mr. Penwarden another plate, calling his attention to two facts as she did so. "Please observe that the contents of this plate only indicate very limited liability on your part. Also that you may appropriate the same with a clear conscience as, thanks to your help, together with the exertions of *the rest of the family*, everybody is ready to begin. I beg Jack's pardon, he has already commenced."

The angry flush was gone from the girl's face, and her words reassured everybody, while Geoffrey Penwarden looked comically penitent and rueful.

"Your kindness is even harder to bear than your cruelty, Miss Cranswick, and your words go to my heart. I am at once rebuked and consoled. How can I atone for the uncharitable construction I put upon your former——"

"Supply of ham and chicken," interposed Hilda, observing that Mr. Penwarden hesitated. "I should say by devoting your attention to the present one, as I must to mine. My sympathies are entirely with Jack at this moment."

"Jack has been suggesting that the hungriest people ought to be served first," said Gladys.

"Then who would settle the question of precedence?" asked Dorothy. "What do you think, Allan?"

"As there would be only each person's word to go upon, I am afraid, Jack, your system would be no improvement on the present. A good deal of time would be lost in considering the evidence, and in the meanwhile the provisions would be cooling."

"Of course I was only joking," replied Jack. "I know very well that the youngest ought to wait till the last, and they have to do, except the babies, and people always feed them to stop them from crying, you know."

"They did at Uncle Maurice's," cried Janet, ever ready to support her other half, by volunteering personal testimony.

Janet was very busy at the moment with a wide-necked glass bottle, which she had been vigorously shaking in order to stir up the contents, for by this time large, cool leaves full of fresh strawberries were spread on the rock, for dessert.

"It won't come out," said Janet, with a despairing glance at the contents of the bottle.

"What are you doing with the cream, my dear? Pass it to me," said Mrs. Oakley, whose motherly eye often wandered in the direction of these young ones.

Another hearty laugh followed an examination of the cream bottle. Janet had shaken the contents to some purpose, and the cream had become butter.

"Never mind," said the mother; "a picnic lunch would not be complete without some little blunder. The result of Janet's churning is something very much like Devonshire cream; thick, sweet, fresh, and being without salt, it will do admirably with sugar for the fruit."

So, amid laughing at Janet for her impromptu work as dairymaid, and enjoyment of the delicious fruit, the merry meal came to an end, even Jack expressing himself abundantly satisfied with both the quality and quantity of the provisions, in the disposal of which he had so manfully assisted. Soon, baskets were repacked, and all traces of the picnic removed from the rocky table.

Customers were found for the fragments in the shape of two small people, children of a widow who sometimes assisted the servants at Fell Foot, and whose faces were well known to Gladys.

She had caught sight of them, half-hiding in the wood, but peeping now and then, with wistful eyes, at the happy party. Quietly, and unnoticed by the rest, she had crept down from her place, and carried the children material for an ample meal. Then when their own was finished, she and Dorothy, with Mrs. Oakley's permission, arranged the fragments neatly and tastefully in one of the baskets, and bade the children take them home.

I said "tastefully," because the girls liked to offer even this simple gift in the nicest way, and with a due regard for the feelings of their poor neighbours.

Fragments of a dinner, indiscriminately thrown together, look anything but attractive, even in hungry eyes. The same pieces neatly arranged between the folds of snowy linen, however coarse in texture, and with the pretty green garnish of crisp parsley left to ornament

them, present a very different appearance, and tempt a poor appetite. Even the remaining strawberries, placed between cool leaves, and accompanied by the rest of the cream, and some white sugar, went into the basket, before the wondering eyes of the children.

Well might their mother say when she unpacked the contents that there was a feast for a queen, and only Mrs. Oakley's young ladies did kind things in such a kind way. The widow had a further surprise when the elder child took out half a sovereign which she said another lady, a very pretty lady, had given her for her mother; but she was not to tell anybody else.

The packing of the oddment basket could not of course pass quite unobserved, though no one had noticed Gladys when she took the first instalment of food to the little people.

Hilda had rallied her cousins on the presence of these small pensioners.

"Oh!" exclaimed she. "Here is a detachment of the juvenile army which Gladys commands. No matter where we go, it is all the same. Ragged urchins waylay her at Brinnington and bob their shock heads to call attention to their presence. Unkempt creatures of the other sex make dots of curtseys, and the smallest fry of all clutch at her with sticky fingers. She is immensely popular for many miles round the Hey, and so is Dorothy in a secondary degree. But I had no idea that their popularity was quite so widespread, until, on turning round, I caught the two with a sample only, of the usual following of com——."

Gladys held up a warning finger, and Dorothy cried, "Hilda, your promise. Mind you are not to call our little neighbours by that horrid name."

"I beg pardon, dear. Thanks, Dorothy, for your timely warning. I will endeavour to say uncommon for the future. And these dots are delightfully different from your Brinnington *protégés*. They have clean faces, ditto pinafores, and remind me more of Silvermere children than those I have been lately accustomed to see. You little know," she added, turning to Mr. Penwarden, "how Gladys and Dorothy revel in ragamuffins, and the dirtier the better."

Geoffrey laughed at this lively sally, and Gladys joined.

"Hilda's remarks are dictated by an envious disposition," she said; "you must not believe a word of them. She cannot forgive us for having so many followers. I saw her sidling up to little Maggie a minute ago, and I have no doubt she was trying to wean her from her old allegiance to Dorothy and myself."

Hilda blushed, and, turning carelessly away, declared that she would place herself beyond suspicion. Nevertheless it was during that moment of contact with little Maggie Robinson that Hilda had managed to slip the coin into the child's hand and bid her give it to her mother.

Allan, Jack, and Janet had gone off in one of the boats, accompanied by Joseph Lamson, otherwise Jossy, general factotum at Fell Foot, and an ardent fisherman, in whose society Jack's soul delighted. Janet, as a matter of course, was of the party, and went as deeply into all the mysteries pertaining to rods, lines, and bait of every imaginable kind, as did her twin brother.

The rest of the party returned to Fell Foot in the larger boat, the young people taking turns in rowing.

Hilda and Geoffrey were resting at the same time, and the girl took the opportunity to ask many questions about people in the neighbourhood of Silvermere and Treneweth. She found, however, that he could tell her very little.

"After my return to England," he said, "I was almost wholly occupied with my father. While he lived he wanted me; so I rarely left him, and I may say I paid no visits. Afterwards, you may imagine I had neither inclination nor leisure for going about, to say nothing of the difference which seven years' absence make in those who have not been close friends at any time."

These few words sufficed to prevent any more inquiries from Hilda. She could well understand how Geoffrey would hold himself aloof, and decline to respond to advances made to him as master of Treneweth, and that father and son would alike maintain an unbroken silence with regard to the cause of estrangement between them.

Quickly she turned the conversation from a subject which she instinctively felt would be painful to Geoffrey, and talked of her present home, so different from that in which Mr. Penwarden had been accustomed to see her.

"And yet on the whole I like Brinnington better than Silvermere, though everything about it suggests hard work, and there does not seem to be a scrap of romance or poetry about it. Such matter-of-fact lives lead by everybody. I fancy I am the only dreamer in the place and neighbourhood, and the only idler."

"Are you an idler, then? And can you bear to play the solitary drone in such a busy hive?"

"So far I have succeeded very well, though the lives of my cousins are a perpetual reproach to me. I was quite in earnest in what I said about Gladys and her 'tail' of ragamuffins. To do her justice, though, she only attaches them to her in order that, like a good fairy, she may transform these little, unwashed barbarians into the garb and complexion of civilisation. I dream; Gladys and Dorothy work. I am selfish; they are self-devoting. I admire, but do not imitate. I shrink from contact with their *protégés*, and am only just beginning to realise my kindred with these dingy little samples of humanity. Prejudice still overcomes conviction, and I keep aloof from the people and the scenes amid whom and which my my cousins delight to find themselves. I go in for romance and imagination, they for realities of the sternest, and, to me, least attractive kind."

Geoffrey Penwarden turned with a look almost of pity towards Hilda as she ran on in her usual style. Her words sounded like a jest; but with more penetration than most who listened to her, he thought he detected a deeper meaning in them.

"If you were to look below the surface of some of these hard and seemingly matter-of-fact lives," he said, "you would find the realities far exceed in interest what imagination pictures, or what we call romance."

"Does not that depend on the amount of enthusiasm you can get up?" asked Hilda, with a laughing side-glance at her cousins.

He answered, gravely, "You see these things from a distance. Your cousins come into close contact with them, and could doubtless show you the heroic and poetical side of what seems to you coarse and prosaic."

"Most good people are terribly prosaic. I except my bonny cousins," and Hilda looked admiringly at the fair, flushed faces of Gladys and Dorothy, who were resting on their oars for a moment, and letting the boat glide with the current.

"Nothing prosaic there," replied Geoffrey. "But tell me what good people have given you such impressions of the class?"

"Not to go out of the family, there is Aunt Lydia. The very model of a spinster aunt, but one with whose life no human being could associate a scrap of romance or poetry."

Geoffrey's start might have warned Hilda that she was touching dangerous ground; but she did not notice it, and continued, "She is one of the best and sweetest of human beings, but a thorough old maid, whose vocation is to lighten the labours of her married kinsfolk and nurse their babies."

What Geoffrey might have answered cannot be told, for the boat at this moment approached the landing place, where the twins awaited them in a state of intense excitement. Jack had actually captured a pike, and was in a fever of anxiety to exhibit his prize, which he and Janet had got slung on a stick, cut for them by Jossy.

After the fish had been duly admired, the youngsters went off with it up the slope, and Jossy remarked, "Mester Jack was varry large, varry large indeed, when he'd caught that peyke. He didn't see much at efther."

What boy would? It was a fish, and a large one, and quite as awkward a customer as a salmon, if not considered an equally valuable capture.

Geoffrey Penwarden became singularly silent, Hilda thought, after they left the boat, and before she slept the girl knew the reason why. Mr. Oakley told her in confidence the sequel of his story, and its connection with her Aunt Lydia.

She recalled Mr. Penwarden's words about the heroic and poetical side of lives which might seem commonplace and even coarse to those who saw only the rugged, working-day surface, and felt ready to cry with regret when she recalled her flippant expression about her Aunt Lydia.

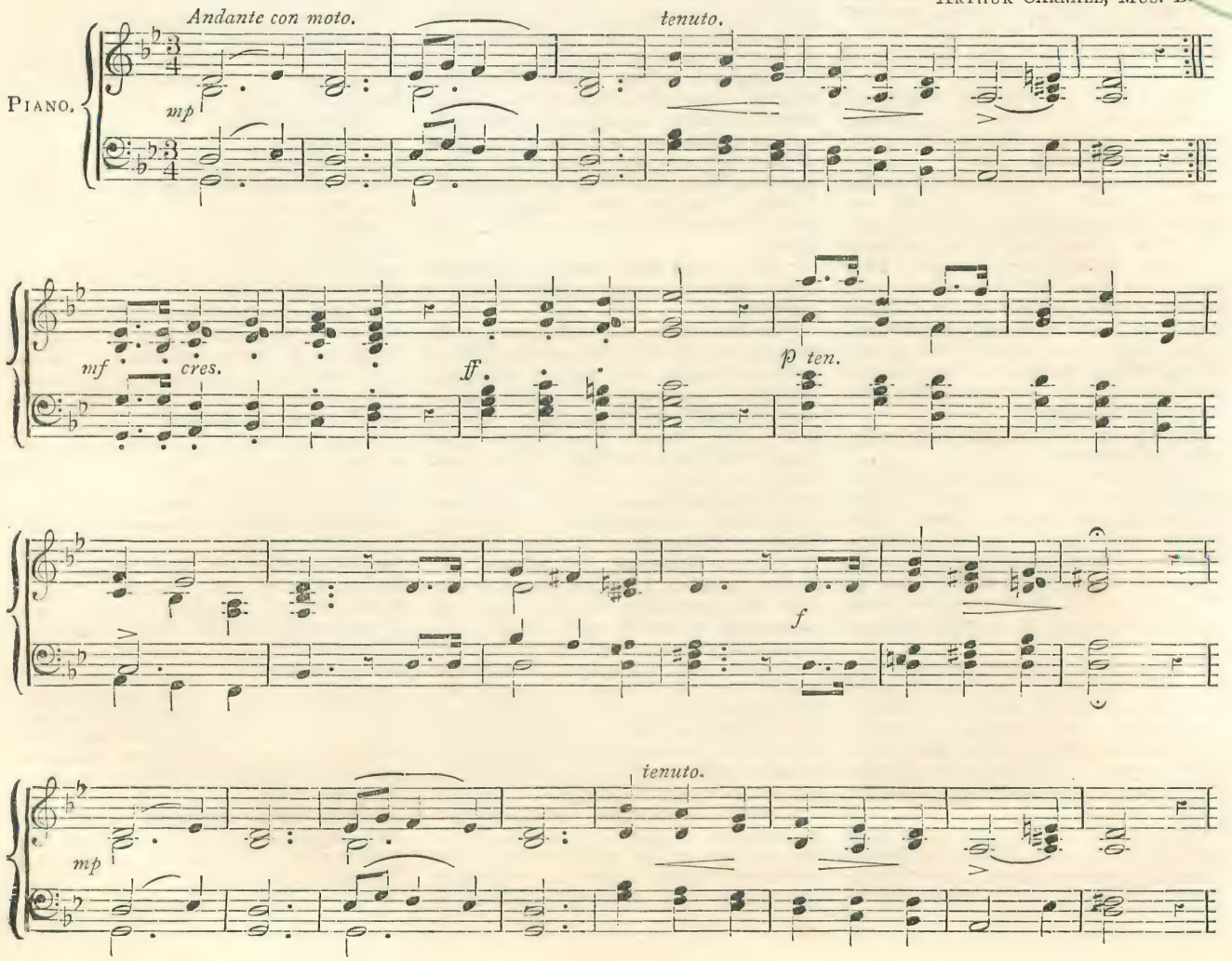
It was with a somewhnt rueful smile that she said to herself, "I have had my first rough rub, and am not sure that I like the result of it."

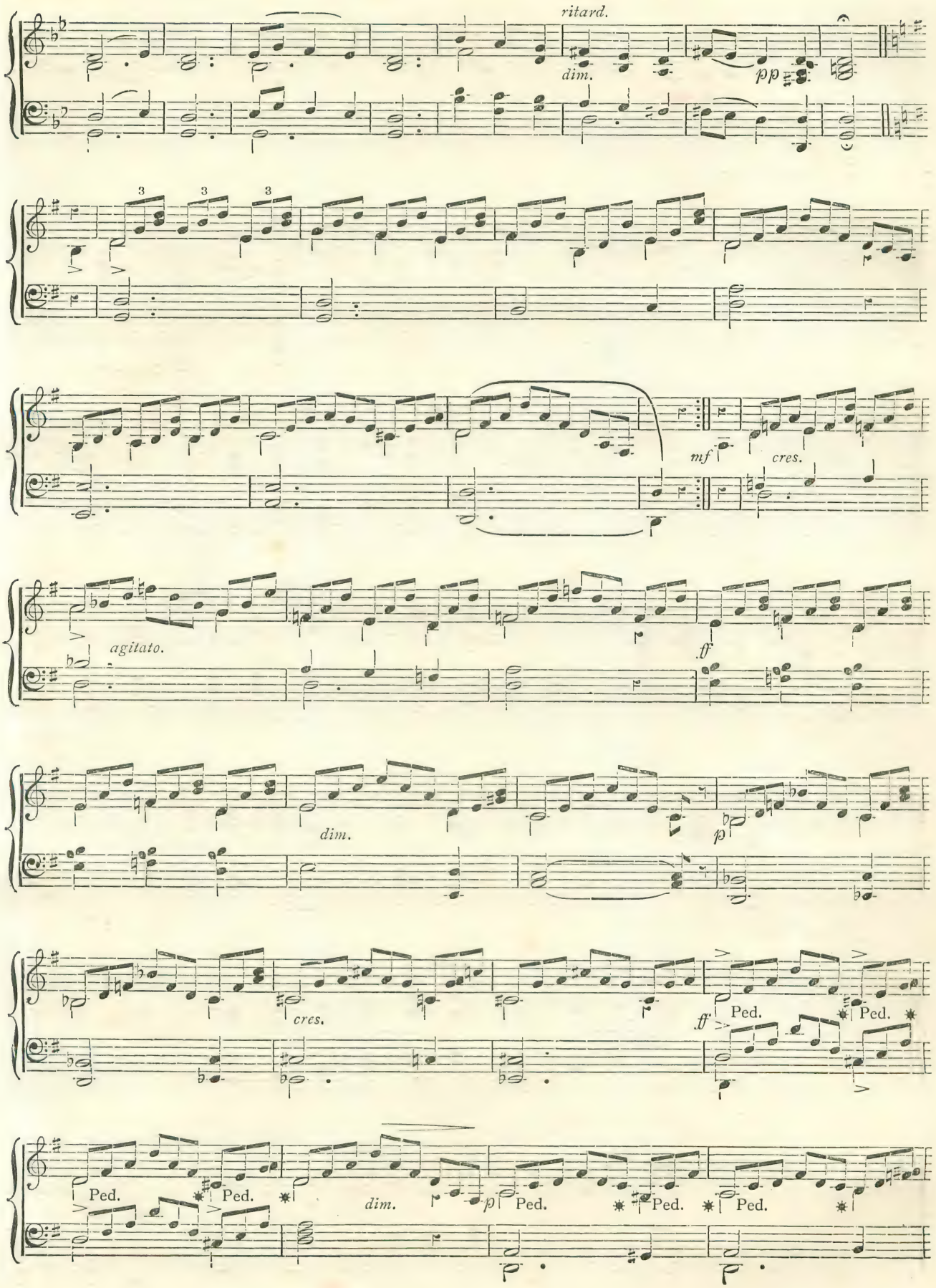
(To be continued.)

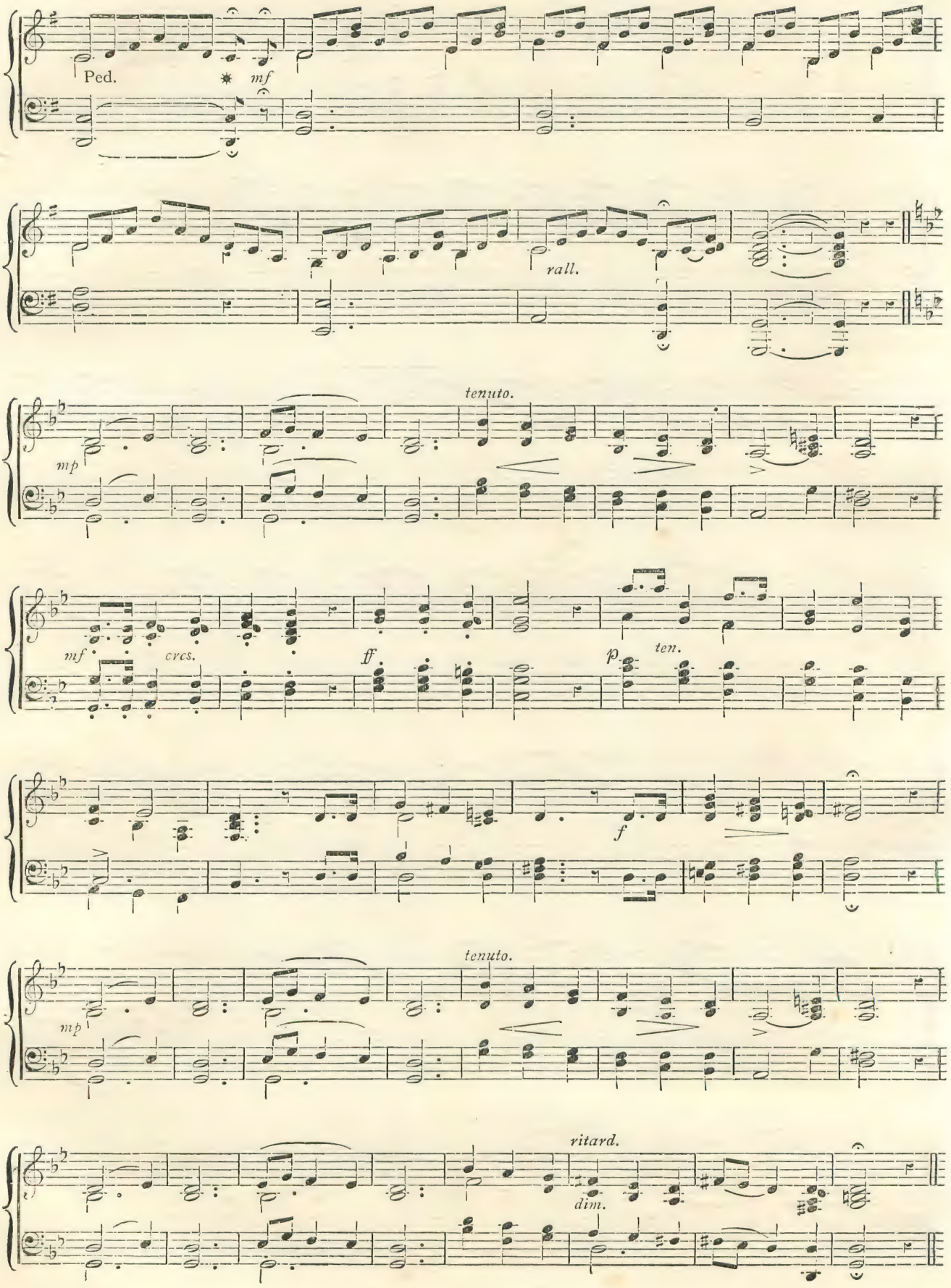
A SKETCH

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ARTHUR CARNALL, MUS. B.




ritard.
dim.
pp
3
3
3
mf
cres.
agitato.
ff
dim.
p
cres.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Ped.
mf
rall.
tenuto.
mp
mf
cres.
ff
p
ten.
f
tenuto.
mp
ritard.
dim.

CRYSTOLEUM, OR CHROMO-PHOTOGRAPHY.

MANY of our readers are anxious for further intelligence about this delightful art; many are perplexed about their failure to produce a perfect picture, and others undecided between the various methods, so that it is as well that the article in *Silver Sails* should be supplemented by some further notice of the subject.

First, as to the name and origin of the work. The uninitiated hearing of the American or German chromo-photography, or photo-chromography, think that some entirely new art has been invented, when in reality the names are only revivals of the old appellation. The work for many years before it was known in England was taught under the name of "enamelling" in the schools of France and Germany, as part of a girl's education (just as fancy needlework was taught). It was known before photography, and was used to colour engravings, which were secured to pieces of picture glass, rendered transparent by a medium, and painted at the back with oil colours. The glass used was slightly convex, but all the colouring was placed upon one glass. This method has been lately revived, and will be again mentioned further on. When photography produced pictures upon paper, the process was found to look more effective upon these pictures than upon engravings, and the enamelled engravings disappeared. From the Continent, photo-chromography found its way to America, and, gaining favour there, was brought to England in 1881, and introduced by Mr. Barnard, of Oxford-street, with the alteration of double convex glasses, and a wax medium that required boiling. Under the name of crystoleum the Crystoleum Company brought the art prominently before the public, by public exhibitions and the giving of prizes for the best works. They in their process retained the double glasses, but went back to the original liquid medium, although they kept the wax medium in stock, and used it. Mr. Werner, of Leipsic, introduced his system of chromo-photography into England later on; but this, except in the name, is identical with the Crystoleum Company's.

The last alteration in crystoleum painting is the return to the first method of all, that of using only one glass. This is found to be much less expensive when large pictures are painted, and also easier to execute when the subjects consist of many groups of figures, it requiring very great nicety to fix together the two glasses and to paint so that no edge of colour in any part of the second glass overlaps the outline on the first. The drawback to using the one glass is, that unless the painter goes to great expense in buying a very large tin bath, she cannot use the wax medium for her process, and must use the liquid mediums, and although these latter give the picture as much transparency as can be required, they never produce the ivory-like softness that can be brought out by the wax medium.

Notwithstanding the various mediums used in the preparation of the picture, the object of each invention is the same, and is that of colouring a photograph so that it shall lose its natural characteristics and appear like a hand-painting upon ivory. But this picture, soft and beautiful as it is when well executed, is not always successful; spots appear upon the surface, wrinkles make the detection of the photograph quite easy, the colouring is sometimes feeble, untrue to nature, and hard.

An almost mechanical art like crystoleum would seem capable of producing good results, just as a machine will turn out a thousand articles exactly alike, and many amateurs eagerly inquire as to the reason of and the remedy for their failures, and lay the blame upon their materials. In one respect they are right, that is in the photograph; but in all other points their success or failure lies in their own hands. No employment that obliges the use of a variety of materials will give out exactly the same kind of work whoever does it; much depends upon the worker's patience, exactness, eye for colour and arrangement, and general neatness and nattiness. In crystoleum, as in all other employments, if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and no half measures and divided attention will produce good results, and we thoroughly believe that most of the failures arise from slackness and general scrambling over details.

Let us now pass in review the various stages of the process, and point out where failure in each section may lead to a bad result. The photograph is the first consideration. The subject is a matter for the worker's own taste to decide, but the photograph should be a good impression, with its half tones well-defined and soft; its lights not too crude or its darks too black. Shining lines and specks upon it, and bubbles and froth-like markings, are all defects, and indicate that the chemicals have not been properly mixed. Photographs taken abroad, by reason of the greater clearness of the atmosphere, are generally better suited for crystoleum painting than English productions, and photos taken direct from a picture softer than those obtained from engravings; while, as to subjects, the varied collections of the Dresden, Munich, French, and Italian galleries stand unrivalled. Select a picture that is well-defined, not too sketchy, and that has some kind of background—the soft lights and shadows thrown by the photographic chemicals, even if accompanied by any definite landscape or distance, being preferable to a background painted entirely at the back, the oil colours looking too crude unless seen through a veil, and the surface of an unpainted background too white and opaque if left without a colouring.

The photo selected, see that it has not too glossy a surface, and that no preparation has been laid over it; then, if it is on a cardboard or other mount, immerse it in cold water until it floats off of itself. Any attempt to hasten this detachment may cause the photo to crack or break, and render it useless; the photo must be perfectly uninjured, as, if there is the slightest weakness in it, the medium will soak through such places, and produce the dreaded spots upon the glass, and it should be handled as little as possible. Dry the photo with blotting paper, cut it a very little smaller than the glass, and paste it on the glass while it is damp, but not wet. See that the glass is perfectly clean and fresh polished; it is better washed in a little ammonia and rubbed with chamois leather, than cleaned in any other way.

Directions have already been given to lay the paste on both photo and glass, to put the photo on the glass evenly, and to press out the adhesive paste with the squeeze, or with the thumb, working from the centre to the edge. There is nothing new to add to these, except that very few people take the trouble to squeeze out enough of the paste; they either work so slowly that it dries before it can be expelled, or they leave it as opaque in nooks and corners. A piece of thin parchment between the squeeze and the picture is a better surface to work on than the usual silver paper. The fingers must be kept clean, dry, and free from paste, and should be sponged now and again. The paste must never get on the back of the picture, and if the latter gets dry before all the paste is removed, damp it slightly over and over again. Continue the pressing out of the paste until no spots or opaque lines are observable on the right side of the glass. It should be left for twelve hours to dry thoroughly.

The photo is now ready to be rendered transparent by one or other of the mediums. From experience both of our own and of professionals we recommend the wax medium; it is the most durable, not likely to spot if the paste has been properly taken out, and is in every way satisfactory. But there is no doubt it is more troublesome to use than the liquid mediums, more expensive in apparatus, and when large pictures are done requires a very large bath. The wax is melted in a tin lid placed over a tin bath filled with hot water, while a spirit lamp is lighted and kept burning under the bath. Liquefy the wax before dropping the photo wrong side upwards into it. Keep it warm, but not boiling. If the wax boils it turns yellow, and the water in the bath boils away, and may produce an explosion. If, on the other hand, the wax cools, films and ridges form on the photograph. An even warmth only is required; but to keep the temperature right it is necessary to watch the wax the whole time, to remove the spirit lamp when symptoms of overheat appear, and to put it back if any white look comes over the wax. Retain the photograph in the wax from twenty to thirty minutes; then take it out with a pair of pincers, and wipe it on the right side, first with a silk rag, letting the wax drain off the back; wipe that also round its edges, as the wax will thicken there, and requires removing. The time of keeping the photo in the bath varies, twenty minutes being enough for some, and two hours being requisite for others. The picture should show quite clearly through the liquid for about five minutes before it is taken out. If spots are seen, take the photo out, wipe all the wax off the picture, and press every spot with the fingers until it is removed; then put the picture again into the bath. The wax medium can be used any number of times if it is kept free from impurities. After each melting pour it while liquid through a piece of fine muslin and into a basin filled with warm water (not hot); dry it, and keep it in a box until again required.

When a liquid medium is used, the following will be found as good as any:—Take half an ounce of balsam of fir and the same quantity of castor oil, and mix well together, and put them in a soup plate; lay the photo on the glass in the plate, the mixture thoroughly covering it, and leave in the plate for eight or ten hours, putting it in the direct rays of the sun, if possible, all the time. Do not remove the photo until it is transparent, however long it may take to become so, and if spots appear take it out, well rub it over with the finger until they are gone, and then put it back. When it has cleared, wipe the glass with a silk rag, and then wipe the back with a linen rag dipped in pure castor oil.

The painting of the picture should be commenced as soon as the surface is no longer wet. Use fine brushes, and let one colour dry on the glass before laying another over it, particularly about the eyes, eyebrows, and features. Soften hair, lips, and flesh tints by stippling with a dry brush over them, and paint without using turpentine or siccatif as much as possible. If all the painting is done upon the one glass, be very careful about the tints drying before others are laid on, except when it is desired that they should blend. Touch in jewellery very lightly, stipple in all high lights upon dresses, &c., and let no marks of the brush show as streaks in the front of the picture. Use clear and rather strong colouring if the wax medium has been employed; but as liquid mediums leave the photographs more transparent and less ivory in texture, use softer shades and colours. The painting has been already described, and need not be recapitulated.

B. C. SAWARD.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SNOW.

A STORY OF A SWISS HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER V.

THE EDELWEISS.

AT five o'clock the next morning we looked out upon vale and mountain, free from rain or storm, though clouds were resting on the snow.

"Confess, Esther," said Laura, drowsily, "would you not be glad if it were pouring with rain—a good decided wet day; so that we could go to sleep comfortably for two or three hours?"

"No, you lazy child," I said, laughing. "We went to bed at half-past nine. Surely you have had rest enough."

"I intend to devote this day to the improvement of my German," she announced, suddenly very wide awake, and flying off at a tangent, as her manner was.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall seize upon Herr Ulrich as my companion. I won't be assigned to Mr. Atherton. I had enough of his moroseness the other day because I was not Beatrice; but I can't help being myself, and I don't mean to be scowled at for it. I wish those two young men would depart. I know from their knapsacks they never meant to stay so long."

We had a merry breakfast, at which Frau von A—— said, in reply to our inquiries, that it "would be fine, but not very." Still we thought it was best to go, and take the chance of good weather, as we had all risen so early, and we saw no sign of storm. The ladies were clad in ulsters and in stout boots, with skirts kilted high for climbing, and alpenstocks in hand. Thus arrayed, we moved off, in all a lively party of ten, from our hotel door.

There is a wonderful charm in the beginning of a Swiss expedition before the sun is up. The air is fresh and stimulating, the mists furl themselves along the valleys, the experiences to come are wrapped in a delicious sense of mystery and awe. We tramped steadily and happily to Mürren, and then struck sharply off to the left into a rough path that climbed a shoulder of hill, and wound up and up, in and out the mountain spurs. Far beyond the valley the Jungfrau range revealed its summits in enchanting splendour; but we seemed to be climbing straight into cloudland. At last we came to patches of snow, a fact of which I was made aware by a snowball, aimed by Laura with dexterity, that hit me exactly in the nape of my neck. She had carried out her plan of not being consigned to the escort of Mr. Atherton, but the narrowness and steepness of the way prevented much conversation with anyone. We panted up singly, receiving a helping hand when necessary from one of the gentlemen.

"We are now entering upon the Engethal," announced Captain Clifford; and a dark and desolate gorge it was. Screes of black, loose fragments, overtopped by frowning crags, formed its sides; long snowdrifts and chaotic *débris* the floor. Along this gruesome ravine an army of clouds came flying after us through the entrance, as though to overtake us.

"We shall haf no view," announced Herr Lichtenstein.

"But we will go on!" cried Miss James. "I always like to carry on everything I begin."

"Certainly we will go on," was the decision of all; but as we tramped along, the way before and behind became completely closed by clouds. When at last we reached the end of the ravine and should have seen the cone of the Schilthorn, nothing presented itself but this dark impenetrable mist-wall. It was bitterly cold.

"Let us have breakfast," cried Mrs. Clifford, and the provisions were produced. We crouched upon rime-covered stones; the stunted grass round us was spiked with ice; it was literally freezing. Some of the party were racing about to keep life in their frozen extremities.

"If this is enjoyment, what should you think is discomfort?" inquired Laura of Herr Lichtenstein.

"The enjoyment depends rather on the disposition that is within, than the circumstances without," he replied, with a smile.

"An affair of temperament rather than of temperature?" she laughed.

"That is so with you, at all events," he responded.

"The mist is parting!" cried Beatrice, and lo! at the end of the valley appeared a huge cone of snow, defined on one side by a black line of rocks, with a tiny tarn in the hollow far below.

"That is the Schilthorn," said Captain Clifford, "and we will push on at once, before the clouds come down again."

Reader, have you ever been struggling up an almost perpendicular wall of newly-fallen slippery snow, with thick fog shutting out everything but the one spot beneath your feet? If so, you will agree with me that it is of all experiences the most hopeless. It seemed as if daylight never could return; but the cloud soon drifted again, and we gained the rocks, which were easy to climb by reason of the rough track that ascended them.

"Oh, what is *this*?" cried Laura, as we came, on that wild ridge, to a tiny marble cross bearing the inscription:

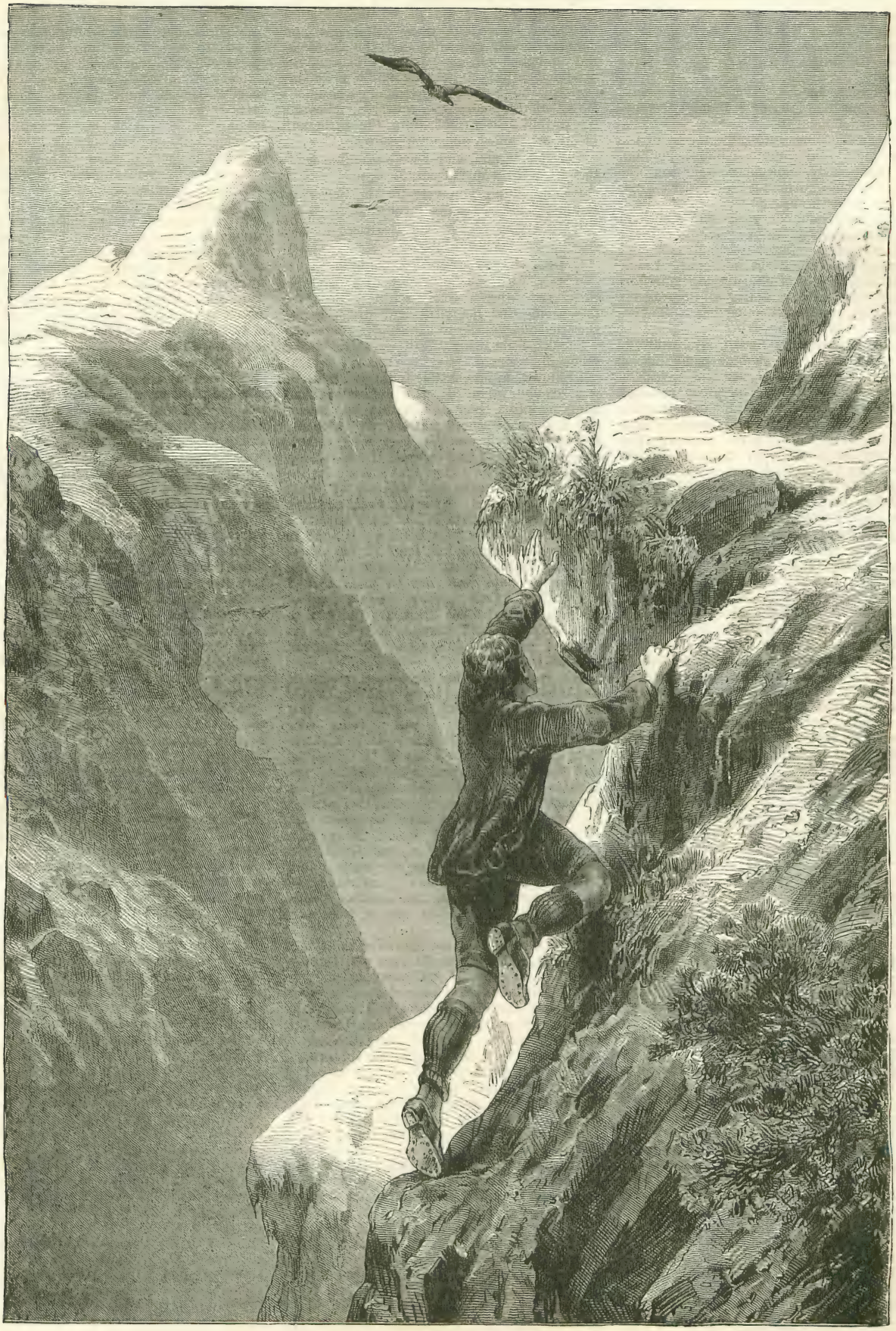
IN CRUCE SALUS,

standing above a stone on which a tablet was fastened with silver nails.

Captain Clifford explained that it was a monument to Mrs. Arbuthnot, the young bride who was killed there by lightning on her honeymoon. There is something indescribably pathetic about this memento, high up in the wilderness of snow and rock. Little tufts of flowers and moss have been planted there by loving hands; wistful tokens of a human desolation greater than the desolation of the storm-riven mountain crest.

We climbed along the ridge until we reached the final arête, a jagged, saw-like edge of rocks, shooting down precipitously into mist on the left hand, bordered by a snow slope on the right.

"If anyone imagines I am going along that knife-edge," observed Laura, seating herself



GATHERING EDELWEISS.

on a stone, "I am afraid he or she is doomed to disappointment."

"Don't be so ridiculous, Laura," cried Beatrice. "Can't you trust yourself with Captain Clifford, who has been up *real* snow mountains?"

"And don't you call this a real snow mountain?" demanded Laura. "I don't see anything artificial about it."

"It scarcely comes into the category of the Alpine Club," said Captain Clifford, smiling, "but, fortunately, you may walk on the edge of the snow; there is no necessity to go along the rocks."

In this way, some on rocks and some on snow, we scrambled to the summit covered with loose stones. It was freezingly cold, and we gazed upon a thick curtain of mist. Laura uttered peal on peal of clear ringing laughter.

"Just imagine our coming all the way up here, nearly 10,000 feet, expecting a view!" she cried. "What fun it is!"

"Look behind you!" cried Mrs. Clifford. We turned, and lo! a sublime panorama of mountain, valley, and glacier was revealed, with the sunlight striking on green pastures far below; then the cloud drifted over it again and shut it out. But ever and anon the mist in front of us kept parting, and showing wonderful glimpses of the view. Snow pinnacles, with brilliant blue behind them, sending down their glaciers into cloudland, seemed to me like visions of a celestial city high in the heavens, and I thought these broken glimpses were even more beautiful than a clear revelation.

After resting a little time we prepared for the descent, and when we had passed the first few yards of arête, some of the gentlemen took to the snow, glissading to the foot of the cone with great rapidity. We did not emulate them, but were hurrying down the lower part of the rock ridge, when we beheld the absurd spectacle of seven people coming along in a file, conducted by two guides, and solemnly holding a rope by one hand each. What they thought they wanted a rope for, or what use they supposed it would be to them if they did want it, held in this fashion, it is difficult to imagine.

We were now at the foot of the final cone of the Schilthorn, and struck a halt in a fleeting gleam of sunshine, rock-strewn wilderness though the spot was. Here we resumed the meal that had been somewhat interrupted on our ascent. There was no hurry, as it was scarcely noon, and we all chatted merrily to our heart's content.

"Now there are two ways home from this point," proclaimed Captain Clifford. "There is the path by Mürren, which we took in coming; or there is a short way down by the Schilt-Thal, which gives us a lovely walk home over the meadows of the Schilt-Alp above Gimmelwald. This last is rather steep at first, I believe. I scarcely recommend it for everyone, though I should like to try it myself——"

"'Practicable for good walkers only. At first along precipitous rocky slopes; guide desirable,'" read Laura, seizing somebody's Baedeker. "Oh, that won't suit me at all. I shall go home by Mürren. Why not put it to the vote, and let us divide our forces, each taking the way we prefer?"

The suggestion was put into execution after a great deal of laughter, Captain Clifford declaring that he reserved the right of decision as to anyone's capabilility to take the steeper way. The end of the matter was, however, that everyone voted for the Mürren route, except the Cliffords. After a lively discussion, it was settled that the Captain and his wife should return *viâ* the Schilt-Thal, and that the rest of the party should go back by the way they had come as our two friends had ascended the Schilthorn before, they evidently wanted to explore a little, and the Captain laughingly declared that his function of guide was over, since the track home was now familiar to all. So, after mirthful farewells, they marched off, his tall figure leading the way, and turning to help the nimble little lady over any rough places. Instead of entering the Engethal, they struck downwards, following the torrent that rushed from the little tarn before mentioned, and disappeared.

Beatrice, Laura, and I were standing ready to start, a little apart from the others.

"Why didn't you vote for the new way, Esther?" asked Laura; "you walk so well."

"Need you ask?" said Beatrice, a smile curving her beautiful lip.

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Herr Lichtenstein voted first, and *he* chose the Mürren way," retorted Beatrice; then seeing that her shaft had struck home, she cried out daintily to her *cavaliere servente*, "Thanks, I am ready; shall we start?" and gracefully stepped away.

I followed in no enviable frame of mind. I was keenly wounded; the insinuation had flung me into a fever of irritation and mortified self-consciousness. If she dared openly to suggest such motives, very likely others thought them. I had enjoyed the friendship and association with Herr Lichtenstein for the past week in complete oblivion of what anyone might say. And, after all, perhaps, there was a little truth in her cruel words. I *did* prefer, other things being equal—and in this enchanted mountain land all ways were beautiful to me—to have his companionship. My happy days were not so many that I could afford lightly to throw away a scrap of the pleasure that filled them up; pleasure so new, exquisite and strange, soon to be exchanged for the dull round of constant London work.

We had begun our homeward march in single file, but I found to my vexation I could not restrain the proud, indignant tears that rushed to my eyes. I was burning with mortification, and felt that if Herr Lichtenstein spoke to me now I should be miserable, and fancy that everyone was watching me. Besides he would certainly see my ruffled condition, and his eyes were so keen that perhaps he would guess what had happened. A thought struck me; I would hurry after Captain and Mrs. Clifford, who could not have gone far, and accompany them home. It would be easy to explain afterwards that I had changed my mind, and Beatrice should see that her insinuation was as false as it was impertinent.

But I did not want my resolution questioned just then, with my tearful eyes and burning cheeks, so I slipped off unnoticed by the others just before they entered the Engethal. As I was the last in order, this was easily done, and rounding a corner of rock I was lost to sight directly. I hurried along the side of the desolate tarn, which bears the appropriate name of "Graue-Seeli," and traversed a wilderness of rock and stone, with chaotic fragments flung about as though some Titan had been playing at the building of a world. Among these huge boulders the torrent raged and raved. I felt the "eeriness" of the scene, but congratulated myself that I should soon overtake my friends; besides, I knew myself to be a good walker, and I was not daunted by a little difficulty.

I came out upon the brink of enormous buttresses of mountain, descending to green pastures far below, where I could see the cows moving, and whence the tinkling of their bells came faint and far. Down here I had to go; there was no path, but the slopes did not seem difficult. I could not see my friends, nor was I surprised at the fact, for the rugged masses of the hill-side were so uneven and rock-strewn that anyone descending would of necessity be hidden from time to time.

"Oh, I shall easily scramble down here!" I said to myself aloud, to dissipate a little the feeling of loneliness, and grasping my alpenstock I warily began the descent. It needed much more caution than I had expected, for the smooth green slopes that seemed so easy and pleasant kept breaking treacherously and suddenly off into grim perpendicular faces of rock. I found it did not answer to descend any green declivity without first carefully observing whether there were a way of escape at the foot, for once or twice I had, with great difficulty, to clamber up again, after going down some gentle slope and finding it abruptly cease in precipice. The interest of the adventure began to grow, and to divert my mind a little. Fortunately the clouds had dispersed, and my way lay all clear about me. All at once I beheld beside a rock a tuft of a small, white, felt-like flower, with star-shaped petals.

"Edelweiss!" I cried aloud. It had always been my ambition to gather some of this coveted plant myself. I had been told it was not to be found on the Schilthorn, and this made the prize the more valuable. So I seized it eagerly, and looked round for more—without success for a little time. At last in scrambling about I perceived a quantity growing on the upper part of a steep green slope, and I made my way as soon as possible to the spot.

How provoking! It was beyond my grasp, but only by the space of about an arm's length. I looked at the slope, which went trending down before me for about thirty feet. It was very steep and smooth, yet I fancied I might venture upon it a little way, and pluck the edelweiss that grew so temptingly just out of reach. Accordingly I dug my alpenstock well into the turf, and ventured upon the smooth incline. Yes, there was the edelweiss, growing at my feet now, and I exultingly stooped to gather it.

Suddenly the world seemed to fly away from me. I shall never know what happened in that horrible moment, save that I lost my footing and slipped. I heard my alpenstock, knocked out of my hand by the jerk, bounding from ledge to ledge, and, brief as the descent was, nevertheless I found time to think, "Shall I too be flung from rock to rock and dashed to pieces?" Whether I rolled or slid sideways down the slope I cannot tell; it is to me now like a frightful dream of agonised helplessness and doom, broken suddenly by my coming into contact with something that stopped my fall. I caught at it as for dear life, and found myself stayed by a bush of Alpine rhododendron.

Clutching desperately at the branches, I struggled into a sitting position, and tried to see where I was. The horrible green slope was above me, so smooth and steep that I could not imagine how I had ever dreamt of descending it even for a little way, and I was on the very verge of the perpendicular rock into which it broke down, over the brink of which the friendly bushes clustered. I saw that the sheer rock descended only for a short distance, and then jutted out into a ledge about two feet broad, below which came broken ground and precipice. I could not possibly stay where I was, for the declivity was too steep for me either to sit or stand, and I knew I could not keep on clinging to the bushes which now sustained me from falling; therefore I resolved to lower myself upon the shelf of rock. I did this by the help of the rhododendron branches, and found myself standing upon a ledge which narrowed away on either side of me into a thin line on the cliff face. I eagerly peered down to see if I could descend; but I saw it was impracticable. There were about twenty feet of precipice, then green slopes, then the same thing over and

over again. On my right hand the rock jutted out a little way, so as to prevent me from seeing what was beyond me on that side.

"Precipitous rocky slopes. Practicable for good walkers only. Guide desirable." These sentences kept hammering themselves over and over in my brain as I stood on this dreadful shelf, able neither to ascend nor descend. As soon as I regained my calmness, I saw that the way below me would not have been impracticable for a cragsman, as the jutting inequalities here and there might offer foothold for a skilled mountaineer; but for me, without alpenstock, and trembling in every nerve from my fall, to descend would have been to court death. Above me the smooth steep turf was equally inaccessible, for there was nothing to hold by in the upward climb. I might have managed to step round the rock buttress on my right if I had known that there was anything to step upon, but this I could not see. No, I must remain where I was, trusting that help would come, and knowing that I was safe if I could keep from turning giddy or faint. I was, fortunately, not hurt, only shaken, by my fall down the green slope.

Down, down, far below me in the beautiful meadows of the Schilt-Alp I saw two little figures walking. They must be Captain and Mrs. Clifford. I raised a desperate shout to attract their attention, but I knew as I cried it was hopeless. The roar of the torrent thundering down to the pastures drowned my feeble voice, and they were not likely to look back and see me standing up there—"like a statue high up outside a great cathedral," I thought feebly, and then a horrible fancy seized me, that I was a figure slowly stiffening into stone in a niche on a lofty buttressed wall, while the only beings who could prevent my fate were going slowly, slowly away. I seemed to feel my hideous doom enchaining me, chilling my limbs, choking my voice, paralysing my outstretched arms.

Could I be going mad? With a strong effort I shook off this wild, delirious fancy, and, waving my handkerchief, shouted again and again; but it was all in vain, and the tiny figures lessened in the distance.

What would become of me? I began to wonder if I really should have to stand there till night came; if I should retain my senses; if I should turn giddy and fall. And slowly, slowly crept before me an ugly vision of a skeleton found in months to come by some lonely climber on the mountain; then the thought of the cross and memento on the Schilthorn ridge came into my mind, and I wondered if I too should have a like memorial. Ah, the poor bride's fate was widely different! My own folly and rashness were to blame for venturing alone into this place, and I blamed with all my heart the stupidity of the pride that took offence at the spiteful words of Beatrice. Why could I not have put them aside and gone home like a reasonable being, instead of vainly trying in a fit of petulance to overtake people who had started full ten minutes before me, and who were practised climbers? How small and idiotic it all looked in the face of the awful possibility that now fronted me!

The love of life was strong within me, and I felt I could not bear to die now and here. I tried with all my might to be resigned, but I could not. I cried out in passionate prayer for the life that but a few weeks ago had sometimes seemed to me not worth the having.

Then I looked again below and around me, as I stood on my prison ledge, trying with all my might to find a way of escape. I was obliged to decide that it was hopeless, and resigned myself to wait. I cannot tell how long it was, it seemed an age to me; and at last I turned round and stood with my face to the rock that I might not see the wild descent, the bewildering, torturing panorama of pasture, valley, and snow beyond all.

Was it fancy, or did I hear a voice calling my name? I shrieked loudly in reply again and again. Yes! it was no delusion; it sounded once more in distinct tones: "Miss Fielding! Where are you?" and I fancied it came from above.

"Here I am! I can't get up or down. Oh, help me!"

To the sight of my straining eyes, a form appeared high up above the green declivity that had wrought my woe. It was Herr Lichtenstein, and I saw he had discovered me as soon as I recognised him.

"Stay where you are. I shall help you!" he shouted.

"Don't trust yourself upon that green slope!" I screamed, but the warning was quite unnecessary. He had disappeared to the right, and I waited for a few moments in an ecstasy of blessed relief. When I heard his voice again I started, for it was close at hand, and yet I could not see him.

"You will step round the corner of the rock on the right as you face the valley, and you will find yourself in safety. I am here," came the words. At the same instant an alpenstock appeared round the rock-buttress which I have mentioned as projecting beside me and shutting out my view of what was beyond.

I hesitated a moment; then summoning up all my courage, I grasped at the staff which formed a friendly rail between me and the precipice, advanced to the utmost limit of my ledge, and catching at the rock with my right hand, stepped round it—to what, I could not see. But I felt myself seized and drawn upon firm footing, and discovered that I was on a safe patch of turf, above what seemed the dry bed of a rivulet, forming a kind of *couloir* among the precipitous slopes.

"Now all is well," observed my deliverer, cheerily. "You will rest a minute, then we proceed."

He turned away, and I burst into tears, overcome with the sudden reaction from the fright I had undergone. I must have been a pitiable spectacle, for the shady hat was crushed into unimaginable shapes, and my ulster was diversified with green grass-stains and marks of earth, while my hair had escaped from its usual neat plaits into a wild tangled mop. Herr Lichtenstein, to my relief, did not burst into comments and inquiries, but took it as a matter-of-course thing that I should be discovered perched upon a mountain shelf, though I knew his inward amazement must be great.

"Come, come," he remarked gently, after I had sobbed for a few minutes; "we haf yet some way to get down. Be calm, and trust to me."

I tried to obey, and in a few moments we were descending the steep *couloir*. We still had to get over some places that to me were very alarming; to wit, the perpendicular face of a rock with a mere ledge for a path; but by the help of my guide, and in silence, I struggled on. At last we found ourselves in the lovely level meadows of the upland pasture, with the mighty mountain buttresses behind us, sweetness and calm around; the tinkling of the cow-bells and the warm scent of the flowers stealing with comfort over my harassed senses.

Herr Lichtenstein let me rest by the side of the torrent, in which I bathed my tear-stained face. When we started again, I exclaimed, "You have saved my life! I can never thank you sufficiently."

"No, no!" he smiled. "You think you were in awful peril. Not so. You could haf stepped round that corner without help."

"Ah, but I did not know there was anything to step upon," I replied.

"You would haf ventured. Or you would haf got down; there are many places on which you could rest your foot."

"I don't think so."

"No, because things were not yet desperate. But when they had become so, necessity would haf found the way of escape."

"At any rate, I am grateful to you for saving me from the necessity," I insisted.

"I quite agree it was no fit place for you to be alone," he said. "The way down is hard to find, and is even then difficult for one unskilled. And you were quite out of the right track."

"How did you happen to come?" I asked.

"That understands itself. You were missed; I said I would come home this way, and see if I could find you."

He would not talk any more of the episode, and by degrees, as we walked along, I was calmed and soothed by the exquisite loveliness of the Schilt-Alp. We trod ankle-deep in flowers; the air was balmy and fragrant; the torrent forgot its fierce raving among the dark rocks, and ran happily at our side,

"Making sweet music among the enamelled stones."

At last we came to a wonderful spot, where it plunged in a cataract, hidden by cliffs, into the forest, and we entered the woods that clothed the sides of the Sefinen-Thal above our *pension*.

On our arrival all our party rushed out to greet us with different exclamations.

"Esther! Oh, you have actually found some edelweiss!" cried Laura; for I had kept the source of my catastrophe clutched in my hand. "Where have you been? What has happened?"

"Merely a little adventure among the rocks," Herr Lichtenstein replied. "She will rest, and we will not question too much just now of dangers past."

"Come in and have some dinner," cried Laura, dragging me by the arm. "Frau von A—— has been feasting us, and I was dreadfully hungry, I can assure you."

But I could take little, and was glad to retire to the shelter of my own room. I found afterwards that my friend related all he knew of my adventure to the others, and begged them not to catechise me about it for the present. Laura, I think, would have been suffocated with curiosity had it not been satisfied; so I took pity on her, and told her everything at once, then begged her to leave me to rest.

I am indebted to her for the report of the scene which followed in the evening.

In the *salon* Miss Treherne, the Cliffords, Beatrice, and Laura were gathered after supper, and Miss Treherne, who had been bridling in silence for some little time, suddenly broke out—

"Now, Captain Clifford, you know I always say what I think, and I *do* call it too bad of you, when you undertook to be the guide of the party, to let my *protégée* get into such dreadful danger."

"My dear madam," remonstrated the Captain, "I am exceedingly sorry for Miss Fielding's adventure, but I assure you that I left the whole party, including herself, on the point of starting down a perfectly plain path to Mürren. The cone of the Schilthorn had been descended, there was nothing that could call for any assistance, and even if there had been, no less than four gentlemen were at hand to render it. How Miss Fielding came to turn off from the way she intended to take and to follow us, I cannot imagine."

"She intended to return with our party," put in Beatrice, "but left us in a fit of ill-temper, meaning to punish herself and us by running into danger. I think she is quite justly served by the fright she has had."

"Suppose you relate what it was that drove her away from us, Beatrice," said Laura, look-

ing straight at her sister. "Or shall I save you the trouble?"

Beatrice coloured, but said quietly, "Since you oblige me to mention it, I did give her the most distant hint as to her conduct with Herr Lichtenstein, which I *do* think is a little marked."

"What do you mean by marked?" flashed out Laura. "He likes to talk to her, and she to him. Is it such an outrageous thing for people of opposite sexes to enjoy each other's society? Is it utterly unparalleled in your own experience?"

Beatrice rose.

"Rudeness is not argument, Laura," she coldly replied. "I will leave you to say what you please against me. You are making a great deal of a trifle, and whether my remark was or was not justifiable, her rushing into danger in that mad way *certainly* was not."

With this she quitted the room in dignity, bearing with her, as she always managed to do, a certain amount of right on her side.

Mrs. Clifford, sweet and charitable as she always was, put in a word on my behalf.

"I do not think Miss Fielding did suppose herself to be rushing into danger," she said. "It is quite possible that, having been annoyed at some little criticism, she thought she would avoid Herr Lichtenstein's society, and imagined she would overtake us on the descent. She has had so little experience on the mountains that she probably anticipated no serious difficulty. She strikes me as being a sensible, thoughtful girl, though she is quiet and reserved. Herr Lichtenstein evidently likes her society. She looks lovely when she is animated, and has a naïve, original way with her that is very winning."

"It is very kind of you to say so," replied Miss Treherne; "she is the daughter of an old friend of ours. It is a sad story; she has to earn her own living, and we like to be kind to her."

"As to Herr Lichtenstein," pursued Mrs. Clifford, "we knew him in Leipsic, where he is much respected. He supports a widowed mother, and has the character of being a truly good man."

This conversation was repeated in my room not long after it was uttered.

"Auntie evidently was quite relieved," said Laura, "that your life was saved by somebody respectable. Just fancy, what an English idea! As for Beatrice, she is fearfully cross. She thinks you a dreadfully ill-regulated girl!"

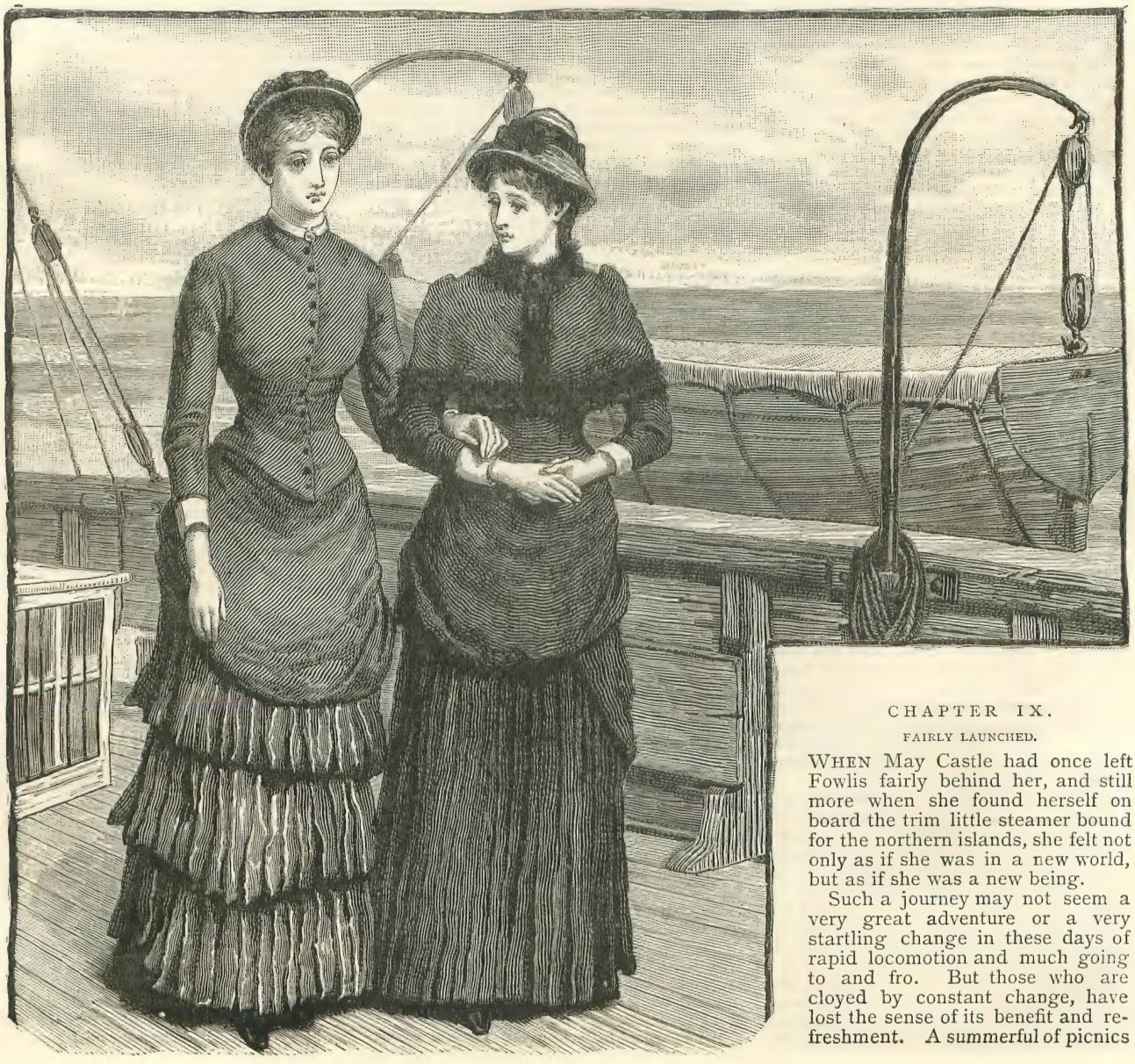
"So I am, I own it!" I sighed. "But, oh, Laura! you don't know how provoked I felt!"

"I can guess," she rejoined. "However, you mustn't think any more about it. Go to sleep and have an immensely long night, for to-morrow we are going to the Schmadribach waterfall, where I beg that you won't imperil your life again."

(To be concluded.)

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.



CHAPTER IX.

FAIRLY LAUNCHED.

WHEN May Castle had once left Fowlis fairly behind her, and still more when she found herself on board the trim little steamer bound for the northern islands, she felt not only as if she was in a new world, but as if she was a new being.

Such a journey may not seem a very great adventure or a very startling change in these days of rapid locomotion and much going to and fro. But those who are cloyed by constant change, have lost the sense of its benefit and refreshment. A summerful of picnics

does not do them as much good or give them as much delight as the regular daily worker gets from one day's outing. Monotony and endurance must precede change, or, as a great writer says, "change itself will become monotonous, and then we are reduced to that old despair—If water chokes, what will you drink after it?"

Balacluva and his daughter were well known and warmly welcome among all the officials of the little steamer, from the captain to the steward's boy. Margaret knew herself to be a bad sailor, and retreated at once to the ladies' cabin, prepared to endure what was before her as cheerfully as possible, only keeping up May's courage in the prospect of the unknown by assuring her that perhaps she would not suffer at all; somehow Margaret thought she wouldn't, and even if she did, well, it was only an experience, and some people thought it was wholesome, and, at anyrate in the instance of the present voyage, it would be soon over.

"Fancy starting off in sailing vessels as did——"

Margaret was going to say "our grandmothers," but she adroitly substituted "the women of old times, with 'a lengthened agony, long drawn out,' before them! I believe we think ourselves martyrs and heroines when we do one-third of what they did as a matter of course. But I suppose we do have some chance of showing our mettle which they had not; I don't believe God will leave any generation without that. If it was daytime, May, I should advise you to keep on deck as long as possible, but as it is night, I think you had better follow my example, and get into your berth and keep quiet."

"And don't be frightened, however queer you feel, my dear young lady," said the stewardess, as she arranged the rugs; "for the sea-sickness may be terrible, but it is not deadly."

It had seemed as if the two girls were going to have the cabin to themselves, but just before the vessel started there were two other arrivals, one a stout, sour-looking, middle-aged woman, the other a girl, pretty, but pert, but both alike over-dressed, and unsuitably dressed for the occasion. Margaret and May were already on their pillows, and as the stewardess had partly drawn the curtains of their berths to screen them from the lamplight, little could be seen of them except their recumbent figures. The two strangers grumbled, not altogether in an undertone, at the disengaged berths which remained for their choice, seeming to think that those with any slight advantage of size or position should have been reserved for the late comers, these being themselves. Then they decried the ship, saying that it seemed an old tub, made for rolling. Next they asked that all the port-holes should be immediately closed, but the stewardess parried this petition by quietly remarking that it was best, at least in warm weather, to keep them open as long as the ship was in harbour, and there was something in her manner which restrained them from pressing the point. After that they wandered about the cabin, peeping and exclaiming. Margaret, unperceived, saw them study the Indian ivory handle of her umbrella. Then they stumbled against Jock's basket, and when the poor cat protested with a pitiful mew, they cried out—

"What, in the name of wonder, is that?"

Margaret answered for May. "It is only a cat travelling with his mistress." Her voice was full of suppressed laughter.

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed the elder woman. "Ain't there plenty of cats everywhere? I daresay it will mew in the night. She'd a deal better drop it overboard and get a new one where she's going to."

Margaret answered again, with no laughter in her voice this time, "Perhaps, madam, there are plenty of young girls where you are going, but you prefer to take your own daughter with you."

"Well, to be sure!" muttered the woman again, but after that sally of Margaret's she and her daughter spoke more in whispers, and then little more was heard of them till the ship had fairly started, and had been under weigh for almost half-an-hour, when they both began to make loud outcries concerning their sufferings, to declare that they would never reach their destination alive, and to send the stewardess bustling about for glasses of water, cups of tea, and drams of whiskey, despite all her warnings that they were doing the worst thing for themselves. Capped at last by her respectful but firm remark, that, with her experience, they could not be very, very sick, or they would not be able to show so much energy nor to have so many requirements, to which they only rejoined that they were very glad they had not her experience; it would not suit them; it was a good thing there were some people born to like such lives."

"It is a good thing that some people learn to bear what they've got to do," said the stewardess, in her quiet way. "I've followed the sea for ten years, and I'm often qualmish still, so you may guess what I've gone through. I took to the life when my husband died, not because I liked it, but because it was the only way by which I could keep up a home for his old mother and myself, and I sleep one night a week in my own bed."

This stewardess was an elderly person with dark eyes, and bands of gray hair smoothed beneath her neat cap May lay and looked at her from behind the curtain, and thought how the obscure woman was living no ignoble life; nay, that no life could in its very essence be much nobler. And then it occurred to her that what she could so plainly recognise in this stranger—perhaps partly because she knew nothing else about her—was equally true of many homely women about Fowlis, though it had been obscured for her eyes by some faults of their mind or manner; perhaps by their dubious regard towards herself. And it struck May that the grand use of novelty lies in its teaching us what is true of the old and familiar.

Margaret Stewart lay through the night in speechless, patient suffering, only able to murmur her congratulations to May on the discovery that she was invulnerable to the "*mal de mer*."

"I call that as good—ah, better—than a fortune," said Margaret. "You are set free of the world! And so you can reserve your courage and your endurance for worthier occasions than—qualms!" and she sank back again on her pillow.

Calm as the sea had been when the steamer left the southernly harbour, a freshening gale lashed it into fury before they reached the North Seas. Their two fellow-passengers sat up in their berths, and alternately howled that they were so miserable they did not care what became of them, and shrieked that there was only a plank between them and eternity, and that they were sure the captain was running on to the rocks and the ship would go to the bottom of the sea.

In vain the stewardess assured them that on that coast it was far oftener rough than smooth, that the captain knew his course and his craft, and was highly reputed as a man whose failings were on the side of caution, even drily adding that the crew might be trusted to do their best, since they had lives of their own as well as the ladies. She even hinted that, as they seemed to have been on the sea before, they ought to restrain their panic, if only for the sake of the young lady whose first voyage it was.

But her assurances, suggestions, and hints were all alike in vain to pacify them. To own the truth, May herself was really, though secretly, trembling. Probably, in her utter ignorance of the situation, she was far more frightened than they were, only all her life had gone to the formation of habits of sternest self-repression, perhaps never once broken through, except on that memorable afternoon in the "Ladye's Tower." Nor could May feel reassured by the calmness of Margaret and the stewardess, for she felt that both of them, different as they were in breed and nurture, were alike of that strain which would be at its calmest if danger was great.

The steamer fought her way through the tumultuous waves—her screw giving a convulsive motion, as of straining muscles, which might snap at any moment. Still the two women exclaimed and sobbed, and still poor May tried to argue down her dumb terrors by such reasonings as the smallness of the number of shipwrecks as compared with voyages; the smallness of the number of lost crews as compared even with the shipwrecks; the apparent immunity enjoyed by coasting passenger-steamers; even by a last poor theory, that it was little likely so tragic a fate should overtake her humble self, in her first outing into the world!

And still the storm waxed fiercer. They could hear the lash of waves even upon the deck.

Suddenly Margaret put out her hand and drew her curtain back a little. "This is just enough to let us know what the wind and the sea can do," she said,

quietly. "Just enough to let us understand the comfort there is in the brave words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.'"

There was one moment's pause. The stewardess softly repeated the words that she might not forget them.

"That's it, madam," she said. "Whether there's danger or not, we're in the Lord's hand, and there's no falling out o' it."

Margaret had struck the right key. She had said her "Peace, be still" to the rising dismay in May's bosom, and it had reached even the seething terrors of their fellow passengers. May felt herself no longer the sport of the waves, but God's baby, rocked in His cradle of the deep. The very gale was changed from a fierce blast into a wind of God, sent out to do only what He bade it. What were the other women's thoughts, who can say? but their cries faded into mere little moans, and then they said they wished they could get a little sleep; surely the weather was growing rather better.

And the stewardess remarked, in that calm voice of hers, that the morning would be brightening soon.

The steamer had to make a brief stay at another port before it would enter the harbour where the Balacluva party were to disembark, and which it would not reach till the close of another day. During the short time it lay at anchor Margaret rose and tried to rally, and, though she could touch no breakfast herself, she bestirred all her three fellow-passengers to get some. The two strangers seemed to have lost their appetites at last, but yielded to Margaret's advice—given as kindly as if they had been gracious princesses — that they would find "a little yellow fish and dry toast at once grateful and wholesome." Then she persuaded them all to go on deck, and if possible get a look at the town where they had stopped, telling them of its one or two more striking objects of interest, and ignoring the younger woman's observation that she did not feel inclined to take much trouble to look at an old red church. However, they did take her advice, and as soon as they were gone Margaret lay down again, nearly ready to faint; but when her father came to the cabin door to ask how she was getting on, she called out that she was doing "grandly," and didn't he think the ship had gone with wonderful smoothness, considering the dirty weather they had had?

Through all that day's travelling she had to keep her berth, prostrate but patient. May was able to spend a good deal of time on deck, looking at the wild, rocky headlands and treeless, green "holms" among which they were steering. But after dusk began to fall, she would have the hours rather tedious, but that Margaret, though well knowing that she herself could use neither head nor hand on these journeys, had, for May's sake, come supplied with an interesting book and some plain knitting. The other two women passengers suffered no more from sea-sickness, but lounged about miserably, disinclined to admire anything and unable to occupy themselves. They diverted themselves by cross-questioning the stewardess about all sorts of matters on the islands, with little asides of their own, which appeared to tickle them greatly. May could not help wondering who they were, for they did not seem to have been in Shetland before, or to know anything of its scenery or customs; but they evidently knew the names, at least, of many Shetland people, and seemed desirous to know more. May wondered whether Margaret was well enough to notice that even the Stewarts of Balacluva were brought into this conversation; and it struck May that though the stewardess adroitly parried their questions without letting them know who their fellow-passengers were, yet somehow they seemed to have more diffidence in pressing on this subject than they did on many others.

Presently they fell to whispering between themselves, with occasional noisy laughter. May could not help catching some phrases; she might have caught more had she cared to do so. "Little they are thinking it!" "Get the old place nicely done up in modern fashion." "Wouldn't like to live here in the winter time." "Won't do it, to please nobody." "No need to think of 'em; they've kept us out of our rights long enough."

At last the ship rode at anchor in the beautiful bay of Lerwick. Margaret rose in feeble, tremulous haste to prepare for landing, and was glad of May's arm to help her to the deck. In the darkness they could see nothing but the lights of the little town, rising irregularly from where they shimmered upon the dark waters to where they seemed to hang suspended from the sky, but Margaret was eager to tell May of all she would see if it was daylight; what, indeed, she would see next morning, for they must remain that night in the town.

As the sea was still rather rough, it was not easy to get steady footing in the boat which took them from the ship to the shore. May thought she had found a plank to sit on, but on subsiding upon something much lower and softer, struggled up in haste, lest she was doing some damage.

"Sit down, May," laughed Margaret, "that is only the mail-bag, and Shetland letters must not be fragile. I wonder what there is in it for Balacluva? Nothing of much importance—there never is!"

And she smiled again, and in the darkness a rose-tint stole back into her sea-pale face, for she thought to herself that the mail-bag of the next steamer would not fail to bring her a letter from Fowlis Castle.

Their two fellow-passengers were close beside them, but were rather silent and suppressed now, for they were in the keeping of one who did not look likely "to stand any nonsense"—a tall, striking-looking man, with a loose woollen travelling-cap shading his aquiline features; a man who looked half a gentleman and half a rough, who might have been a pioneer or a pirate. He had seen the laird of Balacluva on shipboard during the course of the voyage, but now he eyed the laird's two young companions with a curious, questioning look. It would have seemed wild to have imagined that there was even pity in his expression.

But when the boat had discharged its living freight upon the steps, this man said to the elder of the women—

"Do you know who those are? Poor old fellow! I can't help saying so. I wonder which of the girls is his daughter?"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the woman, evidently understanding him. "Well — to be sure. Maria, *that's them!*"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Proverbs of Affection.

Hot love is soon cold.
Faults are thick where love is thin.
Where pride begins love ceases.
Love and a cough won't hide.
Sweet is the love that meets return.
The heart's letter is read in the eyes.
Love and lordship like no fellowship.
Love lies in cottages as well as in courts.
The remedy for love is—land between.
Kind confidence begets confidence, and love begets love.
Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it.
Love can hope where reason would despair.
In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.
Nothing is more tender, nothing more violent, than love.
The science of love is the philosophy of the heart.
Love cannot be bought or sold; its only price is love.
Solid love whose root is virtue can no more die than virtue itself.
All truest love is consecrated by the Divine Love.

The Happy Heart.

That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself.
Milton.

Cultivating Sympathy. — To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures and thinking about them.—*Ruskin.*

True Taste.—Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, and goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen.—*Carlyle.*

Mental Riches. — By diligence and humility is the way to thrive in the riches of the understanding, as well as in gold.—*Watts.*

In Authority.

Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority . . . .
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.
Shakespeare.

Wisdom, Honesty, and Industry.—If wit or wisdom be the head, if honesty be the heart, industry is the right hand of every vocation.—*Barrow.*

An Excuse.

One of his neighbours once went to Nasir Eddin and asked the loan of a rope. Nasir Eddin went into his house, and after a delay of several minutes returned and told the borrower that the rope was in use tying up flour.

"What do you mean?" asked the neighbour. "How can a rope be used to bind up flour?"

"A rope may be applied to any use," replied Nasir Eddin, "when I do not wish to lend it."—*From the Turkish.*

Three Sorts of Egoists.—There are three sorts of egoists: those who live themselves and let others live; those who live themselves and don't let others live; and those who neither live themselves nor let others live.

Great Deeds.—Great deeds are great legacies, which work with wondrous usury. By what men have done we learn what men can do. A great career, though baulked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy. —*Smiles.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 487).

C a u B (*a*)
Œ n o n E (*b*)
U r a s t e R (*c*)
R h ô n E
D a w N
E t h e l i n G
L a c o n i A
I l c h e s t e R
O c t r o I
N i a g a r A

Cœur de Lion. Berengaria.

Double Acrostic.

An English monk: his well-earn'd fame will tell
Of patient study through his long career;
Fear'd, though derided, in his lonely cell
He noted Nature's mighty wonders well,
And science owns him for her pioneer.

1. An ancient Sire, who (so we read) objected
To spirituous produce of the vine:
His son these views religiously respected
And totally abstain'd from drinking wine.

2. The Name that flatt'ring courtiers gave their queen
To symbolise the colour of her hair;
Grown old, she ne'er forgot what she had been,
But vainly thought she still was young and fair.

3. Olfact'ry nerves can never be at fault
In warning us whene'er this Plant we meet;
The Arabs place its juice, combin'd with salt,
Beneath the tongue to allay a fever's heat.

4. In South America a River flows
Through rugged sandbanks, which obstruct its course;
Its name on town and district it bestows,
Then joins the ocean with o'erwhelming force.

5. A quick, coquettish, but old-fashion'd Dance,
In which the couple seem by mirth impell'd;
'Twas hither brought from sunny southern France,
When Charles the Second's Court their revels held.

Ximena.

(*a*) At Caub, in January, 1814, Prince Blücher, whose impetuosity gained for him among his delighted soldiery the epithet of "Marshal Forwards," led the Prussians across the Rhine, in pursuit of Napoleon's retreating army.

(*b*) The wife of Paris, whom he deserted for Helen.

(*c*) *Uraster rubens*, the familiar star-fish of our shores.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Balla Cashtal.—Read our article on "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii. Make the children tell you some story you told them on the preceding Sunday, and excite emulation amongst them in seeing which will tell it best, promising them to tell them another the next Sunday. This you will find a good plan when their attention begins to flag. Perhaps you keep them too long in class. Why do you allow yourself to be hoaxed? What possible reason could be given for your being obliged to give up reading this paper after you are twenty-one? Aged people and those of both sexes, middle-aged as well as young girls, read it, and correspond with us, only, of course, old gentlemen are not included amongst "our girls."

H. E. K. and D. E. C.—See "How to Improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. (the numbers for July 2 and September 10, 1881). The monthly ones are all to be had. Your spelling is good and your writing promises well.

Sailor's Daughter.—We cannot tell you when the compass was first invented, but we read that the Chinese Emperor, Ching Vang, presented the ambassadors of the Emperor of Cochin China with a species of magnetic index, called a "Chinam," by which name they now indicate a mariner's compass. This gift was made upwards of 1,000 years B.C. In fact, Playfair states that "the compass was said to have been known to the Chinese 1,115 years B.C." See also the Rev. Maurice's "Indian Antiquities," vol. vi., pages 191 and 192. It was also known to the Hindoos.

MUSIC.

A. M. and Never Despair.—Messrs. Novello's Primers are very excellent and reliable. See our notices of "New Music." The Hospital for Women 220, Marylebone-road, W., would be only too thankful for your gifts of flowers. Pronounce "Faust" as "Fowst."

The Sands.—The price of a harp would depend on whether it were new or secondhand. The violin is a difficult instrument to play really well.

Damaris Standfast (Bristol).—Thirteen is too young to learn singing; wait two years until stronger and older. We are much obliged by your regret that we should have had a rude letter from your "dear native city."

Delta.—For information relative to the examinations held in different parts of England in music, apply to the secretary, Mr. John Gill, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W.

Agnes and Johanna C.—Write for full information to the hon. sec., Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W. The fee for tuition per annum is £40, but there are four open scholarships and three local ones.

ART.

Greta.—If you have a friend in London, let your Christmas cards painted with New Zealand views and flowers be taken round to the various shops where cards are sold and offered for sale. There is no other plan.

Emerald.—We suppose, from the name, it is a drier, and is intended to be used as the *siccatif de courtrai*, or any other drier.

Cazenove.—The little white marks in the crystoleum pictures are thought to be caused by some change in the chemicals of the photograph.

A Daughter of Erin will find full information on wood engraving in "Work for All," page 179, vol. v.

Jenny Wren.—The thickness of the Christmas cards makes them difficult to arrange. We find that the best way is to cut them into shapes as wanted, so as to have as little overlapping as possible. Judson's artist's black, or one of the brown paints ready prepared in tins, sold by oil colourmen, would answer for your clothes-basket.

Bessie, Florence, Carita, and others.—We regret we cannot repeat our instructions for terra-cotta painting. You can procure the monthly number by paying sixpence and twopence postage. Address to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., who will forward the number to you.

WORK.

S. Pierpoint.—All articles sent to us for competition is sent with the clear understanding that they are to be devoted afterwards to charitable objects.

Maidenhair.—1. You will require a cap, but should consult your clergyman as to his wishes, and dress as much like your companions whom you accompany to church on that occasion as nearly as you can, in general appearance. 2. "A Few Words about Colds and Coughs" will be found in the monthly number for July 29, 1882; and "How to Ride," the numbers for October 1, 1881, and November 26, 1881.

K. T.—1. Feather trimmings will be worn all the spring, and perhaps summer, and jackets likewise. You might shorten your silk jacket if you liked, and especially if rubbed and shiny. But it is not otherwise necessary to reduce its length. We are glad that you liked our story, "Esther," so much; it appears to be a general favourite. 2. Certainly, you could procure a volume of Miss Adelaide Proctor's poems by ordering it at any bookseller's.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Leonie.—The term "to badger"—signifying to tease and annoy—has reference to the practice of badger-baiting, a very cruel form of amusement, dogs being employed to worry the badger out of a tub in which he was placed for that purpose. We recommend your mother to take in *The Sunday at Home*, and you can keep it for Sunday reading only. You promise to write a good hand by-and-by.

Ellen P.—We thank you for your interesting letter, and for so kindly sending us flowers. Warm water and soap will remove grease from frosted lamp-globes. If not satisfactory, use a little whitening.

Birdie.—Place a small piece of cheese on a little scrap of bread; if the latter be buttered there will be the less difficulty in thus conveying it to the mouth. This is the only way of eating cheese for those who go into "society" (we mean amongst the highest circles). Aspirate both words. You may either say "an hotel," or "a hotel," and you should say "a hospital."

Emmeline T.—You probably suffer from relaxation of the throat. Try to cure this. Use your handkerchief before going to bed, lie on your right side—not on your back. Raise your head on two pillows instead of one, and tie up your chin, that you may not sleep with your mouth open. Lastly, ask whoever may occupy the same room with you to waken you the moment you begin to snore, and if on your back, turn round.

Birdie.—We are much obliged to you for sending us your contribution, and regret it will not suit our columns.

Flora S.—The verses do you much credit for their good feeling and tenderness, but they are not poetry, only prose with rhymes.

M. W. (Father Christmas).—We regret that the paper was not suitable.

Trotty Veck.—The poems are hardly up to our standard of merit. Many thanks, both for them and for your very kind note.

Clarice Dill.—We are sure the poetry gives you pleasure in the writing, so go on with it, but we see no prospect of your making any money by it at any time. It has the great fault of lacking originality.

Marie Grant.—If we may judge from your letter, you would do far better at home with poultry, geese, turkeys, ducks, and rabbits, than as a clerk or cashier. Why not take a small place where you could carry on the business and help your mother? Many women are doing well in the same way.

Perplexed "loves a gentleman," and asks "is she right in so doing?" .. "Perplexed seems to see her Heavenly Father's Hand in all, and that passage in Habakkuk ii. 3, seems to come to her at times. What may she understand by it?" We fail to see the connection between "the vision" of the prophet respecting the destruction of Israel by the Chaldeans, and the letters and presents sent to her by a man who "does not say he loves her"! "Perplexed" should inform this person politely that she could not, with propriety, accept presents from any gentleman, and thinks he will not feel hurt by their return.

Pansy.—If your education have been neglected, you had better return to school, but if you think yourself too old, why not have a good daily governess? There is nothing wicked in loving a friend, for there is nothing so valuable as a true and faithful friend.

Villette.—A long answer was given on the question of stout and thin people at page 272, vol. v. Probably your circulation is in fault.

A. R. O. T. H. G. O. P.—Your family can send you the "G. O. P." to Germany; the postage would be the same as in England. The 6th November, 1868, was a Friday.

Merci.—The *Erse*, or Irish language, is one of the thirteen original European languages. It is in use at present. We should think you would obtain a grammer in Trübner's series. There is an Irish Bible, translated in 1602, 1685, and 1704, which you will probably find at the office of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The words "insurance" and "assurance" have really the same meaning, but by usage the term "assurance" is confined solely to risks depending on human life, while "insurance" is applied to the risks connected with property.

A. M. E. B.—"The Burial of Moses" is by C. F. Alexander. There is also a poem called the "Death of Moses," which, we believe, is printed anonymously. The first quotation we do not know.

Emma.—1. The "rowan-tree" is the mountain ash. Little twigs of it used formerly to be carried about as a charm against witches. One of the quaint old ceremonies of May-day at Strathspey (Scotland), was to make sheep and lambs pass through hoops of rowan wood, and, apparently for "good luck," Scotch dairymaids drive their cattle with rods of this tree. 2. The term "under the rose" is derived from the ancient idea that the rose was an emblem of secrecy. Thus, to whisper any matter *sub rosâ*, was to tell it in confidence, as it was not to be repeated.

Florence and Tomboy.—That our serial stories prove so interesting to you that you turn back to the old ones to read them all over again, will be agreeable news to the writers, and we thank you for the kind encouragement given to them and ourselves.

"WINEFRIDE."—Write for the back numbers to the publisher at our office. The monthly parts are still to be had. We are glad that you think the stories improve every year.

BABY BUNTING'S nice letter was very interesting to us, and we should like some day to hear from her again. It is kind of her to tell us that her father reads our paper and "always enjoys it," and that the kind patient mother, who "always waits till we, children, have read it," approves of the cookery recipes. We wonder who "Tom" is. "Baby" must tell us in her next. Her writing and letter do her credit. She must try, by-and-by, to write a fine free hand like her mother's. Good-bye, dear "Baby Bunting."

LITTLE MARMOZET.—Our correspondents do not appear to read our answers. We gave directions some little time ago respecting the care of the marmozet. It will eat insects, fruits, all kinds of nuts, bananas, mangoes, eggs, bread, finely-minced meat, biscuits, pulse, Indian corn and cock-roaches, snails, fish and eels. It is exceedingly sensitive to cold, and should have plenty of wool, cotton, and horsehair, pulled out and soft, in which it can roll itself up. It is very shy, and must be approached gently. The "present style" of girls' writing, resembling park-palings or sketches of "Stonehenge," is coarse and vulgar. Your own is not such, but would bear reduction in size and length of "tops and tails."

THREE ENGLISH GIRLS, GERMANY.—We consider it to be utterly absurd to imagine that our little world should be the only speck in the vast universe of worlds—either within or beyond our view—that is inhabited by intelligent beings, and acquainted with their Almighty Creator. But how many may be fallen like ourselves and needing a Saviour, has not of course been revealed to us. The side of our own little satellite the moon, which is turned towards us, presents the appearance of a world destroyed by volcanic action. Many may be so. But even this would not necessarily preclude its being inhabited by disembodied spirits, or bodies having different attributes and constitutions to ours. All is veiled in mystery for the present.

AMATEUR FLORIST.—It is true that there were but few flowers and fruits indigenous to Britain so far as we can trace them. The majority were introduced by our nobility and gentry. We acquired a great variety of roses between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. The "rose of Provence" was introduced by Margaret of Anjou, the damask rose of Italy by Linacre. Peiresc brought us varieties of jessamine from China, Persia, and America. Henry IV. sacrificed his orangeries for the planting of mulberry trees for the rearing of silkworms; a member of the Carew family having imported the orange. Sir William naturalised four kinds of grapes; and three plums by Thomas, Lord Cornwall. Grindel, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave us the tamarisk, apricots from Morocco; the cherry—once plenty here and dying-out in Saxon times—re-planted by Henry VIII.'s. gardener; cabbages by Sir Anthony Ashley; potatoes and tobacco by Sir W. Raleigh, and the currant from Zante, in the reign of Henry VIII. The subject is too extensive for the correspondence columns.

PUMPKIN PIE.—We cannot associate the very characteristic name you have selected with "ghostly terrors" such as you describe. Go and inspect that particular portrait in the dark corridor by daylight, or with the additional aid of a candle, and you will see whether the canvas has been cut and an opening made for anyone to have emerged from it. Or whether there be room behind it for practical jokers to make a hiding place. Go to bed early, and never neglect your prayers.

A GERMAN GIRL IN FRANCE.—We admire your resolution, and the self-denial and pain (as regards your relative) that you have voluntarily inflicted upon yourself for honour and conscience' sake. Write and repeat your decision. Tell him you grieve to be obliged to adhere strictly to it for honour's sake to the parents who have befriended and trusted you. That all correspondence must cease entirely, until the time you have already fixed shall have expired. That if his feelings be still unchanged by that time, he may ask for your hand, both from yourself, and openly and honourably from your parents; and at the same time tell his own parents that you had declined to accept him or to correspond with him for all those four or five years, for honour and gratitude sake towards them.

"A MEMBER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" wishes to know "what use can be made of goose fat." In Canada it is employed for external application to sore throats and chests. In our turn we wish to be informed how our correspondent can be "a member of" our magazine?

ANXIOUS ONE.—When a girl is of age she can marry a tinker or a rag-picker—if that be any advantage—against her guardians' or parents' wishes. But unless property be left her independently of them, she cannot "claim" anything, money nor land, during her parents' lifetime, nor perhaps after their death, unless it were "settled" property. Even then they may have the power of "appointment," and may have a right to divide the money according to their own judgment, amongst their children—a fortune of thousands to one, and a shilling to one who has been rebellious or otherwise ill-conducted. Sometimes property is left to children in part at the death of the father, and the remainder at that of the mother.

CAPELLA.—We have read your letter carefully, and we think that your digestion is probably at fault. We should advise you to put your objection aside, and to consult some good reliable doctor. Probably a milk diet will be of service, and plenty of light nourishment.

S. N.—"Toilet Tidies" would be correct. We should imagine the ball might be dyed with Judson's dye.

MARY.—"Ye are the salt of the earth," Matthew v. 13. If you are to act as Christ's helper, you must not forget that one of your duties is to season and overcome the world.

F A. R.—1. The query is too vague. Of what material is the pulpit you wish to decorate, and what can you apply to it? 2. All the rudiments of an English education, and the grounding of French and music, will be expected.

HETTIE.—We think the author is probably Jacob Abbott, a well-known American writer.

ROSEBUD.—We think you must try to give the canary soft food (hard-boiled egg and soaked biscuit) for a time. Perhaps he is getting old.

CORK TREE.—The secretary of the Cordwainers' Company would no doubt give you the information you want, or you might obtain it at the Guildhall Library.

ELLA H. is very kind in her praises of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but we fear the weekly perusal to which she looks forward so much is not of much value to her, as she did not see the long and careful article on "Spots and Stains," page 807, vol. iv.

X. Y. Z. "wishes to know for a recipe for curry made in India," and what the Editor thinks of her "fist." "If these queries," she adds, "are not answered very soon she will discontinue subscribing to *it*." As an example of clear and polite English, the Editor thinks he has never seen "X. Y. Z.'s" letter surpassed.

NELLY MORGAN.—1. There is no foundation for the belief that the Jews are returning to their own country in great numbers. On the contrary, so far as we gather from recent travellers and books, none of the colonies in Palestine and Syria, Christian or Jewish, have answered well, nor are they "extremely flourishing." The latest plan of Mr. Oliphant was to form a "joint stock company" for colonization; but we see it stated that "no security of title can be obtained in land" in either Syria or Palestine. 2. You had better obtain one of the missionary maps, which will show you the exact scope of Christianity. We are indeed sorry to hear you are so alarmed about the "end of the world."

A. MACDONALD.—You keep the piano too much shut up, which causes the keys to grow yellow.

RAY C.—"Cervantes" should be pronounced as "sir-van-tees;" "Gierstein" as follows: "geer" as in "tier" (a row), "stein" as "stine." "Caius" College is called "Keys College;" "Ariadne," "Ar-ry-ad-ne."

NUTS AND TWIN.—Send the glasses to be re-silvered.

GIPSY.—None of the summer or winter numbers can be obtained. All the monthly numbers of the first and second volumes can be got, but not the weekly ones.

CULVERTON.—Did you think that the bodies of the dead went to heaven immediately after their death? Surely not, or have you never realised that there is a mortal body and an immortal spirit.

ROSALIE and MURIELLE LISSI.—Our word "plate," as applied to silver spoons, forks, etc., comes from the Spanish word "plata," silver. The name probably comes from this.

CANTERBURY BELL.—The 12th November, 1864, was a Saturday, and the 22nd May, 1867, was a Wednesday.

FORSAKEN.—The address of the Society for the Employment of Women is 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

LUCIE FOSTER.—You must consult the clergyman of the parish, who will give you the needful information.

A MOTHERLESS ONE is advised to consult a doctor, as her general health requires attention.

GILLIE.—The causes of dreams are the subject of much inquiry just now; but sometimes an unpleasant one may be traced to a disordered digestion or a generally unhealthy condition, if not to books read or painful events that have impressed the mind. You had better consult a doctor, as your sufferings are most likely due to one of the first-named causes.

MAY J. NEWTON.—We do not know what you could do with the book, save to soak the leaves affected in turpentine and lay it in the air for the smell to evaporate. We fear you will have to get a new one.

DEAR DAR.—The address of the Bible Learners' Union, which might suit you, is Miss Brine, hon. secretary, The Ferns, 131, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E. There is a musical practising society also, the secretary of which is Miss Jennings, Dan-y-Bryn House, Newport, Monmouthshire.

S. H. BOYD.—You will find the tables under the heading of "Our Christmas Card Table," in vol. iii.

CARRIE.—It is said that if the stems of everlasting flowers be dipped in melted white wax they will remain flexible and upright.

LITTLE DRUMMER BILL.—The words of "God Save the King" were written by Henry Carey, in honour of a birthday of George II., in 1740. Both words and music are considered to be by him, though claimed by others.

LLANBERIS.—1. We have given a series of articles on Christian names and their significations. Read these; it is not fair to other readers to fill the Answers to Correspondents with old information. 2. If polite and kind and good-tempered, the other girls will soon show themselves friendly to you.

MILDRED M. DAVIES.—You should write to the secretary, Young Women's Christian Association Union, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W. The secretary is Miss Weitbrecht. No doubt you could easily become a member. We have no further suggestion to make as to remunerative work than those already given in the "G.O.P." There is always useful work for willing and kindly hands to do; but selling work is rarer. We were interested in your letter, and wish you well.

G. M. G. D.—Butter is, or was, sold by the yard in Cambridge.

VOL. V.—No. 231. MAY 31, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

BY RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XII.

IF Hilda could have examined the contents of the post bag which left Fell Foot on the day after the picnic, she would have found that the bulkiest letter therein was addressed to her Aunt Lydia.

The writer could only be Geoffrey Penwarden, as it was in an unfamiliar hand.

Two days later, he and Mr. Oakley started for Sheffield together, the latter to give the promised oversight to his brother Maurice's business. The object of Geoffrey's journey may easily be guessed.

We may draw a veil over the meeting between these two faithful hearts, and imagine all that would have to be told and listened to by each.

What mattered now those harsh judgments, cruel misunderstandings, years of absence, loss of wealth to Geoffrey? These were all things of the past; mere memories to-day!

And the prospect of narrow means, and much work to be done! What were these in comparison with the old burden and the old sorrow, which could never have to be lifted or borne again?

What cared Lydia now for the season of suspense and silence, lasting through the long years, whilst girlhood was fleeing away into the never-to-be-recalled past, and she, hoping almost against hope, and faithful in spite of all condemning circumstances?

Nothing; absolutely nothing.

The bright colour came to the fair cheek, too pale with waiting and watching, and the good, honest eyes shone, even through tears of joy, as she said, "I knew all must come right, Geoffrey. It was only needful to wait and trust. I never doubted you, dear, for a moment, and, thank God, He never allowed me to doubt Him."

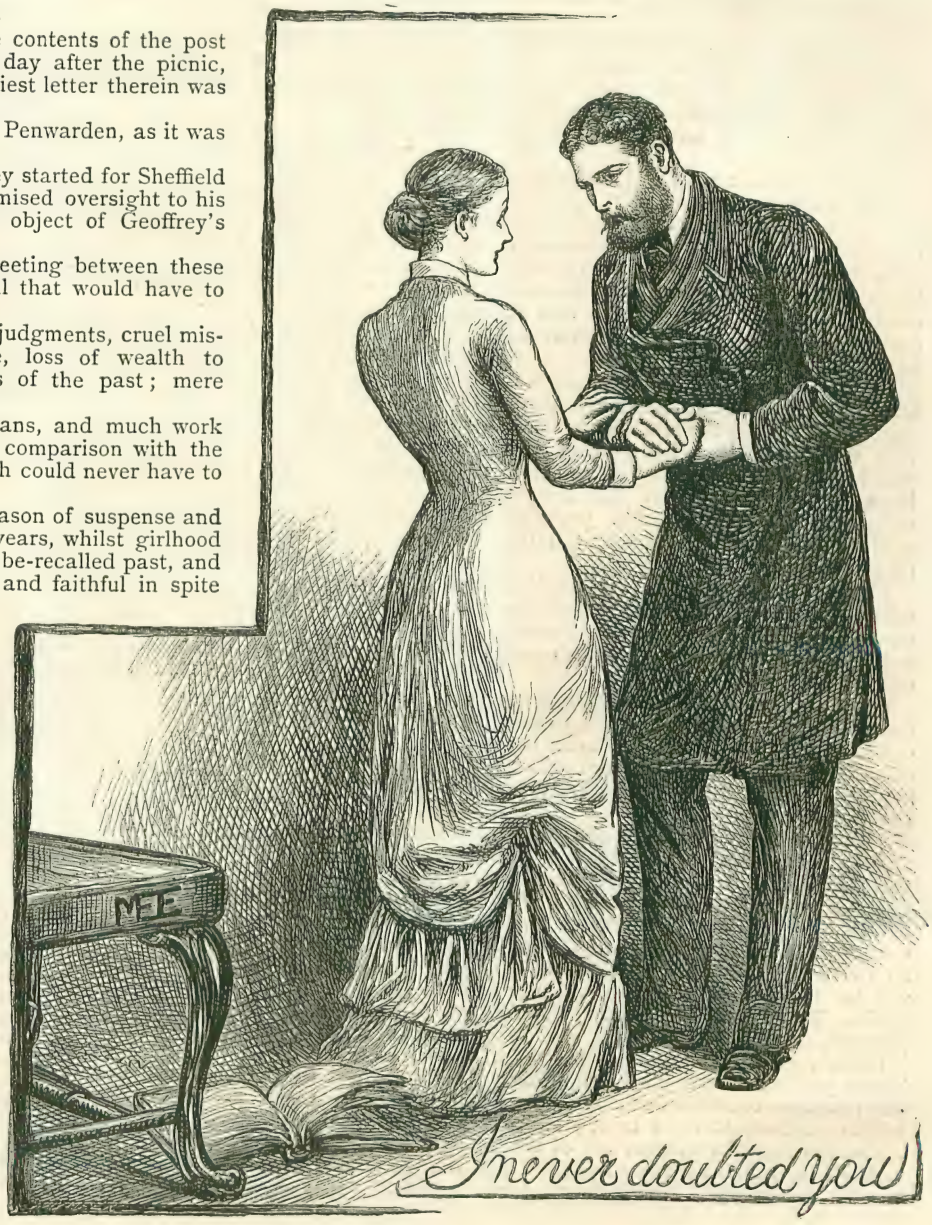
"But if the truth had never been made clear in this world, dearest?"

"We will not trouble about 'ifs,' Geoffrey," she replied, with a bright smile. "We have met, and though you find the spinster aunt of a tribe of lesser Oakleys, instead of the girl you left, we are not so very old yet, are we?"

Old! Geoffrey laughed at the idea.

"You, more than a year off thirty; I, only a few months your senior! We shall grow younger

All rights reserved.]



every day, for we are only old in sad experiences."

Then he alluded to the long, cruel silence, his greatest mistake, and she insisted that even this was for the best.

"You wished to leave me free, Geoffrey. It was unselfish on your part, but you know now, and so do I, that in the true heart there is room for only one occupant. As to your not coming to me immediately after your return, I guessed the reason. Your poor mother had told me of the almost ruin Arthur was bringing on your father and Treneweth."

So the faintest remaining cloud having been scattered, Geoffrey Penwarden returned to Fishers' Ghyll looking as happy as he felt.

There was to be no question of any lengthened parting for the future. Mr. Maurice Oakley's condition was improving daily, and as soon as Lydia could leave her younger brother and his family she was to join the happy party at Fell Foot. In the meanwhile, when Mr. Oakley found a journey to Sheffield advisable, Geoffrey would go and return with him.

And then—well, he might have to let Treneweth and return to Australia for a few more years of steady exertion, whilst the estate, wisely administered, should redeem itself; but he would not go alone.

There would be a quiet wedding at the Hey, probably just before Frank's, which would transform Hilda's "old maid of the family" into Mrs. Penwarden. Then the Oakleys, whilst rejoicing with the bride and bridegroom, would have to condole with each other on the loss of one of the most charming as well as useful of spinster aunts.

The news came out bit by bit, and great was the excitement amongst the younger people. They were not made acquainted with the whole story, but enough was told to enlist their warmest sympathies. Even the conviction that this second unlooked-for wedding would probably again postpone the Swiss tour did not bring a frown to a single face.

Jack and Janet succeeded in creating a good deal of amusement by speculative remarks on the subject of bride's cake, and inquiries as to the portion thereof which would be left at the Hey.

Whereupon, Hilda, with lavish generosity, pledged herself to furnish a second cake and entrust it to the twins for distribution, provided Mrs. Oakley could be induced to consent, which she did most cheerfully.

"They are very frank and outspoken, and have fine healthy appetites, but if there were any scarcity I would trust them neither to be selfish nor greedy, but to be content with less than their share rather than grasp at more. It will be the distributing of the cake which will be so charming to the children, Hilda. Thank you for planning such a pleasure for them."

Hilda's promise was, however, to be kept a profound secret until the wedding day; a wise condition, or every person within reach would have been promised a share of the cake without loss of time.

As it was, it was the subject of so many mysterious conferences that Sarah became seriously alarmed, not being able to guess "What those young ones were going to be after next."

The days sped pleasantly on. Jack caught more fish, and the glory of that first pike was eclipsed by subsequent captures. There were delightful excursions to noted places, rambles on the fells, and lazy days on the lake and in the woods.

Only four more and then Mr. Oakley and Geoffrey were to go to Sheffield and bring back Aunt Lydia. But there was to be another arrival before then.

"Brooke is coming to me at Fishers' Ghyll after all," said Geoffrey, as he opened the first of a budget of letters. "It seems it was important business, not a sudden change of plan, which made him send me that disappointing telegram, instead of joining me at Keswick on the day of that breakdown which was the fortunate cause of our meeting on the road. I shall be heartily glad to see him, though," added Geoffrey, with a laugh. "I fear he will not find me as reliable a companion as I should have been had he come at first."

"There are plenty of us to help in entertaining him," said Allan; "that is, if you think he will be satisfied with such substitutes."

"Satisfied! Brooke will think himself a most fortunate individual if admitted into the family circle here. But you must bear in mind that he has spent nearly his whole life in Australia. He lost both his parents when only five years old, and of his few relatives none seemed inclined to quarrel for the privilege of offering him a home.

"Fortunately, an old bachelor uncle of his father's was in England at the time, and he took pity on the little lad. He arranged for Robert to return to the colony with him. He was already a well-to-do man, but he never gave the boy the idea that he would be provided for without working. His education was well cared for, and the school part having come to an end, Robert was put to work, and had to rough it for a good many years.

"He turned out a fine, enterprising, self-reliant fellow, of whom old Jeremy Brooke, his uncle, was immensely proud. He left him all his property, because, as he characteristically remarked, 'Bob was quite able to do without it.' So he is now a wealthy man, in England for the first time since he left it, at five years old.

"I worked with him under his uncle when I was in Australia, and can say of both that they were my true friends and helpers."

"Quite enough to recommend young Brooke to me," said Mr. Oakley, heartily. "I allude to his kindness to you, Geof, not to his wealth or position, though his being an educated man is, of course, an additional qualification for the society of the young people."

"You will find him a little brusque, perhaps, and frank to a fault, but you will forgive these little peculiarities, which are the result of the life he had to lead for many years. I should tell you that he is a couple of years younger than myself."

"Tall or short? Dark or fair? Plain or handsome?" asked Hilda. "You have told us about his good qualities and his means. No. I should have reversed those words and said his wealth and his good qualities, for I notice that gentlemen in speaking of others, nearly always tell us what they have before enlightening us as to what they are in themselves. As to looks, they are seldom mentioned in a masculine description."

"I must plead guilty to having alluded to Brooke's money before I spoke of my friend himself. But that came in incidentally, not because I value him, or bespeak the goodwill of others for him, on account of what he has. I was telling his story, Miss Cranswick, and having mentioned his adoption and education by his eccentric old relative, it was natural that I should inform you of the pecuniary result, and of Jeremy Brooke's reason for bestowing his wealth on his grand-nephew. If you had known the uncle, his bequest alone would have convinced you of his nephew's worth of character. Old Jeremy Brooke was a shrewd, as well as a good man. He knew better than to place the gains of a lifetime of work in hands that would not use them worthily."

"Thank you, Mr. Penwarden," said Hilda. "How about your friend's appearance? Having settled the more important parts, we have come to the looks, have we not?"

Everyone smiled at Hilda's persistency and the look of curiosity and interest she had thought fit to assume. Who could help being amused?

Not Geoffrey, who always fell in with the moods of this grown-up spoilt child. He professed to ponder for a little while, then assumed an expression of regret.

(*To be continued.*)

Y.W.C.A.

TO THE EDITOR,—The hon. secretaries of the Young Women's Christian Association are glad to be able to tell our readers that they have been able to form a "Girl's Own Paper" branch of scattered members of this Association. They have received letters, not only from London, but from many parts of the country, asking for membership cards. Some have joined as *Honorary Associates*, paying five shillings a year, some as *Associates*, paying a shilling a year, and they receive the monthly letter and other information about the Association. Others have applied for membership at the different Institutes, and have met with a cordial welcome from the ladies in charge.

The secretaries will be glad to hear from any others who would like to take advantage of the benefits offered by the Y.W.C.A., and to furnish them with further particulars. Or they would be glad to hear from any who would like to help in the formation of new Institutes and branches. There are still many districts in London where they are needed, and many towns where the Y.W.C.A. is still unknown.

The hon. secretaries are MRS. HERBERT ARBUTHNOT, 15, Craven-hill Gardens, London, W.; the HON. EMILY KINNAIRD, 2, Pall Mall East, S.W. The Central Institute and Office, 17, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, London.

GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

Miss Down soon recovered from her slight indisposition, and was able to take her place in the lecture-room again, after a few days' holiday.

On her first appearance there, the girls found that she had provided herself with a blackboard and a series of diagrams.

"I have no time to think about anything when I am here with all you girls about me," she began; "but I have taken the opportunity of being away for a few days to reflect upon your ignorance, and the best way of instilling a few ideas into your minds. You need not look offended, Nellie; I daresay you know as much as most other girls, but then most girls know very little that is any use to them. So I have had these blank diagrams made, for you to fill the names in yourselves, to show the properties of various kinds of food. Perhaps you remember what I told you a short time ago, that the three elements in our food necessary to repair the waste in our bodies are, first, those which form flesh and muscle; second, those which supply heat and vital energy, but do not make flesh; and lastly, mineral substances, of which the chief are water and salt. Which are the principal flesh-forming substances, Ruth?"

"Casein and albumen."

"You have omitted an important one—fibrin. And what foods come under those three heads?"

"Albumen is chiefly obtained either from eggs or meat; but cocoa contains a great deal also, and there is a small quantity in some vegetables, especially carrots and turnips. Casein is found in milk, beans, lentils, and peas; and fibrin is provided either by meat, or by wheat and the other cereals."

"Very good, Ruth; I hope the others have remembered equally well. Janet, what kinds of food must be taken to supply our bodies with heat and force?"

"Sugar and starch?"

"Yes, they are very important. The commonest forms of almost pure starch are tapioca, sago, and arrowroot; but it is found in many vegetables, especially potatoes and rice. But you have forgotten a very important heat-producing element, animal or vegetable fat and oil. You must have heard of the enormous quantities of these substances people living in polar regions are obliged to eat; they know from experience their value in producing heat, though probably they never heard of the theory of heat-producing foods. But I want to-day to speak to you specially about the last class of necessary ingredients of our food—the minerals. Most of the articles used as food contain some of the necessary mineral salts, but unfortunately a large quantity is lost by being boiled out during the cooking; and our health would suffer seriously, but that we are able to supply the loss by the use of uncooked fruit and salads, which contain certain acids having a most valuable medicinal effect."

"Perhaps that is why so many people have indigestion, Miss Down, because they do not eat fresh fruit."

"I should hardly like to say that, Minnie, because indigestion arises from so many different causes, but I am sure that in many cases the health would be improved if more uncooked fruit were eaten; not, as is so often done, in the shape of dessert after a heavy dinner, but either instead of or before other food, especially at breakfast. You know how much sailors on long voyages used to suffer from scurvy, from want of green food, till the subject was investigated, and it was found that the necessary acid could be supplied to some extent by lime-juice. Janet, do you know what vegetables are coming into season now?"

"Artichokes, asparagus, French beans, cauliflowers, green peas, cucumbers, and sea kale. That is the list I wrote out, but it seems to me that in the large towns you can get everything all the year round."

"You can get most fruits and vegetables long before and after they are really in season in England, but they are either forced or imported from abroad. Green gooseberries are getting plentiful now, and strawberries; and, as you say, other fruits can be obtained, though it is still early for the English grown. There are plenty of materials for salads to be had now: lettuces, endives, beets, mustard and cress, watercress, and sorrel. Do not forget, in preparing salad, that it must be very carefully washed and picked over, and afterwards well dried. The best way is to lay the leaves in a cloth, and gather up the corners, and then whisk it about. I need not give you any recipes for cooking fruit, as all the cookery books are full of them, and you can so easily invent others. But if you are even unable to obtain fresh fruit, or you wish to teach poor people who cannot afford to buy it, remember that you need not, therefore, go without any at all. There are so many kinds of dried fruits to be had, and if nothing else can be got, a very good dish can be made by soaking common pudding raisins for some hours, and then simmering them till they are quite tender. They make a most wholesome food; in fact, grape and raisin cures are sometimes recommended in cases of severe maladies, especially in some parts of Germany, and cases of apparently incurable disease have been restored to health by this diet."

"But, Miss Down, if the mineral substances in vegetables are lost by boiling, why are they not in fruit too?"

"They are in a great measure boiled out, but with fruit you eat the juice, while the liquid in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away."

A short time after this lecture, as a few of the elder girls were sitting in the little study which was the exclusive domain of the first-class girls, Minnie Selby came in, with an air of tragic despair.

"There is a dreadful prospect before us, girls, you may as well make up your mind to a week of hard work," she cried, throwing herself into the easy chair. "I just caught Miss Down and Miss St. Adrian deep in consultation, and as I passed I heard remarks about bushels of fruit, which to my experienced mind pointed plainly to jam."

But Minnie's prophecies were not exactly fulfilled after all; the first-class girls were not doomed to make jam this year. As Miss Down explained to them at one of the subsequent lectures, they had made it so often, if they had not learnt how to do it by this time, it was quite certain they never would learn, so the work was left to the second-class; and Miss Down contented herself by reminding the elder ones of a few of the rules necessary to ensure the jam being good and keeping well.

One of the girls left her note-book behind when they left the lecture-room, and the following are the rules, as they appeared in her book:—

"Clean out the preserving pan thoroughly every time you empty it, or it will burn. Don't put it right on the fire, but on a trivet or hot plate, as jam burns so easily. Only fill it rather more than half full, for fear it should boil over. Jars must be washed and very well dried, or the jam goes mouldy; glass is the best, as you can see through if there is any mould. Always stir it with wooden spoons: other kinds spoil the colour of the jam. Jam will not keep well unless the jars are made air-tight. Cover them when *full* with papers dipped either in brandy or sweet oil, with another cover over it. An old-fashioned way does very well of dipping thin paper into gum-water, and pressing it down all over. When dry it is quite firm and air-tight."

But though the first-class girls had no actual jam-making, they did not altogether escape extra work in the fruit season, for Miss St. Adrien undertook to teach them the German method of preparing fruit syrup. Several kinds of fruit were used, raspberries, cherries, strawberries, and currants; a little syrup was made of each separately, and a little of currants mixed with each of the others. The fruit was picked, and then mashed up with a spoon in a basin, then pressed through a stout linen bag. In Germany a proper press is used, but as the school did not possess one, the girls had to exercise their ingenuity. Some managed by putting heavy weights on the fruit; but others triumphantly declared that nothing answered so well as their idea of putting the fruit through the mangle. The juice was then allowed to stand for the night, and was strained in the morning through a flannel bag. After this process 1lb of juice to ¾lb of sugar was put on a brisk fire, and was allowed to boil fast for a quarter of an hour. It was then left to become quite cold before being poured into bottles, and tightly corked down.

The refuse fruit remaining after the syrup had been extracted was turned to excellent account as a light and cooling luncheon dish. The bruised pulp, well covered with water, was put on the fire, and allowed to boil for some time. When thoroughly boiled, it was pressed once more through the linen bag, and the juice sweetened to taste. In the meantime some corn flour was mixed smoothly in cold water, as for a corn flour mould, then stirred into the hot juice, and all boiled together till the mixture thickened, being stirred all the time to keep it smooth. It was then poured into moulds, and left till cold. In Germany this dish is served in soup plates, and eaten with cold milk; but the girls having made it rather too stiff for eating in this way, it was served like blancmange.

Great dismay was caused throughout the school one morning by the mysterious disappearance of Jim. One of the maids knocked at Miss Gwen's bedroom door shortly before breakfast-time, in great agitation, to say that there was no breakfast ready, for the young ladies whose turn it was to prepare that meal were running all over the house and garden, calling for Jim, who could not be found. Miss Gwen started up at once to go and superintend the search, but as she was hastily leaving the room her eye fell upon a piece of paper, which had evidently been pushed under the door.

On opening it she read with difficulty the following note, from Jim, written in an almost illegible hand, for his progress in his studies had not kept pace with his improvement in other respects.

"dear miss,—i cudent stand it no longer so i took and hookd it hopen youll furgiv and furgett youer oblidge servant jim."

"hopen miss ruth won't think no wuss of me wich i never don it and ony sed so to oblidge."

Miss Gwen stood pondering over this strange epistle for some time, and then rang the bell sharply for prayers, and when the girls and servants were assembled, she read them Jim's letter, and told them that she was convinced now that the blame had been laid upon the wrong person, adding that she hoped each one present would feel it incumbent upon her as a matter of common honesty never to rest till the ring had been found, or the real culprit discovered.

(*To be continued.*)

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SNOW.

A STORY OF A SWISS HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER VI.

My lengthened rest had a more beneficial effect than I could have believed possible. I woke rather late on the morning after my adventure, and found that the fifteen or sixteen hours of quiet had completely removed all physical fatigue. So I was ready to join the party that stepped away from Pension Edelweiss at about half-past nine o'clock for our excursion to the Schmadribach Fall. It was a glorious morning, and I wore one of my muslin kerchiefs pinned across the bodice of my dress, with a pretty new Swiss hat of light straw that Laura had bought at Thun, in case of emergencies, she said, and now generously lent me in place of the one battered and destroyed by my adventure. Our party was the same as that which had ascended the Schilthorn.

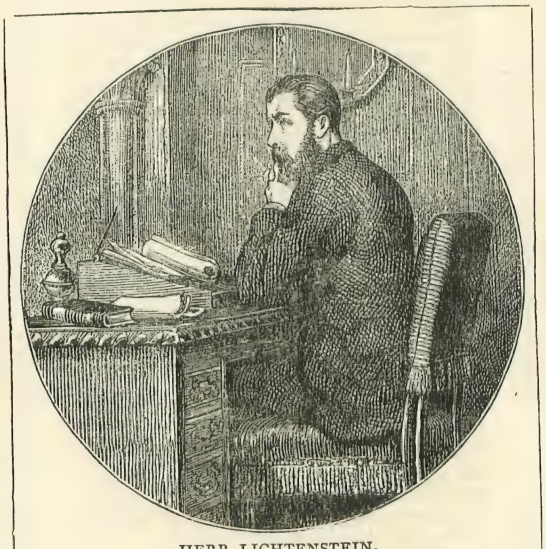
The way lay first down the path by which we had climbed to Gimmelwald on the night of our arrival, and passed the spot where the Sefinen-Lütschine plunges into its forest basin, just above the meeting of the valleys. We paused to admire the rainbow hues that tinged the spray of the cascade in the morning sun, and then struck off into the wood by a path skirting the side of the Lauterbrunnen-Thal, and emerging on the banks of the main torrent.

The valley is shut in by a curve of mountains and glaciers of surpassing sublimity, and narrows towards its head, whither we were bound.

In a clearing beside the stream stands the little inn of Trachsellauinen, "Zum Schmadribach," which we passed, ascending soon afterwards a rugged forest path, and emerging upon a most exquisite glade. One side was open to the rushing river, the others were shut in by tall trees, lofty rocks garlanded by moss and creepers, and verdure of almost tropical luxuriance. My pleasure was a little dashed by the fact that nobody seemed particularly anxious to have much to do with me, and yet a sharp watch was evidently kept upon my proceedings. Beatrice and her faithful attendant, Mr. Scott, ignored me completely. Captain Clifford continually looked round to see if I was coming, and every now and then ejaculated, "Miss Fielding! Don't go there; keep to the path, if you please." I seemed to be looked upon in the light of a troublesome child who had to be guarded at every turn, and even Herr Lichtenstein was too much absorbed in a conversation with Miss James upon German national education to befriend me.

Still, I found abundant food for enjoyment in the lovely head of the glen that we were approaching. People who merely ride through the frequented valleys and show-places of Switzerland have no idea of the enjoyment that can be gained by tracking Nature to her favourite haunts, so to speak, and winning, on foot, a knowledge of her inner sanctuaries; for she hides her dearest treasures far away from the crowd. We came out soon upon a sort of plantation, whence the fall was plainly visible, with its amphitheatre of mountains and glaciers behind, wooded terraces below, and sister cataracts streaming in unison from the heights. The broad stream of the Schmadribach veils the precipice below the glacier, at the very head of the Lauterbrunnen valley, and below the fall flies out in wild clouds of foam through a wood. We crossed first the Thal-bach, then the Schmadribach itself, and climbed a rocky wooded knoll, until we emerged on a wild open glade at the very foot of the cataract.

I stood alone, drinking in the sublimity and majesty of the scene. Above me the great



HERR LICHTENSTEIN.

volume of water from the glacier poured in a broad yet exquisitely graceful flood over the cliffs for about two hundred feet; below me the downward progress of the stream was marked by clouds of boiling foam, flying high above the pine-tops. I tried to learn by heart the curve of mountain and glacier that shut me in, with each cataract that thundered from the snow, that I might have something to dwell upon in the days to come, when the discouraged trees and shabby railings of the dusty suburban road should bound my horizon. Laura was attempting to scramble up the wooded cliff that bordered the cataract, laughing and slipping back at every turn, with Herr Ulrich helping her. Beatrice and Mr. Scott were sitting apart upon a stone, and Miss James still held Herr Lichtenstein fast in the toils of her conversation.

"I have been noticing that we rise to this point by a succession of terraces," I remarked to Captain Clifford, who immediately began a most interesting dissertation upon Alpine valleys and gorges, and continued it when we had reluctantly torn ourselves away from this very paradise of beauty.

When we reached the glade of which I spoke as open to the stream, we paused with one accord, and a halt was called. It was yet early in the afternoon, and Miss James had brought, with praiseworthy forethought, an apparatus for making afternoon tea, in the shape of a neat little Etna packed in a basket. The other necessaries had been distributed among the various members of the party, who now produced them and demanded the coveted refreshment.

"First of all," proclaimed Miss James, "some of you must get me spring water to boil."

"You should always use snow water for making tea on these occasions," cried Laura.

"Oh, but that's a mistake, you know," exclaimed Mr. Atherton. "I know a fellow who was awfully ill through drinking it." Then followed an account of the circumstances attending his friend's exploit.

"Why, but don't you see that in making tea it would save the trouble of getting milk as well?" said Laura, pointing to the bluish whiteness of the snow water that rushed along beside us.

"That reminds me. Milk we must have," said Miss James, promptly extinguishing Laura's pleasantries, "so please somebody go and find a cowherd and get some."

Several members of the party vanished on these errands. I rose, but Captain Clifford exclaimed, half-laughing, half peremptory, "No, Miss Fielding, stay there, if you please. Then I shall be quite sure you are safe." So I sat on a flat stone beneath a massive rock tapestried with moss and ivy, delighting in the scene. Herr Lichtenstein approached, and, throwing himself on the grass at my feet, smiled up at me. We were quite out of the way of Miss James and her Etna.

"Ah, that reminds me," he said; "I haf wished to ask you, and now I will do so. How came you on that ledge on the Schilthorn?"

"I turned aside after we had started," I replied, "thinking I would overtake Captain and Mrs. Clifford."

"Who had started at least ten minutes before you? That was sanguine. But what made you so suddenly leave us for so perilous a route?"

I felt myself turning crimson.

"I did not know it was so steep," I stammered.

"No," said Herr Lichtenstein, looking up at me with composed gaze from his place on the grass, "that understands itself. But precipitous you knew it was, for our good little friend Miss Laura read it out from the book. And now I ask you, for what reason did you run away alone all in a moment?"

I thought I would not answer at all. I knew I could not tell him the whole truth; but his way of expectantly waiting for a reply, with his eye fixed on me, and the thought that he had saved my life, prevented me from retorting with a surly refusal to explain.

"I was vexed at something Beatrice said, and I did not want to go home with her and the rest."

He was looking steadfastly at me as I spoke, and still did so for a moment; then, with a long-drawn "So!" he tossed back his long hair, and rose to walk away for a turn or two on the grass.

I waited where I was, feeling rather foolish. He came back, resumed his former place, and said abruptly—

"But that was childish!"

"I know it," I replied.

"You leaf your friends, spoil their party, put yourself in danger, and all because a mindless young lady says something, I care not what, to vex you."

I felt conscience-stricken, and could think of no other defence than feebly repeating, "I did not mean to endanger my life."

"You meant not to commit self-murder because your temper or your vanity was hurt—no, that understands itself. I haf not so bad an opinion of you as to believe that; but, look you, what you did was unworthy—unworthy!"

Herr Lichtenstein always spoke English

with a stronger German accent and style when he was excited, and he was excited now; his blue eyes gleamed under his spectacles, and he flung back his hair.

"I haf noticed you mind much what that Miss Beatrice says—you think much of yourself—you are too ready to take offence. When I spoke of your music, you were offended, too."

"Oh, but, Herr Lichtenstein," I pleaded, "I apologised for my foolishness then."

Herr Lichtenstein raised his long forefinger. "Sh! sh! I know, but I quote it now because it all shows one thing. Always you are thinking of yourself. You ask, 'Does that insult *my* vanity? Does that cross *my* wish? Is that not just to *me?*' and, presto! you are offended!"

"Shouldn't you think I am offended now, for instance?" I ventured to ask, with a mirthful glance.

Again the toss of his hair.

"Oh! I care not if you are, except for your own sake; it makes nothing to me. I am an artist; you are one too—yes, in your way, you are." This was in answer to a dissentient gesture from me. "Therefore, when you live a life that is not worthy of your art, I must speak. See you, I hold Art as a noble mistress; she must be served with the devotion of a life. The knight of olden days, when he wooed his liege lady, said to himself, 'For her sake I must not only love her, I must lead a life that is pure, perfect, worthy of her dear sake.' So we, who are musicians, should feel towards Art."

He paused, and walked away again with hands clasped behind him, and his hair thrown back; then returning, he stood before me and went on, looking down at my face—

"Perhaps I haf not made you understand. I mean that we, who love perfection, who ever serve that lofty ideal in Music, *our* mistress Art, should try to lead our lives in harmony. We should feel we haf a great and noble purpose; our lives must not be patched by little meannesses, little jealousies, little faults of vanity. That is all discordant; it is out of accord with the aim of our lives. It is true the effort may take a lifetime, and yet we haf not attained that for which we strive."

I felt deeply moved. Herr Lichtenstein saw it, sat down beside me, and went on amicably.

"So now, if you will feel you haf a great purpose in life, the winning nearer to the perfection of your chosen art, you will say, 'I am an artist; I must not therefore be small, easily offended, always thinking of myself. It is inharmonious; it is unworthy.'"

"It is very hard to keep that purpose before one," I said, "when one's life goes on in teaching over and over again the same things."

Herr Lichtenstein shrugged his shoulders and spread out the palms of his hands. "Ah, but you must not look at the little details. You must see your life as a whole. You must say, 'The Father, He has given me this work to do; let me be worthy of it.'"

He spoke reverently, and evidently felt every word. Then he continued—

"So these holidays are good. See you, when one works every day one loses the meaning of life. In a holiday one gets away, and can then look at it as a whole from a little distance in all its proportion. When you toil up this Lauterbrunnen valley, you see not all the features of the vale; but when you withdraw, and look at it as from yonder platform by the Schmadribach, you see it all spread out in its beauty. So you withdraw from your music-teaching life; you look at the study of your art, which with teaching you carry on; you say, 'That is noble; I will rise to my vocation.'"

I could not help saying, "I wish all artists reverenced their art in your way, Herr Lichtenstein."

"Begin by yourself doing so," said he brightly, "and let us not blame others, but see that we ourselves lead worthy lives. See, here is the tea now ready to comfort you after the little lecture we haf had."

He was gone towards the scene of action, where Miss James, reinforced by the milk which Laura and Herr Ulrich had fetched from somewhere, was dispensing the fragrant beverage.

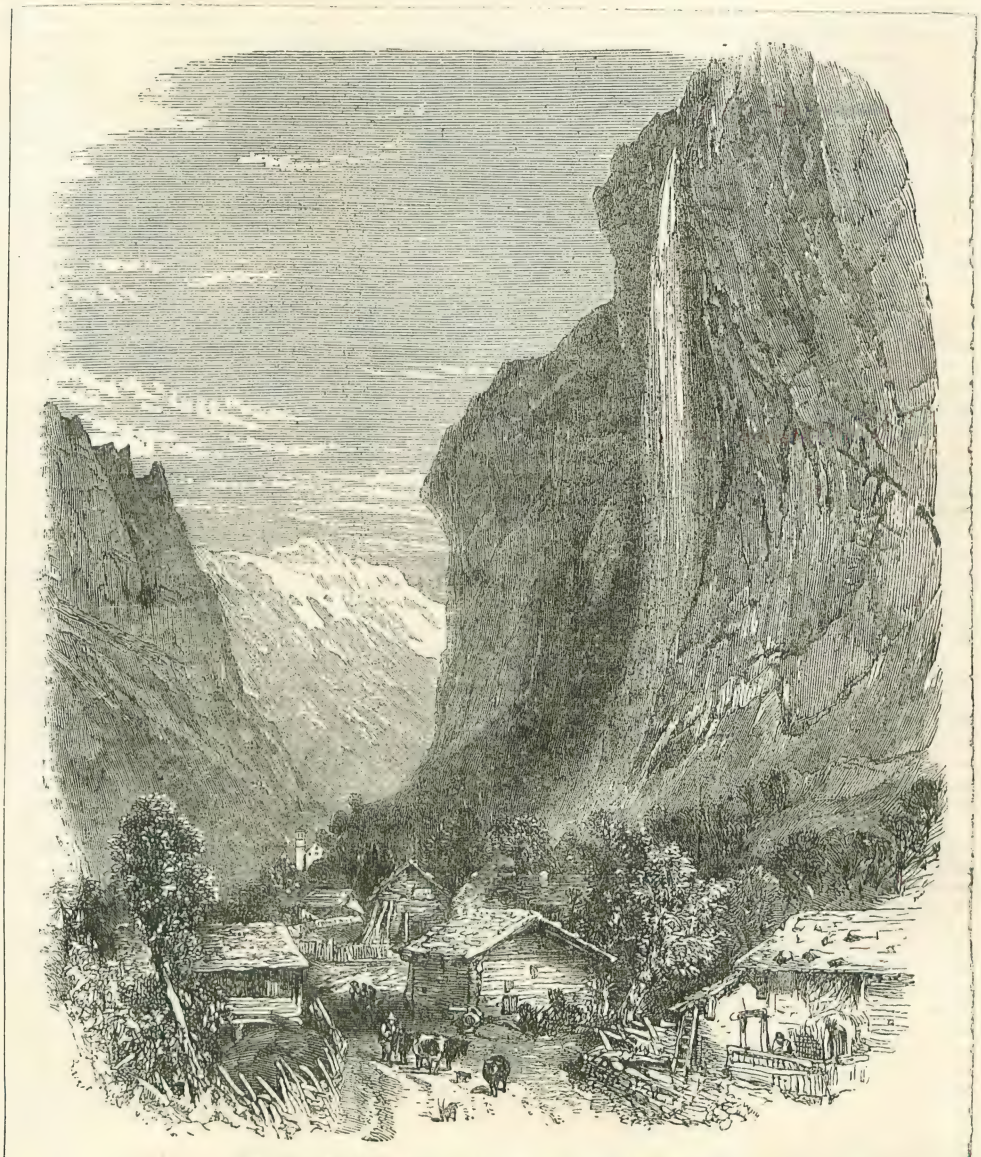
That afternoon marked an important point in my life. I had not before looked at my occupation in the broad, clear light of a noble purpose. When he spoke of music as the art to which my work was devoted, and urged on me labour towards perfection, I saw only too plainly the pettiness and smallness of an exaggerated self-consciousness in one who had such an aim. I traced the importance attached to the small indignities, real or fancied, under which I often winced, to a pride that I resolved to overcome, and I vowed that my mentor, whose keen blue eyes must have noticed more in my daily life than I had supposed, should not again see these small disfigurements in my intercourse with others.

Tea finished, we strolled slowly home in the evening light. As we ascended the forest path to our home, I found an opportunity of saying to Herr Lichtenstein—

"I will try—indeed I will try—to lead my life on a higher level."

"That is well," he replied, "and I am glad to hear it; for to-morrow I bid you farewell."

"Are you going away?" I contrived to



THE STAUBBACH AND VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

utter. The beauty and glory of the scene faded suddenly out; the voice of the torrent from the dell seemed harsh and changed.

"Yes," he answered, with averted glance; "I am going to Meiringen by way of the Giessbach. I know not whether I shall reach the Rhone valley. Perhaps I shall return," he went on irrelevantly; "I know not."

I said no more. For the last time that evening he played to us, and as I sat thrilling in response to the majestic music he wooed from the instrument, I felt, "Surely here is a master who is worthy of the art he serves." But I was vaguely conscious of an undertone of sadness running through all I heard.

At night we all bade him farewell, for he had to leave early the next morning. As he pressed my hand and looked into my face he said again—

"Perhaps I shall return."

And so ended the happy fortnight of our friendship. I will not dwell upon the blank the next morning. I tried with all my might not to be selfish and self-absorbed, and repeated to myself his parting sentence, "Perhaps I shall return." Meanwhile I strove hard to overcome my besetting fault; and I think I must have succeeded a little; for after two days Laura said to me, as we were loitering in the morning sunlight towards the Blumen-Thal at Mürren—

"Esther, to me you were always sweet; but you really are getting quite angelic towards auntie and Beatrice. Don't be too perfect. I used to enjoy the little snapping sparks that you would let fly every now and then."

"Do you think they or I enjoyed it?" I questioned.

"Well, as for poor auntie, I always thought you were too hard upon her little foibles; but it did Beatrice good."

"Ah, Laura, that episode on the Schilthorn taught me a lesson," I rejoined. "I am trying with all my might not to be touchy about trifles any more."

"Oh, if you are in earnest," quoth Laura, "you know I think it is far better not to be for ever firing up at what is said or done. It makes one's life wretched; and where is the use? As it has almost cost you your existence, perhaps you are wise to stop it. Now I have something to tell you, which I have purposely kept as long as I can for a surprise. Captain and Mrs. Clifford leave to-morrow by way of the Wengern Alp, and we are going with them to stay the night at the inn yonder to see the Jungfrau."

"Oh, I can't, Laura. I must not afford it. My fifteen pounds will barely hold out as it is."

"Nonsense, my dear," replied my friend, with an encouraging tap upon my shoulder. "That trifling item will be defrayed by myself, for I want the pleasure of your company. I have a little private purse of my own, and you must not be so unkind as to refuse me. Then, as Frau von A—— never charges when people are away, there will be nearly two days that you can add on to your stay with us; for we shall take this expedition as an extra thing, and prolong our three weeks accordingly. In other words, when we come back from the Wengern Alp at night the day after to-morrow, we shall still have four days to spend here."

The prospect was very delightful, and after a little hesitation on my part it was arranged that I should join Miss Treherne, Beatrice, Laura, Captain and Mrs. Clifford in an expedition to the inn that I could descry from my side bedroom window, lying on the other side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley. I thanked Laura with all my heart, but she would not listen to me, declaring that it was a mutual obligation.

So, early on the morning of the next day but one we were journeying down the forest, past the rainbow entangled in the spray of the waterfall, into the Lauterbrunnen-Thal, lying then in cool deep shadow. A carriage that our hostess had ordered to meet us at Stechelberg took Miss Treherne and Mrs. Clifford the four or five miles to Lauterbrunnen, while we younger ones walked along the level vale with Captain Clifford, and greatly enjoyed it. Breakfast at the Hôtel Staubbach gave us a pleasant rest, and we spent half an hour in sitting below the wondrous Dust Fall. It grows in beauty, as one watches it puff falteringly over the edge of the cliff, waving its white pennon idly in the breeze.

Miss Treherne was the only one of our party who rode up the steep zig-zag of the track ascending the Wengern Alp. Mounted on a steed with a clamorous driver, she led the way, and we followed, tugging up the stony path in the sun, cheered by the rallying encouragement of Captain Clifford. We obtained as we rose the most enchanting views of the valley, with the Staubbach ever in sight.

After forty-five minutes the ascent became less toilsome, and led across fields and moorland beneath the craggy shoulder of the hills. But, alas! for the romance of the journey; at every turn lace-sellers, gate-openers, children with flowers, ditto with strawberries, obstructed the way, and finally the source of weird music that we had long been hearing was discovered in a man with an Alpine horn, blowing to obtain echoes from the surrounding rocks.

"How furious that would make Herr Lichtenstein if he were here!" observed Laura.

"Ah, Lichtenstein! a very good fellow," rejoined the captain. "A first-class musician, and a sensible man. We met him in Leipsic, Miss Fielding. Did my wife tell you?"

I replied in the affirmative, and the captain proceeded to entertain me with anecdotes of Herr Lichtenstein's popularity, of his domestic life, and so on, which I heard with more interest than I should have cared to acknowledge.

We traversed wood, then broken ground, and finally emerged in front of a sight that I cannot hope to describe. The Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau rose in one dazzling chain of supreme majesty, full in view. The Wengern Alp, whose pastures we were treading, slopes gently down to a narrow gorge, beyond which rise the cliffs, glaciers, and eternal snow-fields of that glorious mountain wall. The beauty was too great for the eye fully to comprehend; it seemed all quite close, and yet too overwhelming for the spectator to fathom its magnificence and vastness. I could but say to myself the words that started into memory:

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the heavens and the earth fled away, and there was found no place for them."

I stood a little while quietly, in hushed reverence. Then I followed the others to the Hôtel Jungfrau, where some of us intended to remain till the next day. From this point we could look across the Lauterbrunnen vale to the little *pension* presenting its side front to us, while high above the snow cone of the Schilthorn was visible.

"What a pity they don't make a bridge!" said Laura. "It wouldn't need to be a very long one, from cliff to cliff. Then it need only take us an hour from door to door."

"Esther! Come and order lunch," commanded Beatrice, who never cared to make much display of her German.

When the meal was over—the last that we should enjoy in the company of the kind officer and his wife—Laura and I walked with them to the Little Scheideck, a ridge from which the whole valley of Grindelwald is spread out into view. They marched off down the slope after many farewells, and we stood waving our handkerchiefs as long as we could see them.

Rather sadly, though with the resplendent Jungfrau at our side, we walked back to the inn.

"Now you can see the force of Matthew Arnold's lines," said Laura:

"There to watch, o'er the sunk vale,
The frore mountain wall,
Where the niched snow-bed sprays down
Its powdery fall."

"And see! there is an avalanche at this very moment."

"Oh where? I don't see it," I cried. And as a matter of fact, although the whole extent of the dazzling chain was spread full in view, it was possible for hundreds of tons of snow, that would have crushed a village, to fall before the eye could discover the exact spot of the occurrence.

"Now Esther, we will rest awhile," said Laura; "you are my guest and must obey me. Then after dinner to-night you and I will have a ramble and see the Jungfrau by moonlight."

Her programme was carried out, and after a *table d'hôte* with various foreigners, we sallied forth for an aimless ramble in the night. The vast white barrier loomed immeasurably huge and weird before us. I felt as though I were in another life, in that chill, mighty presence. Even Laura was awed, and her volatile chatter died into silence.

The moon came riding from behind the mountains, and cast her serene splendour over the scene. We wandered long, scarcely speaking to one another, and when we returned home we sat awhile on the bench outside the inn, still drinking in the beauty of the night.

"Hark! what is that?" said Laura.

Through the open windows of the *salon* music struck upon the silence; the notes of a lovely reverie by Schumann, expressing infinite longing, infinite tenderness and regret. We listened in hushed delight, for the music was rendered by a master hand.

"I know only one person who can play like that," observed Laura with decision, "and that is Herr Lichtenstein."

The same thought had occurred to me, but I had put it from me, not daring to entertain it.

"And what's more, I intend to go and see," she continued. She vanished indoors; the music ceased; in a few moments a well-known step was heard, and Herr Lichtenstein himself came out from the door, a look of gladness on his face, and welcome greeting in his outstretched hand.

"So! we meet again," he said, sitting down beside me.

"Didn't you know we were here?" I asked.

"Not till I saw your friend just now. I haf not seen the other ladies; they are, perhaps, out for a stroll."

I asked him about his journey, which appeared to me to have been cut very short. He told me he had gone to keep an appointment with a friend at Meiringen, had visited Rosenlaui, and stayed a night at Grindelwald.

"And now I suppose you have come here to see the Jungfrau?" I said.

"Yes, I haf come to see the Jungfrau," replied Herr Lichtenstein; but his eyes were fixed on the maiden at his side, not on the Snow Queen. Then a silence fell upon us.

"If you are not tired, we will walk a little," he suggested.

I rose in acquiescence, and we strayed along the pale moonlit grass.

"I haf a question to ask you," he said, abruptly. "May I return with you to Gimmelwald?"

"What do you mean?" I faltered.

"I haf come back to see *you*," he replied. "I am on my way to Pension Edelweiss. I thought to myself first, No, I will go away. It is too sudden, and I must not startle her. But I could not rest; and now I see you here, I cannot return to Gimmelwald unless you say you will one day be my wife."

My answer was very brief. It was only one word—

"Come."

What followed I will not write down here. I cannot dwell on that hour. Can one be too happy? I think not. God is good, and smiles on the joy of His creatures.

As we re-entered the *salon*, some time later, we found Miss Treherne and Beatrice as its only occupants.

"Oh, here you are!" cried the latter. "Why, *Herr Lichtenstein!* and you, Esther! How very odd!"

"It is not odd," replied he. "I haf been asking your young friend, Miss Treherne, if she will come to Leipsic, and stay there always to make bright the home of a crusty old professor. She has said yes, and therefore that we should be together will never be odd any more, Miss Beatrice."

I cannot attempt to depict the changes that passed over my elder friend's face at that moment. Pleasure at my happiness, pique that she had not been consulted, annoyance that I should be "engaged" before Beatrice or Laura, self-congratulation at being the source of the whole affair, fought for mastery. At last she said—

"Well, Herr Lichtenstein, I cannot, I am sure, express my opinion on such very brief notice. You have seen so little of Esther."

"A fortnight of holiday all-day life together is worth twelve months of visits now and then," he replied. "I left her, for I thought I must look at my own self, and I feared to be too sudden to her. But I haf come back; for I could not stay away."

* * * * *

We regained our mountain home on the following day, Laura in the wildest spirits careering on before to proclaim the news, Max and I following in quieter happiness, Beatrice tired and slightly cross, Miss Treherne in decidedly good humour, for she had heard all about Herr Lichtenstein's affairs, had satisfied herself that his mother (to whom in imagination I turned for love and comfort) would welcome me, and was pluming herself on the credit she would win for benevolence with all the "very superior people" of her acquaintance, by marrying the poor daughter of her old friend. The news did not seem absolutely to stun everyone at the *pension* with astonishment, and Miss James actually said she had expected it!

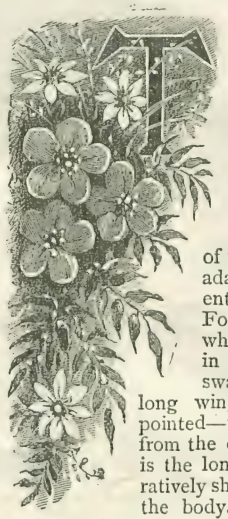
Happy was the evening, as he played in the waning light, and I sat watching the coloured awning of the balcony fade out against the dark cliffs opposite. Happy tenfold were the walks and rambles that followed, when I learned to know the full value of the heart I had won, and realised the life towards which, by his help and stimulus, it would be my privilege to rise. Even the farewell to our sweet mountain home was not sorrowful, for we promised ourselves to visit Gimmelwald at some future time together; and when we parted at Berne, I remembered that the day was fixed when Max would come and fetch me to his German home.

And now I sit in my own London dwelling again, wondering greatly at the good thing that has come into my life, and scarcely believing that I am the same girl who left this homely interior but one brief month ago. Pictures of ineffable beauty live in my brain to abide for ever; lessons of indelible meaning have sunk into my heart. I hope I am better and worthier, as well as happier. Not through suffering only do we learn to lead the higher life. I have sate in the school of Sorrow in the past; but Joy also has her lessons. The story of my brief stay at Gimmelwald is not wholly free from pain and humbling memory, but the crowning note of all is happiness. And as I stand on the threshold of another and I hope a nobler period of my life, my only prayer is that I may be enabled so to live that at its close the note of sorrow may still melt away into the abiding tones of joy.

LILY WATSON.

[THE END.]

THE OBSERVER.



THIS is the best time of the year for noticing the flight of birds. Nearly every kind of bird has a different manner of flying. The differences are to a great extent owing to the great variety in the shape and size of the wings, which are adapted to the different habits of the birds. For instance, all birds which catch their food in the air, such as swallows, have very long wings, in most cases pointed—that is, tapering off from the outside quill, which is the longest, to the comparatively short feathers close to the body. Rounded wings are always short, and suitable only for slow and short flight, and birds which have wings of this kind take much smaller and quicker strokes than those that are almost constantly on the wing. Sea-birds have especially long and powerful wings; the albatross, petrel, and others of the same class, are capable of more rapid and long-continued flight than any others.

It is not quite decided how much the tail is used for steering, and how much merely for balancing the body; but it is expanded during flight, and is certainly used sometimes to direct the bird, as you can see by watching a rook alight on the ground; his tail has to come down nearly at right angles to his body before he can settle.

It should be pointed out to children how wonderfully birds' bodies are adapted for flight. The feathers all point backwards, so that the quicker the bird flies, the closer they are pressed to the body. The bodies of birds are wonderfully light in comparison to the size; the large bones are hollow, and so arranged that the bird can fill them with warm air from the lungs, and so make itself lighter still. All the little birds, and others with short legs, tuck them up close to the body under their feathers as they fly, so that they offer no resistance to the air; but long-legged birds, like herons, and nearly all swimming birds, stretch them out behind them as they fly.

Although birds fly so easily and gracefully when once they are poised in the air, the starting is with many of them a very great difficulty. If they have been perching on a tree or ledge, they just throw themselves off and begin to beat the air with their wings. Birds standing on the ground, bend their legs and leap up as high as possible, and flap with their wings as quickly as they can to get a start. It is easy to see the process by watching an agitated hen trying to leap on to a high wall. It is still harder for sea birds to rise from the water; they make an extraordinary flapping and splashing in the attempt. Even the albatross, with its wonderfully powerful wings, cannot rise from a level surface. If one is caught and put on the deck of a ship it cannot fly away, nor can it rise from the sea when it is smooth. When it is rough they float up to the crest of a wave, spread their wings, and as the wind catches them from below it lifts them up, and they start at first with heavy lumbering strokes, till they have risen high enough to attain the full grace of their beautiful flight.

From studying the flight of birds, one comes naturally to noticing different ways of walking, especially the swing of the arms and legs. Most men swing the right arm and left leg forward together; everyone does so till they have been specially taught not. Try walking with the right arm and right leg moving together; you will find it extremely awkward, and directly you leave off thinking about it, will fall back into the old motion. Four-legged animals walk in this way: right fore and left hind feet together, or nearly so; in trotting they are almost identically together. It is not easy to see this, but it can be watched in the slow motion of animals grazing. It is only necessary to look at a sheep with its legs on the same side hobbled together to see that it is not its natural way of walking. As a rule the swiftest animals have the smallest feet. Gazelles have tiny delicate feet; those of elephants are large and ponderous.

Girls in the country with an eye for beauty of colouring will appreciate the endless different tints of the mowing grass before it is cut. No two blades are of exactly the same shade of colour; the older blades have a darker tint than the young shoots, some are ripe and some only just budding into flower, while the succession of shadow and sunshine across the field adds to the variety, and the gentle breeze blowing over the meadow alters the arrangements of the leaves and produces ever-varying harmonies of colour.

Another interesting study just now is the growth of climbing plants and their curious ways. There is hardly one little town garden or window-box, and surely no country walk, in which their strange habits may not be studied. Darwin has described them all, the garden pea, twining round against the sun; the hop, with the sun; the wonderfully strong yet elastic tendrils of the red-berried bryony and passion-flower; the clinging fingers of ivy and virginian creeper, and the many wild and cultivated kinds of clematis and honeysuckle. They will well repay careful observation.

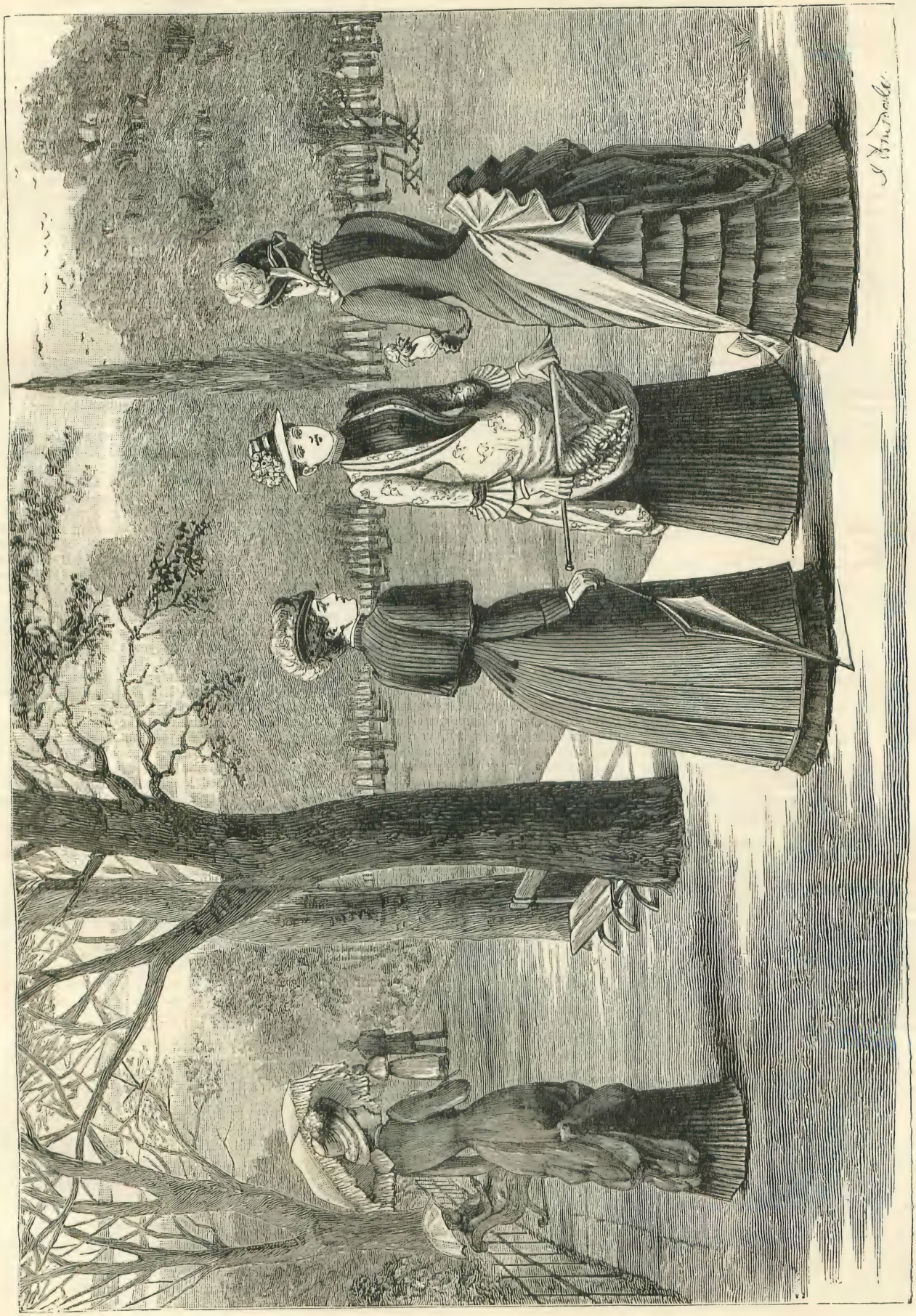
DORA HOPE.

Sunlight.

THE TITLE OF OUR SUMMER NUMBER FOR 1884.

O happy sunlight, foe to sorrow,
Charming from earth her sweetest store,
'Tis not alone thy name we borrow,
To grace our wealth of summer lore.
Through fact and fun and fiction pleasant,
That shall the reader's thought engage,
We'd have thy genial brightness present
As well as on our title-page.

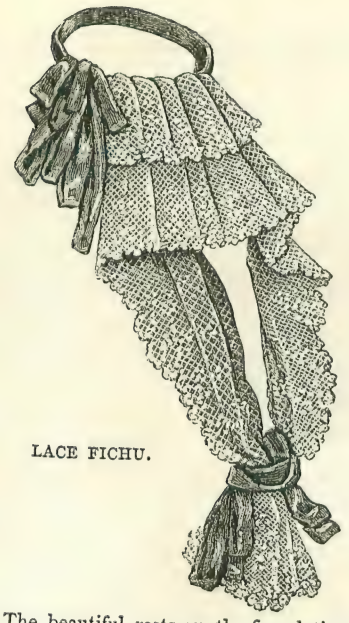
The growth that shuns the light is sickly,
Nor health nor beauty can it win;
Young life would lose all vigour quickly
If pleasure had no place therein.
And so, to truth and progress leaning,
We send our "Sunlight" forth to fame,
That eager eyes its treasure gleaning
May own it worthy of its name.



WALKING DRESSES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



LACE FICHU.

"The beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary."— *Emerson: "Essay—On the Poet."*

"See where she comes, apparelled like the spring.—" *Shakespeare: "Pericles."*

EMERSON'S line occurred to me very forcibly the other day, when reading that valuable series of essays by Richardson on "The Induced Diseases of Modern Life." While full of medical science, it is written for the study of the intelligent public, and no part is more valuable than that which treats of "Disease from errors of dress." In this he speaks especially of clothing worn too long a time—not the cotton and woollen garments worn as underclothing, but those outer garments which are often worn unremittingly, until the linings, torn and soiled, are unfit altogether for contact with the cleaner garments beneath them. Health will not be clothed in dirty raiment. They who wear such suffer from trains of minor complaints—from dulness, oppression, headache, nausea—which, though trifling in themselves taken one by one, when put together greatly reduce the standard of perfect health, by which the value of life is correctly and effectively maintained."

In the spring and autumn, the former more especially, there is no doubt that every woman's thoughts turn naturally on a new dress. She longs to get rid of her old one with the fuller light and bright sunshine of the lengthening days—she sees its spots, stains, and manifold imperfections. What was black has become brown with winter wear, and the prettiest blues, greens, and browns are discoloured with the coal-smoke of the long winter. The quotation I have just given shows that this natural feeling is also one of wholesome and hygienic truth, and that the new dress is a remedy and a preventive in one. And so we should choose it thoughtfully, with care, as becomes the economist, and gladly, too, of the most becoming hue and texture, now we have once seen that "the beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary" and healthful.

But not the least consideration of our new dress is the refreshment to the eyes of other people which it affords, of which little point I do not believe we think quite enough; nor do we, any of us, endeavour with all our hearts to make life less dull to those about us. A bit of colour, a trifling alteration in style, slight change in the air, a bunch of fresh flowers at the neck, are all small things, but all tend to give refreshment and pleasure to others. There is no dull monotony in Nature; all flowers are not roses nor poppies; all birds do not sing the same song; there is no sameness in form nor colour to weary the eye, in perfumes to pall on the sense of smell.

The lamented death of the Duke of Albany threw a shade over the early days of April, when the shops are usually hoping to make the most sales, and everybody's thoughts are directed to the subject of new clothes. The order for general mourning was observed both in London and in the country with great universality, and the drapers were, many of them, almost unable to fulfil the orders suddenly thrust on them for black dresses of every sort and description of material. The general tendency to lighten mourning was shown in the absence of crape in the order for the usual Court mourning, an omission which marks an entirely new order of things. The length of the general and Court mournings, too, was curtailed and shortened, evincing the usual kindness and thoughtful consideration of the Queen.

The greatest change that has occurred in the method and style of dresses is in the carrying of the fulness up to the level of the waist, and thus giving additional width to the hips and fulness to the skirts, which hang less closely, and show more drapery than of late. I have seen many plain skirts with no gores, quite plain and in straight widths, hanging with very few folds, and those just what the added drapery affords

The "accordion" pleated skirts have become, like all other pretty things, abused by those who are lacking in the needful taste to make use of them. They look quite unsuitable in large plaids or in large spotted materials, and in reality are best suited to self-coloured materials. The newest tunics and overskirts are all gathered or pleated into the waist, so as to present a full appearance; some of them hanging in one full puff over the skirt. The backs are not arranged with very long drapery, the newest hanging like a bag, as in the extreme right-hand figure of our large illustration. Close "waterfall" pleats are also still used. The same figure also shows a novel arrangement for the back of a polonaise, the edge being lined with a contrasting colour to the dress; that in question being dark green with a lining of canary-coloured silk. It is arranged in a fan-like puff at the back, the general effect being pretty and very simple.

The bodices of all dresses are still worn very short in the basque, some of those I have lately seen having a pleated frill laid under the edge of the basque, or a full-gathered row of lace to add to the apparent size of the hips below the waist.

I must mention here that no dresses are now made to fasten at the back; even evening dresses for young girls fasten in front. All the dresses one sees are made of two materials—silk and wool for the afternoon, two silks for the afternoon ceremonial events, and two woollen; a figured and a plain one for the morning. It does not seem to matter whether the plain or the figured be used for the skirt; but they are not mixed in the dress, the bodice being of one, and the skirt of the other. The bib, or gathered front, and the cuffs and collar, are of the same material as the skirt.

The centre figure in the group of three wears a very charming washing-dress, made of sateen, or of foulard or washing-silk. The

A SIMPLE MORNING DRESS.

skirt of poppy-red sateen or silk, made in "accordion" pleats; and the pleated front is of the same, while the polonaise is of maize colour, with flowers of green and poppy-colour. The hat is of white straw, with poppy-coloured velvet and flowers. The last figure wears a waterproof "redingote," very full at the back, with a cape. This is made of a striped waterproof tweed. The hat is of grey straw, with a light grey feather, the trimmings being of dark grey velvet. The form of this hat is a kind of boat shape, very small and compact.

In the single figure illustration a simple, inexpensive dress of beige, tweed, or nun's cloth is shown, suitable to a schoolgirl or for an ordinary morning walking dress. The skirt is made with flounces, alternately deep and narrow, put on in narrow kiltings. It is remarkable that kiltings have returned to favour this spring, as if they were quite a new introduction, instead of having been in favour for some years.

There is but little novelty to chronicle in the way of bonnets. The crowns are flat, and open brims are more popular than they have been for some time, and there seems to exist a slight idea of bonnet-caps under them, which may increase as time goes on. Black lace bonnets appear to be much worn, and no coarse straws are to be seen; nothing but fine Dunstables or Tuscans. Very large hats are still in favour, but there is nothing decidedly new in them, save, perhaps, some with wide brims, which are most fancifully bent about in extravagant shapes. These can be studied in the shop windows, and need not be illustrated in our columns. Double brims are also a wonderful novelty—not only double, but trebled or quadrupled, each one successively projecting at the edge a little beyond the other.

There is no doubt that much difficulty is felt by all women of good taste who wear their hair in the present high style, in arranging it so as to avoid the extremely ugly back view which that style always presents. Some ladies try to get over this by turning the hair up over a pad, and thus forming some resemblance to the old chignon. This, in some measure, improves the appearance, but the curly fringe of hair just now being adopted at the nape of the neck has been a great improvement, and when the hair is naturally curly, produces a charming effect. I fancy that people in general are beginning to wake up to the fact that wearing the hair piled on the top of the head does not suit everyone, and has a decided tendency to age even young girls. Of course, for those to whom it is becoming, the matter is different, but the least extra thinness in the face or throat makes it very trying.

Ladies who wear caps have lately adopted coloured lace for them, either to match the dress or to contrast with it, lace of the same colour being used for the neck and cuffs. Black lace is worn by those who have grey hair, and brightly hued flowers or even feathers are placed in them. Morning capes are made of book muslin or of white net gathered into a smooth band of velvet.

Lace is used at the necks of dresses more than anything else, gathered in very full ruffles, or else turned over quite plainly. But many young ladies still discard all kinds of neck decoration, and wear the band of the dress *au naturel*, with no ornament save a row of beads, or a beaded cord round it, next to the throat.

It is a little difficult to make a selection of materials, the choice is so vast and so good. In silks the fancy for shot, and shot silks figured, spotted, and brocaded, is as great as ever, and in woollens there are several charming new materials, or improvements on old ones. Nun's cloth is much improved, and appears under different names, both finer and firmer, and will be an excellent material for summer wear; beige, voilas, brochés, with spots woven in them, and chenille dots and spots, which appear as if fastened on; mousseline de laines, with lovely chintz patterns of coloured flowers on cream and coffee-hued grounds, and some thin woollens, which look as if embroidered in cross-stitch.

In cottons there is much novelty of all kinds both in colour and material, and it is only to be hoped that we shall be blessed with a summer rendering them suitable for wear.

One very useful thing, I see, is indigo-blue prints, with tiny white designs on them, made up simply and inexpensively; indeed, I hear more of these than of sateens, and there are many new patterns of them in small pompadour designs. Some of them have a border on the edge of the material, to be used to trim the dress with. Zephyrs are striped or spotted, or both together, stone-blue being apparently a favourite colour. Shot cottons and zephyrs are quite novel, but I do not know whether I am very much impressed by their beauty, nor with the tapestry patterns on cotton neither. There is a very pretty new embroidered sateen, and a twilled sateen in imitation of cashmere, which is also pretty.

Quantities of new ideas for "lawn tennis" costumes in cotton materials have been brought out, generally in stripes of small size, in different colours, running round the skirt. The latter is generally "accordion" pleated, with a very short upper skirt, and either a pointed or a banded bodice.

The new umbrella-cases are made of brightly-hued shot silks, and they are intended apparently to be carried in these always. Very fantastic handles are still worn, with rats, mice, and monkeys climbing about them.

Before I conclude a few words must be devoted to colours. Previously to the death of the Duke of Albany, and the consequent general and Court mourning, it seemed as if brown, in all its varieties and shades, were to prevail over everything, from bonnets and dresses to gloves and shoes. But now, black, and from that a transition to black, and lilac, and lavender, is more popular, and it bids fair to be followed by other colours combined with black later on. Now, it would be impossible to say that any shade is popular, for none appear to have pre-eminence.

No very bright shades are worn for gloves; they generally match the dress; and silk gloves are as much worn as kid for the morning, and are drawn up over the sleeves, as they were in the winter. Quantities of self-coloured thread stockings have been brought out in brown, grey, and drab, and there are also plaid, striped, and embroidered, with open lace-work fronts.

Shoes of Swede kid are also a novelty, and they will be much worn with black dresses, trimmed with coffee-coloured lace; but, as a rule, I do not think fanciful shoes will be much adopted by Englishwomen, whose taste in shoes is quiet and simple.

COMMON ERRORS IN DAILY LIFE.

By James Mason.

VI.—Errors in Observation.

Accurate observation is a great deal more important in every-day life than accurate scholarship. A girl may possess everything in the shape of book-learning, but if she have that alone, those who are uncultivated but observing will often make her feel very small indeed and cause her to blush for her deficiencies. In a contest between eyes and no eyes, the way has always been that eyes have got the best of it.

It is the cultivation of the powers of observation that makes the greater part of the difference between people of the world—using that phrase in its best sense—and book-worms. There is nothing like looking at things for ourselves; what we gain in this way is fresher, more natural, more suited to our tastes, more in harmony with our individuality, and better adapted to our purposes than what we either read or have told us.

The notion that our powers of observation cannot be improved is a great mistake. All experience proves the contrary. Practice will be found to work wonders, and a girl who sets herself steadily to the cultivation of a keen eye and quick ear will soon arrive at that point at which she will see and hear, I do not say everything, but everything which is to her of the slightest consequence. It is interesting to observe how the faculty is cultivated amongst farmers, travellers, savages, and all who live near the heart of nature. A savage, for example, will distinguish marks of footsteps, indications of water, and possibilities of food where one of us would be as helpless and hopeless as a fish in a corn-field.

It is nonsense to think there is little worth observing. We are surrounded by millions of subjects of interest both in town and country. Life can never be long enough to exhaust them all, and the utmost we can do is to bring our faculties to bear on those which to us are of the greatest consequence.

But admitting all this, there are some errors of observation into which many of us fall, and the first is that of being too sure about the evidence of our senses.

Take seeing first. Seeing, you say, is believing. Not always. Our sight sometimes plays fantastic tricks, and no prudent person will confidently assert about anything, "I have seen, and there is an end of it." The eye is a most fertile source of mental illusions, and an account of these has always formed one of the most interesting pages of popular science.

Many errors in connection with sight arise from colour-blindness. This is an inability to distinguish certain colours, which recent investigations have proved to be much more frequent than was suspected.

The most common form of colour-blindness is that in which red is deficient. It was this kind with which Dalton, the famous chemist, was afflicted. "He was a strict Quaker, and when about to be presented at Court it was thought by his friends that it would be impossible to induce him to wear the scarlet robe in which custom demanded that a Doctor of Civil Law should appear. But it seemed to him like a harmless grey, and, finding it comfortable, he persisted for several days in wearing it about the streets of London, surmounted

by a broad-brimmed hat and with drab pantaloons peeping out beneath it."

One who was colour-blind in a remarkable degree has left on record that he did not know any green in the world; that a pink colour and a pale blue were perfectly alike; that he had often thought a full red and a full green a good match; that he was sometimes baffled in distinguishing a full purple from a deep blue; but that he knew light, dark, and middle yellows, and all degrees of blue except sky-blue.

Errors resulting from colour-blindness may easily prove serious. "The defect," says an American authority, "is a matter of grave importance in the case of seamen and of railroad engineers, and has lately attracted much attention in that connection all over the world. A green light at night marks the 'starboard' —right-hand side of a vessel—and a red light the 'port' side; while a red light on railways is the signal for danger. A colour-blind pilot or look-out has no means of knowing, on a stormy night, whether a vessel that he must pass is steering to the right hand or to the left; and a locomotive engineer, who cannot distinguish between red and green, does not know the difference between danger and safety to the hundreds of passengers whose lives are in his hands."

The defect, as we have said, is much more common than used to be supposed. "Of a large number of men examined in Europe and America, four or five per cent. have been found colour-blind. It is rather odd that women enjoy comparatively a singular immunity, and it has been suggested that, until a careful system of testing has been adopted, ladies who feel aggrieved that their sphere of usefulness is too much restricted might well inscribe this fact on their banners in an advance by land and sea on every position where signal lights are used."

Many errors of observation result from short sight, but these can always be corrected by the aid of spectacles, and no false notion of what is or is not becoming should prevent girls from availing themselves of these helps to clear vision. Those who, for fear of spoiling their looks, go peering about without glasses, do not know how much they miss. To the short-sighted, spectacles form the gate of entrance to a new world.

We may here notice another error. Because short-sighted people can see small objects with great distinctness, and are often able to read after middle age without glasses, there is a popular notion that short-sighted eyes are stronger than others. This is a dangerous delusion.

Some curious errors of sight originate in a singular property which belongs to the eye of becoming phosphorescent by pressure. This phosphorescence has been observed by all of us who have "seen stars" on receiving a sudden accidental blow on the eye or the head. In ill-health the phosphorescence often takes varied and alarming forms, several colours being frequently seen at once. "When we consider," says Sir David Brewster, "the variety of distinct forms which in a state of perfect health the mind can conjure up when looking into a burning fire or upon an irregularly-shaped surface, it is easy to conceive how the masses of coloured light which float before the eye may be moulded by the same power into those fantastic and natural shapes which so often haunt the couch of the invalid, even when the mind retains its energy, and is conscious of the illusion under which it labours."

The mind practises many deceptions on itself. The phantoms of the brain sometimes assume all the vividness of actual life, and many a story of the supernatural has no other basis than mistaken inferences drawn from the stuff that dreams are made of. Many people are either occasionally or habitually subject to these spectral illusions. But whether they be cats and dogs, or deceased friends, or unknown ghosts, all are to be classed as unsubstantial errors of observation.

How little our eyes are to be trusted may also be gathered from the study of the many scientific optical deceptions which have bewildered mankind in all ages. Not a few of the operations of ancient magic, arranged with a view to puzzle the sight, were performed by means of mirrors of different kinds, and most of us know the secret of the ghost which so long attracted crowds to the now defunct Polytechnic.

To speak now of the sense of hearing, we find that neither is it to be always relied on. "There is no species of deception," says Sir David Brewster, "more irresistible in its effects than that which arises from the uncertainty with which we judge of the direction and distance of sounds." Many a legend of ghostly voices in old castles has had its origin in this uncertainty, coupled with the inclination that most people have to imagine and believe in the marvellous.

Some errors of observation in connection with the origin and direction of sounds mentioned by Dugald Stewart are very curious. He tells of his having seen a person who, by counterfeiting the gesticulations of a performer on the violin, while he imitated the music by his voice, riveted the eyes of the audience on the instrument, though every sound they heard proceeded from his own mouth. Another man, who imitated the whistling of the wind through a narrow chink, told Dugald Stewart that he had frequently practised this deception in the corner of a coffee-house, and that he seldom failed to see some of the company rise to examine the tightness of the windows, while others, more intent on their newspaper, contented themselves with putting on their hats and buttoning their coats.

The feats of ventriloquism succeed very much because our ears are so easily misled. By studying the modifications which sounds of all kinds undergo from distance, obstructions, and other causes, and by carefully observing the differences which exist between different voices, ventriloquists contrive to produce the most surprising effects, and to shake any confidence we may have remaining in our own powers of observation.

In connection with taste, it is an error to think that is more reliable than either sight or hearing. To illustrate this, we may quote a well-known experiment. A man's eyes are bandaged, and he is made to drink alternately of port and sherry; at first he has no difficulty in telling the one wine from the other, but after a few sips it becomes impossible for him to say which is which.

It is an error to suppose that the observations made by the sense of taste are in every one alike, and that what pleases one will please everybody. The same is to be said of the sense of smell. "In few things," remarks the late Mr. G. H. Lewes, "do human beings differ more widely than in their sense of smell. Not only is the acuteness of this sense markedly different in different men, but in twenty men having average susceptibility perhaps no two will be found to agree in considering the same odours agreeable.

"Musk is notoriously offensive to many persons; others do not like mignonette; some do not recognise any odour at all in a flower considered very odorous by others. The *Iris persica* was found by Turner to have a pleasant odour by forty out of fifty-four persons, a disagreeable odour by one, and very little scent by four others. Of thirty persons, twenty-three held the *Anemone nemorosa* agreeable in its perfume, and the other seven did not think that it smelled at all."

The smells that are generally disliked are probably just as numerous as the odours that are generally enjoyed. Between the two, however, there is a wide debatable ground in regard to which the utmost diversity of opinion prevails.

Observations made by the sense of touch are often erroneous. Perhaps this arises from the skin not being everywhere equally susceptible to the same kind of impressions. The face, according to Mr. Lewes, "is more sensitive than the hand to temperature; the sole of the foot is more sensitive than the back to tickling; the tips of the fingers are more sensitive than the palm of the hand to pain, and less to tickling. In cold weather we see men beating their hands together or clapping their sides to stir a little warmth; but they never think of slapping their faces with this energy."

So much for some of the errors that lie in wait at the five gateways of knowledge: now for a few remarks of a more general nature. It is important not to fall into the error of observing with our senses only; we should observe also with our brains—indeed, the mind should be as active as the eyes and ears. That is the only way to have our observations deep and lasting enough. Without mental exertion they will be quite superficial and of very little practical value.

There is a wonderful difference between people in regard to the keenness and intensity of their observations, and one notices it particularly when they come to describe the incidents or scenes in which they have played a part. How vivid the pictures called up by those who have observed everything vividly, and how colourless and often contradictory are the descriptions of others whose observation is languid and unintellectual.

This error of vision without thought and without sympathy has been well illustrated by an American poet:—

"The one, with yawning made reply,
'What have we seen? not much have I;
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,
Blue sky, and clouds, and sunny gleams."

"The other, smiling, said the same,
But with face transfigured and eye of flame:—
'Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,
Blue sky, and clouds, and sunny gleams."

It is an error to deny facts merely because they do not harmonise with our own observations, as if nothing ever happened in the world outside the limits of our own narrow experience. Tales of travellers have often been met by a storm of sceptical derision on the part of the public for no other reason than this, and many examples could be given of men such as Bruce, the celebrated African explorer, deprived to a large extent of the praise that was their due by the thick-headedness of fireside criticism. Because statements sound wonderful it does not follow that they are untrue. What, for instance, would we say if the inhabitants of a tropical climate who had never seen snow or experienced frost laughed to scorn our accounts of frozen rivers bearing crowds of people, and of the water in the sky coming down in flakes like wool?

Another common error is to draw wrong inferences from our observations. A man sees a girl than whom his eyes never beheld anyone more beautiful and graceful, and immediately he jumps to the conclusion that she is as good as she is fair, in which he is often much mistaken. A girl takes the light friendliness of a universally-courted man as an indication of heartfelt affection. And so with all of us. We see well enough, but we fail in our inferences. We suppose beauty to be more than skin deep; we think all who seem friendly are really so; we conclude that the well-dressed are always

rich, and think every man in dirty shoes must be a beggar. We infer that a man who knows the titles of books is equally familiar with their contents; believe that the face which smiles abroad can never scowl by the fireside, and take every will-o'-the-wisp to be a kindly light in a cottage window.

Yes, it is a great error to fancy things are always what they seem. Hazlitt tells that, when a boy, he lived within sight of a range of lofty hills, whose blue tops, blending with the setting sun, often tempted his longing eyes and wandering feet. They seemed to belong to a world of light and glory; but at last he put his project in execution, and, on a nearer approach, instead of glimmering air woven into fantastic shapes, found them huge lumpish masses of discoloured earth.

Those fall into error who fancy that the explanations given at the present day of our observations are certain to hold good for all time. We all know of the error committed by our forefathers when they thought that the earth was flat and the sun sank down to rest in the sea. So it may be with some of the observations of to-day, for science, we may be sure, has not yet discovered the why and wherefore of everything.

It is an error in observation not to be eager for the discovery of truth. Things are too often taken without anything like a proper examination. Our senses frequently are dazzled, and sometimes they are deceived, as when we are thrown out in our estimate of a lady's age by her dyeing her hair.

The next error is to suppose that we see anything more than we are educated to see. Just as we believe what we want to believe, so we see precisely what we look for and bring eyes to see. Notice how the artist's vision will detect colours and effects of light and shade where untrained eyes see only vague, shadowless forms.

Imagination also interferes with our powers of observation, as when in every bush the thief sees a police officer; and occasionally we ourselves place obstacles in the way of our noticing things rightly, like the man who held a farthing so close to his eye that he could not distinguish a sovereign a little way off.

It is an error in observation not to keep a sharp eye on oneself. We all know how the poet wished that some power would impart the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, for

"It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

The attitude of disinterested spectators in regard to our own thoughts and actions is what we ought to aim at. Self-love must be stifled, and we must acquire the habit of placing ourselves outside ourselves, cool and impartial, ready to blame and ready to praise, wherever blame and praise are due.

To understand human life some take to observing mankind, but the right rule is to observe ourselves. Leaving out of account a few accidents, all people are much alike, and she who would gain acquaintance with the thoughts, the motives, the feelings and the passions of her neighbours, must be rich in knowledge of her own heart. It is a study which, if it sometimes elevates us by the discovery of generous sentiments and noble impulses, will on the whole keep us pretty humble.

Observe, then, girls; observe, and go on observing. But, every rule having its exceptions, observation itself is sometimes an error. Blindness is occasionally golden just as silence is credited with being, and Oliver Wendell Holmes had good reason for exclaiming—

"Oh, what a precious book the one would be
That taught observers what they're not to see!"

The kindly disposed will be very unobserving whenever they meet with personal peculiarities, indications of genteel poverty, and the thousand-and-one things which people, as a rule, do not wish to have noticed and commented upon; and when the skeleton stalks forth unbidden from some friend's cupboard she is capable of any meanness who would play the part of Peeping Molly instead of shutting her eyes and looking the other way.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

THE Scribe, 2s.; collected by Miss Bessie Claxton, 8s.; J. D., 2s. 6d.; Smyrna, 3s. 4d.; A Shorthorned Ram, 1s.; Mattie, £1; collected by Miss M. F. Hammond, £1 5s.; collected by Mrs. Pond, £1 13s. 10d.; collected by Miss Lloyd, 10s. 6d.; collected by Miss Edith Stevens, £1 5s.; Miss Maggie E. Hills, 3s. 6d.; Miss L. E. Richardson, 1s.; collected by Miss M. Pemberton, £1 7s. 6d.; Bessie, 2s. 6d.; Waratah and Lily, 3s.; collected by Miss E. A. Boden, 2s.; collected by Miss Stirling, £1 6d.; collected by Miss G. Astle, 16s.; collected by Miss E. Worsfold, 2s.; collected by Miss N. Bournes, £1 12s. 6d.; collected by Miss P. J. Johnston, 12s.; collected by Miss F. M. Noakes, 10s.; collected by Miss A. Mortimer, 18s. 3d.; collected by Miss P. Bennett, 5s.; collected by Miss Hall, £1 4s. 10d.; collected by Miss E. J. Mildred, 9d.; collected by Miss H. P. Cottrell, 5s.; collected by Miss H. Stephens, 5s.; collected by Miss Sarah Eccles, 3d.; collected by Mrs. Jones, £1 1s.; collected by Miss A. Siddall, 10s. 3d.; collected by Miss Edith Till, £2 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss B. C. Roberts, 16s. 6d.; collected by Miss F. Dickinson, 10s.; collected by Miss E. Dyne Steel, 10s.; collected by Miss A. Cracknell, 19s.; collected by Mrs. Bower, 1s. 6d.; collected by Miss C. Richards, 13s. 6d.; collected by Miss M. E. Musgrave, 7s. 6d.; collected by Miss Lillie Cousins, £1 5s.; collected by Miss K. Robertson, £1; collected by Miss S. A. Hudson, £1 1s. 4d.; collected by Miss Nellie McKirdy, 11s.; collected by Miss F. Burnard, 5s.; collected by Miss Alice Cann, 5s. 1d.; collected by Miss Lawrance, 3s.; collected by Miss Daisy Cowie, 7s.; collected by Miss Clara Leslie, 3s. 10d.; Miss Amy Hancock, 1s.; collected by Mrs. Thompson, 14s.; collected by Mrs. A. M. Thomson, £1 17s.; collected by Miss Ella W. Gorsed, 5s.; collected by Miss Anna Dawes, 3s. 9d.; Miss Annie Abs, 4s.; Miss M. Crawford and her brothers, £1; Miss Grieve, 2s. 6d.; S. E., 5s.; Miss Alice Cann, 6d.; collected by Miss Fordham, 13s.; collected by Miss A. G. T. Galbraith, 6s.; R. J. M., 2s. 6d.; B. M. P., 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss May Allen, 4s. 7d.; collected by Miss Cheshire, 1s.; M. E. K., 5s.; Miss A. Mancunian, 5s.; U. M., 1s.; Windermere, 1s.; Miss A. Crichton Stuart, 5s.; collected by Miss Isabel Griggs, 7s. 6d.; Wellwisher, 1s.; E. C. A., 1s.; Lindie, 1s.; A Poor Servant and her Friend, 1s. 6d.; collected by Miss A. M. Ancill, 3s.; collected by Miss Gemmell, 5s. 3d.; collected by Miss A. Brooks, 7s. 6d.; Miss A. M. Rowbotham, 2s. 6d.—Total amount received to March 31, 1884, £816 9s. 7d.

AN OLD-WORLD STORY.

BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

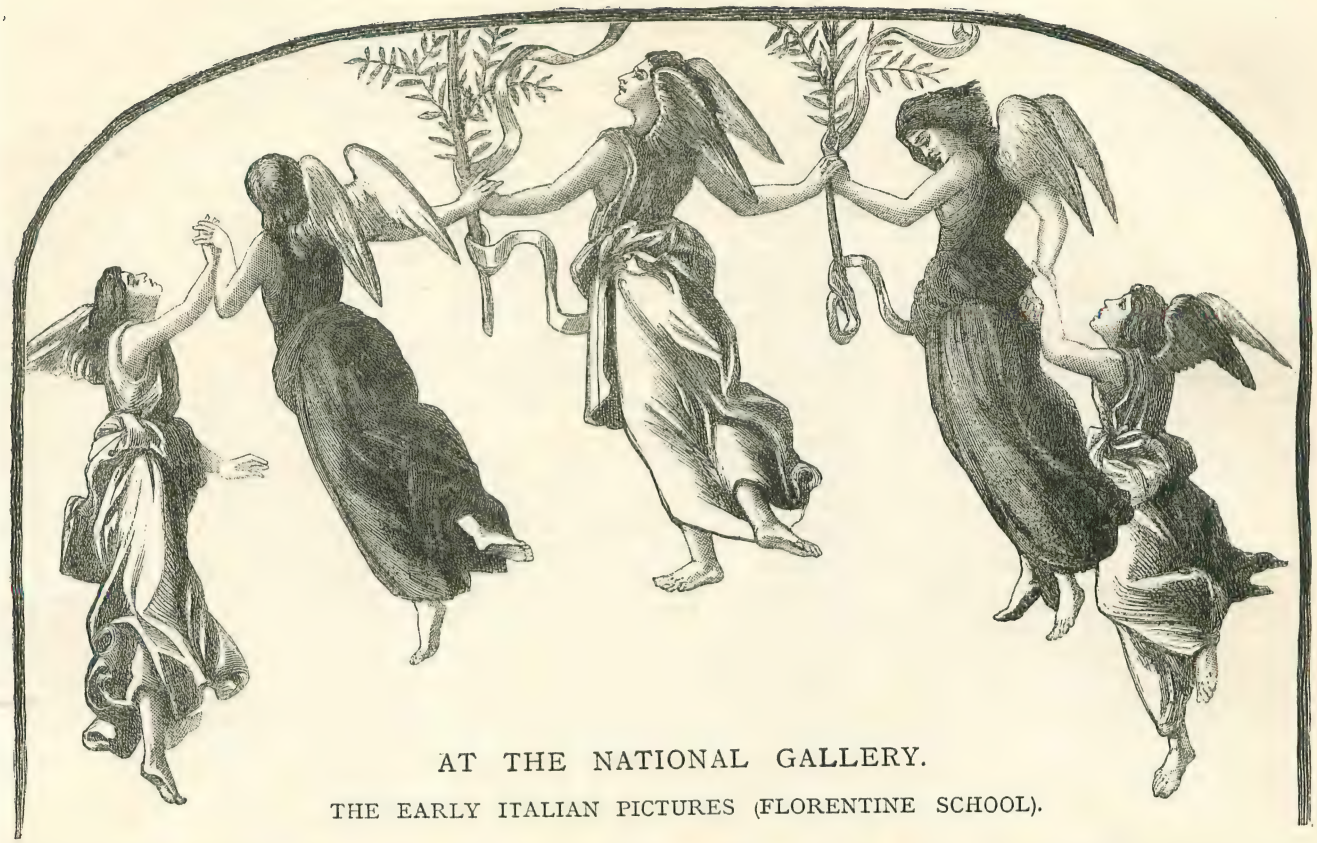
SHE sits in an old-world garden
In the depth of the shadows dim,
But her heart is away in the twilight
As she dreams, and dreams of him.

He sits with the magic moonlight
Alone in the chamber dim,
And he shapes his heart to a poem
To speak to her soul of him.

It is all an old-world story,
Things are not what they seem;
She is only a beautiful poem,
And he but a maiden's dream.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM.

[See page 556.



AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE EARLY ITALIAN PICTURES (FLORENTINE SCHOOL).

We will now move further afield than the Rhine countries, and I will ask you in imagination to cross with me not only the British Channel, but the Alps also. I propose to-day to commence the story of Christian art in the scene of its highest development—I mean Italy.

We must again take up the "glass of time," and roll back its "golden sands," in order to trace the history of that Italian art from its early childhood to its full maturity. A few introductory words may be needed to explain the cause of some of the curious characteristics of this early development that meet us in Room No. XVII. in the National Gallery, and which we should find in Italy also, in so many of the churches there, were we to visit them.

We must bear in mind that the arts of painting and sculpture in Italy never quite lost the traditions of the grand old Greek and Roman times. In some of the great picture mosaics for church decoration that exist in the churches of Rome and Ravenna, done before the year 1000 of the Christian era, there is a decided semi-classical feeling pervading the work. One sees this in the arrangement of the draperies, and in the forms of the architectural ornament; as, for instance, the capitals of the marble columns are entirely composed of the lovely, large, many-pointed leaf of the Greek acanthus, the form of which is again introduced into other details of the architecture. Also, we may notice in the pictured faces the pure oval shape, reminding us of the Greek Apollo or Diana. But this very natural—we had almost said, inevitable—tendency on the part of the early Christian artists to retain the forms of the earlier pagan art of their ancestors, produced a moral revulsion so strong as to be nearly fatal to the very existence of all art whatsoever. Accordingly, we read that in the early Christian churches of the seventh and eighth centuries images of every kind, both pictures and sculpture, were forbidden altogether, as it was thought that they tended to keep fresh in the minds of people the beautiful forms of the Greek and Roman divinities. And, in fact, that even in Christian subjects, the pictured and sculptured saints tended to keep alive the spirit of idolatry, for the populace worshipped them just as they had been used to do the minor gods of their old mythology. The contests were many and severe between those leaders of the early church who felt that the great mysteries of religion cannot be made visible and tangible; and those other leaders, who found that a material aid did really help to raise the heart and mind to "things invisible to mortal sight."

The old Greeks had personified beauty as a divinity, and worshipped her as the goddess Venus. The Greek word "Kalos" expressed at one and the same time both goodness and beauty; so entirely were the two qualities considered identical. Thus, we see, the Greeks evidently thought that there could be no goodness without beauty, no beauty without goodness. *We* know that moral goodness is both a different and a superior quality to mere physical beauty. The early Christians, too, knew this, and felt it very strongly. They, therefore, in the simplicity of their hearts, jumped to the extreme of the opposite conclusion; and actually went so far as to assert that moral goodness ought to be actually ugly, in order to be as unlike the pagan ideals as possible. While this exaggerated idea prevailed, we must confess that the pictures are more curious than pleasant to look upon. It was essentially a monkish notion, and similar to mortification of the flesh and self-castigation, which were considered virtues. Many of the early painters were monks, and as all the pictures were at first painted for churches and convents, for a time this idea remained dominant in Italian art. The representations of the Crucifixion, a subject frequently treated, were made purposely as painful and terrible as possible.

In the thirteenth century, Cimabue, a dignified and clever painter of Florence, conceived the idea that it would be well to study nature more, even in painting these sacred subjects; and this idea once received, nature, beautiful nature, was soon too much for the fatal theory that I have referred to. No. 565 in our Gallery is by Cimabue, "The Virgin and Child." She is seated with the Child on her knee, his little hand raised in the act of benediction. On each side are three adoring angels. It all looks stiff and hard enough to us now; but another quite similar picture that the same artist painted was considered such an advance on any previous work of art, in the sweet, dignified expression of the mother, in the infantine action of the divine Child, that the picture was borne in glad and solemn procession from the artist's studio to the church for which it was destined; the Governor of Florence and the nobles joining, and the people singing and scattering flowers before it. The part of the city through which the admired picture passed was called, ever after, the Borgo Allegro—the Cheerful Quarter—a name it retains to this day.

This incident has its importance as showing that art was now recognised and cultivated as a desirable influence and aid to education and civilisation.

A modern artist, Sir F. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, once painted a very charming picture representing the scene. It was exhibited by him, when a young man, at the Royal Academy, and was the first picture which brought him into public notice. It was at once purchased by the Queen. He introduced the great men of the time—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—as following in the procession, as they very well might have done; and Beatrice the lady, the beloved of Dante, with other noble ladies, amongst the onlookers. The picture is carried aloft like a large banner, and immediately in front of it walks the painter, Cimabue himself, dressed simply but richly from head to foot in white satin,

holding by the hand the little lad whom he had just adopted.

That little lad, Giotto by name, really grasped the idea that his adopted father had but dimly perceived, and proved, by the great stride forward in art which he made, that to lead "through nature up to nature's God" is the only true and real high road of art. Although Cimabue is called the "Father of Modern Art," it is from Giotto we should really date the Renaissance—or in other words, the "revival" of art in Italy.

Giotto was but a shepherd-boy born. The story is told by Vasari the historian, of how Cimabue, riding one day in the neighbourhood of Florence on some wild mountain-side, perceived a lonely little lad, left there to look after his father's sheep. The lad was too busily occupied to notice the noble gentleman: he was scratching out the forms of some of his sheep (as they grazed before him) on a stone with a pointed piece of slate. Cimabue looked at his attempts, and was so struck by them that he at once asked the boy if he would go home with him and learn to be a painter. The father's consent was obtained, and Giotto lived with his adopted father for the rest of his life. Cimabue made of him a highly-educated gentleman, and he became the best artist that Christian times had yet produced.

Like Cimabue, and like many of the early Italian artists, Giotto was an architect as well as painter. To Giotto, Florence owes her lovely Campanile, known as Giotto's Bell Tower, besides many other buildings still existing. Often, in Italy, the artist had to build the church before decorating the walls. Small altar-pieces were occasionally painted, like those of the early Germans, *in tempora*, on panels of wood with colours mixed with size or thin glue (as I have before described). But the wall spaces were much larger in the Italian than in the German churches, and it was the exception when the Italians painted small pictures. Their chief work was done directly on the wall surface itself, *in fresco*. For that reason it is not easily removable. The best work of these early Italian painters can therefore only be seen in those places where it was produced. In Pisa, in Sienna, Assissi, Perugia, and many an old-world town in the "Byways of Italy," do we come upon this wealth of Christian art.

The room, No. XVII., in the National Gallery is full of sacred pictures, where we may see some of the small altar-pieces of these early painters of Northern Italy, known as the Tuscan or Florentine School. For instance, Cimabue, Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, pupil of the latter, Andrea Orcagna, Paul Uccello, and Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi, monks, are here represented.

To return to Giotto. Dante, speaking of him in his great poem, "Il Purgatorio," says, "Great as was the fame of Cimabue, it was obscured by that of Giotto." But out of all the work which made him so famous in his own time, very little now remains. All that we possess is but a small broken fragment of a bit of frescoed wall. It is a morsel of one of the wall paintings in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist at Florence, rescued, when that church was unfortunately destroyed by fire, in the last century. The subject of the composition to which these figures belonged was the Burial of the Baptist. Our "fragment" (No. 276) shows the heads only of two apostles who (in the fresco) were bowed with intensest grief and devotion over the dead body of St. John. Fragment as it is, we cannot look at it without being impressed by the deep feeling shown in the clasped hands, bent heads, and downcast eyes of the two old men. I should explain that the hard, rigid lines and pallid colour which, at first sight, certainly do not attract us towards works of this date, must, in a great measure, be attributed to the limitations of the material in which the painter worked. This one is, indeed, very dry, flat, and unattractive-looking when seen in a picture gallery. The work of fresco painting has to be executed on a wet plaster wall, without the possibility of re-touching. Drawings are carefully prepared previously; these are traced on the wet wall, then the colours, mixed with water, are painted on at once. Each day's work, when commenced, has to be finished within the same day; that is to say, by the time the wall is dry, as, after the wall is once dry there can be no re-touching. The range of colours that could be used in fresco is very limited, only black, cobalt, umber, terre vert, and the earth colours, such as the ochres, red and yellow, besides a very few others, *i.e.*, the very soberest of tints. The wet lime of the plaster would at once have destroyed all the more brilliant pigments, such as the chromes, the lakes, &c., which we nowadays, sometimes too rashly, employ.

Giotto painted a series of frescoes on the walls of the church of St. Francis of Assissi, in which he represented the vows of the Order of that Saint, treating these subjects allegorically. The vows were of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. He there depicted the marriage of the Saint with Poverty. Poverty is represented as a sweet and saintly looking maiden. Briers and thorns grow up around her feet (to represent that she walks in the thorny ways of the world), but these turn into buds and blossoms of roses, flowering sweetly and richly about her head. Chastity is seated on her rocky fortress, while Obedience appears with her yoke and curb. These pictures are still to be seen. This was in Assissi, the very place where St. Francis had, scarce a century before, cast behind him the gay life of the joyous and luxurious young noble, and all the pleasures of the world in which he had been brought up, and retiring into solitude, set himself to live a pious self-denying life, imitating as far as he could, and in the way that in those days seemed the best, the life of poverty of his Divine Master. By the force of his pure and noble enthusiasm he attracted many of the wealthy youths of his native town to follow his example. They went out into the barren country to share with him a life of voluntary privation.

The early Italian, like the early German pictures, were painted for the churches, and as a stimulus to religious devotion. We find again, as in Germany, that the Church was the chief patron of art; and, accordingly, at first, religious subjects were exclusively painted. But we are at once aware of a difference in the train of thought and in the national character, as shown by what we may call the favourite subjects of northern and southern art from the very commencement. The artists of Northern Europe represent most frequently incidents or portraits; while the Southern prefer to portray sentiment, or allegories, or moral truths. The Northern painters always depicted the sacred story in as real a manner as possible, bringing the scenes to their own doors, as it were, by introducing their own dresses, habits, and manners into the pictures. The more poetical Italians, on the contrary, loved to lift us out of our common daily life, and instead of such subjects as the Flagellation, the Crucifixion, the canvas crowded with figures in violent and often distorted action, their favourite themes would be the Virgin Mary and her Babe, the tender mother adoring the divinely smiling Infant; saints and martyrs holding calmly the attributes of their martyrdom. The youthful St. Sebastian pierced with arrows, yet looking up to heaven too wrapt in ecstasy to be aware of physical pain; St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, bruised and broken with stones, yet radiant with his own inner blessedness; sweet St. Catherine leaning on the cruel wheel that slew her; St Margaret, with wistful upward glance, treading fearless on the fatal monster. We have many such in the National Gallery. The practical spirit of the North and the poetical spirit of the South show thus again and again in the favourite subjects chosen by the painters of the different countries.

In Fra Angelico, the monk (born 1387), we have the best artistic exponent of the religious feeling of the time. A young noble of Florence, he entered the Dominican Convent of St. Mark, actuated solely by his ardent religious feeling. He there devoted himself to his favourite pursuit; but he would take no commissions except through the prior, and would receive no payment personally for the work when done, handing all profit over to the superior of the order to which he belonged. He would paint none but sacred subjects. He commenced his work each day on his knees with prayer for inspiration, and having so commenced, nothing would ever induce him to change a line, believing that all had been done with the direct inspiration of heaven. The tender grace, the sweet devotional spirit of the man, shows in every face and figure that comes from his hands. In the National Gallery we possess a pure and lovely specimen (No. 663), "Christ with the Banner of the Resurrection . . . surrounded by Angels in the midst of the Blessed." Many and quaint are the figures on the crowded canvas. The monks and nuns of the Dominican order (to which he himself belonged) have compartments entirely to themselves, and in their formal garb of black and white appear to occupy certainly their full share of heaven. Here, in this host of the beatified, the painter seems to revel in an ecstasy of devotion, to feel almost a foretaste of heaven, he leaves such an impress of joy and peace on each sweet face. From the holiness of his life, Fra Angelico was called "Il Beato," the Blessed one, and is often in Italian histories mentioned by that name only. As a painter of miniatures for illuminating the manuscript Bibles and missals of the time—in short, for all devotional work, he was unsurpassed. Fra Angelico's painting is probably the perfection of what a monk's work, with its very limited means of study, could attain to. But although very pure and good in its intention, and perfectly realising that aim, it is open to the criticism that the drawing of the figures is extremely weak, the limbs are not well understood, and the power of rendering expression is limited to the one kind of feeling; the colour is feeble and monotonous; there is no composition, no action, no subject, no variety, no background.

We may turn from this work of the cloister to work more in accordance with the spirit of an age of progress, and more likely to advance the knowledge and practice of art towards a higher perfection.

Across the same room, just opposite the last-named picture, hangs a picture by Paul Uccello, depicting a battle then lately fought (the battle of Sant' Egidio, date 1416) between Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and Braccio di Montane, Lord of Perugia. This picture (No. 583) is full of spirited action; the horses are vigorously drawn; knights are thrown headlong on the ground; broken spears and shields lie about; while a background of hills, half hidden by pomegranate, orange, and rose trees shows a determined attempt on the part of the painter to realise the scene. I must call attention to the figure of a knight in armour fallen flat on his face, his feet towards the spectator, foreshortened straight into the picture, a most difficult thing to represent, and hitherto quite unattempted. This is the very first effort of foreshortening that we have had under our notice, and is a very bold attempt. We may observe also that this is the earliest picture of

a secular subject in the Italian Rooms. It was the first of a series of four battle-pieces painted for one of the rich merchant princes of Tuscany who did so much for the commerce, independence, and intellectual activity of the Italian Republics — those republics to which, let us remember, Europe owes the revival of the arts and learning of modern civilisation. The study of perspective and foreshortening became quite a passion with Uccello. A learned Italian, Manetti by name, who had studied Greek from some exiled native, translated Euclid into Italian from the original language. This he did chiefly for the benefit of his friend, Paul Uccello, to help the latter with his studies in perspective. Previously, painters had rarely attempted to introduce any background, but had simply painted their Madonnas and saints on gold grounds. Uccello used often to sit up the night through in his determination to master its problems. His wife would complain "that there was no getting him to take repose;" the only answer she could extract from him to this complaint was the exclamation, "Oh, che dolce cosa è questa perspettiva!" (Oh, what a delightful thing is this perspective!). The name by which he is known, that of Uccello, signifies the bird. He was nicknamed Paul the Bird, because he was so fond of painting birds and animals in his pictures. His introduction of horses into the picture of the battle of Sant' Egidio, which I have mentioned, was considered a daring innovation.

Sandro Botticelli is one of those great Florentines whose pictures are full of most charming poetry and expressiveness.

There is a picture by him in our Gallery that I never tire of looking into, so full is it of fanciful and varied groups. It is a Nativity (No. 1,034). The lower part represents the subject proper. The divine Child lies in a playful attitude on a mat on the ground, his Mother kneels, adoring, over him; immediately behind is the manger; at the sides of the picture angels lead the shepherds towards the place, pointing out to them Madonna and her Babe; in the immediate foreground groups of angels fold men lovingly in their arms, as if with the birth of the Blessed Saviour the kingdom of God had literally descended upon earth; while small and hideous demons scud and hurry away, to hide themselves abashed underground. On the broad roof of the manger three angels sit and sing together from one book—"Peace on earth, and goodwill to man," their song. Yet above, we see more angels with white or rainbow-tinted wings, who circle round and round in ecstasy in the golden light of heavenly glory.

I have sketched a part of this lovely upper group as heading to this paper.

Sandro Botticelli's date is from 1447 to 1510. He lived at a time immediately after the invention of printing, when the Aldine press, lately established at Venice (in 1470, by Aldo Manuzio) had just issued its beautiful editions of Homer, Virgil, and the classic authors, so long unread and unthought of. During all those long and barbarous wars with which Europe had been devastated after the decay of the Roman Empire, the spirit of Christianity and civilisation had to permeate the newly-formed countries before men's minds were fit for a revival of art and learning. The beauty of the old classical authors was readily imbibed by the Italian people, who lived always surrounded by so much that still remained of classic art. We can easily understand this. And this same Botticelli, whose angelic hosts are so lovely and full of religious enthusiasm, has in many pictures tried his hand at classical subjects. In the Pitti Palace at Florence there is a lovely Venus by him, an exquisitely-outlined figure, wafted along over the sea by winged zephyrs, her golden locks floating about her. But in the National Gallery the classical subjects by this painter are by no means equal to his sacred subjects. We are fortunate in possessing several of these latter, besides the one which I have described, all very fine.

In the changes that took place in Italy in the next century the Reformation holds no place. Italy did not share in the glorious freeing of thought which came to all the northern nations through that great and blessed event. But the revival of learning came to her through her renewed intercourse with Greek literature. The invention of printing was the means of spreading those stores of learning, so that they became national property, and a stimulus to fresh thought and fresh work, both in art and literature; and through the preaching of Savonarola, the great Florentine reformer, a mighty awaking of religious thought stirred men's minds. In the larger and more important subjects we find a strong horror of the corruptions of society, and an intense yearning after better things. In the large frescoes that cover the church walls in Italy painted about this time we see such subjects as the Last Judgment depicted again and again, with all its dread surroundings, the coming of Antichrist or the Triumph of Death. The delights of the blessed in heaven and the torments of the doomed fill men's minds, and are realised before us, as if the artist had personally experienced both states, and come back to earth to warn men from the horrors of hell, and to incite them to attain to the blessedness of heaven.

Andrea Orcagna at Pisa, Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, and others, and lastly, the great Michael Angelo at Rome, have filled the churches in which they painted with grand and solemn thoughts in which the present life appears to be overshadowed with the future; and as we gaze absorbed on these mighty works of art, we feel our own little life as if wrapt and transfigured into the life to come.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

FRIDA BUNEL.—You are not at all "too old" to play the violin at thirteen; nor too old to learn anything. The history of many distinguished men would prove this. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of either Greek or Latin until he was past fifty; and as to the art of playing on musical instruments, Socrates learnt to do so in his old age. Both the violin and the viola are much in vogue amongst ladies in the upper ranks of society. H. R. H. the Princess of Wales plays the latter. The "Stabat Mater" is a celebrated Latin hymn, composed by Jacoponë, a Franciscan of the thirteenth century, set to music by Pergolésë, and subsequently by Rossini, Dvorák, and others.

MENA.—"The Music of the Spheres" is an idea due to Pythagoras; and Shakespeare adopts it in the *Merchant of Venice*.

> "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings."

You will also find it in the Book of Job, xxxviii. 7, where he says, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

ART.

LOTTIE L. S.—We think your card very nicely executed, and likely to suit a bazaar. It would, however, have been more artistic had there been rather more shadow from the leaves and flowers, so as to throw them more out in high relief. Your letter is kind and gratifying.

ANXIOUS W. A. and BUTTERCUP.—1. Unless you have a real talent for painting, and are, in the first place, a good draughtswoman, you have no chance of making a living by means of water-colour painting. There is so very much of mediocre work already in the market. 2. Certainly, no competitor may ever send in an essay of which any portion has been copied from a book. Study the writings of the best authorities previous to writing yourself, and then compose your essay from what you have learnt. In reference to your recreations, you must be guided by the wishes of your mother, as opinions are very conflicting on these points of secondary importance.

ANGELICA.—The famous artist, Angelica Kauffmann, died in 1807. She was of Swiss origin, but England was her adopted country. She was born in 1741, and her full baptismal names were Marie Anne Angelique Catherine. She was a portrait painter. There was a German landscape painter of the same surname, a contemporary of hers, who survived her but one year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATINA.—Use indiarubber.

A PUZZLED ONE.—The text you name may be taken in combination with many others, such as Ezekiel xviii. 22, as an answer to your sister's question.

ENID.—You should have plants in your aquarium, and the water should be *frequently aërated*, which may be effected by taking up some of it, and letting it fall in again from a height. It should not be changed very often. The fish may have a mixed diet of worms and flies, as well as bread-crumbs, and the yolks of eggs, dried and pounded. Perhaps you fed them too abundantly. As they died under your former treatment you had better adopt a somewhat different plan. It seems to us that the daily changing of the water, and great cleaning you gave the rockery, is what starved them, as they partly subsist on minute insects, and cannot eat much bread.

GERTRUDE THOY.—We thank you for the verses that express so much approval of the THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A USELESS GIRL misnames herself, for she sends us a prescription, and thus proves that she wishes to be of use to others. A Simple Cure for Warts:—Place as much common soda into a tablespoon of water as the latter amount will hold in solution; and touch the warts with it very frequently. They will shortly disappear under this treatment.

GLADYS HOLMAN.—There is probably no real cause for anxiety, as the digestion has much to do with these troubles, and will produce the most painful palpitations of the heart. Consult your family doctor.

WEARY.—You could only obtain pupils by advertisement, but you might apply for advice to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W., who may help you in some way.

EUGENIE R.—Consult a doctor, and read the articles by Medicus on diet and exercise, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

LOO LOO.—Ask the person who gave you the lotion to give you some more, or take the bottle to a chemist and inquire whether he knows anything of it, supposing it was patent medicine. Your own doctor would know what to prescribe if you told him.

A CONSTANT READER AND ADMIRER.—We think you do not read our paper very attentively, or you would have discovered that we do not keep an exchange, nor on agency to exchange anything.

A NEW ZEALAND DAISY, M. D. D.—We regret we cannot help M. D. D. with her quotation. It reads like Scott's, and perhaps may be found in some book of his. "Oh, fair dove," is from a poem by Jean Ingelow. We do not quite know what you mean by your question about it.

KATE and LOUIE.—Your very gratifying letter deserves our warm acknowledgments.

LADY BERTHA HAMILTON.—We feel for our little friend of eight years old, who is obliged to learn her lessons alone, as her sisters are all so much older. But we think she is to be congratulated on having a pony and a dog of her own, and a park of her father's to canter over. Her pen is not a good one, and the ink is thick, but she writes very well considering this and her age, and she spells well, too. Being at school is not always so very pleasant as "Lady Bertha" thinks. "Other children" are sometimes very disagreeable.

S. WATTIE B.—You should be guided by your mother's wishes and advice in the serious question of an engagement to be married. A man's character, position in life, profession, health, and private means of support, must all be duly weighed by her.

W. M. DE W. (Nova Scotia).—Many thanks for your original solutions to Bishop Wilberforce's. They are very clever.

CANDALARIA.—Embroider a set of handkerchiefs with his initials, or work him a pair of slippers. Any second-hand music shop, and some book stores, will take old music.

A DAUGHTER OF TERRA NOVA.—It is not the custom here to pierce the ears of little boys, nor do we think that it has much effect on the eyes, though it was anciently considered most beneficial, the puncture is so small and heals too quickly.

NEMO.—If you have such numbers of medicine bottles, etc., it would be worth while to make an agreement with some respectable "rag and bone" man (as they are called, we believe) to come over at certain intervals, and take them away.

A CONSTANT READER.—Young ladies wear tan or dogskin gloves for riding.

A CANADIAN GIRL.—The information might easily be obtained from any American of your acquaintance in Montreal. The subject is not one into which we can enter.

SUNLIGHT:

BEING THE NEXT HOLIDAY NUMBER

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,

will be published on MIDSUMMER DAY, JUNE 24, and will contain the following among the especially attractive features of the Number:—

SHORT STORIES

By Rosa Nouchette Carey, Author of "Esther," Anne Beale, Grace Stebbing, Sarah Doudney, and other favourite "Girl's Own" story writers. Also—

Papers and other contributions on useful and interesting holiday subjects by Medicus, James Mason, Helen Marion Burnside, Dora de Blaquière, Blanche C. Saward, Dora Hope, Sophia F. A. Caulfeild, and others.

The Best Biographical Table of Illustrious Women which obtained a prize in our recent highly-popular competition will be printed for the edification of those who failed to obtain prizes or certificates.

And in addition to the above,

PORTRAITS of Twenty of OUR CHIEF WRITERS

will be given, in compliance with the oft-repeated request of our numerous readers. As these portraits will not be printed in any ordinary Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *those readers wishing to become more personally acquainted with their friend-writers must secure this Number by ordering it of their nearest bookseller before the date of publication.*

The chief writers and workers will be represented by portraits of the Countess of Aberdeen, Sarah Doudney, Rosa Nouchette Carey, Helen Marion Burnside, Medicus (Dr. Gordon Stables), Dora de Blaquière, Sophia F. A. Caulfeild, James Mason, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, Emma Brewer, Ruth Lamb, F. E. Weatherly, Lady Benedict, Dora Hope, Anne Beale, Edith Wynne, Phillis Browne, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, James Macaulay, and Charles Peters.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 232. JUNE 7, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AMONG RUSHES AND REEDS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

All rights reserved.]

"WITH GAZE DOWNWARD FIXED ON THE STREAM."

"My sister, of what are you thinking,
With gaze downward fixed on the stream,
So steadfast no eyelash is blinking—
Bewildered in thought, or a dream?"

"Oh, thinking how like are those waters
To these dull, monotonous lives
Of our poor gentility's daughters,
Shut out from the world and its hives.

"Scarce gliding on, sluggish in motion,
Without e'en a ripple to tell,
How pulses the surge of the ocean
That tolleth the river's own knell.

"Yet drifting through, aimlessly ever,
The tunnel of Time's narrow arch,
Without e'er a sign of endeavour,
Or sound of victorious march.

"The narrow banks limit its waters,
Green woods shut it in from the view,
And so 'tis with country-bred daughters,
With nothing to see or to do.

"Reflecting to-day and to-morrow
The same sky, and tendril, and tree,
Till winter congeal it like sorrow,
As inaction may freeze you and me.

"I long for a broader existence,
I sigh for the world and its deeds;
I cannot go on with persistence
For aye among rushes and reeds!"

"Ah, sister, gentility's daughter,
If poor, need not idle and dream;
Or look on this smooth sylvan water
As only an indolent stream.

"If strivings for broader existence
Appear not to ruffle its breast,
It moves with a quiet insistence—
Is neither inert nor at rest.

"It may not set mill-wheels in motion,
But, let not your judgment be harsh,
It has drained without any commotion
Fair acres that once were a marsh.

"It may not do picturesque battle
With boulders and rocks in its course,
But lingers in pools, where the cattle
Refresh, with the weary old horse.

"The alders and osiers that flourish
In serried rank close to its brink
Know the waters that foster and nourish,
And send out their rootlets to drink.

"Fish glide through its depths and its shallows,
As many an angler could tell,
Birds nest in its sedges and sallows,
And the stream is as clear as a well.

"Fair lilies enwreath it with beauty,
The woods lend and borrow a grace,
And truly, no unfulfilled duty
Sets a ripple to wrinkle its face.

"Then, my sister, we must not repine,
Though *we* have no scope for great deeds
Duties lie both in your way and mine,
If only 'mong rushes and reeds."

THE PICTURES IN OUR ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE old almanacks tell us that summer commences on the first of May. Nature opens her leaves and flowers in May, and Art, her rival, in the form of the Royal Academy of London, opens her doors to the public gaze in the first week in May, and displays what the best of her artists have produced during the previous twelve months.

We think the show this year is decidedly above the average, and, for our own part, we consider a sight of the three chief pictures, those by the President, by Mr. Millais, and by Mr. Alma Tadema respectively, as alone worth the entrance fee (especially if we might have Mr. Fildes's gay pictures of Venetian flower-girls thrown in). These pictures, by our three greatest figure painters, occupy each the centre of a wall, the places of honour, in Room No. III., where one expects to find the picked pictures of the exhibition; and as we enter the long gallery the three rival centres at once arrest our attention. Each of the three is thoroughly characteristic of its author. The one is ideal, another matter-of-fact, and the third historical.

No. 178, "Cymon and Iphigenia," is by Sir Frederick Leighton. It is a mythical Greek story. Iphigenia lies asleep beneath the shade of a huge oak tree, her attendant nymphs sleep around on the bare ground. Her lover, with his dog, has come accidentally upon the group, and stands gazing, amazed and entranced, at her unconscious beauty. She lies stretched out at full length, her arms flung above her head, her perfect form swelling through the graceful cream-coloured drapery which covers and clings to her limbs, bathed in the golden light of romance. A templed city, on a promontory, stretches out into the quiet, deep blue sea beyond. The moon is about to rise. This picture should be called the Idyll, for it is a poem indeed, rather than the picture opposite by Mr. Millais, which is designated by that title; not but that Mr. Millais's picture is very charming in its own way.

No. 347, "An Idyll, 1745." A young drummer boy, in the regimentals of that date, sits on the grass by a purling brook, and pipes to three ragged Highland lassies, who listen, open-mouthed, and are evidently practising hero-worship to this gay little fellow in scarlet and yellow. The regiment and tents are seen in the distance. The execution is in the painter's very best style, brilliant and vigorous in the extreme, but with none of that over-roughness of surface which has occasionally marred the effect of his always masterly work.

In No. 245, Mr Alma Tadema goes back to the Britain of Roman times, and gives us an insight into the manners and customs of those ancient days, which he depicts as vividly as Mr. Green does in his "History of England." The artist realises them with a knowledge as intimate as if he had personal experience of them. The subject of the picture is "Hadrian in England, visiting a Romano-British pottery." Pots were made at that time in Colchester and elsewhere by British workmen, similar in every way to the Roman pots, with ornaments portraying the Roman games, but designed by British artists. We see here the pots, black, white, and grey, with their richly detailed patterns. We see below the workmen at work, making them. We see the Emperor and Empress and their court above, admiring them; the inlaid mosaic wall, the wreaths of English wild flowers adorning and half hiding the tablet that commemorates the imperial visit. We see the little offerings of onions, etc. (garden produce), beside the lighted lamp at the shrine of the domestic Lar, laid on the shelf in a corner; everything, in fact, is there, that could realise to us in its minutest detail the scene as it must have been. Yet with all the immense detail the pictorial effect is never lost. The fine, dignified figure of the Emperor Hadrian (as we know him so well in the sculpture gallery in the British Museum), dressed in purple and dull red, stands out against the pale green wall, on which are ledges for the pots. A flight of steps leads from the workshop, half seen in the lower part of the picture, to the gallery in the upper part, where the imperial visitors stand. A man carries up a tray full of vases for inspection.

After gazing our fill at these three fine pictures, we feel inclined to shut our eyes and rest for awhile, but other beauties imperatively demand our attention, notably two others in the same room, also classical: No 315, "Actæon," by Mr. Briton Rivière, and "Diadumené," by Mr. Poynter. In No. 315 there is more landscape and the figures are smaller than is usual with this artist, but it is one of the finest pictures for colour and poetic treatment that we have seen from his fertile and ready hand. The wretched Actæon defends himself desperately from his dogs, who attack him wildly as if they saw in him (according to the legend) only the stag they are hunting. The light tan colour of the yelping dogs, and the bit of red drapery round his body, focus the colour, and concentrate attention on the subject, which occupies but a

small space on the canvas. Tall pine trees form the background, the full blue-green of whose foliage make a rich harmony with the deep blues of the distance.

There are some splendid portraits in this room, notably that of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Frank Holl, who sends also No. 235, "Dr. Haig Brown," the Head Master of Charterhouse School. The portrait of Samuel Morley, Esq., by Mr. Ouless, which hangs as companion to the latter, is equally finely painted. Mr. Millais sends several portraits, the most generally interesting being that of Henry Irving, Esq., the actor. He has no other subject picture, besides the delightful one called "An Idyll," which we have just described. No. 290, "Lady Pelly," by Miss Louisa Starr, deserves notice for its very good painting and pretty arrangement. Miss Starr won her laurels as a very young lady a few years ago, and this portrait, and one in another room, "Lady Nicholson," shows the delicate and finished work of an accomplished artist. No. 357, "Portrait of a Lady," by M. Fantin, the flower painter, is a curious example of French mannerism. The hands on the book are in full light, and are beautifully painted, while the face is so much in shadow as to be of quite secondary importance, and, partly in consequence of this arrangement, the flesh tints appear decidedly dirty. This painter's flower pieces are so supremely beautiful that it is a pity he should desert what he does so well to paint unsatisfactory portraits.

The landscapes in this room alternate refreshingly with the figure pieces. No. 259, "Maple Durham Lock," by Mr. Vicat Cole, is deliciously sweet and silvery. No. 286, by Mr. Davis, "On the hill side: clearing after rain," is a brilliant summer evening in the Scotch Highlands. The last rays of the setting sun fall on the shaggy forms of some Scotch cattle, such as the painter depicts in the way that only he and Rosa Bonheur know how to do. No. 291 is a pretty little picture called "Thames Roses," by Mr. Leslie. A young damsel reclines on the seat of the cabin of a Thames boat, arranging the roses she holds in her hand. Evidently the boat is gliding smoothly and rapidly along; we fancy the banks will recede as we look out of the cabin window at the distant river shore. It is a very pleasing specimen of this artist's manner. No. 330, "The Drowsy East," is by Mr. Hodgson, who has several other small pictures similar in style and subject. They are very true to the life of the East which they represent, and sparkle with touches of bright humour. Of these we prefer No. 66, "Flat Perjury." The Arab is evidently a confirmed liar, like too many of his countrymen, and his judges look thoroughly puzzled. We like these small highly finished pictures by Mr. Hodgson better than the large one he sends, No. 402.

"Night, Empress of Silence and the Queen of Sleep," No. 340, by Mr. Calderon, is a beautiful study of a sweet and serious female figure. She is dressed in a cold greenish-white garment, with dark blue drapery thrown loosely over her knees, and is seated on a marble seat, absorbed in thought. This painter sends also two large "decorative panels for a dining room," No. 462 and No. 588. In the one girls are gathering currants, in the other cherries. From Mr. Stacey Marks we have five pleasant representative works: No. 292, "The Anglers' Rest;" No. 383, "The Pet Plant;" and No. 526, "The Entomologist." The two latter represent the familiar *motif* of the old naturalist arranging a pet curiosity, surrounded by the objects his heart delights in, so dear to him, though so dry and queer-looking to the uninitiated. In No. 45, "The Stopped Key," we have a burly brown-frocked monk, who has apparently just returned from market with his basket full, and is unable to open the cloister door. He has set down his marketing on the ground beside him, and, with puzzled look, tries vainly to rectify what may be amiss with the key. But we think that No. 373 will probably be the favourite with many of Mr. Marks's admirers. "They do bear themselves like foolish justices." This quotation from Shakespeare is made to apply to a pair of wonderfully human-looking long-legged birds, who have all the expression of the foolish justices in the play, who think themselves so wise, and are so very foolish. No. 341, "A Mariage de Convenance," by Mr. Orchardson, is the only picture by this artist. It presents one of those scenes of domestic life that suggest such sad mistakes resulting in such bitter and unhappy lives. A woman, young and superbly handsome, sits at a luxurious dinner table, opposite to an elderly, padded, empty-headed old *roué*. They are both fashionably dressed, and are apparently husband and wife. Evidently she has sold her youth and beauty for a titled name and a wealthy home; evidently, too, she has seen enough of the hollowness of the life she has accepted, and the character of the poor fop opposite to her, to most bitterly repent the worldly bargain she has made. The picture is well painted, and tells its sad story plainly enough. No. 353, by Mr. Frith, is entitled "Cruel Necessity." It is a rather matter-of-fact rendering of a subject which has been so very finely treated by the great French painter, Paul De la Roche, and is so well known in England that one rather wonders at anyone touching it again. The story runs that the night after Charles I. was beheaded, Oliver Cromwell went by stealth to the room where the dead body lay. After surveying it for some moments in silence, he sighed deeply, and muttered the above words as he stole slowly away.

Nos. 346 and 352 are two of Mr. Hook's ever fresh English seaside pieces. In the last "The fisher girls sweep the wet sand at low tide with small blunt sickles," "Catching Sand-launce." The other is called "The Mirror of the Sea Mew," and those soft white birds supply all that is needed of living interest in the picture.

No. 358, "Thisbe," is a charming picture (half life-size) of that maiden of old story, by Mr. Long. He quotes a pretty version of it from Ovid:—

> "An envious wall, the Babylonian maid
> From Pyramus, her gentle lover stayed.
> Yet here a tiny chink none else had seen,
> Sufficed to bear love's messages between.
> They kissed its stony mouth like lovers true,
> But neither side would let the kisses through."

The girl leans against the wall and presses her face against the chink. The details of the wall recall Mr. Long's Assyrian pictures. His other picture is the same size as this one, No. 28 in the first room, and, though small, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most successful of his studies of female Bible characters. It represents Judith, a lovely creature full of that inspired determination which will carry her through the dreadful act she is evidently about to perform. "Strengthen me now, O Lord God of Israel," is the quotation given. She draws a sword from its scabbard as it hangs against a column. Some heavy folds of green drapery on the ground to one side of her suggests the end of the couch on which Holofernes may be sleeping. But that is not included in the picture.

In Room No. IV. we come to some beautiful landscapes. Mr. Colin Hunter in his picture entitled "The Herring Market at Sea," gives a luminous and poetical rendering of early dawn at sea. Mr. Brett's weird and strange "Macleod's Maidens, Skye," No. 395, next demands attention. The title adds, "Natural Sculpture," an explanation which is really needed. The forms of the rocks are so grotesque as to suggest that they are the representations by some savage tribe of their uncouth deities. They are too strange even to be beautiful! The sea and sky are fine, if rather dreary. Mr. Brett has led us to expect from him always lovely weather, blue skies, and bluer seas, and sunlit shores; and we are a little inclined to grumble at the change. Most of his beautiful paintings this year are grey and cloudy effects.

No. 463, "Faith," is an interesting study of a crowd of Eastern people—men, women, and boys—who follow a saint with expressions of various sentiment. It is carefully drawn and well-planned, like all Mr. Armitage's work, if a little dry and hard in the painting. In No. 390, Mr. Luke Fildes gives us "Venetian Life," a theme he varies in No. 747, "A Venetian Flower-girl." We are used to associate Mr. Fildes's work in our mind with sad scenes, and powerful but grey colour, remembering his fine picture of the "Casual Ward." In these two pictures he simply revels in pure and brilliant colour, such as has rarely been approached by any painter. They are full of the very feeling of the luminous air of Venice.

No. 559, by Mr. Waterhouse, is a curious and interesting picture of an Eastern superstition. It is called "Consulting the Oracle," and is thus described in the catalogue. "The Oracle or Teleph was a human head, cured with spices, which was fixed against the wall; and lamps being lit before it, and other rites performed, the imagination of diviners was so excited that they supposed that they heard a low voice speaking future events." The figures sit in a semi-circle facing the skull, from whose mouth smoke issues. A woman, who would be beautiful, but that her lips are drawn and her eyes starting with excitement, leans against the wall over the skull, ready to give voice to any hallucinations that may float before her excited imagination. The scene is an Egyptian room. The women seated around on the floor, fling themselves into different attitudes of despair, or anxiety, or expectancy, according as the intimations they have received affect each one. The details are well carried out, the scene is fully realised, the painting is admirable.

We feel that we have not done justice to the many fine landscapes. Mr. Leader's "Glebe Farm on the Welsh Border" (No. 6), Mr. Peter Graham's grand "Sea Mist" (No. 216), Mr. MacWhirter's poetical sunset behind the tall fir trees (No. 858), and his "Home of the Grizzly Bear" (No. 846), must be looked at to be enjoyed, as well as many more, which space alone prevents us even naming.

Still, we cannot conclude this short account of the exhibition without devoting a few words specially to the lady exhibitors. We have already mentioned the only lady whose work finds a place in Gallery No. III. Some charming little pictures of domestic life deserve notice. No. 1,642, by Mrs. Alma Tadema, "Saying Grace," is painted with much expression and good detail. No. 1,641, "A Gap in the Ranks," by Miss Ellen Conolly. A regiment returned from the wars is seen passing by through the open door of the cottage; a boy is making inquiries of the soldiers, and a girl and her father are weeping together in the shadow near the window. This picture is powerfully painted and full of feeling. Perhaps the shadows are a little wanting in grey tones. Miss Margaret Dicksee, in her picture entitled "Deepening Shadows" (No. 754), deserves equal praise, without any qualifying word of drawback. Miss Dicksee has also in the water-colour room a grave and poetical rendering of the text, "Fear not, for behold

I bring you tidings of great joy:" the angels' announcement to the shepherds by night. It is a fine piece of colour.

Miss Ida Lovering's "Motherless Group of Children" (No. 1,602) is very well composed and nicely painted, a little resembling Mr. Faed in manner. Miss Hipkins has a brightly-painted domestic subject close by, and next to that Miss Mary Breakell's "Grandfather's Workshop" deserves mention.

Mrs. Collier and Miss Ellen Montalba show some life-size and very effective oil portraits. Miss Annie Dixon, Miss Tekusch, and Miss Turck send several miniature portraits largely treated, though on so small a scale. Mrs. Perugini (the daughter of Mr. Charles Dickens) has two charming studies of children, a pretty boy in a "red cap" and a little girl in blue. Miss Clara Montalba's "Middleburg" (No. 505) is a fine Cuyp-like scene, very brilliant and golden in colour, and masterly in performance.

In the water-colour room, the names of ladies predominate, more especially appended to the many pretty flower pieces. Miss E. Jackson, Miss K. Nutter, Miss Norman, Miss G. Hastie, send charming specimens. Miss Henrietta Millar's "Daffodils and Narcissus," and Miss Constance Lawson's splendid white "Chrysanthemums" were perhaps the most brilliant of all. While, on the whole, the work that displays most originality of any of the ladies' performances is a bronze statuette by Miss Susan Canton (No. 1,673) of Buddha, the Indian saint, illustrating Mr. E. Arnold's fine ideal poem, "The Light of Asia." The saint sits too deeply wrapt in thought to be conscious of the dove that has perched on his shoulder; her wings outstretched above his bare head, he looks the impersonation of mystic trance.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

AT HOME!

THE little party had to stay in Lerwick for the night, since the drive to Balacluva was long, and as Mr. Stewart had one or two pieces of business to despatch in the town, they did not leave it very early on the following morning, so that May had an opportunity of walking down its narrow and tortuous chief street, of coveting the quaint outlines of many of its corners, and of wondering over those houses which are built so closely upon the water's edge that they seem to rise out of it, and which are said in many cases to contain wondrous receptacles for the booty of old smuggling days. Margaret Stewart was eager to do the honours of her native capital, and took May to those shops where there was the best show of island industry, presenting her with different specimens of knitted work, and explaining to her that the brilliant patterns of the Fair Isle hosiery had been originally copied from garments saved from a ship of the Spanish Armada, and that she might see the same in Murillo's picture of the Spanish flower-girl, of which Margaret kept a print in her own room at Balacluva.

If the start from home and the voyage northward had thrown May's past life into remote perspective, how much more so did her first island drive! The Balacluva horses were fleet and good, and the Balacluva driver was staunch and stalwart, but the Balacluva equipage was certainly not luxurious. It was but an open trap, which Margaret said could be covered, when absolutely necessary, but was never comfortable then. Evidently long descent and high rank in Shetland was quite superior to soft cushions and painted heraldry. However, the conveyance was all that could be desired on a fine genial day in late autumn, and off it started along the narrow road which wound, like a white thread, among the low green hills. But in one way at least their progress was truly royal. Scarcely a wayfarer did they pass who had not a glad salutation for Balacluva and his daughter. Margaret herself was in high glee. She had safely returned, with a new joy in her maiden heart, to the old place which was so dear and so sacred to her that she could even afford to make loving sport of it.

"Don't you think this country is like mud-pie in a rock dish, Miss Castle?" she asked. "And you have not yet inquired what is become of the trees. Does it not strike you strangely not to see even one?"

Of course, May had remarked that peculiarity, but it had not impressed her as Margaret had thought it might, for she had only eyes for the strength of the rocks and the glory of the sea as they stretched before her. "And are there really no trees?" she returned, looking away from her watery dreamland upon the inland scenery. "Will they not grow here under any conditions?"

"I think they might, if one built a wall all round them to the height one wished the tree to attain," answered Margaret, merrily, "for I notice that here and there a bush creeps up to about the height of the dyke beside it. It is the wind which does the mischief. It is shelter which is needed. And now, Jamieson," she went on, addressing the driver, "is there any news at the house? Has there been any visitor lately?"

"The minister was over, calling on mistress on Monday, Miss Margaret," the servant replied, silently thinking to himself that the great "news" at Balacluva was the rumour which had already reached its solitude, connecting its young lady with the great lord of Fowlis. But he only went on, "And Mr. William Thomson came up this morning. He passed me riding up as I drove down."

"William Thomson!" echoed Margaret. "So he is at home just now! I'm so glad! How happy his dear little mother will be! Is he looking quite well, Jamieson?"

"That he is, Miss Margaret," replied the old servant. "Quite well, and as merry as ever, and real nice-looking in every way, Indeed, and it's true."

"He is a fine lad," said the laird, "and comes of a good breed, and deserves to prosper."

"I'm glad he has been up to see mamma to-day," observed Margaret; "because he would keep her from growing weary waiting for us; but I'm sorry to know that he will be sure to leave before we arrive. William Thomson would fancy himself a terrible intruder if he stayed through a household meeting. And I should have liked Miss Castle to see him, and so to see what kind of people Shetland can send out into the world."

"Well, he can come up again, Peggy," said the laird. "And if the weather be calm, we can all have a sail up the coast to Yacob Stays' grave; and if we stay till the moon is high, the pirate's ghost may come to keep tryst with Admiral Thomson's great-great-grandson."

"Miss Castle does not know what you are talking about, papa," said Margaret. "We shall have to tell her the whole history."

"Well, that is easily done," returned the laird; "and blessed is he who brings a new ear for an old story. You must know, then, Miss Castle, that in the latter half of last century the dwellers on the coast not many miles from Balacluva were surprised one morning to find a big ship lying at anchor in the lonely waters of their little 'voe.' Some of the fishermen approached her in boats, to see what she was, and whether business of any sort was to be done with her; but as they approached the vessel, they were ordered off with menaces not to be mistaken. It was evident that the ship had chosen the voe for her winter quarters, for she was anchored head and stern, and had her yards and masts struck. It was presently discovered that her crew, though averse to visitors, were not disinclined to visit, for they came ashore for water and other provisions, but proved taciturn and unapproachable by curiosity. The mystery about them naturally raised dark suspicions, which were confirmed by their mixed nationality, for they seemed to be of all colours and languages, and word was soon sent round the 'voe' that the strange guests were nothing but pirates—those fell robbers and murderers of the seas who in those days threw such a tinge of horror over the wilder ways of maritime life."

May was listening intently. Like all true artists, she had an eye for the picturesque in life as well as in nature.

"It was presently noticed," proceeded the laird, "that there was among them one man whom even his own lawless comrades regarded with detestation, and from whom they held aloof. In so

"'YOU ARE JUST TO DO NOTHING NOW BUT TO ENJOY THE HOME-COMING.'"

reckless a band an extra share of scruple or of good qualities might have been a cause for unpopularity, but evidently it was not so in this case. In all his dealings with the simple natives this man was found to be the most cruel and rapacious of the band, with some of whom the defrauded fishermen made common cause enough to discover that 'Yacob Stays,' for that was his name, was a plague to the very pirates themselves."

"It appears from his name that he must have been of Norse descent," remarked Margaret, "and despite our people's sufferings at his hands, doubtless that added to their horror of the strange fate which befell him in the manner of his death. I doubt whether it would have seemed so terrible to them if he had been thrown into the sea, or had got his skull fractured in fair fight, in true Berserker style."

"Then what was his end?" asked May.

"I am coming to that," went on the laird. "Margaret should keep her philosophisings to the proper place for commentaries, which is below the text, and not above it! One day our people saw a boat putting off from the ship with a greater number of sailors on board than usually came ashore together. One can imagine how the fisher folk ran together to watch from afar off, and to form a body for mutual defence if necessary. The foreign sailors landed. They were carrying somebody in their midst, bound hand and foot. The long-sighted watchers could discern that this was the hated Yacob Stays. Fettered as he was, they could see he was making desperate struggles. They went along the shore till, at a certain point, after a little debate, they stopped, and some of the number began to dig. It did not take long to see that they were digging a grave. It was easy for the appalled natives to guess for whom it was intended; but what was their horror when they found that the struggling culprit was laid in it alive, that then it was filled in, and that the dark band remained on guard till all struggles beneath the heavy sand must have been most unmistakably ended."

"But what a curious out-of-the-way form of execution!" May exclaimed. "So many other forms of violent death would have seemed so much more easy—to have thrown him into the sea, as Miss Stewart says, or to have stabbed him—especially as they were foreigners, and

foreign sailors are said to be so ready and fierce with weapons."

"Aye," said the laird; "I have often thought over these things, and it remains inexplicable why such men should have taken the trouble to launch a boat and dig a grave to secure their end, when they might have done so with much less trouble. Perhaps they had some superstition against drowning the wretch in the sea, on which their own sinful lives were passed, and preferred to leave his body on a remote island, where they were little likely to return. But the most feasible explanation which ever occurred to my mind is that their course of conduct evaded the letter of some oath by which the band had leagued themselves together."

"But you can imagine the horror of the natives, May," put in Margaret; "for, though they are the descendants of the Northern Beserkers, I think their fierce ancestors must themselves have worked out all the fury of the race, since crimes of violence have been scarcely heard of here for generations past."

"And you can imagine how helpless they were in their horror," said the laird, "for the Shetland of those days was a very primitive place indeed. Nay," he added, seeing a faint smile creep over May's face, as she glanced round on the bare, green hills, with their crape-like peat-cuttings, intersected by little babbling rills, and dotted here and there by a low hovel or a tiny water-mill. "Nay; we are civilised now. In those days there was not a road in all the island. Think of that! It was a few years later before Government made one or two short roads near Lerwick for the use of the troops. And the next road was made by my wife's grandfather and a neighbour of his, at their own expense. It ran from Lerwick to their estates, and they did not pay much for engineering, I can tell you. It went up hill and down dale as the crow flies."

"And in those days, too," narrated Margaret, "there was scarcely any communication with other places. Months would pass without a vessel touching anywhere on the islands, and the vessels which did come were chiefly Dutch and Flemish fishers. It is said that when a Shetland minister had to leave his charge to take his place in the General Assembly in Edinburgh, he had to travel from Lerwick to Hamburg in a smack, from Hamburg to London in another smack, and then to drive to Edinburgh in a coach. That helps you to realise the remoteness of these islands in those days."

"So when news spread through the island," narrated the laird, "that this ship, with its crew of pirate murderers, was lying at anchor on its shore, and had already committed one deed of darkness, there was naturally some alarm, mingled with much indignation. Where could help be found to rid the country of this dangerous presence? There was no man-of-war cruising on the Shetland coast, as sometimes happened, and there was certainly no time to communicate with the Admiralty. Then native courage and resource came to the rescue. A bold and experienced ship-master was found, who declared himself ready to take command of a large smack, thriftily equipped with two guns, and so to go against the big ship and her murderous crew, though they were known to be armed to the teeth. That man was William Thomson, the great-great-grandfather of our friend, the young man whom you will probably meet in a few minutes, since he will have to take his departure from Balacluva by the road on which we are travelling."

"It seemed a life and death venture," said Margaret. "There was nobody but William Thomson ready to take the initiative, but when he did so there were soon plenty to follow."

"Courage is like fire: hard to kindle but easy to spread," said Mr. Stewart. "And this proved another instance of how the wicked flee when no man pursueth, while the righteous are bold as a lion, for when William Thomson's humble craft bore down into the voe, ready to give battle, it found itself the only intruder on the peaceful waters. The pirate ship had gone. Under the cover of night it had sped away. Its crew had doubtless heard of the preparations which had been made against them, and their guilty and cowardly consciences had magnified their proportions."

"And the good skipper who had been so ready to throw his life against such fearful odds, returned in triumph and lived to see his children's children, and was always known among his neighbours to the end of his life as 'Admiral Thomson,'" said Margaret, her sweet face aglow.

Whenever Margaret Stewart spoke of heroism or of endurance, there was a pathetic note in her voice, as if tears were not far off. Why was it? Was it not a yearning towards the whole world, from whose dense masses of seething life such gems of worth can be brought forth, yet which so rarely knows its own wealth and nobility, but goes grovelling on, like a king's family playing with mud pies?

"Here comes young Mr. Thomson on his pony," said the laird. "Pull up, Jamieson," and the driving party and the rider came to a standstill together.

They did not pause long: only for a few sentences of greeting and inquiry, by which May gathered that the young man had recently returned from foreign parts. She was introduced as "our friend, Miss Castle, who wants to see all our grandest rocks, that she may paint them," and then the laird and Margaret made a hasty plan that Mr. Thomson should return to Balacluva on the following Saturday, and take the young ladies to the scene of the story the laird had been telling. William Thomson raised his frank grey eyes to May Castle's face when he found she had just been hearing of his stout-hearted forbear. It was the quick, friendly glance of a stranger, but it lingered, and changed to one of interest, almost of curiosity, so that May felt angry with herself for feeling that her colour deepened beneath it.

"We are not far from Balacluva now," said Margaret, after they had parted from the young man and were driving on again. "See, there it stands, the dear, dear old place! I don't know how it is, but I think I have never enjoyed a home-coming quite so much as this one!"

The house of Balacluva was a grey, weather-worn, turretted building, quadrangular in plan, though one side consisted only of a low wall and a dove-cot. There were a few dwarf bushes nestling about it, a greenhouse on its sunny side, and a pleasant expanse of smooth shaven lawn to give it a distinctive grace. Somebody was waiting at the gate which enclosed this oasis from the surrounding wilderness, and as the carriage came in view, this somebody jumped up and ran back to the house. It was the signal for a general waking up of the silent scene; the hall doors flew open, smiling servants appeared; many dogs rushed out with the barkings of delighted welcome.

"Mamma cannot leave her couch; I must go to her at once, for a single instant," said Margaret, springing from the conveyance, almost before it had stopped. She vanished inside, but for one moment only, returning, with the warmth of her mother's kiss upon her cheek, to fulfil her duties as hostess and house-mistress.

"One wants to see everybody at once, and to say something to each," she apologised to May. "I even find it hard to restrain myself from running off instantly to take a look at each of the rooms. I see there is a delightful meal spread in the parlour, so that mamma can be with us while we enjoy it. But see, papa, here is another carriage coming! Who can this be? Ah, it is turning back; it is evident the driver has only got into our bye-road by mistake. I declare its occupants are those people who were with us on the steamer, May! If they've got to put up at Colabister, and I don't know where else they can go, I'm afraid they'll put poor Mrs. Sand out of conceit of her 'accommodation for travellers.' And now, papa, of course, the letters our steamer brought have got to Balacluva before us, but you're not to open them to-night. You know you can't send answers to them till next Thursday, and I see they are mere business letters. You are just to do nothing now but to enjoy the home-coming."

"Well, well," yielded the good father. "I will own that my business letters are never very urgent or very important, and seldom less so than just at this time!"

Little did he dream what was awaiting him in that post-bag, which he laid aside in kind, fatherly obedience to his Peggy's wish!

(*To be continued.*)

HER OWN CHOICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER XII. (*Continued.*)

"I AM willing," said Geoffrey, "but incapable. I could always tell if a face inspired confidence or distrust, if it

repelled or made me wish to know more of the individual of whose mind it was supposed to be the index. But as to all the items of eyes, nose, hair, complexion, I never could give a trustworthy description. Besides, will it not be a wholesome exercise of patience for you to wait until Brooke's arrival a few hours hence, when you will be able to see for yourself? It will be a sort of introduction to the hardships, for which you are always longing."

"Do you call waiting a few hours a hardship?" asked Gladys.

"Hardships are relative things," replied Geoffrey. "To a person who has waited, say, seven years, the same number of hours is hardly worth mentioning. To Hilda, who is accustomed to have everyone else waiting her pleasure, even as many minutes would seem long. However, I will not run the risk of being blamed for inaccuracies, after Brooke's arrival has given her the chance of verifying my statements. I decline to say another word about him."

"Which convinces me that you have nothing very attractive to describe," said Hilda. "You have told all the good you could already in order to interest us in your friend."

"I wish everybody would observe the same rule in speaking of the absent. Tell the good and leave the evil, if their be any, unsaid."

Mr. Oakley was the speaker, and as he finished, Geoffrey made his escape, saying that he must meet his friend at Keswick, but hoped they would both be at Fisher's Ghyll early in the evening.

Hilda was a little annoyed at Geoffrey's good-humoured but persistent refusal to say any more about Mr. Brooke. She gave her head a little toss, and addressing her cousin, said, "I daresay we shall find this Australian acquaintance a boor in his manners, uncouth in dress, and unprepossessing in appearance."

"I cannot fancy a friend of Mr. Penwarden's answering such a description," said Dorothy, gently. "Besides, did he not say that Mr. Brooke was well educated? Any deficiency in dress would be easily remedied; our looks are what God has given us, and cannot be altered. For the rest, we may trust Geoffrey not to bring anyone here for whom he would have cause to blush, or we to blame him. I am sure he is a man who would be sufficiently particular about his associates to insure their being presentable where he goes himself. There can be no room for anxiety about those whom he calls friends."

Hilda never could say a sharp word to Dorothy; the girl's gentleness always disarmed her, and often assisted her efforts at self-conquest. The fretful look left her face as she turned towards her young cousin and said, "Dorothy, darling, if anyone attacks me, I hope it will be in your presence. The weak, the absent, yes, and the wilful too, are sure of a kindly advocate where you are."

In her impulsive way she rose and kissed the sweet face which was beaming with pleasure at her words, and Dorothy whispered, "You need no defender, Hilda, when you let people see what you really are."

"Do I not? That shows how far below the surface your blue eyes can penetrate."

"It is just because I do see below the surface, that I know you so often let people see only your worst side."

Hilda stopped further remarks with another kiss, and then ran off to her own room to prepare for a promised ramble with the twins.

These young people were no less curious about Mr. Penwarden's friend than was Hilda. But they took means impossible to that young lady, and managed to obtain an early introduction to Mr. Brooke by meeting the carriage about a mile from Fisher's Ghyll.

They looked a little guilty when Geoffrey asked where they were going.

"We are out for a walk, but we are going back now," said Jack, and the pair turned accordingly.

"Confess, Jack, you were waylaying us, in the hope of a ride back."

The youth had the grace to blush, but he answered sturdily and honestly—"We thought perhaps you would ask us to ride if you had plenty of room, but we wanted most to see Mr. Brooke. We don't mind about walking."

"Jump in and have a look at him, then," said Geoffrey, and the youngsters obeyed the command to the letter, fixing their two pairs of eyes on the new comer, with a steady, searching gaze that greatly amused its object.

"Your juvenile friends are a couple of originals," said he to Mr. Penwarden. Then, turning to the children, he asked, "Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, thank you," replied the pair, in unison, but without removing their eyes from Mr. Brooke's face.

What followed may best be gathered from the report from the children themselves, when they burst upon the rest of the family a little later, excited, panting, and breathless, with racing down the drive.

"He has blacker hair and a beard darker and longer than Mr. Penwarden's, only nice and shiny."

"His hair would curl only it is cut very short, but it turns up a little at the ends where it can."

"His eyes are dark and set deeper down than any of yours, and he speaks like a soldier."

"But his eyes are not little dark ones, I hate those; they are plenty large enough, and they are both keen and kind."

The twins spoke in turns and in gasps also. The allusion to the voice was Janet's. She had a vivid remembrance of a review, at which she had been a spectator, and of the tone in which the word of command was given.

"But he does not shout, Janet; he only speaks as if he were rather used to order people about. In a quick, firm way, you know. He is certain to be nice, for he can fish, and he has three lovely rods with him."

"And Mr. Penwarden says he can tell tales by the dozen, and he will tell us plenty. We shall all like him, shall we not, Jack?"

The youth nodded emphatically, and stood mute but triumphant at having achieved his end, in being with Janet the first to see and bring an account of Mr. Brooke.

"I suppose you are talking of Mr. Penwarden's friend," said Mrs. Oakley. "Pray where did you see and study him and his luggage so closely?"

Jack tried to look indifferent and assume a matter-of-course air, as he replied—

"Janet and I went for a walk on the road. We often go that way, and we met the carriage. There was plenty of room, and Mr. Penwarden gave us a ride back as far as Fisher's Ghyll."

Mamma shook her head despairingly. Mr. Oakley made a desperate effort to look severe, but failed signally, probably because the younger members of their party found it impossible to conceal their amusement at the revelations of Jack and Janet.

"Oh, children, you went on purpose!" said their father.

"Mr. Penwarden told us so, too," returned Janet, with a determination to be true at all risks.

"And what did you say?"

"That we wanted most to see Mr. Brooke, though we were glad of the ride as well, you know."

The twins had been somewhat doubtful as to the way in which their little private expedition would be regarded, but the unrestrained laughter which followed this last avowal removed all anxiety.

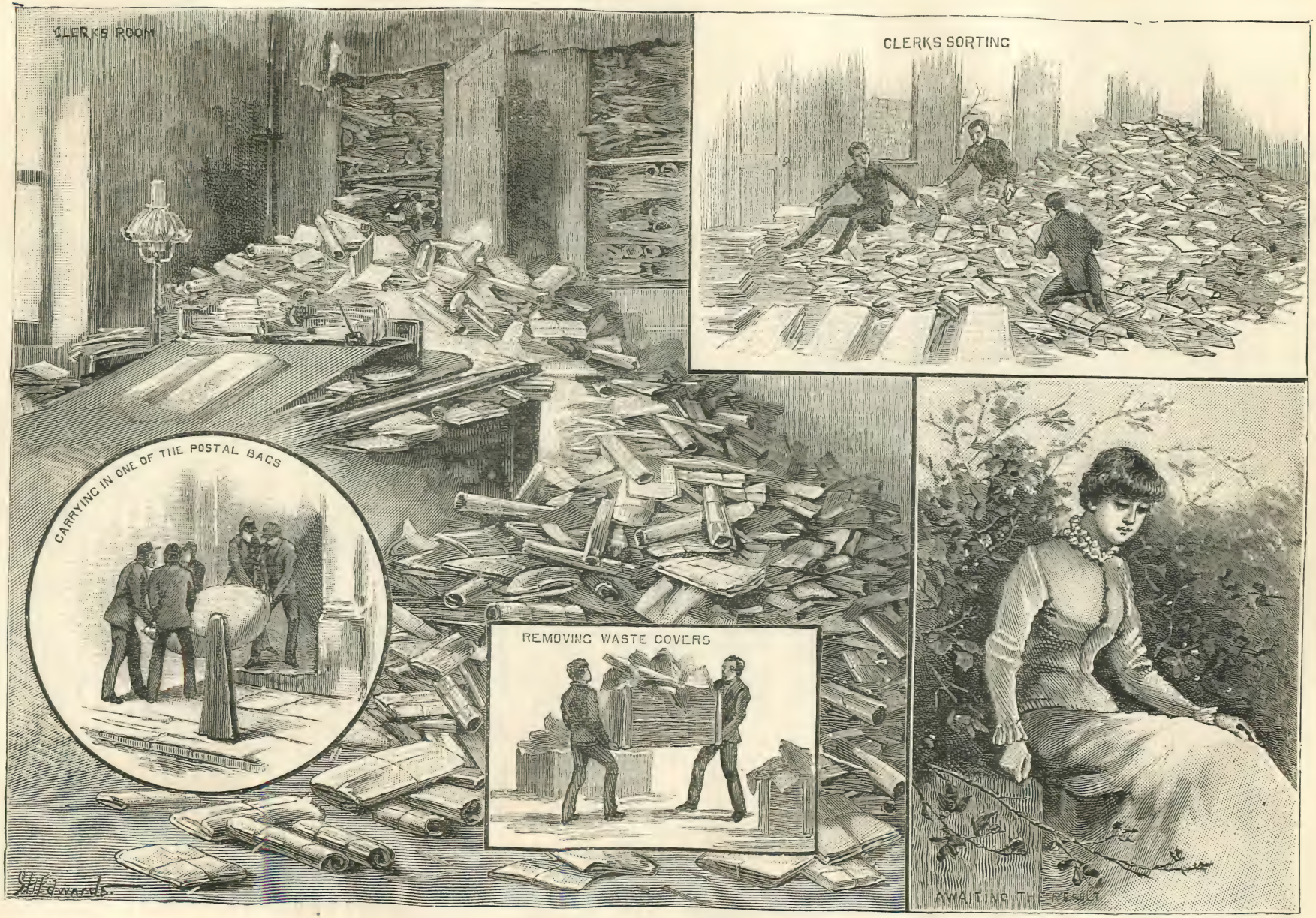
Hilda always ranged herself on the side of these youngsters. As soon as she could speak for laughing, she declared that they were delightful children, that they gave her more sound and reliable information in a few sentences than she could screw out of any number of other people by a day's questioning. Thanks to their investigations and report, she could now picture Mr. Brooke.

The twins were not, however, quite reassured. They stood hand in hand, and shifted about rather uneasily, for when the first laughter had died away, Mr. and Mrs. Oakley looked really grave.

"Mr. Penwarden was not vexed at us," pleaded Jack. "He told us to take a good look at Mr. Brooke, and we did. Didn't we, Janet?" (An affirmative nod.) "And Mr. Brooke said he was so glad to meet with two *real* children, there were so few nowadays. He shook hands with us both, and said he hoped we should be very great friends. I hope so, too, for he is nice. I told him that if he would come to Brinnington he would see children enough—we have swarms of them there. Gladys could show him hundreds of them that she knows. Papa says that whatever else is scarce, there are always plenty of little people. I cannot think how it is Mr. Brooke can find so few."

Here Jack paused, having nothing particular left to tell. Then the twins, after having received a brief lecture from their father, were dismissed with an injunction to remain under Sarah's wing for the rest of the evening.

(*To be continued.*)



SCENES IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES DURING THE COMPETITION.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION: A HUNDRED FAMOUS WOMEN.

EXAMINERS JAMES MASON AND THE EDITOR.

THIS competition has proved specially remarkable for the interest it has excited, and for the large number of those who have taken part in it. In these respects it stands, perhaps, unrivalled. Ever since it was announced, most of our public libraries have had long lists of girls waiting their turn for the loan of biographical dictionaries; booksellers have noticed a marked increase in the sale of new and secondhand works dealing with the subject; and editors of periodicals which make a feature of "answers to correspondents" have been besieged with queries as to the famous women of the past.

The biographical tables sent in numbered close on 5,000; there were exactly 4,956 of them. On the sending-in day they were delivered by the Post Office literally in sackfuls, one memorable sack taking five men to carry it upstairs. They came from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, from Sweden, France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Greece, Portugal, Gibraltar, Malta, Madeira, the Cape Verde Islands, Turkey in Asia, India, China, Cape Colony, Natal, Canada, Jamaica, Antigua, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chili, all the colonies of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and, no doubt, many other quarters of the globe which have escaped our notice. One distant friend in her enthusiasm sent her table by letter post at an expense of thirteen shillings.

The weight of the whole mass of tables was not far short of a ton. Laid flat on the top one of another they would reach upwards at least 77 feet. The total number of sheets of paper used was about 252,000. Were all the sheets spread out on the ground, one alongside of another, they would cover over four acres, and, if taken separately, and placed end to end, they would extend not far short of fifty miles, quite as far as from London to Brighton. These figures are a fair evidence of vitality on the part of the subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

It is exceedingly gratifying to us to say that the quality of the tables is quite as respectable as their number. The greatest pains, as a rule, have been taken, and we have finished our task as examiners with a high opinion of the patience, research, industry, and neatness of almost all who have taken part in the competitors. It would be difficult in the whole number to find fifty tables which in every point deserve nothing but condemnation, and were a fourth-class certificate instituted almost all the unmentioned would be entitled to it.

In point of neatness—to speak of that first—there were great differences between competitors. The neatest-looking tables were generally the best, which was to be expected, for it has always been a general rule that just in proportion as people show respect to their work, their work is in quality respectable. Regular ruling, neat handwriting, and an appearance of finish usually accompanied accurate statements and well-chosen words. It was quite an exceptional case when slovenly expressions and inaccurate information were veiled under a nice-looking handwriting. Never forget, girls, that a manuscript of prepossessing appearance has this advantage over its neighbours—that it secures a double share of attention; one disfigured by blots and erasures, and soiled, it may be, with much handling, bears on its face the marks of rejection, and is self-directed towards the waste basket.

The variety of ways in which the tables were drawn up and put together was interesting. We had specimens of every kind and weight of paper, and of every size, ruled and unruled; often, indeed, the paper bordered on extravagance. Then the sheets were fastened together with every imaginable paper-fastener and every sort and shade of ribbon, blue, red, and green. One biographical table was written in gold ink, and many were adorned throughout with illuminated letters in blue and gold and red and gold. There were specimens of printing in old English, German text, and every other ornamental letter, by girls whose desire to do credit to themselves did not shrink from a world of pains.

Some had gone to the expense of getting the heading, "birth," "death," and so on, and the ruling done by a printer; but we mention this as a peculiarity, and not as a point in their favour. Perfectly needless trouble was taken by hundreds in repeating "birth," "death," "country," and "biographical notes," at the head of each entry, even when there were half a dozen entries on the same page. Once, at the head of the page, would have been quite enough.

Many of the tables had the "biographical notes" crowded to one side. This gave the page an ill-balanced look, with far too much white to the left hand.

A conspicuous and frequent fault was that the tables had neither title nor title-page, but plunged at once into the career of the first woman on the list. Nothing, you remark, was said about that. True, but you might have put a title without being told; either "A Hundred Famous Women," or simply "Famous Women," if you had not done the whole hundred. In writing anything, always put a heading to show what it is about. To omit it, has very much the air of a stranger dropping in and beginning an important conversation without so much as stating his business or saying good morning.

A few titles and title-pages showed considerable taste and ingenuity. One competitor had decorated the title-page of her work with a wreath of pressed leaves and flowers; another had sketched medallion portraits of famous women; a third prefixed a short poem and quotation from Scott's Antiquary, "You will find them but samples of womankind—but here they be;" another quoted on her title-page—

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime;"

and asked very naturally, "May not lives of celebrated women remind us of the same thing?" The same girl, if we remember rightly, had well-chosen mottoes added to the "Biographical Notes" of her compilation.

More than half the biographical tables had the folios without numbers. It would have been a convenience to have had them numbered, especially in examining to see whether or not a competitor had done all the hundred famous women. The leaves of all manuscripts should be numbered; it is convenient for reference; and, besides, they may accidentally come unfastened, and how are we then to put them together if the order is not named in any way?

We observed a considerable power of misspelling in a few of the tables; in many there was an eccentric use of capital letters; but the eccentricities of punctuation beat everything. Mind your stops, girls. The confused character of some of the "Biographical Notes" arose solely from a disregard of common sense in commas and semicolons.

What, we wonder, induced twenty or thirty to stitch their tables at the wrong corner? They were all to be fastened together at the left hand top corner. Some stitched them together backwards, the first folio being placed last. A few—there were not many—did not fasten them at all, and had their work rejected in consequence.

The oddest thing, however, and that which convinces us that the race of extraordinary girls has not died out, was in connection with the certificate. We said plainly enough that on the back of the last page of each biographical table, the full name, age, and address of each competitor were to be placed with "a certificate written and signed by father, mother, minister, or teacher." Well, in eight or nine instances, we found name, age, address, and certificate on the back of every page. In two cases there were a hundred folios, one for every name, so all this information was given a hundred times over. It must have been laborious work. One girl had written and induced her mother to write no fewer than 4,900 words, instead of the forty-nine that were really required.

In many of the tables there was pleasing evidence of original research. Some of the matter at least had evidently not been taken from biographical dictionaries, but the girls had read the lives and summarised them after their own fashion. A few competitors indicated the sources of their information, and gave a list of the books they had consulted.

The "Biographical Notes" were in no case to exceed forty words. Many girls counted the number, and set down the total at the end of each entry. Two competitors, to make sure they did not exceed the forty, had their manuscripts ruled like telegram forms. Very few exceeded the right number, but at least one girl would have had a place in the first class had she not repeatedly broken out of bounds.

As to the literary style of the tables there is not much to be said. Here and there one came upon a happy way of putting things,

but compilations of this sort are not likely to be remarkable for the graces of expression. Flourishes would have been quite out of place. What we wanted, and what, as a rule, we got, was accurate information expressed in the most pithy manner possible.

One competitor says pathetically that she has found many different statements in regard to dates, so she does not feel at all sure about them, and no doubt most of us have felt the same without putting it into words. The popular belief that what is in print must be true is not common amongst those who have to do much with books. Errors in regard to names, figures, and facts creep in, we can hardly tell how. The first compilers, perhaps, wrote with the afternoon sun shining into their sleepy eyes, and we who come after them copy their mistakes and often add some of our own. "If you have a conceit of accuracy," says someone, "and want to have it taken out of you, compile a catalogue," or, we may add, a biographical table.

Of course, our tables contained many remarkable errors, not only in regard to dates, but facts, as when one girl set down St. Cecilia as the "daughter of William the Conqueror," and another made out Sarah Trimmer to be "a famous actress." But few on the whole seemed to have written at random, and praiseworthy efforts were made in many cases to settle the truth when authorities were found to differ.

Now and then the information given was exceedingly meagre. Surely we might have been told more of the Princess Amelia than that she was the "daughter of George III.?" or of Miss Proctor, that she was the "author of 'Legends and Lyrics,'" or, as another has it, "a young English poetess?" It was hardly enough to say of Miss Evans, "a modern authoress;" or of Madame Guizot, "a French authoress;" or of Charlotte Lennox, "American authoress;" or of Lady M. W. Montague, "literary character;" or of Mrs. Chapone, "moral writer;" or of Mary Carpenter, "a writer and philanthropist."

Instead of seizing the leading feature of a life, contributors were occasionally content to give minor details—as when a girl, for example, speaking of Mrs. Browning, mentioned her as the authoress of a few small poems, and omitted altogether her "Aurora Leigh."

Some of the famous women proved stumbling blocks to competitors, and were made conspicuous by their absence. Of these the most frequently passed over were Matilda, the great Countess of Tuscany; Claude, "the good queen;" Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke; the Duchess of Newcastle; Lady Elizabeth Hastings; Charlotte Lennox; Lady Caroline Nairne; Madame Cottin; Anne and Jane Taylor; and a few others. Mrs. Godolphin was often omitted; but that was no girl's fault. In the list supplied she was accidentally inserted just a century too late. One girl tried, we noticed, to settle the matter by saying that Mrs. Godolphin was the wife of Mr. Godolphin; but that did not add much to anyone's information. Those whose tables gave the fullest information, of course, have got the best places in the list of certificates; but let all be consoled who failed in finding particulars about the whole hundred, for, as we said when announcing the competition, "it is better to do a little well than a great deal carelessly."

All ages up to twenty-three were good, but sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen particularly distinguished themselves, their excellence coming to a head in the prize winner of nineteen, who did wonderfully well. She and the prize winner of the age of twenty-one sent the best tables of all. The few tables sent above the age of twenty-three presented no features worth mentioning. We confess to having been a little disappointed that the seniors were surpassed in every point by competitors much younger than themselves.

We have already said that biographical tables were received from every quarter of the globe, and regarding distant foreign contributors a difficulty presented itself. They were not likely to have had the same advantage as regards information as those in this country, and it must often have been impossible for them to consult many books of reference. We heartily wish we could make allowance for them, seeing that with few opportunities they have done so well. That was impossible, however; all had to be regarded as on the same level, and it would certainly have been unfair had we set about making a comparison of advantages. Perhaps many tables of home origin have had in their way as great difficulties to contend with as those which came from abroad. A girl in an out-of-the-world village in Cornwall may be under as great disadvantages in the way of books as one in the Sandwich Islands, and no foreign competitors—indeed no competitors anywhere, we hope—have a similar excuse to that of an English girl, who says, "Please pardon my writing, as most of it has been done whilst lying on my back."

Those who have failed to gain a prize or to obtain a place in our list of certificates have at least laid up a considerable store of valuable knowledge, and it has been to us a source of much satisfaction that the competition has interested so many in the lives of the great and good women who have adorned the history of the world. All who have taken part in it have to that extent been gainers. On her way through life it is not given to anyone to win a prize, or even a foremost place, on every occasion; but, girls, whoever does her best, as in this competition you have almost all done, has a pretty certain prospect of occupying a position of honour at some future time.

The following table will show at a glance the numbers sent and the proportion of awards:—

Age of Competitor.	How many sent in.	Prizes.	Certificates.		
			1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
8	1	—	—	—	1
9	1	—	—	—	—
10	6	—	1	4	—
11	12	1	2	4	2
12	46	1	6	4	7
13	261	1	15	16	27
14	352	1	20	31	40
15	548	1	35	45	74
16	619	1	38	51	94
17	622	1	34	51	92
18	633	1	38	54	101
19	601	1	35	49	95
20	430	1	26	39	60
21	375	1	20	34	47
22	273	1	16	26	37
23	138	1	7	13	17
24	11	—	—	—	—
25	13	—	—	1	—
26	5	—	—	1	—
27	2	—	—	—	—
28	4	—	—	1	—
29	1	—	—	—	—
31	1	—	—	—	—
34	1	—	—	—	—
Totals..	4,956	13	293	425	694

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Jarvie, Susan Evelyn, Blantyre

TEN YEARS OF AGE.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hall, Helena Invicta, Lancing

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Lucas, Dora, Ryton Farm
Hall, Irene, Bradford
Brake, Elsie Florence M., Brighton
Smith, Elizabeth Kate, Beccles

ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Shaw, Louisa Maud, Liverpool

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Collingwood, Ada Beatrice, Rothwell
Ballard, Mary Anne, Blackheath

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Forbes, Gertrude Emily, Gillingham
Frost, Katie B., Gillingham
Griffin, Mary Harriet, Wolverhampton
Burfield, Emma, Ruby-street

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Branford, Fanny E., Eccles
Abbey, Gertrude A., Great Berkhampstead

TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Harris, Mary Josephine T., Torquay

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Davies, Bessie Charlotte, Cathnor-road
Collett, Gertrude Ellen, Peckham Rye
Morison, Isabel Gordon, Southsea
Stephenson, Mary Jane, Keighley
Carpenter, Nellie, Camberwell
Vibert, Ethel Kate, Newport

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Mesnard, Hilda Mary, Sunderland
Green, Ferida Mary, Scutari, Albania
Tomson, Mabel, Worcester
Longstaffe, Florence, High Toynton

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Crossey, Margaret Ellen, Bingley
Hay, Ethel, Easton
Smith, Ada Margaret, Northampton
Hughes, Annie G., Sandwich
Chandra, Ellen, Bengal, India
Coombs, Agnes Fanny, Beaminster
Dickson, Florence, St. John's, S.E.

THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Wood, Frances H.H., Clapham, S.W.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Coventry, Carrie Selina, Tottenham
Mackley, Elizabeth, Birmingham
Blick, Gertrude Mary, Droitwich
Sowter, Sarah Elizabeth, Leicester
Cannon, Minnie, Bexley
Gostage, Edith Mary, Reading
Argles, Mabel, Wanstead
Hope, Beatrice Newton, Chelsea, S.W.
Smith, Annie Rose, Notting Hill, W.
Bird, Charlotte Marion, Biggleswade
Wells, Evelyn Clara, Camberwell
Bristow, Emily Mary, Oakham
Jay, Mary Catherine B., Clapham Common, S.W.
Reid, Lilian Elizabeth, Battersea Park, S.W.
Dutton, Ethelwyn, Betley

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Pearson, Edith Minnie, Wem
Abbott, Ethel May, Wanstead
Marles-Thomas, May E., Carmarthen
Pearsons, Alice Mary, Stowmarket
Hawe, Mary Elizabeth, Ashton-on-Mersey
Tom, Lilian Charlotte A., Rosedale
Griffin, Ellen Esmé, Tettenhall
Bernard, Lisette, Forest-hill, S. E.
Hallam, Sarah E., Ticehurst
Moxhay, Ada Maude W., Reading
Fauer, Fanny Margaret, Brighouse
Flitch, Florence A., Chapel Allerton
Lewin, Beatrice Hester, Bristol
Cameron, Clementina, Edinburgh
Perham, Ethel M., Bourton-court
Suart, Florence Ada, Burgess-hill

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Milne, Magdalene, Forest-hill
Smales, Edith, Whitby
Beattie, Margaret T. S., Torquay
Inkson, Mary, Edinburgh
Mew, Ethel Louisa, Newport
Morley, Emmeline M., Crumpsall
Smith, Lizzie, Wem
Grant, Alice Henrietta, Bexley-heath
Dunham, Lillian Kate, Camberwell
King, Edith Sarah, Gt. Berkhampstead
Cummins, Annie C., Farnham
Finn, Maude Annie, Preston
Johnson, Charlotte W., Boston
Rhys, Sarah Jennette, Penderyn
Peacock, Catherine, Sunderland
Gliddon, Matilda A., Guernsey
Watel, Antoinette L., Alger Mustapha, Algeria
Evans, Clara, Prescot
Staniforth, Edith A., Upperthorpe
Hunt, Isabella Maria, Ashton-on-Mersey

Baker, Emily, Longsight
Zervudachi, Marie, Higher Broughton
Morgan, Annie S. E., Kensington
Kinahan, Alice Josephine, Dundrum
Eskell, Nina Edith M., S. Kensington
Furnival, Julia C., Nottingham
Durran, Edith May, Hammersmith

FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Fisher, Eleanor Josephine, East Finchley

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Marsh, Edith, Upper Norwood
Warren, Mary Emblin, St. John's Wood
Wallis, Jessie, Croydon
Clowes, Agnes Grace, Beccles
Levetus, Kate Amelia, Edgbaston
Scott, Adelaide, Peebles
Wilson, Florence Mary, Chesterfield
Burlinson, Kate, Uxbridge-road.
Hill, Ellen Gertrude, St. Phillips
Jeans, Harriet Mary, Lymington
Cluff, Clara Margaret, Upper Clapton
Buttanshaw, Edith M., Blackheath Park
Munro, Dorothea Wilson, Alness
Slater, Bertha Chapman, Blackheath
Vigers, Mabel A., St. Peter's Park
Chichester, Lizzie, St. Leonards-on-Sea
Myers, Emily, Keighley
King, Julia Maud, Ipswich.
Saunders, Annie, Manchester
Meelboom, Antoinette H., Clapham

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Field, Lilian, Wimbledon Common
Messeny, Malvina, Jersey
Dugard, Elizabeth Sarah, Clapham
Carter, Augusta Eva, Hull
Satchell, Ellen Lucy, Rugby
Bushby, Marguerite L., Trevor
Passingham, Leila Mary, Bala
Leslie, Alice, Aberdeen
Walton, Theodora Lucy, Loughborough
Cameron, Florian S., Tobermory
Halford, Ada, Barkly
Pattison, Florence, Wem
Holt, Emily Bell, Bolton
Streeter, Agnes Christina, Westward Ho!
Webb, Amy Jane A., Bristol
Phillips, Eva Maude, St. John's
Jackson, Nathalie C., Maida Vale
Robinson, Annie, Ingleside
White, Amy Neville, South Kensington
Heath, Hannah, Barrow-in-Furness
Elliott, Grace Annie, Bradford
Ferguson, Thirza, Primrose Hill
Buck, Edith Mary, Forest Hill
Jennings, Clara G., Holloway
Johnson, Eleanor, Malvern
Broderick, Mabel Emily, Godalming
Coles, Amy Nona, Notting Hill
Baiton, Edith, Brixton Hill
Hogben, Elizabeth Ann, Croydon
McKechnie, Helen, St. Ann's
Collett, Agnes Maude, Peckham Rye

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Pyke, Dollie Constance, Maida Vale
Jones, Flora, Wandsworth
Hiley, Ada Ann, Saltley
Warren, Emily M. B., Fulham
Zervudachi, Rozalia, Manchester
Bullen, Flora Annie, Plaistow
Auty, Hois Catherine, Mirfield
Hatch, Hilda Margaret, Balham
Fletcher, Sarah Louisa, Scarborough.
Smith, Kate Letitia, Newbury
Bramley-Moore, Lucy S. A., Woburn Square
De Ville, Florence, Burton-on-Trent
Carpenter, Edith, Camberwell
Muir, Eleanor Clare, Upper Holloway
Morrison, Georgina G., Stornoway
Sarti, Ada, Brentford
McNalty, Katherine F. M., Upper Norwood
Lynes, Mary, Coventry
Jannings, Constance M., Doncaster
Kelly, Eleanor Jane, Chester
Kellett, Ada Louisa, Birmingham
Staines, Christina J., Hampstead
Morris, Harriet G., Blackheath
Ewart, Anna, Jersey
Winterton, Emma M., Willesden
Shaw, Helena Jane, St. Ann's
Evans, Louisa, Prescot
Jackson, Sarah Helena, St. Helen's
Billson, Emma Winifred, Leicester
Long, Lillie Eliza, Cromer
Benwell, Grace M., Blackheath
Newell, Sarah, Norfolk
Garner, Susan Evangeline, Kilburn
Thompson, Ellen F., Grantham
Mercer, Lizzie Duncombe, Bedford
Savage, Eva Annie, Runcorn
Eddowes, Geraldine A. M., Derby
Burrell, Alice Mary, Leeds
Dewdney, Gertude A., Brondesbury Park
Simkins, Maud E., Shepherd's Bush

FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Lewis, Annie A., Hackney, E.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ashwin, Elsie Beatrice, Dedham.
Wilson, Edith Amy, Penley
Thomas, Florence, Ipswich
Jacobs, Gertrude B., Headingley
Pockson, Emmie F., Cotham
Hendley, Ethel Mary, Thame
Allen, Lily, Blackheath
Beal, Katharine, Brighton
Morgan, Lizzie, Carmarthen
Baker, Lucy, Manchester
Paffard, Alice, Blackburn
Legg, Florence Eliza, Cirencester
Braddon, Marion Emma, Brecon
Dower, Ellen Mary, Horsforth
Henderson, Julia W., Cheltenham
Goulden, Mary, Altrincham
Patston, Annie, Albrighton
Wilson, C. L., Harrow-road
Granger, Blanch F. C., Cotham Brow
Roper, Esther Gertrude, Manchester
Southwell, Florence G., Holloway
Moore, Rosie A. P., Notting-hill
Steel, Adeline Annie, East Dulwich
Bird, Edith Maud, Biggleswade
Nibloe, Kathleen, Ipswich
Thompson Eleanor, M., Leeds
Paton, Jannet, Glasgow
Robertson, Elizabeth M., Dumbarton
Holder, Grace Lind, Brighton
Edwards, Kate Mary, Ramsgate
Sang, Edith Ferguson, Kirkcaldy
Jones, Gwendoline M. S., Boncath R.S.O.
Wheelwright, Edith Gray, Canterbury
Freshwater, Charlotte M. L., New Malden
Halmshaw, Mabel, Doncaster

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Williams, Maude, Brentford
Alcock, Ada Elizabeth, Stow-on-the-Wold
Gage, Florence Mary, Shepherd's Bush
Holden, Rachel B., Stamford
Moore, Jane Davis, Dalmuir
Black, Constance, Wandsworth Common
Shaw, Minnie Jane, West Bromwich
Symonds, Rosa Mary, Brentford
Verity, Louisa Charlotte, Wilmslow
Morley, Marguerite, Crumpsall
Phillips, Edith Maria, Kennington
Houghton, Mary Cecilia, Moreton-in-the-Marsh
Gibb, Janie W., Edinburgh
Jackson, Agnes Maude, Moneymore
Hart, Frances C. M., Wantage
Smith, Elizabeth Minnie, Wood Green
Clark, Selina Annie, Gamstone
Potter, Effie Mary, Birmingham
Wall, Emily Wyatt, Warwick
Inkson, Katherine Maude, Edinburgh
Lloyd, Mary Emily, Aberystwyth
Cooper, Louisa Mary, Shirley
French, Helen Blanche, Colchester
Wood, Jessie Blanche, Acton
Biggs, Alice Gertrude, Tooting
Jarrett, Kate Annie, Hackney
Bird, Helen Beatrice, Biggleswade
Cooper, Helen Jessie, Leicester
Nash, Sarah Elizabeth, St. Paul's Cray
Bassett, Mary Ethel, Lutterworth
Carter, Mabel Emily, Hull
Pascoe, Gertrude A. W., Glasgow
Bedwell, Elizabeth M., Colchester
Hardie, Eveleen, Saford
Leckie, Martha, Walsall
Frogley, Emily Matilda, Wantage
Hare, Emily Gertrude, Hull
Marshall, Mary E. B., Birmingham
Green, Annie Harriett, Stratford
Davenport, Eleanor, Stratford-on-Avon
Bradbrook, Lydia, Bethnal Green
France, Lucy E. I., Shrewsbury
Dutton, Elsie, Lancaster
Beach, Alice, Cheltenham
Bigg, Jane, Kelvedon

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Spear, Ethel, Bootle
Messervy, Minnie, Jersey
Webster, Frances Ethel, Sheffield
Lister, Caroline, Mirfield
Robinson, Mabel Annie, Bath
Everard, Louie M., Bury St. Edmunds
Keen, Lillian Amelia, Worcester
Berker, Gertrude C., Belper
Nichol, Sarah, Lee
Bliss, Edith, Watford
Cotton, Sarah Houghton, St. Ann's
Gidley, Alice J. C., Hornsey
Rogers, Ellen Emily, Ipswich
Carey, Lilian G., Guernsey
Jones, Helena E., Sandown
Jell, Edith Annie, Highbury
Black, Gertrude A., Green Lanes
Weldon, Gertrude, Ipswich
Arblaster, Florence L., Edgbaston
Gulbert, Caroline, Portsmouth.
Sopwith, Kate Guthrie, North Shields
Ridley, Helen J. F., Hamilton, Canada
Cunningham, Lottie, Forest Gate
Harlow, Mary, Macclesfield
Newbould, Edith, Derby
Stewart, Julia C., Aberdeen
Haig-Brown, Marguerite A., Godalming
Hamer, Lilly, St. Helen's
Rice, Mary Davenport, Cheam Rectory
Walker, Alice Maud, Balham
Carver, Minnie, Anfield
Kinahan, Minnie G., Dundrum
Ewing, Adeline, Glasgow
Pickett, Eleanor Maria, George-lane
Elsworthy, Charlotte A., Lavender Hil.
Burton, Mary, Nottingham
Inglis, Beatrice Stewart, Primrose Hill
Wright, Edith Louise, Redland
Cousland, Minnie Lizzie, Edinburgh
Smithies, Adeline B., Manchester
Johnson, Millicent, New Kent-road
Howe, Evelyn Mary, Norfolk
Propert, Evelyn Jessica, Portman-square
Sibbald, Mary, Liverpool
Bellaney, Constance S., Lucan
Straker, Ida M., Croydon
Hutchinson, Cecil H., Donabate
Jolly, Sarah Woodfall, Stanmore
Hay, Leonora Evelyn, Rutland
Humphries, Clara Louisa, Wellingborough
Barrett, Katharine M., Regent's Park
Leach, Florence, Huyton
Broadbridge, Isabella, Great Crosby
Belloe, Marie A., Westminster
Lyall, Frances Elizabeth, Cheltenham
Hillier, Thirza Pauline, Torquay
Bull, Laura Gertrude, Foundry-lane
Farr, Emma Jane, Pipton
Chalk, Mary Adelaide, Spencer-road
Tye, Edith Annie, St. John's
Schaefer, Sophie E., Highbury
Caldwell, Louisa E., W. Dulwich
Hart, Hannah Elizabeth, Reading
Moffatt, Margaret Sarah, Camberwell
Cole, Ada Kate, Sydenham
Puttick, Agnes, Brighton
Bailey, Annie, Keighley
Ryley, Sarah Ann, Derby
Greenway, Lauretta, Tunbridge Wells
Login, Ethel Maude, Edinburgh
Schiller-Szinessy, Henrietta G., Cambridge
Padwick, Evelyn Emily, Brighton
Eustace, Rosita Annie, Torquay
Ward, Mabel, Kingsland R.S.O.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Crisp, Ellen M., Great Yarmouth

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

McNalty, Ethel Elizabeth, Upper Norwood
Canton, Florence C., Kilburn
La Fontaine, Adelaide H., Cromwell-road
Johnson, Ethel Spencer, St. John's
Stamp, Isabella Ada, Sunderland
Jones, Eva Harriet, Great Malvern
Mellor, Mary Louisa, Manchester
Read, Emma Jane, Burton-on-Trent
Hall, Mary Edith, Bristol
Lee, Annie Elizabeth, Lutterworth
Thomson, Alice Mary, Leeds
Lloyd, Henrietta A. M. A., Lee
Cline, Gertrude Florence, Exeter
Legge, Ida Catherine, Derby
Starling, Elizabeth I., Stroud-green
Templar, Edith, Manchester
Vinen, Mabel Hester K., St. John's
Nicholls, Alice Mary, Wisbeach
Fitter, Gertrude Mary, E. Dulwich
Prim, Florence Kate, Houses of Parliament, S.W.
Bird, Mary, Battersea
Adams, Georgina, Bury-St.-Edmunds
Hawkins, Libbie M., Worcester
Carr, Mary, Sheffield
Budge, Katie, Ashton-on-Mersey
Foote, Annie Lilian, Harrogate
Tabor, Margaret Emma, Notting-hill
Mc Sorley, Clara, Tottenham
Pilcher, Clara, Canterbury
Smith, Clara Joan, Taunton
Biggs, Catherine Edith, Tooting
Jane, Hester, Congresbury
Ashmead, Ellen, Brixton
Purves, May, Berwick-on-Tweed
Jones, Mary Anne I., Plymouth
Madeley, Lucy, Handsworth
Mitchell, Minnie, Melbourne, Australia
Harper, Florence Hope, Canonbury

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Reynolds, Beatrice M., Woodford
Webb, Ada Mary, Peckham
Newton, Maud Sybil, Henley-in-Arden
Crossfield, Clara Ellen, Manchester
Franklin, Elizabeth A., Dalston
Meek, Alice Jane, Birmingham
Martin, Grace Amy, Brighton
Heanley, Florence, Peterborough
Chettle, Agnes Beatrice, Bilston
Day, Florence W., Worcester
Hales, Caroline Julia, Horley
Wright, Margaret G., Camberwell
Elsworthy, Annie Matilda, Lavender-hill
Binckes, Agnes Gertrude, Forest-hill
Mallandain, Rose Emma, Camberwell
Clarke, Frances Mary E., Wandsworth
Armstead, Lillie, Sheffield
Hinton, Emma F., Brownswood-park

Grimes, Edith Mary, Regent's-park
Stone, Mary Anne M., Crouch End
Brown, Marian Sophia, Worcester
Pearmain, Ada, Dalston
Hall, Agatha, Maida-vale
Woodthorpe, Katherine P., Leeds.
Brierly, Margaret Mary, Rugby
Owens, Elizabeth Jane, Liverpool
Holder, Eunice Mary, Todmorden
Chambers, Alice M., Buntingford
Marriott. Alice Ruth, Norfolk
Fletcher, Susan Annie, Scarborough
Daunt, Edith, Colchester
Heely, Eliza Mary, Moseley
Hollway, Isabella C., Beckenham
Bull, Edith Mary, Brighton
Crocker, Frances H., Lostwithiel
Vincent, Sarah Emma, Addlestone
Harris, Matilda C., Ivy Bridge
Margerison, Rosa Edith, Portman-square
Ayre, Ethel Mary. King's Lynn
Heynes, Anne, Barnt Green
Payne, Jessie, Reigate
Todd, Kate Henrietta, York
Ferrier, Chryssie H., Airdrie
Rumboll, Amy E., Old Kent-road
Potter, Ethel Rose, Kensington
McFarlane, Maria, Alexandria
Gctobed, Frances M., Dalston
Prest, Florence Emily, Cambridge
Geddie, Mary M., Banff
Bilbe, Annie Louisa, Worthing
Warral, Edith Ada, Grantham

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Jonas, Edith Lilly J., Cambridge
Swinton, Bessie, Edinburgh
Andrew, Blanche, Redcliffe Gardens
Newman, Kate Jane, Norwich
Handford, Nora, Stockwell
Bourcart, Jenny, Guebwiller, Alsace
Hindley, Emily Mary, Bourton
Marshallsay, Ellen M., Basingstoke
Wood, Grace Eleanor, Hornsey Rise
Fereday, Mary, Wednesbury
Parkinson, Mary, Goldhawk-road
Walters, Agnes, Wallingford
Porter, Ethel Gertrude, Goole
Elsner, Leily Eliza, Dalston
Hardwick, Margaret A. D., Burgess Hill
Bullock-Webster, Lucy V., Ludlow
Smee, Racie Charlotte, Mile End-road
Tucker, Catherine A. G., Bristol
Petschler, Elise, Manchester
Wrightson, Edith M., Stoke Newington
Chichester, Louisa, St. Leonards-on-Sea
Foster, Maggie, Durham
Hibbert-Ware, Mina, Cheltenham
Woolby, Edith Jessica, Stowmarket
Boothroyd, Nellie, Southport
Jolly, Elizabeth R., Stanmore
Tapp, Ada Mary, Leominster
Griffiths, Lydia, Birkenhead
Armstrong, Edith Mary, Shipley
Hill, Minnie Juliet, Trowbridge
Hues, Gillah, Basset-road
Hensman, Juliet, Clapham
Hay, Florence Elizabeth, Southwark Bridge-road
Banks, Charlotte Ada, Crowhurst-road
Wilson, Jeanie, Allerton-road
Champley, Roberta F. A., Scarborough
Hart, Agnes, Birmingham
Reeves, Mabel Agnes, Brighton
Mawley, Beatrice, Earlscourt
Redfern, Alice Ada, Penrith
Berrington, Florence, Abergavenny
Hendrie, Isabella, Glasgow
Ballinger, Ada, Ilfracombe
Hadden, Ethel Mabel, Craven-hill Gardens
Bridger, Alice, Portsmouth
Rosanquet, Ellen P., Alnwick
Lambert, Helen Maud, Headingly, Leeds
Scholes, Georgina E., Huddersfield
Beeley, Elizabeth Ann, Scarborough
Despard, Helen Jane, Brondesbury-road
Knox, Menai, Hackney-road
Woodroffe, Clara Alice, Twickenham
Murgatroyd, Mary Alice, Idle
Shaw, Beatrice L., Nottingham
Kirby, Edith Maud M., Lewisham
Hall, Catherine Mary, Leeds
Dewhurst, Elizabeth Anne, Preston
Charters, Margaret A., Leicester
Young, Mary, Blackheath
Wells, Florence Mary, Norwich
Stuart, Maggie, Boyle
Moulson, May, Sheffield
Huestis, Annie Florence, Canada
Fairclough, M. Beatrice, Liverpool
Cresswell, Constance J., Smethwick
Alcock, Ellen, Bury
Burgess, Grace, Bromley
Barker, Evelyne C., Dalkey
Swiney, Ada Catherine, Bury St. Edmunds
Marshall, Sybil Mary, Eaton-place
Jones, Alice Mary, Bilston
Milner, Jane Elizabeth, Huddersfield
Woolley, Edith Jane, Stafford
Menlove, Minnie, Wem
Russell, Edith, Liverpool
Stamp, Kate, Crouch-hill
Johnson, Johanna, Beckenham
Arundel, Ethel Mary D., Hackney
Southwell, Annie M., Camden-road
Beach, Fannie C., Cheltenham
Leighton, Isla Marie, Balham
Kellett, Alice Mary, Birmingham
Price, Jean, Bechuanaland, S. Africa
Rushforth, Beatrice, Bradford
Rice, Elinor Marian, Attleboro
Beckett, Agnes, Huyton
Maynard, Catherine M., Wandsworth-common
Martin, Edith Rosina, Exeter
Bayldon, Frances Mary, Wakefield
Nicoll, Lily, Pockington
Minshull, Gertrude, Chester
Griffiths, Mildred H., Bromsgrove
Coppin, Caroline Annie, Canterbury
Cohn, Fanny Louisa, Guernsey

SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Wright, Annie Featherstone, Hampstead

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Besier, Susanne Louise T., Utrecht, Netherlands.
Ingles, Ethel St. Cyr, Kensington
Mew, Fanny, Newport
Palmer, Agnes Annie, Stoke-on-Trent
Randall, Emily G., Thurlow Hill
Pryer, Elizabeth M., Dalston
Young, Margaret Susan, Andover
Fisher, Harriette J., Tottenham
Deane, Mary Adelaide, Oxford
Shepherd, Emily Maria, Cheltenham
Colls, Florence Jessie, Gipsy Hill
Hill, Mary Emily, South Hackney
Hale, Annie Beatrice, Rock Ferry
Bradshaw, Grace Mary, Retford
Stokes, Emily Jessica, Swindon Rectory
Wright, Annie Elizabeth, Gainsborough
Pickford, Eliza, Islington
Edwards, Julia Mary, Eastbourne
Woolby, Emily Catherine, Stowmarket
Smith, Ellen Louisa, Southampton-row
Briand, Maud Maria, Finsbury Park
Tanner, Ethel Sophia, near Marlborough
Scott, Catherine S., Edinburgh
Roff, Agnes Elizabeth, Great Malvern
Isbister, Janet Mary, Streatham Hill
Jefferis, Mary Townsend, Henbury
Jarrett, Lilly, Croydon
Watkins, Helena S., Woodford Bridge
Dolton, Annie Maud, Chatham
Lethbridge, Winsland, Plymouth
Sutton, Ella, Lee
Morris, Agnes Isabel, Lewes
Cocks, Susie Roseanna, King's Lynn
Hamer, Mary, Kilmalcolm

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Mees, Alice Harriet, Stourbridge
Arkless, Marion, Blythe
Venn, Rosa Adela, Wrexham
Severs, Julia Elizabeth, Bath
Read, Anne Amelia, Bromley
Ward, Florence Mary, Birmingham
Halliday, Laura, Rawdon
Maynard, Katie, Taunton
Huntriss, Effie, Halifax
Mather, Bessie B., Colinton-road
Morrison, Ida Maude, Green Lanes
Avery, Kate, New Cross
Gilson, Barbara G., Sydenham
Thornton, Amy, Wetherby
Hill, Edith Julia, Norwich
Thompson, Mary Dawes, Southsea
Grellier, Annie Caroline, Lewisham
Slade-Jones, Dora, Twickenham
Bradley, Kate, Huddersfield
Essington, Mabel Emily, Shenstone Vicarage
Strafford, Edith C., Richmond Hill
Galletly, Maggie Grace, Tillicoultry
Snowball, Catherine, Coburg
Williamson, Ada Mary, Windermere
Hill, Florence Elizabeth, Malvern
Allen, Rose Catherine, Newport
Tricks, Ada M., Bourton-court
Clarke, Kate, Northampton
Hall, Nellie, Hinckley
Maude, Florence Fanny, Caversham-road
Russell, Lucy E., Kensington
Ramsay, Elsie Monro, Dunfermline
Peddie, Jeanie, Manchester
Chaffey, Ethel, Yeovil
Stannah, Amy E. C., Bromley
McKay, Fannie E., Haxby-road
Tate, Annie Elizabeth, Maryland
Stokes, Helen Margaret, Highbury
Morton, Alice, Liverpool
Park, Mary Hay, Kilmarnock
Royston, Annie J., Cambridge
Harding, Bertha, Frome
Atkins, Annie, Hastings
Emery, Ada Louisa, Selhurst
Emery, Sodie, Market Drayton
Huskins, Mary Jervis, Darlaston
Hill, Ellen Maude, Northwich
Hughes, Millicent H. D., Upper Bangor
Bennett, Florence E., Anerley
Dobree, Mary Maclean, Stoke-on-Trent
Brownlee, Margaret R., Colinton
Hardwich, Mabel F., Dedham
Webb, Bertha, Winchester
Moncrieff, Edith Anna, Shrewsbury

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Porter, Caroline Margaret, South Hampstead
Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Fareham
Addison, Mary Rachel, Madeira
Shorts, Katherine Hawkins, Hill's Court
Lyne, Marian, Reading
Beavis, Inez Bertha, Fitzroy Square
Matthews, Mary J., Stafford
Dobbin, Lucy Maud, Bingham
Fairbrother, Lucy, Manchester
Smith, Chrissie Louisa, Regent's Park
Wilson, Annie F., Oakfield-road
Owen, May Wilkinson, East Dulwich
Lindsay, Georgina C., Kilmalcolm
Phillips, Cicely, Warminster
Sansom, Laura B., Southampton
Richardson, Louisa, Antigua, West Indies
Cummins, Edith Cole, Cotham
Neame, Florence Austin, Cheame
Robinson, Kate Ada, Slough
Menzies, Edith Mary J., Birmingham
Turnbull, Ada Scott, Brixton
Ramsden, Janie, Elvington
Wheeler, Margaret L., Burnham
Hare, Alice Kate A., Limerick
Gagen, Florence Eliza, Lyme Regis
Elwes, Kathleen A. C., Bournemouth
Tibbet, Nelsie, Bedford
Philpot, Mary Lilian, Maida Vale
Thornton, Sarah E., Idle
Neaverson, Sarah Jane, Peterborough
Bradbrook, Eliza M., Lewisham
Wray, Kate, Leeds
Ash, Katharine, Finchley
Bailey, Annie E., Rushington
Challis, Amelia G., Kirby Muxloe
Grover, Sarah Caroline, Eastbourne
Parr, Ada Beatrice, Sheerness
Partridge, Bertha M., Birmingham
Gray, Ada A., Great Yarmouth
Baker, Nellie, Manchester
Goffin, Florence M., Amhurst Park
Wells, Bertha, Lincoln
Winter, Mabel, Brighton
Stedman, Georgina M. S., Notting Hill
Stephenson, Marian, Manchester
Gribble, Flora, Belsize Park
Griffith, Florence, Bilston
McMillin, Caroline A., Brondesbury-road
Smythe, Frances M. L., Dublin
Macpherson, Bessie R., Grangemouth
Munday, Mary Eleanor, Plymouth
Orford, Margaret Ellen, Stamford
Hooper, Louisa Cill, Kilburn
Turner, Helen Frances, Redcliffe-gardens
Cotton, Ellen Annie, Meriden
Booth, Fanny, Northallerton
Grattan, Annie Eleanor, Ongar
Cotton, Helen Mary, Mottistone
Farrington, Alice, Southsea
Wells, Gertrude Emma, Redisham
Dinwoodie, Bessie, Trevor-square
McTivier, Gertrude, Jersey
Wilkinson, Eliza E., Norwich
Dauncey, Lucy Emily, Southsea
Richardson, Gertrude, Macclesfield
Warren, Ethel Joan, Torquay
Ellis, Ada, Wetherby
Bennett, Alice B., Bridlestow
Pratt, Helen, Stapenhill
Ashmore, Jennie, North Shields
Judge, Clara, Peckham Rye
Sale, Kate, Ilfracombe
Chambers, Eleanor J., Biggleswade
Peacock, Eliza, Sunderland
Holden, Georgiana, Stamford
Betton, Ada Stuart, Clifton
Tarrant, Ellen C., Leyton
Matthews, Ethel Jane, Hornsey-road
Harding, Maud, Peckham
Shewell, Helen Mary, Redhill
Rogers, Florence Mary, East Dulwich
Price, Isabel Mary, Bechuanaland, South Africa
Barker, Kathleen C., Dalkey
Glazebrook, Annie, Derby
Clarkson, Eliza M. F., Brighton
Nuttall, Emily Jane, Derwent
Craig, Margaret, Finsbury Park
Buegg, Gertrude C., Stroud
Hurlstone, Frances G., Banbury
Field, Lucy, Cheltenham
Halford, Rose Mabel, Clevedon-gardens
Peel, Annie, Heckmondwike

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Burrell, Amy Frances, Gosport

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Kiddy, Florence M., Hornsey Rise
Williams, Alice Mary, New Kent-road
Rose, Edith Eliza, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Litton, Lillie, Warrington
Hoskyn, Katherine Ada, Kilburn
Potter, Ellen Sarah, Kensington
Dunbar, Georgina Mary, Anerley
Trinder, Alice Mary, Cirencester
Tree, Ada, Petherton-road
Mansford, Augusta E., Finsbury Pavement

Clark, Florence, Nottingham.
Blake-Burke, Julia, Wolverhampton
Heynes, Edith, Barnt Green
White, Anne Levina, Queen-street
Elliston, Lucy Grace, Southampton
Wilson, Hettie Dalby, Headingley
Davies, Gertrude E. D., Haverfordwest
Burns, Lily, Clayton
Rogers, Louie, East Dulwich
Stephenson, Jessie, St. George's-square
Dalton, Emily Maria, Chelsea
Erith, Grace Isabel, Upper Clapton
Brown, Mary Alice, Porteville
Griffith, Jane, Guilford-street
Facey, Gertrude Sophia, Abergavenny
Somerville, Henrietta, Nantwich
Dingley, Lizzie, Handsworth
Carr, Isabel Winifred, Moseley
Henwood, Florence, Highbury
Stuart, Helen, Burgess Hill
Watson, Mildred, Westbourne Park
Hardman, Nellie, Waterhead
Townsend, Annie, Hemingford-road
Martin, Blanche, Brighton
Stevenson, Ethel, South Hackney
Idle, Constance Mary, Broxbourne
Govett, Bertha Mary, Richmond
Chettle, Florence O., Bilston

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Dixon, Amy Blanche, Carlisle
Proger, Agnes Esther G., Cardiff
Hennen, Julia Anne, Stockbridge
Matthews, Eliza Clara, Milner-square
Clinger, Miriam, Paignton
Burgess, Eleanor Jane, Huddersfield
Lane, Florence E., Clifton
Goodwin, Janie M., St. John's
Heath, Lila, Brixton
Spence, Annie Charlotte, Highbury
Grose, Marie R., Bideford
Parker, Janet, Plymouth
Patsdone, Elizabeth, Southampton
Robinson, Beatrice M. R., Wilmslow
Parker, Julia Mary, Ipswich
Jones, Agnes F. Sutton, Boncath, R.S.O.
Dawkins, Agnes Emma, Leamington
Stephenson, Elizabeth A., Keighley
Price, Katharine B., Oppidans-road
Rich, Elfleda Ethel, Alcester
Redborough, Mary E. M., Hove
Blake, Florence L., Taunton
Godrich, Mary Jane, Winchester
Elkin, Constance M., Maida Vale
Prescott, Charlotte C., Hyde Park
Ravenscroft, Helen M., Lewisham
Berisford, Mary Ellen, Macclesfield
Wood, Marianne, Carlisle
Sharp, Emily Sarah, Hitchin
Rodwell, Susan Swales, Monkgate
Donald, Louisa Agnes, New Brunswick
Thomas, Amy Louisa, Wimbledon
Cluff, Mimey, Tottenham
Cluff, Flora Diana, Upper Clapton
Brampton, Helen, Brentwood
Elphinstone, Florence, Tours, France
Madeley, Frances M., Dudley
Harrison, Mary, S. Norwood
Brooksmith, Ethel M., Cheltenham
Barrow, Edith Isabel, E. Dulwich
Griffin, Rose Marion, Ipswich
Lock, Ruth Marion, Aldershot
Moore, Alice Dorothy, Douglas
Harrison, Mary Charlotte, Westbourne-terrace
Holloway, Margaret, Thame
Hillyar, Louisa S., Plympton
Harding, Frances Grace, Blandford
Perry, Hilda, Nottingham
Lord, Annie, Salford
Ward, Agnes Ethel, Kingsland
Smith, Annie E., Buckingham Palace-road
Self, Clara Mary, Maidstone

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Wolley, Mabel Caroline, Cuckfield
Williamson, Gertrude M., Esher
Servaes, Lucy Frances, Liverpool
Faussett, Amy Caroline, Cheltenham
Hague, Elizabeth Alice, Stockport
Edmonston, Margaret L. H., Shetland Isles
Wells, Louie Adelaide, Tottenham
Fletcher, Louisa, Brigham-hill
Scargill, Gertrude F., Broomhill
Ward, Alice Rose, Wolverhampton
Coward, Ethel S., Durham
Martin, Ada Mary S., Exeter
Webb, Harriet Louisa, Dublin
Wotton, Edith Orissa, S. Kensington
Tuke, Ella Anderson, Edinburgh
Vaughan, Kate Alice, Twickenham
Watkins, Edith G. A., Wandsworth-common
Guillot, Maria, Turin, Italy
Gainsford, Mildred A., Hitchin
Baylis, Ellen Elizabeth, Edgbaston
Fox, Charlotte W., Plymouth
Wait, Mary Louisa, New York, U.S.A.
Vevers, Janet, Leeds
Barnes, Rosa Annie, Jersey
Bennett, Evelyn Mary, Bridestow
Williams, Vida, Highbury
Cantlow, Sarah Ellen, Ipswich
Bennett, Ada, Eastbourne
Porter, Georgina Mary, Westbourne-park
Coates, Elizabeth, Hull
Heath, Winifred, Lordship-park
Riggall, Alice, Gt. Grimsby
Hughes, Annie Cerita, Leigh
Webb, Sara, Newbury
Daniel, Eva Jane, Merthyr Tydvil
Todd, Marian Elizabeth, Edgbaston
Lewis, Kate C., Stroud
Fox, Kathleen Douglas, Bath
Watters, Emily F., Leytonstone
Whitworth, Elizabeth R., Belsize-road
Rendle, Emily Jane, Bermondsey
Green, Janet Shennan, Tottenham
Mc Sorley, Ella Gertrude, Tottenham
Fletcher, Isabel, Camden-square
Moulton, Henrietta F., Preston
Jackson, Perryn Amy, Harrow-on-the-Hill
Dyson, Emily, Huddersfield
Hornabrook, Annie, Crouch-hill
Jennings, Emily Bird, Durham
Hamper, Ina Laura, Bristol
Myhill, Edith Mary, Highbury
Hutchinson, Helen D., Longside
Le Mare, Helen, Stockport
Gamble, Edith Gompertz, Grantham
Lewis, Mary Anne, New Brentford
Beere, Edith Mary, Devonport
Nicholson Alice Hogarth, Fallowfield
Roberts, Margaret G., Dolgelley
Prentice, Rose, Canterbury
Cockell, Edith M., Dalston Lane
Plummer, Annie Louisa, Lee
Scott, Lizzie, Halifax
Sherriff, Isabella R., East Dulwich
Barnicott, Ada E., Manchester
Pilgram, Annie, Hyde Park
Stephenson, Louise W., Harrogate
Wade, Kathleen A., Dublin
Malden, Jessie, Ventnor
Crawshaw, Constance G., Filey
McArthur, Maggie W. W., Pollockshields
Rae, Elizabeth McCulloch, Crouch End
Kennedy, Eliza Annie, Burlington House
Chambers, Emily Henrietta, Bouverie-road
Davy, Margaret, Exeter
Elevan, Annie, Thirsk
Dell, Emily Lousia, East Cowes
Campbell, May E., Weston-Super-Mare
Knapp, Lucy, Kingston-on-Thames
Miller, Edith Godwin, Edinburgh
Cameron, Katie, Findern
Egginton, Mary Ethel, Reading
Rutter, Rose, Stamford Hill
Carpenter, Marian, Camberwell
Ravenshaw, Emily L., Richmond
Corben, Mary Elizabeth, Hornsey Lane
Best, Emily Newton, Falmouth
Garton, Kate, Derby
Conrad, Amy Florence, Wellclose Square
Dixon, Jessie Stanilaus, Witham
Ffooks, Mabel H. A., Sherborne
Snow, Emma Elliot, North Finchley
Paull, Ethel, Highgate-road
Wright, Edith Fanny, Sheffield
Bond, Gertrude E., Norwich
Robertson, Maud E. L., Hampstead
Cross, Annie Elizabeth, Weston-Super-Mare
Strong, Janie, Penarth
Bruce, Agnes Isabella, Inverurie
Lindsay, Jessie Dawson, Kilmalcolm
Hills, Margaret C., Clapton.
Leaver, Mary Sophia, Bath

NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Gillard, Gertrude B., Exeter

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Parry, Mary Phœbe, Kilburn
Langdon, Alice Minnie, Frenchay
Lee, Mary Kate, Halstead
Crasswell, Marion E., Stoke-on-Trent
Dalton, Nary E., Milner-street
Levich, Rose Helena, Willesden
Abbott, Jessie, Faversham
Vynne, Annie, Swaffham
Beckett, Laura, Halifax
Ashmead, Marianne, Brixton
Martin, Ellen, Putney
Gooding, Florence Ada, Barbadoes
Bamford, Mary, Oldham
Turner, Edith, Deddington
Hobbis, Sophia, Rochester
Houghton, Nellie, Holyhead
Hildare, Mary Agnes, Altrincham
Shephard, Sarah Elizabeth, Whitchurch
Foreman, Alice Phillis, Gt. Yarmouth
Moxhay, Gertrude F., Reading
Evans Ghwlw, Amlwch
Lowrey, Annie Mary, Otley
Webber, Alice, Clapham-road
Legg, Fanny Ellen, Harrow-on-the-Hill
Davy, Ellen, Camberwell
Bunting, Mary Ellen, Norfolk
Taylor, Mary Constance, Penrith
Lester, Mary Elizabeth, Liverpool
Gardiner, Augusta, Birmingham
Appelbee, Alice E., Warwick
Armes, Edith Mary, King's Lynn
Bradfield, Elizabeth, Wantage
Bare, Charlotte E., Brockley
Collins, Catherine, Huddersfield
Chandler, Emily, Ipswich

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Theobald, Annie, Eaton
Wakeham, Mary Alice, Helston
Moore, Fanny Adeline, Caversham
Barker, Elizabeth, Wisewood
Wilkinson, Elsie, Thirsk
Warden, Marian Emily, Edgbaston
McKay, Agnes S., Haxby-road
Flear, Sophia Balch, Stoke Newington
Parks, Frances, Manchester
Clarke, Florence E., Holgate
Henshaw, Blanche E. G., Amesbury
Grogan, Amelia G., Balbriggan
Hall, Florence, Nottingham
Webb, Bessie M., Winchester
Emery, Frances J., Market Drayton
Palfree, Pollie, Nottingham
Hodgson, Nellie, Lewisham Park
Owston, Bertha, Pirbright
Hulse, Margaret E., Carlisle
Little, Florence A., Kensington
Armistead, Mary, Brooklands
Hiscoke, Edith Sarah, Richmond
Lermit, Maria E., Dedham
Cronk, Constance E., Tunbridge Wells
Sanders, Mary M., Bromsgrove
Stowell, Annie Irene, Salford
Harland, Grace Julia, Tunbridge Wells
Thompsom, Margaret E., Berwick-on-Tweed
Porter, Ada Kathleen, South Hampstead
Garnett-Orme, Lucy W., near Skipton-in-Craven
Yeo, Sophia Beater, Plymouth
Judd, Bessie, Beaulieu
Henman, Minnie, Stamford Hill
Humphreys, Ada Mary, Derby
Garnett, Mary, Chester
Pine, Catherine Emily, Maidstone
Bingham, Esther, Diss
Pippett, Amy Constance, Putney
Makin, Mary J., Owlerton
Beynon, Winifred May, Torquay
Angus, Mabel Eliza, Regent's Park
Hurlbutt, Jeannie, Dalston
Govett, Beatrice Helen, Richmond
Evans, Frances Louisa Clifton
Haig-Brown, Helen S., Godalming
Tarrant, Theresa E., Leyton
Ince, Bessie Adelaide, Maida Vale
Bannester, Elizabeth S., Great Barling
Dukes, Monica, Croydon

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Jessett, Margaret Emily, Wimpole-street
Barnett, Phillis, Bayswater
Scovell, Editha, Beckenham
Philip, Florence M., Rondebosch, South Africa
Chatterton, Alice M., Horncastle
Odell, Kate, Liverpool
Boyd, Eva, Edinburgh
Tatham, Emily, Rochdale
Smith, Jessie Marian, Deal
Beatson, Clara G. E., Heeley
Burns, Alice E., Haslemere
Hill, Marion W., Sale
Wheeler, Alice M., Oxford
Teal, Edith, Budleigh Salterton
Wilkin, Marian, Bargate
Huntriss, Isabel, Halifax
Pickering, Rachel H., Sutton Coldfield
Williams, Emma A., Ponty-moile House
Arundel, Catherine C., Pontefract
Radcliffe, Margaret, Clifton
Fowler, Amy Louisa, Brighton
Burgess, Emily H., Worcester
Taylor, Nora, Sale
Parker, Selina B., Crown-road
Bayly, Margaret, Deal
Tompsett, Elizabeth K., Crewkerne
Greasley, Adeline R., Leicester
Edwards, Mary Diana C., Stoke-on-Trent
Lewis, Florence, Bath
Farr, Florence, Halifax
Willis, Georgiana E., Rochester
Beardsworth, Kate C., Blackburn
Mace, Mary Alice, Tenterden
Farley, Frances C., Croydon
Jack, Margaret Stuart, Lucan
Sanson, Helen St. Clair, Orillia, Canada
McLandsborough, Clara, Bradford
Dixon, Ada Grant, Carlisle
Sewell, Mary Emily, Plaistow
Caldecott, Minnie, Basingstoke
Collier, Rosa Marian, Melbourne, Australia
Marsh, Elizabeth Lucy, Aldershot
Barrett, Kate Evelyn, Birchington
Buckland, Florence M. K., Quelfurlong
Pollarky, Minna M. A. L., Lavender Hill
Cottew, Bertha Ellen, Sandwich
Manger, Louisa H., De Beauvoir-square
Rimmer, Minnie A. L., Southport
Taylor, Ida Elizabeth, Great Ayton
Shaw, Ellen Annie, Penge
Pope, Matilda Gertrude, Tunbridge Wells
Bentley, Ada Eliza, Bradford
Tupholme, Florence E., South Kensington
Piper, Alice Mary, Dalston-lane
Small, Nellie, Notting Hill
Langlois, Rosa, Guernsey
Hadley, Mary Helena, Stonehouse

Watson, Emily Rowley, South Norwood
Ford, Jessie B., Tancred
Lammie, Carrie L., Boston
Gray, Maggie, Inverurie
Cox, Frances Elizabeth, Stroud
Frick, Henriette, Shrewsbury
McGregor, Pollie, Glasgow
Robertson, Katherine, Tufnell Park
Gibbs, Ellen L., Exeter
Hobbs, Annie Clara, Reigate
Muir, Agnes, Clapham Park
Brock, Sybil C., Doncaster
Chambers, Gertrude M., Bunting
Leonard, Ethel Ingram, Clifton
Rowlinson, Amy, Aston
Clover, Elizabeth, Blackrock
Cox, Florence E., Sloane-street
Sale, Jessie, *Ilfracombe*
Bean, Elizabeth Anne, Doncaster
Nicholls, Adeline, Leytonstone
Phillips, Marian L., Westbourne Park
Silver, Alice A., Maidenhead
Paine, Kate Mildred, Addlestone
Martin, May Alice, Atherstone
Annat, Elizabeth C., Hornsey
Bazely, Florence M., Plymouth
Candwell, Adah, Wallingford
Dawson, Annie M., Bath
Saxty, Ada Grace, Trowbridge
Harday, Frances E., Rugby
Bushill, Alice R., Coventry
Roofe, Ellen Louisa, Dalston
Lane, Ellen Sarah, Clifton
Cogill, Emily, Southsea
Bushnell, Alice C., Lower Norwood
Lovering, Elizabeth A., St. Austell
Smith, Emily, Biggleswade
Winch, Mary, Hackney

TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

Prize of One Guinea.

Rylands, Caroline E. G., St. George's-square

First-class Certificates.

Blake, Lizzie C., Winchester
Armstead, Louisa M., Sheffield
Henshaw, Annie C., Hornsey
Rickard, Affra A., Lansdowne-road
Hunnybun, Florence V., Colchester
Hull, Constance Alice, Bournemouth
Jones, Florence, Bath
James, Alice, Faringdon
Fareday, Harriet Helen, Wednesbury
Appelbee, Annie Helen, Warwick
Bromley, Amelia K., Wickham Brook
Wilkinson, Elizabeth M., Shrewsbury
Wright, Adeline F., Warwick
Sayers, Edith E., Lewisham
Sevingler, Mary White, Westminster-bridge-road
Fuller, Ethel Annie, Wolverhampton
Rowson, Mabel Alberta, Chiswick
Mapwell, Mary, Birmingham
Wells, Emily Jane, Brook Green
Weatherhead, Hannah L., Bingley
Slater, Emma Jane, Peterborough
Denton, Kate, Redland
Murphy, Charlotte, Almondbury
Wilks, Flora Minnie, Weybridge
Reid, Gertrude Amy, Normanton
Gammidge, Lucy Ada, Leominster

Second-class Certificates.

Collinson, Mary Alice, Ipswich
Kennedy, Annie E., Oxton
Roberts, Elizabeth L., Sheffield
Whiley, Annie, Alford
Covert, Katherine E., Brownswood Park
Clayton, Gertrude, Prestwich
Swanton, Lilla, St. Luke's, Cork
Good, Eleanor M., Hull
Scoles, Mary H. A., Hammersmith
Beckett, Catharine, Huyton
Yorke, Hester Maria J., Chester
Dolamore, Annie C., Croydon
Pascall, Mary, Northwich
Sugden, Ada E., Hornsey
Hope, Alice Anne E., Devonport
Bond, Mary Letitia, Essex
Weldon, Ada, Ipswich
Hall, Caroline A., Swaffham
Mandall, Margaret E., Stockton-on-Tees
Mills, Emma Louisa, Blackheath
Pole, Mary Elizabeth, Watchet
Rose, Jeanie Morrison, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Preston, Anne, Burnley
Craig, Kate, Finsbury
Stoate, Alice, Portman-square
Bond, Edith Irene F., Wimbledon
Eaton, Florence, Rock Ferry
Pearce, Alice E. M., St. Austell
Odell, Alice Mary, Leicester
Webb, Lalla Rookh, Brockley
Blick, Edith M., Droitwich
Quin, Amelia B., Brixton Rise
Wilde, Mary Una, Emsworth
Judd, Florence Annie, Kentish Town
Turner, Florence, Holloway
Lay, Alice Maud, Great Yarmouth
Bartrop, Kate Evelyn, Ebury-street
Herring, Emma Anita, Wallington
Harvey, Ellen Rosa, Bury St. Edmunds

Third-class Certificates.

Looker, Bessie Jane, Kingston Hill
Lethbridge, Clara, Plymouth
Dickson, Margaret G., Perth
Asperne, Sarah, Ealing
Truscott, Clara Lanyon, Falmouth
Allan, Rosabel, Birmingham
Coates, Eleanor, Hull
Holmes, Adelaide, Sheffield
Leonard, Alexandra M., Clifton
Hewett, Ethel May, Barbadoes, West Indies
Allan, Sarah, Nottingham
Cox, Margaret Sarah, Long Buckley
Vincent, Margaret Jane, Sunderland
Hopping, Mary Emily, Finsbury Park
Johnson, Sarah Lillian, Nottingham
Wales, Edith Mary, Downham Market
Hitchcock, Mary G., Hampstead
Brittan, Amy Julia, Derby
Collins, Emily Mary, Loddon
Ball, Emily, Barton-on-Humber
Kingsbury, Alexandra, Taunton
Ballard, Susan, Blackheath
Harwood, Maude, Bath
Stigant, Lizzie H., Chatham
Nield, Edith Mary, High Barnet
Thiollier, Emma, Richmond
Edwards, Alice B., Frodsham
Hart, Ada, Erdington
King, Edith, Balsall Heath
Bassett, Katharine P., Ingham
Stephenson, Florence J. M., Newstead
Lewes, Gertrude Maria, Talsarn
Bobart, Mary Elizabeth, Leicester
Tompkins, Annie G., Southsea
Dolton, Alice Elizabeth, Chatham
Comden, Annie B., Ryde
Ward, Annie Mary, West Bergholt Hall
Cowan, Katharine E., Hammersmith
Morris, Lucy, Blackheath
Lane, Edith Mary, Clifton
Hall, Annie E., Bristol
Wilson, Sarah Rose, Aberdeen
Brown, Margaret, Nailsworth
Lachlan, Lily, Beckenham
Adcock, Emily E., Coleshill
Thompson, Eliza A., Portobello
Coombs, Annie Alger, Gloucester
Moore, Martha Ann, Keighley
Stowell, Emma T., Salford
Willis, Caroline, Kingsland R. S. O.
Reid, Louisa Jane, Hoxton
Hazell, Caroline M., Farnham
Oldfield, Lilly, Highbury Quadrant
Wellings, Rosa, Rickmansworth
Tomlinson, Sarah E., Stretford
Denson, Elizabeth A., Chester
Stewart, Jennie M., Chelsea
Bayly, Ethel G., Cheltenham
Bartlett, Edith A., Exeter
Armstrong, Antoinette J., Madras, S. India

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

Prize of One Guinea.

Danney, Lucy, Cromwell-road

First-class Certificates.

Rivers, Mary Grace, Blackheath
Brown, Louisa, Stamford
Burlinson, Beatrice E., Uxbridge-road
Bromley, Mary H., Wickham Brook
Mann, Maud, Chatham
Levick, Ethel Alice M., Harlesden
Richardson, Grace Sophia, Mile-end-road
Dixon, Phillis, Near Rhyl
Andrews, Mabel J., Kentish-town
Spens, Alice Isabel, Reading
Sharp, Clara Adelaide, Forest Gate
Gaunt, Ada Catherine, Alvechurch
Stevenson, Edith, Hackney
Fraser, Helen Jane, Wolverhampton
Jacobs, Henrietta Ellen, Headingley
Beart, Edith Mary, Stoke Newington
Farrar, Emily Maria, Honley
Dandy, Caroline Sutton, Nantwich
Rylands, Dora, Therwall
Easton, Gertrude E., Coventry

Second-class Certificates.

Burman, Louisa, Birmingham
Pearce, Emily Kate, Wolverhampton
Robson, Isabel, Smaresbrook
Goodyear, Constance, Stourbridge
Hope, Evelyn Ellen, Stoke
Harn, Lily, Addiscombe
Shirley, Sarah A., Ryde
McWilliam, Alice Mary, Bournemouth
Clay, Mary Frances, Cheltenham
Godby, Frances, Wrexham
Wilson, Catherine T., Aberdeen
Phillips, Ella S., Carlisle
Gray, Mary Gertrude, St. Leonards-on-Sea
Milligan, Mary, Manchester
Munnings, Ada, Hertford
Greves, Florence E., Bath
Highmore, Gertrude M., Sherborne
Frame, Caroline H., Bromley Common
Walkden, Roline, Hong Kong, China
Thompson, Sarah, Derby
Reeve, Florence A., Epsom
Sollom, Agnes Mary, Wolverhampton
Taylor, Arabella M., Cardiff
Pearson, Eleanor, Birchin Hopwood
Firth, Agnes May, Halifax
Hall, Marion Isabel, Norwich
Worthington, Harriet J., Ecclesall
Martin, Alice E. A., Worth
Lidster, Kate, Hull
Constant, Henrietta R., Smyrna
Chapman, Alice D., Harrow
Lailey, Jessie, Letterkenny
Leeson, Kate E., East Dulwich
Andrews, Annie, Stowmarket

Third-class Certificates.

O'Grady, Kathleen, Lexden
Clarke, Millicent M., St. Gennys
Odgers, Charlotte L., Camborne
Hindley, Clara Grace, Alleyne Park
Yarwood, Elizabeth J., Stockport
Thompson, Lydia J., Peckham Rye
Hartwell, Mabel, Bridgwater
Southcott, Mary, St. John's, Newfoundland
Hall, Emily, Darlington
Edinger, Florence, Wanstead
Digby, Florence, St. George's-road
Milne, Joanna M. B. L., Edinburgh
Barnett, Lilly, Bayswater
Geere, Minnie, Brighton
Harrison, Alice M., Manchester
Pemberton, Margaret, Sutton
Roberts, Lizzie C., Penbryn
Buzacott, Helen, Rockhampton, Queensland
Neames, Constance A., Cheame
Flowers, Louisa M., Beachendon
Allen, Margaret, Beckenham
Harvey, Annie Lizzie, Shooter's Hill
Guilford, Bertha A., Guildford
Young, Ellen Winifred, Taunton
Aggs, Edith M., Hanbury, Clapham Common
Edwards, Lizzie, Aberystwith
Hall, Florence, Roundhay
Averill, Minnie L., Birmingham
Russell, Florence E., Dulwich
Rose, Ada, Buckhurst Hill
Kenworthy, Sarah, Edgeley
Gruzelier, Mary E,, Southsea
Vevers, Kate, Leeds
Allen, Kate, Peterboro'
Gwillim, Georgina, Swansea
Webb, Kate Alice, St. John's
Cochrane, Eleanor, Hartlepool
Mansfield, Mary E., Hanley
Balman, Alice M., Taunton
Pine, Marion E., Maidstone
Blackett, Emily M., Woburn-square
Hall, Beatrice J., Tottenham
Black, Roberta C., King's Lynn
Borcaston, Alice E. W., Ackleton
Hornabrook, Emily Ellen, Willesden
Ritchie, Alice, Brixton
Fuge, Wilhelmina H., Youghal

TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE.

Prize of One Guinea.

Leslie, Emma M., Brighton

First-class Certificates.

Hart, Fanny, St. Leonards-on-Sea
Egginton, Elizabeth E., Reading
Haden, Agnes Battey, Trowbridge
Moxhay, Annie Hill, Reading
Worthington, Elizabeth, Sheffield
Steel, Ethel Dyne, Newport
Bird, Anna Kate, Watlington
Wrighton, Ada, Stoke Newington
Downing Kate, Stratford-on-Avon
Hill, Fanny Louisa, Sale
Gordon, Adeline Charlotte, Woollahra, New South Wales
Churchill-Longman, Ethel M., Salisbury
Cooldwell, Charlotte B., South Hampstead
Plank, Fanny Rosa, Brixton-hill
Sheppard, Henrietta M., King's-road
Penney, Ada Margaret, Brighton

Second-class Certificates.

Suter, Rose, Halifax
Poole, Sarah, Hanley
Roberts, Mary, Anglesea
Agate, Rebecca, Emsworth
Joynt, Dorcas Caroline, Cashel
Williams, Louisa F., Bath
Old, Elizabeth, Maidstone
Paffard, Emily, Blackburn
Crutcher, Louise, Clapton-square
Anson, Ethel Grace, Longford Rectory
Wheeldon, Mary E., Derby
Fooks, Alice Rachel, Yeovil
Stewart, Harriet Mary, Acton
Mann, Gertrude J. M., Mansfield
Pidcock, Katharine M., Eastbourne
Hanking, Marie S., Highgate-road
Bellerby, Harriet, Heworth
Johnson, Bertha, Southport
Banks, Esther Isabella, Dalston
Parkinson, Emily S., Sutton
Hildage, Margaret, Altrincham
Jones, Georgina Eliza, Bexley-heath
Cooper, Agnes Susette, Ticehurst
Towns, Frances Helen, Brixton

Miller, Evaline Florence, Clifton
Eastwood, Agnes, Huddersfield

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Addison, Fanny, Market Harborough
Hordle, Emma Mary, Wareham
Blantyre, Annie C., Fulham-road
Green, Julia, Downham Market
Postans, Lilla, East Dulwich
Mackintosh, Mary Agnes, Camp, Tralee
Hebblethwaite, Alice M., Scarborough
Knott, Florence Marion, Bath
Lickiss, Fanny, Scarborough
Howard, Harriet, Sidcup
Syms, Mary Hannah, Highbury
Townsend, Mary Ellen, Wimbledon
Clements, Rosa, Redhill
Price, Emily, Liverpool
Franks, Emily Jane, Guildford
Noble, Marion, Bootle
Warrington, Edith, Sydenham Hill
Macbean, Elizabeth, Inverness
Hall, Annie, Hinckley
Buttfield, Florence H., Lower Clapton
Rushworth, Clara, Sheffield
Holloway, Mary, Thame
Meakin, Lily, Sidcup
Hall, Minnie Mary L., Swaffham
Rookledge, Mary E., Easingwold
Ridge, Edith Marion, Whitby
Instone, Bertha, Addison-road
Horsey, Amy, Little Berkhampstead
Constant, Victoria E., Smyrna
Cole, Rosa A., Dedham
Flower, Matilda F., Shaftesbury
Woodliffe, Minna, Swansea
Gale, Catharine H., Taunton
Cole, Louisa Charlotte, Twickenham
Whitaker, Annette, Winsley Hall
Webb, Emily Jane, Cheadle
Weatherhead, Edith E., Bingley

TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Green, Evelyn, Cambridge

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Newbold, Alice, Cheltenham
Halse, Marian, West Kensington
Phillips, Emma M. M., Stonygate
Helps, Emily, Forest Hill
Idle, Annie Maria, Broxbourne
Chartle, Sydie L. C., Paris
Johnson, Mary Gibson, Southport

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Brooks, Helen Annie, Tufnell Park
Titcombe, Emily G., Clerkenwell
Vonberg, Gertrude, Edgbaston
Rigby, Louisa Morton, Doncaster
Winckworth, Rosa M., Bath
Atkinson, Sarah Ellen, Doncaster
Achurch, Pattie, St. Neots
Giuseppi, Eugènie G. E., Hammersmith
Callender, Jeanie, Uxbridge-road
Holden, Beatrice B., Stamford
Tipping, Alice Kate, Crouch End
Robertson, Jeanie A., Elgin
Kelly, Nellie, Turnchapel

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Roberts, Mary, Liverpool
Taylor, Florence Jane, Penrith
Powell, Emily, Benson
Harris, Katharine S., Bayswater
Dickinson, Henrietta M., Scarborough
Procter, Edith, Hemel Hempsted
Whittington, Rosetta E., Bromley
Lovell, Ellen Mary, Hyde Park
Taylor, Caroline Marie, Sale
Winthrop, May, Dover
Brindley, Maud, Peckham
Chaderton, Estelle, Barbadoes
Parkhouse, Evelyn Mary, Cambridge
Cooper, Dora Constance E., Southampton
Smith, Florence Anne, Keighley
Harrison, Blanche Amy, Alvechurch
Roberts, Lucy Ibbotson, Sheffield

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Middlemiss, Alice, Hull

TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF AGE.

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Lee, Adelaide E., Brighton

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Brossemann, Elise (of Kortock, Germany), Kingsland

VARIETIES.

AN IMPORTANT MOMENT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
Shakespeare.

STUDY AND CONVERSATION.—Study gives strength to the mind and conversation grace. —*Sir W. Temple.*

A GOOD STYLE IN WRITING.—The style which deals in long sentences, or in short sentences, or indeed which has any trick in it, is a bad style. . . . The best thing which to my mind has been ever said about styles was said in a metaphorical way, the writer declaring that the style should, as it were, involve and display the subject-matter, as the drapery in a consummate statue folds over and around the figure.—*Sir A. Helps.*

A REASON FOR MARRYING.—A country-woman had married a rather worthless fellow. She was asked why, and gave a very satisfactory reason, which we give in anglicised spelling:—"Doan' ye zee, zur, I'd a-got sa much warshin', an' I waz a force' to zen et 'oam, an' if I 'ad n' a-had *he*, I mus' a-bought a donk."

MODESTY IN WOMAN.—Modesty is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul: it is such an exquisite sensibility as warns a woman to shun the first appearance of everything hurtful.—*Addison.*

MORAL COURAGE.—Man is by nature a cowardly animal, and moral courage shines out as the most rare and the most noble of virtues.—*Professor Blaikie.*

AT HOME.—The best security for civilisation is the dwelling: it is the real nursery of all domestic virtues.—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

BEAUTY IN DANGER. — Beauty is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband.—*Lord Kaimes.*

ASKING QUESTIONS.—"By what method have you acquired so much knowledge?" asked a man of a Persian philosopher. "By not being prevented by shame," answered he, "from asking questions when I am ignorant."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

The throne whereon doth rest, by lawn or bow'r,
Queen Flora's fav'rite, fragrant, fairest flow'r.

1. Trust not to others' help, be firm, be wise;
   By This alone ought we to honour rise.

2. Sometimes I'm fragrant and can make you glad,
   Sometimes I'm sickly, and sometimes I'm bad.

3. Delightful Place! here cooling breezes blow,
   While town and country are in fervid glow;
   Hither from London weary toilers fly
   To gain fresh vigour under fierce July.

4. A Town in Hertfordshire; hard by are seen
   The traces where a Roman camp has been.

XIMENA.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—(p. 543).

RechaB (*a*)
OrianA (*b*)
GarliC
EssequibO
RigadooN
Roger Bacon.

(*a*) Father of Jonadab. See Jeremiah xxxv.
(*b*) Queen Elizabeth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

IGNORAMUS.—We must refer you to the article "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii., and "How to improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii., to find advice such as you desire as to a course of study.

J. G. M. should apply for printed particulars to the Civil Service Commissioners in Cannon-row, S.W. We have answered your question so often, we think you cannot read our paper. See "Work for All," which series of articles is now coming out.

CUCKOO (E.C.).—You had better read your English history. Oliver Cromwell was not a king, and was never "crowned."

OTHELLO should study the map of Italy, and she will find that the river Arno runs through more than one famous city in Tuscany. It is certainly at a very great distance from America!

AULD LANG SYNE.—See our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. ii. (number for July 17, 1880). We also advise you to get the manual on "Sick-nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), as it contains hints and advice of an essential kind, yet not given in any other works of the kind—price, we believe, 1s. 3d. in cloth boards. Your hand is good and legible, though peculiar.

ART.

W. J. PENN.—We congratulate you on your success in freehand drawing, and think the specimen that you sent us which won the prize was deserving of it, and for a little girl of twelve years old gave promise of much in the future. Be diligent and careful; for when young artists discover that they can draw and paint with considerable ease to themselves, they often become careless, and so fail of the first promise they gave in the end.

DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—The spots are due to some defect in the photograph, not in your painting, and we know of no remedy.

LOVER OF ANCIENT ART.—It is calculated by the aid of astronomy that the circular temple at Albury dates back to no less than 3,600 years before Christ. It is thought to be rather older than that of Stonehenge. This latter monument is of the same era as the Egyptian pyramids, Indian caves, and cromlechs, and the stupendous remains of Carnac, in Brittany. The method of calculating the age of those at Albury is by ascertaining "the deviation of the line of the axis of the circles of seventy-five degrees from the point where the sun rose in Taurus at the vernal equinox" bringing the date to that above-named.

MUSIC.

MARIA states that the hesitation in playing the piano and inability to proceed beyond one note experienced by "Isabella" seems to be a temporary "paralysis of the will," which is "an affection of the hysteria type," induced sometimes by the hiding of some "secret grief," or from the impatience of "too strict a master." "The remedy should be the immediate stoppage of lessons and of practising, a good tonic, under good medical advice." She goes on to name a case of the kind that, being only regarded "as a whim" by the girl's friends, became so ill as to become paralysed from the waist downwards; but medical treatment being then obtained, she recovered. We thank our correspondent for her advice.

VAULINE GIRHARDI.—We direct your attention to the foregoing statements. From whatever cause you suffer from this hesitation in playing, we advise you to give up playing, and to attend to your general health.

SEVENTEEN, MINUS THE "SWEETNESS."—See "Work for All: Music" at page 347, vol. v. (March 1, 1884). You should write direct and obtain prospectuses. Your nice, grateful letter deserves our best thanks. Of course schoolgirls can be of use in their homes, as well as grown people, and they can serve God in one of the loveliest of ways, *i.e.*, in requiting their parents. Young people are often the torment of the household; and in these latter days, alas! there seems to be a tendency to a great lack of respect for elders, unfilial feeling, and even positive insubordination. Remember that even the smallest gracious word or act, or only a smile, is by no means to be regarded as a trifle. We think that the "sweetness" you modestly disclaim appears in your letter. May God accept your prayers for yourself as well as for us and our work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLORENCE GERALDINE.—Mix the Epsom salts with a little beer and apply to the panes of glass. Another method is to make a hot solution of sal-ammoniac; brush this over the panes, and the moisture will evaporate and leave a pretty radiated surface. To write "Mary Smith" without the prefix of "Miss" on a private visiting-card, is not a practice in good society.

A VILLAGE MAIDEN.—The indexes may be obtained of both volumes by writing to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The knives should be well greased before putting them away.

E. M. J.—We are much obliged to you, and regret that the portrait is of no use to us.

IDA SAINSBURY. — Wet the spot of ironmould, lay it over a hot plate, or strain over a basin of hot water. Put a little salts-of-lemon on the spot, and wash it as soon as the spot is removed.

RABBI BEN EZRA.—We doubt if you have sufficient capital to embark in such an enterprise. But, if your taste lead you to *out-of-door* employments, why not try England, where the opening is exceptionally good just now? There is an association for the promotion of food culture by women. The hon. secretary is Miss Thorne, Southover Grange, Lewes, Sussex. By writing to her you will obtain information on all points of the kind.

STEP-DAUGHTER. — Your letter shows a sad state of mind—selfish, unkind, and disobedient. Who made you your father's judge and master? If, after twenty years of care and love for you, he have taken a little thought for his own happiness, how glad and pleased you should have been, instead of giving yourself up to jealous, petty feelings, and refusing to make him happy by attending his marriage, and showing that nothing should be wanting on your part to repay his love. You are not "justified" in pursuing such a line of conduct as a follower of Him who was, above all, "meek and lowly." We beg you to retrace your steps, and try to efface every memory of your undutiful conduct, so unbecoming in a daughter and a Christian.

UNE FILLE DE WANSTEAD.—*Crom-a-boo* is an Irish watchword, and means "I will burn." It is the motto of the Bodkin and Fitzgerald families. We sympathise much with you on the loss of your brother, and we think it reflects much credit on your character that, as you say, you have been six years in your situation.

SEMPER IDEM.—The flowers will be gladly accepted at the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W., of which we gave a long notice some short time ago in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

J. M. M. A.—When canaries are moulting they should have a little hard-boiled egg (the yolk), and saffron in their drinking water; the latter is sold by chemists. Moulting takes place during the latter half of the year. The cage should occasionally be placed in the sun. The egg should form an addition to their ordinary food at such times. You should have a little book on birds and their complaints. You do not give bay-salt to canaries; but a little table-salt is sometimes necessary, sprinkled in the water, on certain occasions of sickness.

S. G. R.—There is one of only two courses which we could recommend to you. One, to choose a time when your fellow-servant is out of the way and ask your mistress into the room you occupy together and inquire "whether she had given the things to her maid, because, as you share the same room, you could not share the responsibility of their being hidden there." If the mistress do not believe that her maid put them there, you can only say that "you would not have taken them only to give them back again;" it would not show common sense. At the same time, you should ask as a favour that your mistress "will not betray the confidence you have reposed in her." If she say you have accused your fellow-servant through malice, you can only answer "you have never yet shown any such bad feeling, as the other servants could testify." The other plan is to give notice, and when leaving to ask your mistress to look at your parcels and everything in your boxes. We feel sincerely for you.

WELSH GIRL.—1. The history of the Druid religion extends back to very remote ages, and is very interesting. The Welsh word *Drud* (a Druid) means the absolver or remitter of sins; and the Irish *Drui* (a Druid) is derived from the Persian *Dura*, a good or holy man. But Taliessin, the Welsh Bard, says it is a compound word, composed of the Welsh word (*i.e.*, Gaelic or Celtic) *Gwydd*, a priest, and *Dar*, superior; that is, a chief priest. Pliny says that the Gauls called their Magi Druids, and the *Magus* of the Persians and the Druid of the Celts in every respect correspond together. The Greeks derived the name from their own for an oak; but the learned Godfrey Higgins (from whose authority we make these statements) sets this idea completely aside. The word bard, or barth, is supposed to come from the Chaldee or Hebrew, meaning to sing. 2. We are not aware whether Dr. Price stands alone in his character as a "Druid."

TWO PICKLEFORKS.—1. You may obtain advice respecting the rearing of maidenhair ferns in our article entitled "A Chat About British Ferns," pages 198 and 455, vol. iii. 2. In reference to the cultivation and care of the voice, see pages 150 and 454, vol. ii., and "How to Sing a Song," page 54, vol. i.

CLYTIE.—1. The blessing of the waters of the Neva is a ceremony of the Russian Church, as God's blessing is desired on our food and medicine. 2. The phrase "Gone to Jericho" has reference to a retreat of Henry the VIII., of that name, at Blackmore, near Chelmsford. "Wishing at Jericho" may have reference to the ancient city in Palestine, the walls of which fell down miraculously, at the sound of the rams' horns blown by the Israelites who besieged it.

A LONG SUFFERING READER.—We fancy from your letter that some other magazine would suit you better than ours, and perhaps a change will do you good, and make you feel happier and better-tempered also!

PEARL.—The practical way of writing a book is to buy the paper, pens, and ink, and begin. Many thanks for the copy of poetry you enclose. It is of no use to us, however, as we prefer to select our own.

SEASIDE.—Many thanks for the recipe. You should use hot water to your face, and plenty of soap.

AN ENGAGED GIRL.—A little magnesia may clean the imitation pearls. They are not very expensive, and you had better get some more if too much spoilt.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—We have read your long letter with interest and sympathy. We advise you to take as much exercise as possible, and to try and make a few more young friends. You seem to need a little more amusement and brightness in your life. "All work and no play," runs the old rhyme, and we must bear it in mind, for we all need both relaxation and recreation.

KATHLEEN M.—1. Silk underclothing appears to be a good thing for summer, as it has an advantage in keeping the body cool and dry. But when wet it is as dangerous as linen. On the other hand, thick wool underclothing in the summer is not advisable, as it produces perspiration and over-heats the body. 2. You must keep the boy's feet warm.

POLYPODY.—Read the 21st verse of the third chapter of the Book of Genesis; also i. 28, and ix. 1, 2, 3. Also Deut. xii. 15, and xix. 26, and 2 St. Peter, ii. 12. See likewise, in reference to birds—as well as four-footed animals—Deut. xiv. All those creatures, whether used as food or destroyed as dangerous and hurtful, yielded furs and feathers, and the first use made of the former was for man's clothing, and was so applied by his Creator. But cruelty of every description, and the mere wanton destruction of animals, are to be strongly reprobated, and we shall have to answer for all acts of such a nature as crimes in the sight of Him who made them.

MARTIN'S NIECE.—A man should ride on a woman's right hand, because otherwise he might rub against her as she sits on the left side of her horse.

F. J. MATTHEWS.—We have many times (and quite recently) told our correspondents that old stamps are of no value as regards charitable institutions.

Q. G. C.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself for telling us you are "quite in love with a man" almost a stranger to you, and who "seems very cool and reserved." We certainly cannot tell you what you can do to try and gain his affection. Certainly, if you so far forget all maidenly modesty as to "try" to court him instead of his courting you, you would adopt the best plan for utterly disgusting him with your want of delicacy.

JESSIE.—You ought to consult an oculist at once.

FIDGET.—Nettle-rash may be produced by a chill taken on disorderment of the stomach, or else from some great worry of mind which has upset the digestion. There may be other causes than those we have named. You require a course of medical treatment, and in some cases we have known nothing to have removed it but complete change of climate.

FLOSS (Melbourne).—1. November 25, 1868, fell on a Wednesday. 2. A Spanish costume, perhaps, with a black lace veil and high comb.

AUNT SCIS (Queensland).—The Baron Von der Wart was cruelly put to death by being broken on the wheel by "the she-wolf' Agnes, Queen of Hungary, and his devoted wife remained with him until his death, and brought him water in her shoe, and gave him to drink and bathed his face, at the risk of her life. 2. We object to every description of cruelty or wholesale and unnecessary slaughter of those animals to which reference is made in Holy Writ as having been given for our use; but reading the 21st verse of the third chapter of the Book of Genesis, we find the highest authority for making use of the skins of the animal creation for our wear. We thank you for your very kind letter.

BAMBINA FIORENTINA.—It is not an English custom to kiss a lady's hand.

THOUGHTFUL ONE.—*Nec timide, nec temere*, means, "Neither timidly nor rashly." Both letters would be soft.

LILY MOON.—Both the serpent and the dove are spoken as representative creatures, and in a symbolical way. You can do nothing at present for your sister, save to talk to her, show her things and attract her attention to all that surrounds her. Her general health should also be carefully attended to. Little meat should be given, but plenty of milk, porridge, vegetables, and fruit.

KATHERINA.—Take the bulbs from the ground, and if needful, divide them where there are two; put them to dry in a cool, dark, airy closet.

TOPSY.—The 42nd Regiment is called the "Black Watch," because they were dressed in a black, or a very dark, tartan.

WILLOW.—We regret that we cannot comply with your wish. It is best to keep a copy of all such compositions.

ROSIE.—We consider (with the rest of the world) that the sleeve, or shoulder-line of the sleeve, was restored to its natural position when raised to be like men's coats some years ago. It was an old-fashioned idea to make the shoulders appear to slope downwards; and it was carried to un absurd extent the early part of this century. Much natural slope in the shoulders indicates constitutional delicacy.

POLLY.—If twenty-three years of age before the competition papers be sent to you, we regret to say that you will be ineligible.

"MISS G. M. H."—We quite agree with our little correspondent of eight years old as to the harm that high-heeled and narrow-toed shoes and boots do; and a bonnet should not be worn at the back of the head. We hope that our little friend will not be tempted into following any such or other foolish fashions which may be in favour when she is old enough to be introduced into society, or at least to choose her own dress. We thank her for her letter.

JIM.—Lay the moss on a layer of earth, and keep it damp by sprinkling it with water.

MYRTLE.—All fruit-trees should be properly pruned at certain seasons, but no ignorant amateur gardener should do it. You write very nicely, but should leave a little more space between each word.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—We have often given the origin of "April Fool's Day." There is a tradition amongst the Jews that the origin is to be found in the fact of Noah's having sent the dove out of the ark on the first of that month, before the waters had abated; and, to perpetuate the memory of the saving of that patriarch and his family, persons who had forgotten it in connection with that day, were punished by being sent on bootless errands.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We think that your idea is a reasonable one. Perhaps it could be done through advertisement. Perhaps, also, if you knew anyone at the seaside anywhere you could consult them on the subject of finding a place for you for a few weeks.

CORNFLOWER.—The 4th October, 1869, fell on a Monday. Your original drawings do you credit at the age of fourteen.

CANNELLE.—For excessive bleeding at the nose a little alum and water should be injected up the nostrils; the patient should sit up, and the face and neck should be bathed with cold water. The children must be very delicate to be thus affected by a push, blow, or fall in playing.

ADY, A GERMAN GIRL.—You should not write to Mr. Tarn for advice—only for numbers of the "G. O. P." or any book published by our firm. Hesba Stretton, Miss Young, Mrs. Craik, or perhaps Sir Walter Scott's works might interest you as a recreation. We cannot tell you why English girls have such fine fresh complexions, nor why they are, as a rule, better looking than girls of so many other nationalities, excepting that plenty of exercise in the open air, in a temperate climate, is said to be favourable, at least to the complexion. Your English is very good, only by oversight you omitted two letters in the word "opinion."

F. B.—Our writer on "Good Breeding and Etiquette" is perfectly right in reference to the general rule that you should not speak to other people of Jack or Jill, who are not on such privileged terms as to address them in the same familiar way. Were you to name your brother or sister to them, you should say "my brother," "my sister," or distinguish them by the addition of "eldest," or "youngest," or "one of my." Age, also, must be considered and sex in the person you address, and also relationship. You might say to one intimate with you "my sister Jane," or "my sister, Mrs. ——," and speak of your sister or brother to a grown-up niece or nephew, as "your Uncle John"; or, of your child, as "my little boy (or son) Edward." But some kind of prefix is requisite. Even a father, speaking to a man of a grown-up daughter, should say "Miss Thompson," or "my daughter." Also, to persons out of the home circle, you should not say "father" or "mother" does so and so, but prefix that familiar term with "my." It takes much space to enter into such explanations, which should be learnt at home or in society. The knowledge of much must come intuitively. We give general rules, and leave our readers to follow them out and observe the habits and modes of speech and address that obtain in those circles best taught in such matters.

B. B. M. E.—We are very sorry that your letter was not answered, but have no recollection of it. We regret to say that it is too incorrect in rhythm for us to insert it, although the sentiments are excellent. You should study prosody, and count the syllables in each line, and make them correspond respectively with the lines to which they are to be, so to say, mated. Not only so, but the beat, or emphasis, must fall on the corresponding syllable, and the breaks likewise. But, above all, there must be original ideas. We thank you for your kindly-expressed opinion of our magazine.

A MANCUNIAN.—The Clergy Provident Society would thankfully accept half-worn silk gowns, jackets, and, indeed, any gift of clothing, books, music, &c. You write a good hand.

HAWTHORN.—You make unsuitable selections for the children to read. Parts of the Holy Scriptures are not fully understood by grown people, and certain passages are thought to bear different constructions by as many different learned divines Of course, therefore, you should be the more careful as to what you give the children to read.

MAUDE.—Consult a good surgeon.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 233. JUNE 14, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

All rights reserved.]

"CARRYING WITH THEM LITTLE DAINTIES."

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER a couple of days' intercourse, Mr. Brooke was voted a great acquisition by all the Oakleys.

Even Hilda, who was pre-disposed to find fault, and had already expressed her opinion as to what Mr. Penwarden's Australian friend was likely to be, owned that there was nothing objectionable in the new-comer.

"I should think not, indeed," said Allan. "It would be difficult to meet with two finer samples of masculine humanity than those two friends. If anything, Mr. Brooke has the advantage of Mr. Penwarden in face and build, and though his dress is simplicity itself, it is that of a gentleman."

"What else did Hilda croak about? I am sure there was something," asked Gladys, with more of mischief than she usually put into a sentence. "Mr. Brooke's manners, I believe. Did you not say, Hilda, that you expected he would show himself a boor? You must be agreeably surprised in this respect also."

Hilda's eyes sparkled with combined fun and mischief as she answered, "I was mistaken, Allan. Mr. Brooke has certainly more of the bear than the boor element in his manners." And as she darted this little shaft at that gentleman's advocates, she ran away out of earshot.

It was easy to understand why Hilda refused to speak as warmly in favour of Geoffrey's friend as the rest did. Whilst treating her with all the courtesy she had a right to expect, Mr. Brooke had shown no particular anxiety for Miss Cranswick's society. Instead of following the established custom and attaching himself to her whenever there was a vacant place by her side, he much more frequently showed a preference for the conversation of Gladys or Dorothy.

More than once, when he had an opportunity of going in the same boat with Hilda and some of the elders, he pleaded a pre-engagement with Jack and Janet, who had from the first established themselves as his prime favourites.

Then there would be sounds of ringing laughter from the boat which held this trio, with Jossy Lawson, and sometimes Mrs. Oakley, in addition. Her delightful motherliness won the heart of Mr. Penwarden's "Bush acquaintance," as Hilda persisted in calling Mr. Brooke, from the first moment of his introduction to her.

The merry sounds which floated across the water from that one boat would rouse the envy of the rest of the party, who wished they, too, were near enough to make up a larger audience for the mirth-provoking speaker.

Mr. Brooke fulfilled his early promises to the youngsters in a prodigal fashion. He told tales, he proved his capabilities as an angler by catching more fish than Jossy Lawson. He lent those wonderful rods and all sorts of appliances for fishing purposes to the twins, and showed the children how to use them.

He found out, though not from themselves, why Gladys and Dorothy often bent their steps in the direction of a hillside cottage. There was an ailing woman, the wife of a labourer, who, after a long season of suffering, was just able to sit up amongst her children and direct their young hands in doing the household work.

She was just beginning to feel the need of nourishing food and to long for it, but the earnings of a labouring man would not supply anything beyond mere necessaries. So Gladys and Dorothy would visit the cottage, carrying with them little dainties for the invalid, books for the children, and cheery words for all.

And the invalid would say as she watched their retreating figures from the window, "Bless them! The things taste so good that they bring; but I think the sight of their kind, young faces does more to cheer me than even the food. Miss Dorothy calls her sister 'Sunny,' and she may well, for if ever a face had in it the light that comes from the love of Christ in the heart, she has it in hers. And dear Miss Dorothy! What a tender heart she has! When she saw me so thin and worn, and thought I should have to leave my children motherless, her blue eyes would fill with tears, and she could not speak a word, though her sister always had the right text ready, and a smile along with it. But her very silence spoke strength to my heart, and told me what was in hers. May God bless them both."

Whether it was during a solitary ramble that Robert Brooke called at the hillside cottage, and found out who visited it and why, or whether the twins revealed the secret, cannot be told. But the best of the trout was always after that placed at the disposal of the two girls by Mr. Brooke, and whenever he had, or made, an errand to Keswick, he was sure to bring back some well-chosen dainty for their cottage friend. At the same time he would ask them to pardon his meddling, but their distance from the nearest town and the advantage of personal choice must plead his excuse. When on the spot, it was easy to choose and bring such trifles.

Mr. Oakley gave his vote in favour of the Australian, and declared that he had obtained most valuable information from him which he could hereafter turn to excellent account at the Brinnington Works. He quite longed for him and Frank to meet there.

As to Mrs. Oakley! What mother does not know that Robert Brooke had taken her heart by storm through his frank, hearty kindness to the irrepressibles, and his genuine appreciation of all that was really good and true in Jack and Janet?

All this was not, however, a matter of two or three days, for before Mr. Brooke had succeeded in winning such golden opinions, Mr. Oakley and Geoffrey had paid their last visit to Sheffield for the present, and Aunt Lydia had returned with them to Fell Foot.

It was delightful to see the almost reverence with which Robert Brooke treated the "old maid of the family." But this title, so often applied to her by a thoughtless girl, may as well be discarded once for all.

"As a spinster aunt you are a miserable failure," said Hilda, when Miss Oakley arrived. "You have been living under false pretences, and you come to us now looking years younger than when we saw you last. Once more a girl, amongst girls, and on the verge of matrimony. Oh, Aunt Lydia!"

But as the bright face went close to Miss Oakley's, she whispered, "I am so glad for your sake, darling, and I am longing to call Mr. Penwarden 'Uncle Geof.'" Then, again, in the hearing of the rest, Hilda continued, "If I thought that by taking up your vocation I should insure perpetual youth, I would pick up your dropped mantle, fling it gracefully across my shoulders, and pose before the world as spinster aunt myself."

"Aunt! to whom, my dear?"

"I forgot. I have no nephews and nieces to scold and pet by turns. No brothers or sisters to whom I could be as a ministering angel in time of trouble. It will not do."

The girl gave a little sigh, which her aunt understood. Hilda felt her loneliness keenly, even while she made it a subject for jesting. Uncle and aunt were not father and mother. Cousins might be everything as such, but they were not brothers and sisters. They were next best, but not the best.

Mr. Brooke had not been long at Fisher's Ghyll before he heard Miss Cranswick air some of her opinions, and saw her display the petulant tempers which, after the first days, she did not trouble herself to check in his presence. To her great annoyance, she saw those keen eyes raised to her face with a look of grave surprise not unmixed with pity.

Whenever Hilda caught this expression on Mr. Brooke's face it was certain to increase her irritability, and he was equally sure under such circumstances to take the first opportunity of retreating.

"When your cousin begins to show off I run away," said he to Allan. "Were I to remain in her presence I am afraid my habit of plain speaking would assert itself, so, to save my reputation for good manners, I go to a safe distance."

"It is Hilda's misfortune that she usually shows her worst side," replied Allan. "She is very charming in many ways, generous almost to a fault, and I believe that every outbreak, such as you have seen to-day, costs her real suffering."

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Brooke, with a quick glance at Allan

"I do indeed, and am glad that I can believe it;" then, as if impelled to confidence by the frank nature of the Australian, he added, "I often wish I could run to a safe distance when Hilda is showing the more attractive and therefore more dangerous side of her character."

"Ah! I see. But the distance which places me in safety would hardly be great enough for you. Am I right?"

"Yes. I have had a talk with my father. Hilda is my cousin, my father's ward, a great heiress. If I were to stay here, seeing her constantly as she is to me, bright, generous, kind, the consequences would be serious to one of us,

not to Hilda. I am as a brother to her; and such only, for every reason, I wish to remain. But do you not think that a wise man ought to run away from a danger or a temptation which he is not strong enough to resist."

"Most certainly, and I can show you how to do it in the most natural manner possible. I presume that Penwarden, when he is married, will return to Australia with me; not directly, but a few months hence. His wife will accompany him. Why should you not make a fourth in our little party? You have a profession, but no settled practice as yet. If you choose to follow it, there is room for a medical man in my neighbourhood. If not, I can introduce you to something else, or you may mix the two."

Allan's face evinced his pleasure at the proposal, and his words gave a glad acceptance to it.

"It is what I should like above all things, and I know my father and mother will consent. You understand, Mr. Brooke, about Hilda. I can bear to go away now, and I wish to do so."

"Quite right. I understand. Also that our talk is, for the present, to be considered strictly confidential."

Allan thanked him heartily, but said that Mr. Penwarden and Miss Oakley might be considered exceptions, as he had already told them how much he should like to leave England in their company, could an opening be found for him.

Naturally, one of the principal subjects of conversation was the approaching wedding. It was to take place at Brinnington a fortnight after the return of the Oakleys from Fell Foot. The arrangements would be of the simplest character, and, with the exception of Mr. Brooke, only members of the family would be present.

Mr. Penwarden would have to visit Treneweth before his marriage, in order to attend to various matters connected with the place and property which were nominally his. Miss Oakley would also pay a few brief farewell visits to friends within reach, but everything would be done as quietly as possible.

"It seems a pity that the Penwardens should have no representative at your wedding, Geoffrey," said Mr. Oakley. "Is there no one whom we can invite? I know that most of your few relatives may be called doubly distant, but can you not think of one?"

"My only uncle died in India, and his family are there now. Within reach, there is Miss Vivien Penwarden, the stateliest and proudest of old ladies, my father's cousin, with whom he did not agree very well. She was his senior by many years, and must be nearly eighty, so I doubt whether she would accept an invitation to travel from Cornwall to Brinnington. I will write, however, for she was always good to me as a boy, and is the nearest of kin left to me in England."

"I should think she would like to see you before you leave it again."

"I should like to see her," replied Geoffrey; "for, considering her age, it is hardly probable that I shall find her still living when I come back. Perhaps she may ask me to take Lydia to visit her after our marriage. They met at Treneweth during my mother's last illness."

Geoffrey carried out his intention, and duly received a reply, written in the old-fashioned but clear and legible hand of Miss Vivien herself. It ran thus:—

"My dear Cousin Geoffrey,—I am too old to undertake a long journey, so cannot accept the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, sent through your hand. I the more regret this because we Penwardens are now so few in number, and I do not think there will be another marriage in the family whilst I live. But though I cannot be with you, try to remember on your wedding morning that there is an old woman far away in Cornwall who is thinking of you and Lydia, and with all her heart asking God's blessing on your union.

"You have chosen well, Cousin Geoffrey. Time has already proved this, for you have had a long and weary season of probation, and have come out of it like our Cornish silver when tried by the fire.

"It is sad to think that you must take your bride away from her native land and leave the home of your fathers in the hands of strangers, when you and Lydia are so well fitted to maintain the honour of the old name. And all through no fault of your own!

"It makes me angry as I write, foolish old woman that I am to let myself be disturbed by things that are past recall. But to think of the last Penwarden of Treneweth driven from his home by the vices of a brother and the weakness of a father, who had not courage to say 'No' at sixty-five years old!

"Forgive me, Cousin Geoffrey. I know how you will feel when you read these words, you who have suffered, endured in silence, and never uttered a word of reproach against those who brought needless trouble upon you.

"Your father told me everything—not by word of mouth. He wrote before his death. To think that he could suspect you of a crime! I must say no more about this, or I shall get angry again, which is a bad thing for me to do, seeing that it robs me of needful sleep when night comes, and ill befits an old woman who at four score years should ask herself, 'What time have I to be vexed?'

"Yet, old woman like, I go maundering on about the past and grumbling on paper, instead of keeping to the subject which made me take up my pen—namely, your approaching marriage.

"I have a wedding gift for Lydia and you; but instead of sending it to Brinnington to figure amongst the rest, I want you two to come to Cornwall for it. I should not like it to be lost on the way, and you may choose that it should go straight to Treneweth. Spend the first half of your honeymoon where you will, then come for the second, if you can put up with an old woman's ways, to visit her who is, with true esteem and affection, your cousin,

"VIVIEN PENWARDEN."

"Shall we accept Miss Vivien's invitation, Lydia?" asked Geoffrey, when Miss Oakley had read his cousin's characteristic letter.

"I should like to do so very much. If you write, let me enclose a little note with yours to Miss Penwarden. I want to thank her for her kind words, which I thoroughly appreciate. She is such a grand sample of a gentlewoman of the old school. So true in word and deed, so kind, and yet so stately. Geoffrey, I shall be delighted to see her at home."

So Miss Vivien's invitation was accepted, and if Lydia could have seen her old eyes grow more dim with tears as she read the little note enclosed with Geoffrey's letter, she would have been doubly glad that she had sent it.

There was considerable discussion amongst the young people as to the promised wedding present. Geoffrey thought it would be either one of the fine paintings, of which Miss Vivien had a number that were mostly destined to add to the national collection; or some ancient article of furniture that had belonged for ages to the Penwardens.

"I agree with you, Geoffrey," said Mrs. Oakley. "Depend on it Miss Vivien wishes the gift, whatever it is, to be preserved amongst the family heirlooms, or why speak of its going straight to Treneweth?"

Others suggested old china, because Miss Vivien was so anxious for its safe conveyance. But no one could do more than guess, and, as Mr. Brooke remarked, the speculations on the promised present helped to while away the time on an extremely wet day when out-door enjoyments were impossible to the party at Fell Foot.

"I think," said Hilda, who reserved the expression of her opinion to the last, "that Miss Vivien's present will be some stupid thing, which nobody could care a straw about but herself. I have known ever so many old ladies who attached an extraordinary value to mere rubbish, only because it was as ancient as themselves. Being also a very old maid, Miss Vivien is certain to be crotchetty in proportion to her years, and will take a wicked pleasure in disappointing people's expectations. Aunt Lydia, I would not have your prospect for the world. Just fancy spending half your honeymoon as the guests of an ancient maiden lady of three—no, four-score years! So far, I have been full of good wishes and bright hopes in connection with your marriage. Henceforth these must give way to pitying sympathy."

"You may spare it, Hilda dear. If you knew Miss Vivien Penwarden as well as I do, a visit to her would have no terrors for you. The quiet will accord well with Geoffrey's tastes and my own. And as to the dear old lady, it will be delightful to see her amid her fitting surroundings. Mr. Penwarden, even, used to say that, to see Miss Vivien in any other place than her own home, was like seeing a diamond unset. I am reckoning very much on spending a fortnight with her. As to the promised wedding gift, neither Geoffrey nor I have wasted any thought upon it. We should value the merest trifle from the hand of such a leal-hearted friend and kinswoman."

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR MUSIC.

By CLARA ANGELA MACIRONE.

Sixth Letter.

"And if I may seem to be asking anything new or troublesome, I beg you to remember that it is the primary idea of this college to vindicate woman's right to an education in all points equal to that of man, the difference between them being determined, not by any fancied inferiority of mind, but simply by the distinct offices and character of the sexes."

Charles Kingsley.

My dear Mr. Editor,—I am writing in the sunshine of feeling that these little letters are floating away to far-away countries, where many friends will receive them like little caïques on a sunny sea, freighted with flowers of remembrance of old happy times; and so they will forgive, as I know you will, the side-currents of corroborating witnesses to the good cause I have been pleading, which day after day delay the conclusion I have pursued, like the path of moonbeams on the water, and which still seems to fly before me.

I could not help quoting in my last the testimony of two eminent and trustworthy judges of this question; for I knew that personally they would have been heartily glad to help my work—the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice and Dr. Hullah; and I have under my hands such a remarkable fulfilment of the prophetic remark which Dr. Hullah made at the opening of Queen's College, that I feel it would be unfair to him and unkind to my young readers not to give them the benefit of it. Dr. Hullah said—forty years ago, be it remembered:—

"If musical education—or, rather, the neglect of thorough musical education—goes on as it does now, in a few years our footmen and chambermaids will have a finer taste in music than their masters and mistresses."

Now let us look at facts of the present day. I will first quote from the *Saturday Review* of February 16th on the music and the audiences of poor working men and women at the East-end of London, to whom the concerts of the People's Entertainment Society are such a boon. The *Review* says:—

"Their taste in music as a rule is decidedly sound, and by degrees, under the influence of the various societies who provide music for the people, a love for certain kinds of classical music is being developed. Beethoven's 'Creation Hymn' and Handel's 'Honour and Arms' will always evoke far greater enthusiasm than such ballads as 'Lord Mayor Whittington' or 'Mary of Argyll.'"

A private testimony of some value was made to the writer by one of the members of the above society, who said that several among the audiences of working men had begged her to change the ballads or rough songs, which had been chosen as most likely to please them, for higher and better music; and she said they seemed hurt at being "put off," as they said, with such common things, when those who exerted themselves so kindly for their pleasure both knew what good music was and enjoyed it for themselves.

The very pupils in Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and the East-end show their feeling for higher and better art; for, to return to the *Saturday Review*, it says of them:—"Their progress has been very rapid, and certainly proves the innate love of music which is in the English character. Instrumental classes have been formed, and have had the same success. The delight of the girls, when they found that they were allowed, as well as the boys, to learn to play the violin was almost absurd, and at Bermondsey that instrument bears away the palm as the favourite of the pupils.

"A great effort is being made by the committee to provide their pupils with cheap instruments which they can keep at home and practise on, and it is easy to see the good these classes must do to the young people. Not only the love of good music must have a refining and elevating influence upon young minds, but the necessity of practice, stimulated by competition and emulation, will keep them at home or at the classroom many a night when they would otherwise be roaming the streets or lounging about public houses. And who shall say that to send forth music by the voices of children into the homes of the London poor may not do something towards revivifying that love of home-life which of late years, owing to many deplorable causes, has grown so faint?"

So much does the *Saturday* say of the young and old amongst those poorer classes who are at every disadvantage with regard to the capability of understanding or feeling fine music.

I am fortunately able to give one of the programmes of those crowded concerts given in the Town Hall of Birmingham for the recreation and pleasure of the working classes by Mr. Stimpson on the grand organ. The admission was *free*.

TOWN HALL RECITAL.

From 3 to 4 o'clock.

Midsummer Night's Dream ..	Mendelssohn.
Romanza	Haydn.
Offertoire in F Major.....	Batiste.
Fugue in G Minor	J. S. Bach.
Jagd Lied	Schumann.
Selections from *Marta*	Flotow.
Dead March	Handel.

Cost of Programme—*One Halfpenny.*

Also see *Daily Telegraph* of April 7th for an account of the entertainment given by the Moor-street Mission, Seven Dials, for the "sandwich men," where the music chosen as

best for their entertainment was of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert; the readings from Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Dickens.

What concerts are there where people of the middle classes can have fine music at prices which they dare afford? The fine old English songs, of which there is such a treasury by Purcell, Arne, Shield, Dibdin, Carey, down to Samuel Wesley, John Barnett, Bishop, and Sterndale Bennett, not to mention classical living writers—not to include the great German and Italian and French writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the beginning of the present century—are practically ignored by those who give what are called popular vocal concerts, crowded and expensive.

I must again refer to the reviewers, and to the recollections of my readers.

The *Saturday Review* of the 5th of April says of these:—"The reception given on this occasion to dull and commonplace songs, indifferently sung, clearly reveals the existence of a large class of people whose taste has been wholly uninfluenced by such concerts as the Monday Popular. An extremely friendly audience showed itself desirous of rehearing every song, good, bad, or indifferent. . . . . The inconsistency of such a proceeding . . . . was only worthy of a susceptible people, to whom for the first time the missionaries of music were addressing themselves, of whom discernment was not to be expected."

Of course the Philharmonic Society, the great choirs organised by Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. Barnby, the Monday Popular Concerts, and those of the Bach Choir give fine music (as do other similar societies), and they have also, besides the usual expensive seats, a few where those who can give time and strength for hours of weary waiting can penetrate for a shilling into their sanctuaries and hear fine music.

But are there not thousands of families to whom even this small tax of money and great tax of time and strength is a practical barrier? By the time the shillings for father and mother and three or four children are reckoned, the cost of omnibus or train and the programme, how much is left of a sovereign? And how many can afford that often for an evening's fine music? Now, choral music at a penny a copy is brought within the reach of all, and I plead for an "Open sesame" to the highest and best music in our homes.

Our boys are learning what good music is, and how to bear their part in it. I have just received the programme of the last school concert at Sherborne (March, 1884), and I must quote it, as it comes so appositely to help me:—

First Part: Easter Hymn; the Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn). Second Part: The latter part of the oratorio *Elijah* (Mendelssohn); overture, "The Naiades" (Sir William Sterndale Bennett).

This is what the boys are doing; and I return to the question—Our girls?

What music are they studying? How are they being prepared to bear their part in such music when the boys come home?

Now, if the homes could carry on a tide of bright, social, first-rate music, instead of that which is supposed to stand for it in general society, would it not be the greatest blessing both to them and to the young men, instead of the dull evenings now so much in vogue amongst our young people?

Granted that the great schools of the present day inspire and foster the love of the finest music in boys. On leaving school where will they find it? In their homes?

The girls are too busy with their preparations "for examinations and honours," their "statics and dynamics," so comforting to the manly mind (which comes home wearied and unstrung, needing rest, and refreshment, and beauty), their geometrical conics and analytical geometry, trigonometry, and physical geology. Such helps to home happiness!

Of course they are too exhausted and limp, mind and body, with their daily and nightly fatigue and study to be either useful or ornamental at home, while the poor overworked mother, like the dairymaid in the old song, "toils after them in vain." For they have no time even to keep their own garments neat and mended, and as for the small, lovely charities of life, such as form those links of roses in bright days amidst the home girls and boys, and in dark days strong anchors of mutual love and dependence—what time have they for them? So they are a burden instead of a help to the weary mother; a disappointment to the father, who once (unfortunate parent, ignorant of the superior claims of science!) may have looked forward to bright, refreshing home evenings, with "rays of gals" illuminating the otherwise dull rooms with their young life and sweetness. While to their brothers they are possible rivals in getting daily bread in the future—certainly neither help, comfort, nor pleasure in the present.

Let us think besides, outside the home, of those thousands of young men who come up to town to work, with few friends and many temptations. How will such homes help them?

Given bright, genial evenings of sociable concerted music, such as England used to see in her homes—evenings when people learn to know each other and the lonely may make friends—the comers from quiet country places find an opening into the happiness of friendly circles, and some escape from the temptations and horrors of certain aspects of town life. If English homes became the bright musical centres they might be, how welcome would be such comers from far-off places; for each one would bring his own special capability of enriching the home music. One a good violin or violoncello player, another with his flute or clarionet, some good sight-singers, good accompanists—each in his own way an acquisition to the home concerts, to the Beethoven or Mozart trios or quartets. Think of the programmes opening to the home circle—the lovely clarionet Mozart music, the songs with obbligato accompaniment by Mozart, Spohr, the great Bach himself in that exquisite air with violoncello, "My heart ever faithful"—all so easily performed, not strange or difficult, but of such heavenly harmony and beauty—such glories to be realised—such new worlds of thought to be conquered and enjoyed! Every fresh arrival would bring his own welcome, and what a counter-attraction for the boys to the dangers and temptations of town! what a source of bright, genial sympathy and liveliness for the young girls! The elders would live again in the happiness of their children, and the rest and recreation of the evening would hearten them all for the next day's trials and loneliness, if they be, as so many are, trying and lonely.

When I think of the pale, dull young people one may see hanging about in society, and what music might make of them, is it not enough to excuse so slight a hand from the presumption of flinging this little stone into the great lake of public opinion, with the bright hope that perchance some wise, strong, firm hand, so much heartier in its grip, so much firmer in its hold, would take up this parable, until the dull ears took in its music and rightness, and were quickened to bear up the subject into its full place and force.

A great writer just gone from among us has left a very earnest testimony on this side of the matter, so apposite I may be forgiven for quoting it here, from the beautiful story, "The Small House at Allington":—

"It seems to me that in this respect the fathers and mothers of the present generation understand but little of the inward nature of the young men for whom they are so anxious. They give them credit for so much that it is impossible they should have, and then deny them credit for so much that they possess! They expect from them when boys the discretion of men—that discretion which comes from thinking—but will not give them credit for any of that power of thought which alone can ultimately produce good conduct. Young men are generally thoughtful—more thoughtful than their seniors; but the fruit of their thought is not yet there. And then so little is done for the amusement of lads that are turned loose into London at nineteen or twenty. Can it be that any mother really expects her son to sit down evening after evening in a dingy room, drinking bad tea and reading good books? And yet it seems that mothers do so expect—the very mothers who talk about the thoughtlessness of youth!

"O ye mothers, who from year to year see your sons launched forth upon the world, and who are so careful with your good advice, with under-flannel shirting, with books of devotion and tooth-powder, does it never occur to you that provision should be made for amusement, for parties, for the excitement and comfort of women's society?

"That excitement your sons will have, and if it be not provided by you of one kind, will certainly be provided by themselves of another kind."

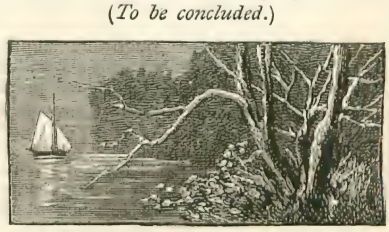
Again, in another book treating of the lives and doings of the young men living homeless lives in London ("The Three Clerks," page 118) he says:—

"Who could expect that a young man from the Internal Navigation would sit for hours and hours alone in a dull London lodging, over his book and teacup? Who should expect that any young man will do so? And yet mothers and aunts and anxious friends do expect it—very much in vain."

I had asked for some strong, kindly hand to strike a good blow for the cause of noble and innocent recreation against so many evils and stupidities of life. The words I have quoted come from one now cold and passed from all further power of help or friendly encouragement. But is there no other who would take up this question? If it be too late here, I would fain hope that in our English-speaking lands over the sea it is not too late to start a nobler social life, and enrich it with the most sympathetic of all arts. The *Quarterly* says of our country:—"England has always been famous for paying others to do what she could not do for herself; but she generally ends by learning the trick." We have paid musicians to make music for us; can we not learn to make it for ourselves?

For the sake of the boys, for the sake of the girls of our homes, with their full capacities of enjoyment and usefulness, so often frozen into a cold, stupid atmosphere of commonplace dulness and vacuity—for the sake of the elders to whom the happiness of the young lives they love is another and a better life to them—an afterglow sweeter and rosier than that which falls on the Bernese Alps after the sun (their own sun) has set—I would ask that the opinions of wise and practical men like those I have quoted be allowed to weigh in a matter of education on which so much of the happiness of the lives of our young people depends.

(*To be concluded.*)



THE HUMAN EYE AND SOME OF ITS DEFECTS.

By Albert Westland, M.A., M.D.

The sense of sight is generally considered the most valuable of the five senses with which the majority of human beings are endowed at their birth. By means of it more knowledge is acquired than with the aid of any of the other senses, and, generally speaking, more sympathy and active assistance are given to those who suffer from the want of this sense than to those who may be deprived of any of the other four. It is rather curious, then, to discover that the organ of the body which subserves this sense, the eye, is more prone to natural defects which interfere more or less with its perfect action as an instrument, than almost any other part of the human frame. Among the natural defects which occur in infants, and are generally attributed to hereditary transmission, defects in the construction of the eye are among the most common; and, although one cannot attribute these defects, like tendencies to gout and rheumatism, to the sins of one's ancestors, there seems to be little doubt that with the advance of civilisation and the consequent increased application of the eyes to work requiring prolonged strain as well as minute investigation, the defects of refraction especially, in the human eye, have increased very largely.

Fortunately, however, the progress of civilisation has been followed by a vast advance in the knowledge of physical science, and in the application of that knowledge to the relief of those suffering from physical defects, and in no science within recent years has greater advance been made than in optical science, while the application of the knowledge thus obtained to the cure of many of the defects of the eye has been so successful as to place those suffering from them on an almost equal footing with their more fortunate brethren who are gifted with eyes of normal power.

To understand somewhat of the structure of the human eye, and the directions in which divergence from the normal condition is apt to occur, a slight preliminary knowledge of optics is required.

If the reader take an ordinary magnifying glass of fair strength, and, standing before a window, hold the glass at some distance from his eye, he will observe a very small reversed image of any objects outside, the image being apparently situated in the glass itself. If, however, holding the glass in the same position, he place a piece of thin translucent paper, as thin foreign writing paper, between his eye and the glass, and move it backwards and forwards a little, he will find a point between the glass and the eye, where the reversed image appears faintly but distinctly on the paper, thus showing that the image is not situated on the glass, but some little distance behind it. If he has two or three magnifying glasses, and compares one with the other, he will find that the stronger the magnifying glass is, the more near to the glass the paper must be held; while conversely, the weaker the glass, the further the paper must be removed from it in order to obtain a clear image. The distance at which the glass must be held from the paper so as to obtain a clear image, is called its focal length. The image produced by the method described above is necessarily a very faint one, as, in addition to the rays of light coming through the magnifying glass, or lens, as it is scientifically called, the light is falling on the paper from all points round about, producing, of course, a confusion of rays. If, however, instead of simply holding the lens in the finger, it is let into the side of a closed box, so that light can enter only through the lens, and a piece of paper be held at the other side of the box at the proper focal distance from the lens, a very much clearer image will be obtained.

Observing the image in this way, it will be noticed that if objects very near the front of the lens be rendered quite clear in the image—in other words, brought into correct focus—objects further away are rather indistinct, and a little experimental trial will show that the distance between the lens and the paper must vary a little according as the distance of the object in front of the lens varies, so that while objects far away require a shorter focus, objects near require a longer one. It will be found, however, that the difference of focus required is very small indeed compared with the different distances of the objects, and that for all objects more than six feet away from the front of the lens, pratically the same focus is required. This focus, then, for any object more than six feet away from the front of the lens is known as the principal focus of the particular lens in use, and the strength of the lens is technically known by the number of inches of its focus from the glass, *i.e.*, by its focal length.

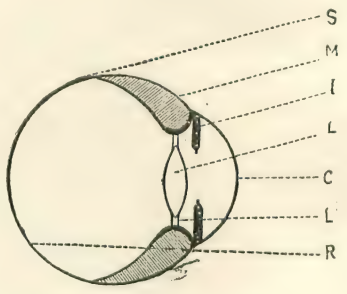
Perhaps it may have struck some of my readers already that the box with the lens in one side and the translucent paper on the other would resemble a little a photographer's camera; and, as a matter of fact, the ordinary camera is constructed exactly on the principle described, the object being there also to obtain an accurate reversed image of some object in front of the lens upon a screen at some little distance behind it. In the case of the camera, instead of a screen made of translucent paper, as in the box suggested, there is one made usually of dimmed or frosted glass, and the image having been properly focussed upon this glass, it is removed, and a sensitive plate to receive the image or negative of the photograph is put exactly in the same place. It has been pointed out before that in order to obtain a clear image the focal distance must vary a little if the same lens is used, according to the distance of the object in front of the lens; and it is obvious that this variation can be effected in two ways, either by moving the lens slightly, keeping the screen fixed, or by moving the screen slightly, while the lens remains stationary. A third method by which a clear image can be obtained while both lens and screen remain fixed is by changing the lens and using one of a slightly different strength whose focal length corresponds exactly with the distance fixed. In the ordinary camera convenience has dictated the movement of the lens as the easiest manner of arranging the focus, and all cameras are provided with a screw, which allows of gradual movement backwards and forwards of the lens. In addition to this movement most cameras are fitted just behind the lens with rings perforated in the centre, by which the amount of light entering can be regulated, and which are known as diaphragms.

The photographer's camera has been described in detail so that from its simple structure the rather more complex arrangements of the human eye may be understood. From an optical point of view, the eye is an instrument exactly similar in structure to the camera. It possesses a lens in front and a screen behind known as the retina; and the main optical condition upon which distinct vision depends is that the lens shall focus exactly upon the retina the image of the objects external to the eye which are regarded at the time.

The human eye is essentially a hollow globe or sphere, the crust of which, to use an expression applied to the sphere of the earth, is opaque everywhere, except on a small portion in front where there is a transparent bulging of the crust, known as the cornea; the opaque part of the crust being termed the sclerotic membrane. The interior of the sphere is filled mostly with a gelatinous fluid; in front, behind the cornea, is the lens, which is a perfectly clear transparent convex lens of considerable hardness, and which is suspended in its position by a ligament which encircles it; and between the back of the cornea and the front of the lens and its ligament is a small space filled with a watery fluid, in which the coloured diaphragm of the eye known as the iris floats, its outer edge being attached all round to the inside of the sclerotic membrane. Behind the iris is the ligament of the lens mentioned previously, which unites with the interior of the sclerotic membrane by means of a circular muscle which is attached at its outside to the interior of the sclerotic, and at its inside to the ligament of the lens. This muscle, which is named the ciliary muscle, is of great importance in focussing the eye, as will be seen later.

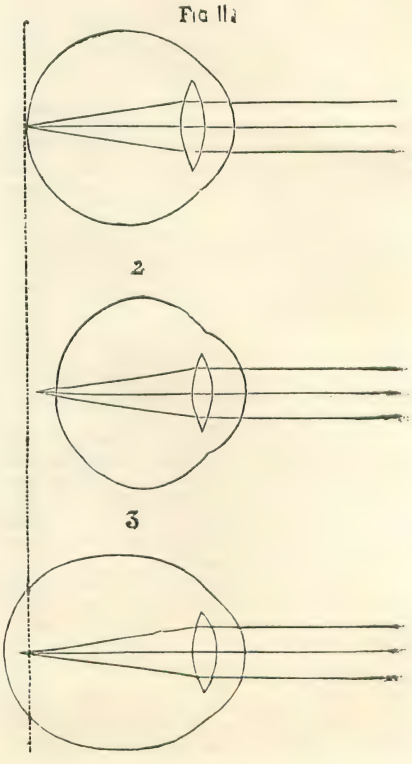
In Fig. 1 the structure of the eye is shown diagrammatically, as if seen cut through the middle from back to front. In front is the transparent cornea (C), behind which lies the lens (L), with the chamber containing the aqueous fluid and the iris (I) between them.

Fig. 1.



The iris is seen projecting like a curtain in front of the lens, cutting off a certain proportion of light, which would otherwise pass through the lens. This iris, or curtain, has the power of contracting or expanding, according to the greater or less amount of light to

Fig II.



which the eye may be exposed at the time. The lens is seen to be attached by its ligament (LI) to the muscle (M) of the eye, which again is united with the external or sclerotic covering (S) of the eye. All round the posterior part of the eye the sclerotic is lined on the inside with the retina (R) or screen upon which the images are projected; and the retina is connected with the brain by a nerve whose function is to convey the physical impression produced on the retina to the more central parts of the brain.

In a perfectly normal eye, such as is represented in outline in Fig. ii. 1, the power of the lens, and its distance from the retina, are such that parallel rays of light—*i.e.*, rays of light coming from any object more than a few feet distant, are brought to a focus exactly upon the surface of the retina. If the focus of the eye were unalterable, then all rays coming from an object nearer than this distance would be focussed at some little distance behind the retina, since it was pointed out that the nearer the object the longer the focal distance from the lens; but the eye, by a most ingenious arrangement, is prepared for this difficulty, and is enabled to focus itself for objects within only a few inches of the lens. While in the camera the focus is adjusted by increasing the distance of the lens from the screen as the object is approached, in the human eye the same result is obtained by an increase of the power of the lens. Although the lens is of fairly dense structure, its shape is capable of being slightly altered by the action of the ciliary muscle; and the purpose of this muscle is, by its construction, so to influence the lens that it possesses greater refractive power, or, in other words, has a shorter focal length.

The continuous contraction of this muscle, however, just as of other muscles, produces a feeling of fatigue; and that sense of fatigue is what exists when the eyes are said to be strained by observing any object held for some little time very close in front of the eyes.

By means of this focussing power, the normal eye has an exceedingly long range of vision, the range extending, practically, from infinity, or at least the distance of the most remote stars, to a distance of three or four inches from the eye, within which, with most people, vision becomes indistinct. Such, however, is not by any means the case with eyes which depart, to any marked extent, from the normal condition, and such departure occurs in two opposite directions, presenting respectively what are popularly known as the longsighted and the shortsighted eye.

The longsighted eye, a diagram of which is represented in (Fig. ii. 2) is characterised by its relative shortness of distance from lens to retina, so that objects at a distance in front of the lens are focussed behind, instead of on the surface of the retina, and consequently are not seen with distinctness. And necessarily the indistinctness becomes greater the nearer the object approaches to the lens, as in doing so it requires a greater focal length.

To a considerable extent this imperfection is remedied by the focussing power of the eye, the ciliary muscle acting on the lens so as to increase the strength, and thus placing the longsighted eye for a time on an equality with the normal eye. But this equality is only partial and only temporary, for in the first place the muscle very soon becomes tired, and relaxes its contraction, thus rendering the image again indistinct; and in the second place the focussing is only possible to a limited extent, so that while the normal eye can see clearly an object three or four inches in front of it, the longsighted eye will not see distinctly anything nearer than from eighteen to twenty-four inches, according to the amount of longsightedness; and even this only for a short time and at the cost of considerable straining and fatigue. Practically, a longsighted eye is at all times in the same condition as a normal eye is when focussed and strained to observe near objects, and the greater the longsightedness the greater the focussing and straining required to see clearly even objects at a considerable distance. The effect of this straining is often to produce continuous and severe headache, and even worse results not unfrequently follow, if the imperfection is not remedied.

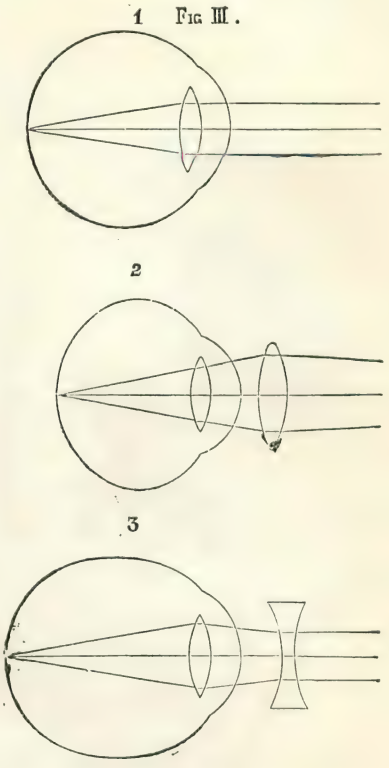
The shortsighted eye (Fig. ii. 3), on the other hand, errs from the normal in the opposite direction. In it the distance of the retina behind the lens is greater than the focal length, and the consequence is that distant objects are brought to a focus in front of the retina, and indistinctness results; and in this case there is no compensation from any focussing power in the eye. While the ciliary muscle by its contraction can increase considerably the strength of the lens, there is no mechanism for decreasing its strength, so that the shortsighted eye is quite helpless as regards distant objects, and a short-sighted person never, without artificial aid, is able to see distinctly any objects more than a few feet, or, it may be, more than a few inches in front of him.

As the objects approach, the focal length gradually increases, until the focus does coincide with the surface of the retina, and then clear vision exists; and as an eye with this character is able to observe objects more closely than a normal eye, often seeing distinctly an object held from half an inch to one inch in front, shortsighted persons are usually gifted with great acuteness of vision for very near objects. While a longsighted eye generally remains much the same throughout life, a shortsighted eye usually tends to become more shortsighted as life advances, and this is especially the case when employments are followed which require close application.

Both these aberrations from the normal type are capable of rectification by the aid of artificial lenses or spectacles. In the longsighted eye, the object to be attained is to shorten the focal length so as to bring the image upon the retina without unduly straining the contractile power of the ciliary muscle, and this is effected, as shown in Fig. iii. 2, by placing in front of the eye a convex lens of the requisite power. The strength of lens required is ascertained by experiment with lenses of known focal length. The action of the muscle, which varies from time to time, would interfere with the exact measurement of the longsightedness if there did not fortunately exist, in the action of the plant belladonna, the power of paralysing it temporarily; but with the muscle completely paralysed for a time one is able to measure exactly the length of convex lens required to bring the focus of distant objects on the retina. Distant objects being thus focussed, as in the normal eye, without any action of the ciliary muscle, near objects with its assistance are seen as clearly with the spectacled longsighted eye as with the unaided normal eye.

A lens of an opposite character is required for the shortsighted eye (Fig. iii. 3), the object in its case being to increase the focal length. This is effected by means of a concave lens, which neutralises a certain amount of the focussing power of the lens of the eye, and thus throws back the focus on the retina. As the ciliary muscle does not interfere with the determination of the amount of shortsightedness, no preliminary paralysis of that muscle is necessary before testing the shortsighted eye, and the concave lens being adjusted of such strength as to permit of distant vision, the muscle accommodates the eye for near vision just as in the case of the normal, or the spectacled longsighted eye. It will thus be seen that the shortsighted eye, if aided by spectacles, has a rather longer range than even the normal eye, for while the near point of the normal eye is at a distance of three or four inches from the eye, the shortsighted eye, by removing its spectacles,

Fig III.



can bring its near point to an inch or half an inch, while with the spectacles its far point is as distant as that of the normal eye.

The important part which the muscle of the eye plays in adjusting the focus for objects at varying distances has been more than once pointed out; and it has been shown that its utility is dependent upon a condition of the lens allowing of slight alterations in its form. As middle age progresses, the lens loses a considerable amount of this elasticity, and the alteration required for near vision is effected with increasing difficulty, and with less efficiency; so that after from forty to fifty years of age the near point of distinct vision recedes from the eye until often it is impossible to read comfortably at a nearer distance than eighteen inches to two feet. Here also a convex lens becomes useful in aiding the weakened power of the lens of the eye; and its use should always be resorted to when reading or writing becomes irksome at a distance nearer than fourteen to sixteen inches. Spectacles are always conservative in their tendency, and it is an utter mistake to suppose that the eyesight will be in any way weakened by their use, provided only spectacles of a proper character and strength are obtained. The struggle between a wearied muscle and a gradually hardening lens is one that can only end in the defeat of the muscle; and the fight is carried on at the expense of the proprietor of the eye, and paid for in fatigue, headache, and discomfort. Surely, the wiser part is to recognise honestly one of the first symptoms of advancing age, and to take advantage, as early as needful, of the means of alleviation which are afforded by the scientific application of spectacles.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

By ALICE KING.

I.

WELL did the gentle knight of old
Who, ere he sought the listed field
For deeds of prowess fair and bold,
First wrote this motto on his shield.

II.

And Christian womanhood to-day,
Before she joins earth's dreary strife,
Well does upon her heart to lay
The words as motto for her life.

III.

For her those gallant words shall mean
To find in patient calm her might,
To walk the world a shrinéd queen,
And yet to serve in love's soft light.

IV.

To gird the champion's armour on,
To bid him strike, and strike for God,
And fearless point his way upon
The thorny road the Master trod.

V.

To cheer the weak, to bless the true
With words of sweetness, words of power,
To sing the darkest midnight through,
As if it were the noonday hour.

VI.

To speak brave words in Christ's dear name,
Yet learn in gracious silence still;
Star-like to shine o'er sin and shame,
Yet hope 'mid clouds of blackest ill.

VII.

To love where blame and hate are strong,
To whisper peace when storms rage loud,
To move with quiet grace along,
Amid the tumult of the crowd.

VIII.

To crush with firm relentless hand
The gilded lie, the hollow show,
And yet, as priestess mild, to stand
Where genial social altars glow.

IX.

To make all household music rise
In graceful mirth, in airy chime,
Yet fathom with clear angel eyes
The deepest mysteries of time.

X.

To take life's gravest burdens up,
Yet warble softly all the while,
To grasp and drink life's bitterest cup,
Yet like a steadfast seraph smile.

"SEATED BESIDE HER KITCHEN DRESSER."

A FEARSOME HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER I.

NURSE COLLINS CLEANS DOWN HER COTTAGE.

THE last week in July, and London in an all-pervaded condition of hot dustiness. That conscientious Member of Parliament, Mr. Perivale, found his attendance at the House growing somewhat irksome, in spite of the great interest attaching to many of the important questions that had occupied time and thought during the Session.

It may have been due to his own feelings of weariness that he sympathised so readily with his younger daughter, Violet, when she sighed out, one of those close, sultry evenings—

"Oh, dear! I wish I were a skylark or a dairymaid. Neither of those beings has to spend the hottest, brightest months of the year in London."

Mr. Perivale echoed the sigh almost audibly. He had but just returned from Westminster, and had in immediate prospect a second attendance at the House for a protracted sitting that night. Certainly, he did not exactly wish to exchange his duties for those of a dairymaid, nor to exchange identities with one, and he

would not have felt particularly favoured by being allowed to become a skylark.

But still, the visions of fresh air, dewy green fields, and freedom which Violet had called up were very tantalising. Someone else found them so, also, and had less scruple as to speaking out his sentiments upon the matter.

The only son and heir, sixteen-year-old Merton Perivale, had returned home from his private tutor's for the vacation two days ago, and he had already come to the conclusion that London in summer-time, with its half-emptiness and stifling atmosphere, was "a very slow place."

"If only Curfew Towers had not been let to those horrid people," he exclaimed, impatiently, "we need not have wasted time wishing rubbish, but we could have gone down there as usual."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Perivale, gently, as she laid her hand on her boy's arm, "don't you think that it would have been a pity to refuse such a splendid offer for the Towers this season, as we are all going abroad directly your father's Parliamentary duties set him free? You will not have to put up with London much longer, you know."

The expression of Merton Perivale's handsome face had grown calmer under his mother's soothing influence, but he said, dolefully enough—

"'Not much longer,' do you call it! Over a fortnight, at any rate!"

At this point in the short dialogue Mr. Perivale himself broke in cheerfully—

"Yes, Tony, my boy, over a fortnight, I expect, before I am set free from the political treadmill; but, meantime, I really don't see why you should all stay here, to be fried alive, because I see well to do so."

"Oh!" gasped Merton, as though he believed that his ears must be mocking him with the sound of words too good to be true.

But a fifth voice, that had not yet been heard on this subject, also gasped out "Oh!" and with a very strong accent of disapprobation. Impetuous Miss Rose sprang up from her low seat in one of the open windows, darted across the room to her father, seized his arm in both her little white hands, and exclaimed, indignantly—

"Papa, if you think that you are going to pack us all off to foreign parts to enjoy ourselves, and leave you here to choke and smother, and have tired headaches, all by yourself, I can only tell you 'that's where you make the mistake.'"

"Did you learn the accomplishment of quoting comic songs from Fraulein von Weber, missie?" asked Mr. Perivale, as he bestowed a pretended pinch upon the small pink ear nearest to hand. Then he went on, in a different tone, "It is a good little rosebud to cling to its father so lovingly; but, nevertheless, I think I shall send you three young folks away into fresher air without waiting for Parliament to rise, if only your mother can find out some place safe enough for the charge of such a harum-scarum party."

Merton looked eagerly and entreatingly at Mrs. Perivale; Violet's langour gave way to interest, and she, too, sought her mother's face with questioning anxiety. Mrs. Perivale bestowed a nod of encouragement upon the two, and then turned to her husband with an answer to him.

"Well, dear, strangely enough, I do happen, this very morning, to have heard of a place that would exactly meet our wishes for the children. But I doubt whether Merton has not grown to feel too old and dignified, of late, for it to suit him."

Merton's face flushed rather hotly, and his father said, laughing—

"Suppose you let us hear all about it, then, mother, and afterwards Mr. Dignity shall have the casting vote whether to go or stay. Where is this harbour of refuge from London smoke for our London sparrows?"

"You shall hear. I will read you the letter I received by the first post," replied Mrs. Perivale, drawing a letter from her pocket, and giving its contents to her hearers forthwith.

The old nurse of her own childhood had taken a roomy old-fashioned cottage, with her widowed daughter, in an out-of-the-world-named village on the Cornish coast, and she had written now to beg her "dear, dear Miss Vyvian, begging pardon, she meant Mrs. Perivale," to recommend lodgers to her, if ever there should be the opportunity.

The epistle wound up with, "Hopping as her dear Miss Vyvian, and her dear Miss Vyvian's good and honoured gentleman, and the young Master and the young Missies, are all left as well as it found her at that present, barring only a touch of the rhumatiz."

But before that ending had been reached the flush on Merton's face had given way to smiles, and there was a frank, bright ring in his voice as he exclaimed—

"Oh, father! by all means let us go to Marry-warry-Cracky, or whatever the place is called. A fortnight there must be awfully jolly; and it will be the very thing, having old Nurse Collins to look after Vi, and cheer her up with cream and new-laid eggs, and all that sort of thing."

The parents glanced at the delicate lamb of their flock, and felt that it would be so much "the very thing" that, after a few more words of discussion and consultation, an answer was written to old Mrs. Collins, offering the two girls and their brother as the first lodgers, and announcing that they would arrive the day following that on which the note should be received.

Even Rose was reconciled to the prospect when her father told her, between jest and earnest, that he and her mother were quite looking forward to having a little perfectly quiet Darby and Joan time together.

"And I will come as far as Exeter to fetch you," he further continued, "as soon as the season arrives for us all to set out to Switzerland."

That assurance put the finishing touch to the general atmosphere of satisfaction in Westbourne-terrace. To some of the party the pleasant prospect appeared to have actually made the air cooler and more bearable. But certainly Mrs. Perivale failed to put any of this new and impalpable freshness into the letter she despatched to Cornwall, if one might judge by the effect it produced on its recipient.

Three times had Mrs. Collins spelt through the lady's information, and each time with her face growing hotter and the beads of perspiration on her forehead growing thicker. And little wonder; for here were the people coming whom of all others she would fain should find pleasure and comfort beneath her roof, and there "wasn't nowt to rights, and none to make it so."

The fact of the matter was that, never expecting the wished-for lodgers to come forward so quickly, Mrs. Collins's widowed daughter, Betsy Simpson, had accepted an invitation to spend a week with a sister of her late husband's, twenty miles off, and the old mother had now none with her but an eight-year-old grandchild, little Alice.

Poor Mrs. Collins rubbed the large, snow-white handkerchief over her forehead and almost groaned. Dear wee Alice stepped up close before her with frightened eyes and the awed whisper—

"Are you ill, granny dear?"

The answer she received was queer and decidedly startling: "To suppose as a chit like you could drag them beds upstairs and down is stuff and nonsense. And as for your a-scrubbing of the place through from top to bottom—there, never go to talk such rubbish."

To say that Alice's brown eyes were now opened to their widest extent in no way sufficiently expresses the unbounded astonishment with which she was regarding her grandmother.

"Why, granny," she ejaculated, "I never did talk anything of the sort."

And she wound up her expostulation with a sob of mingled dismay and bewilderment, which did more than perhaps anything else could have done towards restoring her kind-hearted grandmother to some measure of self-possession. She put out her hand, and, drawing the child within her arms, said, tenderly—

"There, there, little one; don't ye look so solemn-faced, whatever I am bound to do. Of course ye never said them things; I know that right enough. I were but telling out loud the answers to thoughts as had come into my own head."

And then Alice was let into the secret of the news that "two grand young ladies and a grand young gentleman" were to arrive there the next day.

"And it's gone three now!" groaned poor old Mrs. Collins, relapsing into despair. "And all them mattresses piled one atop of t'other in the back room, and never a bit of downright cleanin' done for this month past! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall us do?"

And she looked round about on her spotless white boards, bright grates, and shining furniture, as though to her country eyes they presented a shocking spectacle of untidiness. However, whatever else was left undone, beds at least must be prepared for the expected party, and, thanks to the glorious hot weather of the past six weeks, which rendered all fears as to damp superfluous, that part of the business proved to be a much less formidable affair than the troubled landlady had anticipated. Alice was a most vigorous and willing helpmate, and by six o'clock the front bedroom, with its two neat little beds and its splendid outlook upon the wild rocks and sea, was ready for the two girls; and the back room, with its wide view over a noble moor, was comfortable enough in appearance, as well as fact, to satisfy even the fastidious Merton.

Mrs. Collins took her stand in the passage between the two apartments, and as she gazed from one to the other, she once more heaved a deep sigh; but this time it was one of relief, for, after all, she began to feel a justifiable pride in her simple home again, and to decide that she need not be afraid to receive even "her dear Miss Vyvian's" children beneath her roof.

Bestowing a hearty kiss and a large piece of shortcake upon little Alice, she sent the child out of doors to rest and play after her extra hard labours, and then old Nurse Collins made herself a regular good strong cup of tea, which, as she herself expressed it, "she took anyhow," seated beside her kitchen dresser, before turning to attack the somewhat imaginary griminess of the bay-windowed sitting-room.

(To be continued.)

GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By DORA HOPE.

ALL the girls were grouped together in the large hall, waiting for the few stragglers who were always late, and Miss Gwen stood on the stairs to see them start and give them a cheery good-bye. For, on this bright June day, they were going on the first excursion of the summer season. It would probably be followed by many others, for during the summer the girls had a long excursion about once a fortnight, but there is something special about a first occasion, and there was a flutter of anticipation amongst the crowd waiting for the signal to start. They had to walk four miles straight off to begin with. Miss Gwen had no sort of patience with girls who said they could not walk, and the consequence was that the complainers generally forgot their weakness, and began to enjoy the long rambles as much as anyone.

To-day's expedition was to an open heath, but there was a clear deep stream hard by, and a view of hills and woods to right and left. Here the large party were divided into three sets, each with its own leader, and each started on its own campaign with a different object in view, for it must be understood that the excursion was not a mere holiday. It was to give as much education as the driest and dreariest of class-room lessons, but the teaching was to be conveyed in a pleasant form. As one of the naughty girls remarked, it was like taking a sugared pill, or a powder in a spoonful of jam.

Our party was to have a lesson in botany, with very practical demonstrations, each finding her own specimens and adding them to her collection in blotting book, or tin specimen case. Every botanist was to make a bouquet of wild flowers, having regard to symmetry, colour, and general beauty of arrangement. This came naturally enough to some, but others again seemed to aim only at crowding the greatest possible number of flowers into the smallest possible compass. The result was a hard solid mass, which, if thrown to an *artiste* on platform or stage, would form a really dangerous missile, but a pretty taste in such matters may be easily cultivated with a kind and capable teacher, and the array of posies spread out for Miss Gwen's inspection was generally a very satisfactory one.

Party number two were bent on the study of insect life, and the enthusiasts in this pursuit caused some amusement to the others by the agile way in which they skipped about, waving their green nets and pouncing upon their prey.

The third party were soon busy sketching, under the direction of the drawing mistress, who considered this branch of the art the most important to the ordinary student, though it is the one usually left untaught. "You may never be artists, girls," she often said, "but there is hardly one of you who will not be able to preserve a remembrance of every place you visit, if you will always remember the principles of making a characteristic sketch."

Thus the morning passed happily and profitably.

At half-past twelve the fat brown pony was seen trotting contentedly towards the meeting-place, drawing the little carriage with Miss Gwen therein, followed by a man from a farm close at hand carrying a large can of milk. She first dispensed a store of buns and biscuits to the hungry girls, then looked at the result of the morning's work, bestowing a word of praise or blame to the anxious students; after which the sketches and specimens they had collected were packed into the carriage, and they all turned homewards, reaching Spike House in good time, and good condition too, for a late dinner.

Two or three girls remained at home that day, Ruth and Minnie amongst them, whose week it was to arrange and make the puddings.

Things were out of their usual order on excursion days, for most of the teachers accompanied the party; so when the two young cooks found a heap of apples and a bowl of green gooseberries set out for them, they knew not what to do with them.

"Gooseberry fool and apple charlotte, I propose," said Ruth.

"Couldn't we contrive to have something a little more original? Why not transpose them, and have apple fool and gooseberry charlotte?"

"Well, I never heard of either, and perhaps they would not be nice."

"Never mind, let us try; I do love variety."

So they set to work and picked the gooseberries, stewed them a little till soft, then put them in layers with plenty of sugar between thin slices of bread-and-butter, and cooked the whole just like an apple charlotte.

"It is a good thing apples do not stain," said Minnie, peeling away vigorously.

"But they do. You ought to be careful of your hands; the stain is so hard to get off, though lemon-juice is the best thing I know of. If linen is stained with apple or other fruit, you wet the place and stretch it over a cup of water; then light a brimstone match, and hold it over the spot, as near as possible without singeing, and slowly the stain fades out."

"But I shouldn't like to try that on my fingers, thank you," laughed Minnie.

They made the apple fool as they would with gooseberries, only with less sugar, and both experiments turned out successfully.

"Now let us be quick, Minnie, and write the list of things in season for June; as we have the first week in the month, you know, it is our turn to make out the list. If we are quick we shall be in time to go and meet the girls coming back."

"Oh, dear," sighed Minnie; "I never can think of anything but lettuces, and Miss Down always says it is not the best time for them."

"I think you will be right for once. I heard gardener say this morning what nice ones were to be had now; he says they are 'quite a picture.' Then there is asparagus."

"Why, Ruth, even I know better than that; I saw some in a shop a month ago."

"Yes, but that was forced; it is the out-of-door asparagus that is in season in June. Then gooseberries and new potatoes are plentiful, and cucumbers and young carrots and turnips. Now, Minnie, you must do the fish, or else the list will be all my work."

"Oh, Ruth, how hard-hearted you are; how often shall I have to tell you that I have a soul above cooking, and cannot stoop to remember these trifling details. But if you must drag me down to these degrading subjects, I presume goslings and ducklings will soon be ready for eating, as I saved a whole flock of them from being devoured by old Smith's dog in the village the other day, and they looked so fat and tempting they really seemed be waddling about on purpose to whet the appetites of the village dogs. But what are you laughing at, Ruth? It is perfectly true."

"Pray do not put on that injured air; I was only wondering if your lofty mind imagined that ducks and geese were fish; but that is, as you say, a trifle quite beneath you, and as it happens I got up early this morning and studied all the cookery books till I found out what fish were most plentiful. Here is the list: 'Whitebait, soles, trout, mullet, and salmon, and whiting towards the end of the month.' And do not forget to put down that venison came in last month."

All this time nothing had been heard of Jim. Inquiries had been made in the neighbouring towns; but all in vain, no trace of him could be found. Miss Gwen reproached herself bitterly, now that it was too late, for not having seen that there was something strange in the style of his confession of stealing the ring, to which he alluded in his letter as having "ony sed so to oblidge." The confession had come about in this way.

In the three bath-rooms which the house boasted there had hitherto been sets of warm felt mats. There were a number of them, each girl having made one for herself of brown or grey felt, ornamented with a bold arabesque design of Turkey twill, or other fast-coloured materials, appliqué, with fleecy wool or yarn, and button-holed round the edge in colours to match the design. The glass panes in the doors had dried ferns, autumn leaves, and pressed flowers gummed upon them, and then a piece of book muslin pasted all over the pane, leaves and all. This had the effect of ground glass inside the room, while the leaves and flowers looked very pretty from the outside.

But to return to the mats. They were now, after long and constant use, completely worn out, and Miss Gwen had bought in their place a length of the new cork carpet, which she knew to be excellent for the purpose, being durable, and striking really warm to the feet of the bather, and she had set Jim to work with a sharp knife, to cut it into pieces the right length to lay by the side of the baths.

Miss Gwen never said more to Jim than she was obliged, and somehow, quite against her own wishes or intentions, her heart had become hardened against him. Though she really thought she had forgiven and forgotten, she could not feel quite the same towards the ungrateful boy who persisted in trying to deceive her. The servants and many of the girls plainly showed their distrust, and his life became a burden to him. He at last resolved to break down the barrier, and, if possible, get back into his former position; so he suddenly laid down the strip of cork he was carrying, and, turning abruptly to Miss Gwen, said doggedly, with his eyes on the ground, "Please, m'm, I'm going to confess."

"Oh, the ring? Well, I am really glad, James. I cannot tell you how glad I am that you have decided to speak the truth at last," she said, kindly. "How I wish you had done so at once; but better late than never, and I am sure it will never happen again. How was it, James?"

"I dunno, m'm," he said, with his eyes still on the ground.

"A sudden temptation, I suppose," she said, thinking to help him out; but as no further confession was elicited, she proceeded to talk to him kindly about the necessity of praying

for strength other than his own to resist these sudden temptations, adding, "so we will say no more about it. Give me the ring and I will restore it to Miss Selby privately."

"Oh, lor!" ejaculated Jim, as though struck by a new and startling thought.

"Why, did you not expect to give it up?" cried Miss Gwen, wondering at this imperfect style of repentance. "Go and fetch it immediately. Where is it?"

"I don't just know where 'tis," he stammered.

"Don't know where it is!" ejaculated Miss Gwen, in her sternest tone; "what nonsense, give it to me at once."

"I—I lorst it as soon as ever I found it. I don't know where 'tis no more than nothin'. Expects I dropped it diggin' the 'taters. But you'll be all right with me again now I've took and confessed, won't you, m'm?"

Miss Gwen had thought this strange at the time, but supposing it to be only unwillingness to give up the ring, she had resolved to say no more, but wait patiently, hoping that a further confession would follow soon. But now it was too late, and Miss Gwen felt that her own dulness of comprehension was to blame for the poor boy being turned out alone into the world once more.

(*To be continued.*)

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

WHEN May Castle, having composed herself after the long drive, and attired herself in her soft, black robe, with its plain, white muslin ruffles, was led into the Balacluva parlour to be introduced to Mrs. Stewart, she felt that she saw just the very one person needed to complete the picture of her new friend's home life.

Mrs. Stewart, who had herself been born on the island, being, indeed, of pure Norse descent, had not married before she had attained mature years. And partly through this, and partly through her delicate health, and, perhaps, the habits of her life, she had a general air of seniority beyond what need have belonged to her as Margaret's mother. After a first glance at her in her dark cashmere gown, with a cloud-like white shawl enveloping her shoulders, while her softly-waving, silvery hair was brushed under a net cap of quaint fashion, one carried away the idea of "an old lady." But one only needed to sit beside her a little while, and talk with her, to lose all idea of age or infirmity in connection with her. She seemed set aside from earthliness altogether, a pure spirit imprisoned in a fragile house of clay, through whose every chink it could refresh itself with the balmy breezes and genial sunbeams of its native paradise.

She had not had altogether an easy life—that lady of Balacluva, though her strong patience and sweet determination had made it to seem so, and in the end to be so. She had married against the prejudices of her own family, whose fortunes had suffered so severely in past times from the hands of Scotch invaders that they were inclined to hate all of Scottish race. She had had to bear the chafing of her husband's hot and sturdy temper against the coldness and rancour of her kinsfolk, and had had in the end to see the last of her brothers, poor, proud, and pitiful, receive help from the hands of the laird, and pass from the island, the ancient line vanishing with him.

She had had to see her men children taken from her one by one, most of them from the cradle, but her youngest from the winsome glow of beauteous boyhood. She had wept long and bitterly, but she had not murmured: death was everywhere. God must know His own purposes, and why should she escape the sorrow she saw all around? She had found it less easy to reconcile herself to the enjoyment of blessings which did not seem so universal. Where the balance was apparent on her own side, she could not quite readily accept the easy creed that "there is compensation in all things." After she had visited the sick poor, she seemed to feel, under her own eiderdown, the chill of aged limbs beneath the weight of poor, coarse covering. She had even a tolerant word, and oh, what self-accusing reflections! concerning the poor old women who were strongly suspected of malingering for the sake of the pauper dole. What would become of her in their place? How could she carry cashies of peat on her back, and fetch bags of meal from the mills, and walk over miles of sopping roads in quest of divots to shelter the poor cows and ponies from the rain when a storm had unroofed the byre? "Oh, she was quite different!" Aye, indeed, she was, she would say within herself, and the benefactions of Balacluva were carried to the hovels around in no spirit of proud condescension, but in one of deep humility, and Mrs. Stewart did not thank God that she was not as others, but felt that she craved their forgiveness that it was so. She could not complacently assert with the old hymn writer—

"Not more than others I deserve
Yet God has given me more,"

for she felt but too strongly that there was one sentence of the Master's whose full significance the world has not yet fathomed—

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

So sensitive a soul had only been saved from morbidness by strong religious faith. Just because Mrs. Stewart could not believe that God cared for her more than for His poor, she was in no danger of feeling that He could care for her less. Somehow, she could always trust them and all her problems about them to His love and wisdom, and so she could trust herself. The sins of the world were not laid upon her, but upon Him. The father does not make his children responsible for all the house, but only requires them to render a smiling obedience to those commands which are issued to them.

As her soft, elderly hand closed round May's firm young hand, and her kind eyes looked up in May's strong young face, there arose in the girl's mind a text, which was ever afterwards associated in her memory with the sweet mistress of Balacluva—

"And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

A continuous stream of talk flowed on round the little circle all through the course of the impromptu meal. It struck May afterwards that though she, an utter stranger, was thus thrown into a family group at its first re-union after a somewhat eventful separation, she received no painful sense of outsideness. Both the laird and Margaret managed to involve her in their own recitals, and on any general subject the lady of the house invariably addressed the guest.

Mrs. Stewart did not talk very much herself, but her influence rested on all the varying conversation like summer sunshine on a restless sea. It brightened whatever it touched, and left its brightness upon it. It was not that Mrs. Stewart refused to smile at an oddity or to censure a fault when either came before her; possibly she gave less tangible praise than many do. But one felt that she saw things and people at their best; that she never took them at an unfair advantage, but did them full justice, and that her very blame was given in loving disappointment that they did not fulfil possibilities which her faith saw in them, and might soon help them to see in themselves. She had that truly Christian imagination which behind the commonest workings of daily life recognises virtue and romance. She read the secret of many a dull and humble soul, and could have told its history in a way that might have startled itself, and yet have been quite true to its chronicle in the kingdom of God.

May would have been tempted to think that she had arrived in a country peopled by saints and martyrs had she heard Mrs. Stewart speak only of the islanders in the narratives she gave to her husband and daughter of all that had happened in their absence. But in her questions to May she spoke also of certain Fowlis people, and the light in

which she set their characters and histories brought home to the girl some of her own reflections on board the steamer. We wonder sometimes how God can have patience with such a world as ours. Perhaps if we saw with His sight we should share His patience. The good can well believe in goodness, because their heart vibrates in response whenever one of its chords is touched anywhere, however faintly.

Margaret would not allow May to run any risk of being, or fancying herself to be, an intruder on the heads of the family. As soon as dinner was over she said, "Now, we will leave papa and mamma to take a rest, and I will show you over the house, and make you feel yourself at home."

"Dear me, Peggy," laughed the laird, "won't you give Miss Castle one night's peace? The house will keep till to-morrow, child, and there's no method for thoroughly learning one's way about Balacluva passages except by losing oneself in them."

Margaret shook her graceful head. "You yourself taught me, papa," she said, with sweet sauciness, "never to defer till to-morrow what can be done to-day, and though the house will keep as you say, the fine edge of Miss Castle's interest will be worn off. A day sometimes makes a world of difference in our feelings."

Oh, Margaret, Margaret, did you afterwards remember your words? A simple general truth has in it such strange power of special prophecy!

The house of Balacluva, though many-chambered, was not large, for none of its rooms were of dignified proportions, and most of them were very small. The laird had not exaggerated concerning its bewildering passages, some short, some long, some straight, some tortuous, some breaking off into short flights of stairs. Margaret explained that the house had been added to considerably from time to time, and that a laudable desire not to destroy the grim unity of its exterior had not always been compatible with simplicity of arrangement within.

She showed May the apartment which had been known for generations as "the lady's room;" no sunny boudoir like that at Fowlis Lodge; no stately chamber like the ruin in *Fowlis Castle*.

"HER SOFT, ELDERLY HAND CLOSED ROUND MAY'S."

but a low, wide apartment, lined with presses and shelves, wherein her mother and her "foremothers" had kept stores of wholesome and medicinal dainties, cooling jellies, and cordial wines, which had been dealt out with no unsparing hand among their poor sick neighbours. There were also homely drugs, useful in familiar ailments, and even simple surgical appliances, such as might alleviate suffering, or stave off the increase of evil till more effectual help could reach the out-of-the-way sufferer. There was, too, a shelf of books bearing on medical matters, their various dates showing that the helpful interest of the Balacluva ladies was neither modern nor stagnant, the latest being works on sanitation, and the prevention rather than the cure of disease. There were also drawers full of old linen stored away for emergencies, which might easily exhaust the resources of the crofter's household.

Margaret told May that her mother had had no mean skill as a nurse and doctress, having, during one of her visits to the south, some years before, taken up residence for a while among some nursing sisters, to gain experience under their training. She had since imparted as much as possible of her knowledge and skill to a trusted woman servant, who had acted as Mrs. Stewart's deputy in such matters since the lady's own health had failed. Margaret herself had been watchful of all opportunities for acquiring such helpful powers.

"They are always useful anywhere," she said, with a sudden gravity settling on her bright face, probably at the thought that she herself would have to exercise them elsewhere than on her beloved island. The happiest love affair is made tender by the shadow of household change.

"One likes to help the people as much as one can," she said. "One would wish to do so much for them which is not in one's power. They ought to have better houses, with easier possibilities of health and cleanliness. But just because papa and all his forefathers have always been easy, indulgent landlords we are not rich. Anywhere but in Shetland, Miss Castle, we should be quite poor, but you know there is a French proverb which says, "In the country of blind men, the one-eyed man is a king." And we are even poorer than we need be in the natural order of things, because during papa's minority his guardians made some mistaken investments, which led to utter disaster and loss so far as they were concerned."

The two girls had wandered into the largest room in the mansion, the great drawing-room, with its wide window commanding a glorious view of rocks, bay, and distant holms, and of a sweep of sky, just now aflame with sunset glories. The golden light made the sombre room radiant, illuminating its antique brasses and bringing out the purple and vermilion of its old china.

Margaret had brought May here to show her a case of family miniatures. She drew her attention first to those portraits which were broadest and least personal in their interest: the general officer, or the learned divine, who had made the name of Stewart more or less notable in some other part of the world. Then she bade her remark the likeness of an old lady, whose unyielding carriage, solemn features, and formidable cap preserved her individuality distinctly through all the black blankness of the old-fashioned silhouette.

"That is papa's grandmother," said Margaret. "It was she who brought him up. For fifty years of wifehood and motherhood she was the reigning lady of Balacluva. You heard me allude to my father's long minority? Do you know that papa's father, that old lady's only son, died before the birth of his child, my father, and his young wife, my poor grandmother, died but a few months later, so all my father's filial duty was paid to great-grandmamma, who certainly deserved it all. She must have been a fine woman. Of course, she was dead before my time, though she lived to a great age; but I seem to know her quite well, papa speaks so much of her. She was one of those people who have sayings and doings which can be remembered. But she belonged entirely to the old school, and was one of those who allow love to be reared only on a solid basis of awe—almost fear. I sometimes think she was probably a little severe to poor grandmamma, papa's own mother. This is her portrait."

May was glad that she had hazarded no remark on the picture now pointed out, for she had already looked at it and had thought what a weak and false face it was, despite all its prettiness. Surely the old laird had lost little in having such a mother replaced by the stern old matron of the earlier generation.

"It was all a very sad story," Margaret went on, "and I pity poor great-grandmamma quite as much as grandmamma, for the discovery of secrecy and deception where she trusted in good faith and frankness must have been very hard for a woman like her to bear. Grandmamma was a young orphan lady of gentle birth, who had been left in great-grandmamma's charge. Her name was Mina Quendall. There was a nephew of great-grandmamma's, who was much about Balacluva in those days, one Adam Leask. He was great-grandmamma's own sister's son, so that she could hardly refuse him shelter, though she despised his character, and was always in great fear least he should succeed in wooing and wedding Mina Quendall. She was very angry with Mina for the encouragement she seemed to give him."

"Did she wish Miss Quendall to marry her own son?" asked May.

Margaret shook her head, "No, indeed," she said, "she would have wished quite otherwise, had such a thing been even suggested to her as likely. But at last one day, when my grandfather was a young man, he and some others, among whom was this cousin Adam Leask, went for a pleasure voyage among the islands. A storm came on, and their boat was wrecked and several were drowned. Among the dead was my young grandfather and among the living was Adam Leask. Terrible was the lamentation about Balacluva. There was not only loving grief within the house, but bewilderment and dismay outside, for my grandfather was the sole heir of the direct line, and his death, childless, would take the estate to a remote Stewart connection, of whom nobody knew anything. But presently a strange rumour went about, which was by-and-by confirmed. It was, that in the pocket of the drowned man, my grandfather, there had been found a document which quite satisfied all the legal requirements of the rough and ready marriage laws of those days, and which declared Mina Quendall to be his lawful wife, and to have been so for some time previous to his death."

"Oh, how cruel all that misunderstanding was!" cried May. "What could have induced the young couple to such a course?"

"There didn't seem any adequate reason for it," answered Margaret. "That is, if anything could be an adequate reason for what is wrong. It was a dreadful blow to my great-grandparents, though my great-grandfather took some comfort when he found that the birth of a posthumous child would keep the old place in the old line. But not even that seemed to console my great-grandmother. They say her hair turned from raven to white in the course of a few weeks, and that she used to go alone and sit apart, trying to school herself to bear the bitter truth, that the son who had seemed so frank and loving had yet misled and deceived her. They say she tried hard to be very kind to the young widow, my grandmother, thinking how dreadful her position was, and how terribly her wrong-doings had been punished. Nobody could quite understand my grandmother herself at that time; it was even thought her reason might be slightly affected, she showed so little grief, and yet seemed so unhappy and so disinclined to accept any soothing or kindness. She got worse rather than better after the baby, my father, was born. She took very little notice of her infant, and the only feeling she showed was of dislike to and shrinking from her husband's cousin, Adam Leask, who seemed to attend upon her with brotherly devotion. Some thought that probably he had been in the secret of the marriage all through, and some imagined that my grandmother's new antipathy to him had developed from a disordered fancy that he might have saved my grandfather's life, or at least have died with him. My grandmother never really rallied, and as soon as she died Adam Leask left Balacluva suddenly, and was scarcely heard of again. I don't think anybody knows whether he is dead or alive; but I suppose he is dead, for, if living, he must be a very aged man, more than eighty years old."

Margaret paused. Then she turned upon May and smiled brightly. "You see there are sad, strange stories in all houses," she said, "Think of my poor, bewildered grandmother, sitting in her weeds in this very room! And, oh, think of the ache in my great-grandmother's heart when she pondered over her son's want of confidence in her, discovered only when it was too late to

scold him and forgive him! She never told the story to my father, he heard it from other lips, but he says he knew it was always in her mind when she used to impress on him the duty and the beauty of a brave straightforwardness under any circumstances. 'Take wooden shoes when you go to rob,' she would say. 'Steal stealthily into no man's larder, upon no lord's land, into no lady's life.'"

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC

CRAMER AND CO.

The Time for Love. Song. Written by Nella. Music by Henry Parker. With accompaniment for violin and violoncello.—The song is written in the C, D, and F keys. The stringed accompaniment greatly adds to the effect of the song, which is pleasing and simple.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

God save our dear Princess. Words from "Farmer Bingham's Lawsuit," by Richard Harris. Music by Livesey Carrott. — The subject of the song will commend it to all hearts, and the music gives utterance to the sentiment. It should be popular.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Clinquant. Morceau poetique. By Louis H. Meyer.—A bright and pleasing little pianoforte piece, easily committed to memory and played with good effect by a moderately advanced performer. It is written in three flats and well marked.

Murmuring Shells. A Romance. Composed by Cotsford Dick.—A smooth singing air, with quiet murmuring accompaniment. Short, easy, and quite in character with its title.

General Gordon's March. Composed for the pianoforte. By Etienne Claudet.—The name and portrait given to this march will no doubt cause it to sell at the present time; nor will the music be without its recommendation to our young friends, who will find it quite easy and martial. The portrait of the great general is a good one.

MOUTRIE AND SON.

A Valentine. Song. By Maud M. Whitmore. The words of this song are supposed to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh.—A graceful, smooth little song, written in three flats. The accompaniment is easy, without being commonplace.

E. PITMAN.

Gavotte Album. By Arthur Henry Brown.—We have received two most interesting books, containing a selection of gavottes by the Old Masters. Among the composers may be mentioned Bach, Corelli, Gluck, Handel, and many others. The work forms a charming study for pianists. There are eight gavottes in each book. We recommend them to the notice of our musical readers.

WEEKES AND CO.

My heart ever faithful. Bach's sacred air. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours.—The beautiful classical melody which has charmed so many hearts for so many years is here gracefully and suitably transcribed for the pianoforte. Those to whom this composition is unknown, should immediately become acquainted with it.

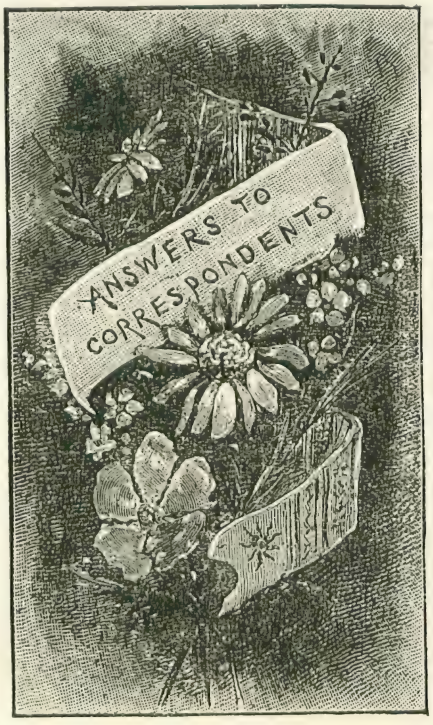
Weekes and Co.'s Editions. No. 508. Has six duets for teacher and pupil on airs of southern nations. Arranged and harmonised by Myles Birket Foster.—The printing is good and clear, as should be the case with all music for beginners, and both parts are simple, and can be learnt by quite young beginners.

Irish Airs. Brilliant concert fantasia. For harmonium solo. By W. H. Jude, Principal of the Liverpool Organ School, Organist of the Blue Coat Hospital, the Belfast School Association, Ulster Hall, &c.—This is a more than usually good and brilliant arrangement for the harmonium.

B. WILLIAMS.

Tranquil Moments. Morceau de Salon. For pianoforte.—*Gentle Dew.* Morceau de Salon.—*Luneville.* Minuet, and *Twilight,* are four more easy and pleasing pieces by the same composer; worth learning.

Ballanchio. For pianoforte. By J. Pridham.—A brisk, sparkling little drawing-room piece, not requiring much execution, but telling if properly rendered. It is short, and can be easily committed to memory.



EDUCATIONAL.

GLADYS MURIEL.—Whether a girl may be able or not to apply a knowledge of geometry to any profession (as a teacher, for instance) in after life or not, there are competitive examinations which require an acquaintance with it, and the ignorance of a girl with reference to it would preclude her obtaining a certificate. We are glad that you appreciate the story of "Esther." Your writing is a satisfactory foundation for a good hand.

LE RESEDA.—For the addresses you require see answer to "Eadfyth," page 207, in the monthly number for December, 1883. Although your attainments might justify you in expecting a good salary, your youth (being only in your teens, and quite without experience in training the young) is against you. More is required of a resident governess than accomplishments. It is a situation of much responsibility. You would earn more by going out as a daily visiting governess and living at home, we should imagine. At the age of thirty or twenty-five you might obtain £35 per annum, or even more. You "might ask" what you like, but your obtaining it is another matter. If you want a home, you must be prepared to take any salary you can get at your age. "Conversational" French is what is wanted. 2. We cannot advise you as to your face trouble.

COOKERY.

RICKETY RACKET.—The choice of foods in vegetarian dietary is a long one—wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, rice, sago, tapioca, cornflour, semolina, "manna kroup," &c., peas, beans, lentils, potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and all summer vegetables, macaroni and vermicelli, with milk, butter, cheese, cream, and eggs. Very excellent dishes can be made of macaroni and cheese, macaroni and tomatoes, and of potatoes and cabbage mixed. Rice can be used in many ways also, the same as macaroni, and curried lentils, beans, and macaroni are all excellent.

MADONNA MARY.—Celery is curled with a knife, in the same way that you would curl a feather. Recipes for various buns were given at pages 126 and 669, vol. i.

KETTLEDRUM HOSTESS.—The following is the recipe generally used for making iced coffee:—Put ¼ lb. of fresh-ground coffee into the *cafetière,* and pour on to it slowly a pint of boiling water. When this has run through into the lower pot, take out the grounds, and put in 2 oz. of fresh coffee; boil up the coffee you have made, and pour it slowly over the fresh coffee. When it has run through, mix with 1½ pints of new milk and ½ pint of cream, which have been scalded; sweeten, and put half into the freezing-pot, keeping the rest on ice. When the coffee is lightly frozen, mix with the other portion and stir together. Keep some coffee frozen to mix, as required, with the liquid pact.

WORK.

EMMA.—As there is no longer any novelty in the method of making patchwork called the "log cabin" pattern, it is not likely that you could get it into any exhibition. There was an illustration of it in the "G. O. P." two years ago.

QUEENIE.—1. Take specimens of your work to some large shops and try to obtain orders. It is the only way of procuring them. 2. In the present day maid-servants are generally addressed as "Miss" or "Mrs.," but always write underneath, "at John Bull's, Esq., such and such a place." The prefix "Miss" has ceased to be a title denoting consideration or position in society, only that the bearer is unmarried.

INQUISITOR.—Velvet skirts are very much worn now, and will be for some time. The cashmere polonaise should be of rather a lighter shade, if possible.

RED CROSS.—The illustration and description of the Christmas card table will be found on page 363, vol. ii.

A HOOKE.—We do not know what you can do with the velvet, save steaming and brushing it. Stitch-marks are very difficult to get out. Each thread should be cut separately when taking trimming off, or unpicking velvet.

JANNETTE.—We should make a new bodice of black velveteen, or of the skirt of the grey polonaise, and cut the grey skirt short, trimming it with bands of velveteen. Or you might make a plain black or grey velveteen skirt, and use the grey poplin for bodice and overskirt.

ART.

LURGAN.—The cork frames will need sizing first, and then varnishing with light copal varnish.

PUCK.—Pictures for any exhibition may be sent to your own framer to be framed, and he generally will act as your agent, and see them delivered at the gallery. "Unpacked" means not put into a box.

SION JAMES.—Lay the brushes in poppy oil to soak. If not successful, try a little spirits of wine, and then wash in warm soap and water.

TOMATO.—1. You should read the directions given for "Lustra Painting," and judge for yourself whether too difficult for you to attempt. See page 373, vol. iv. 2. Either oil or water-colours are used for the painting of magic-lantern slides, and transparent varnish.

L. W. W.—The origin of producing sun pictures or photographs is traced to Thomas Wedgwood in 1802, who was the first to try the process. In 1810 some discoveries were made by Leebeck, and by Bérard in 1812. In 1814 Nicephorus Niépce discovered heliography, or sun-drawing, and the art of fixing the photograph; and in 1838 Daguèrre made his discoveries known, for which he received a pension from the French Government of 6,000 francs per annum. "My lodging is on the cold ground" is a ballad, introduced by Sir William Davenant in his comedy of *The Rivals,* 1668.

SIRINGA.—The varnish may be taken off terra-cotta with turpentine or spirits of wine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Q. P.—Procure the best canary-seed and the best sowing rape-seed for your canaries. Mix in the proportion of three parts of canary-seed to one of rape-seed; give plenty of fresh water, and a little green food in the summer.

LITTLE MURIEL.—Pigeons are grain-feeders, and eat peas, vetches, barley, wheat, and tares, as well as small beans. Supply them with plenty of gravel and fresh water daily.

TEDDY.—Banns of marriage take three Sundays to publish, and due notice must be given at the church. If you live in separate parishes they must be published in each.

DAISY.—The duties of a nursery governess and her salary vary in nearly every place, respectively depending on whether a nurse be also kept, and the ages of the children. The usual salary is from £20 to £30 per annum.

RUBY.—Neuralgia generally proceeds from a weak state of the general health. An entire change of

climate has also been known to cure it. For instance, from the cold of Derbyshire to the mild warmth of the South coast, and *vice versa*. Consult a doctor.

NIL DESPERANDUM and A CANDIDATE could not have a better work than "The Land and the Book," or Dr. Edersheim's "Sketches of Jewish Life," price 5s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. If it had been needful, we should have been told all particulars about David's mother and grandmother.

MICA, SCHIST, and FOSSIL.—You will find Dawson's "Chain of Life in Geological Time," price 6s. 6d., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., most useful to you. The 19th April, 1868, was a Sunday.

EMILIA.—The postage of the single monthly part, as a rule, would cost 2d. to the United States, the same rate as for Great Britain.

SNOWDROP.—Squash, as called in America, is what is known as vegetable marrow in England. There are many more species cultivated in America and on the continent of Europe than here.

A VERY ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not think you need allow the matter to trouble and vex you, nor need you tell your mother. The evil was repented of and confessed to the person wronged long ago, and we do not see that she was entitled to award punishment. See Matthew v. 24, for the Bible guidance of the wrong-doer.

BESS.—We think you had better give up the evening walks, although they are taken for so good an end. If continued, take one of your sisters with you. You should no longer go alone.

A GIPSY AND HER SISTER.—1. Mention the name of the gentleman first. 2. You should say, "Pray do not name it," or something of the kind.

ASTER. — In September last ("four months ago" being the rather uncertain date you give to assist us) Mercury was in conjunction with the moon on the 3rd, Saturn on the 22nd, and Jupiter and Mars on the 25th. A small celestial globe would assist you greatly, and any good almanack.

THINKER. — Cheerfulness depends much on bodily health; but there is no doubt that a habit of looking brightly on everything may be cultivated, and that we may by an exercise of faith keep our minds tranquil if we will.

AN IGNORAMUS.—Accept many thanks, but we have always more MSS. than we can insert.

P. E. W.—The teeth are composed of several things. First, the crown is of ivory, covered with a hard substance called enamel; the fang is also of ivory, and is covered with a kind of cement called the cortical substance. The crown contains a hollow cavity, which is continuous with a canal in each fang. In this cavity lies the dental pulp, which is richly supplied with vessels and nerves; hence the extreme pain experienced when the teeth are affected.

MISCHIEF.—Many thanks for your kind letter. Both its composition and writing are good. You are on the way, we think, to acquire patience, and the first step is to be silent when vexed and displeased, and not to sin with the tongue. However much you may be tried, "Let patience have her perfect work."

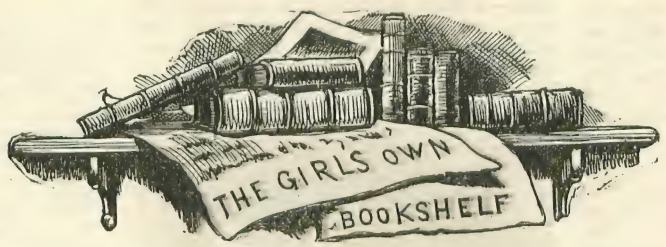
JEANNY KERN.—You could not manufacture rose-water without having a distillery. This we have told our correspondents many times already.

ELIZA.—There is a convalescent home for sick and needy governesses and young women in houses of business at Brighton, Crescent House, 90, Marine Parade; charge, 8s. weekly. Write to Mrs. Marshman, at 4, Ladbroke-square, Notting-hill, W. There is also one at Dover for sick and needy persons of good character, at 7s. 6d. per week. Apply to Dr. Steele, Guy's Hospital, London. Both these homes are in the South of England.

PILOT.—In the return just made by the Board of Trade in reference to ships foundering and ships missing during the last decade (or period of ten years), we learn the following statistics:—For the year 1874 a loss of 2,027 lives is recorded, while for last year, 1883, the numbers were reduced to 1,309. The number also of vessels lost or missing was reduced from 244 to 197. It must also be remembered that we have a great increase in the number of our ships since 1874, and thus the diminution in our losses is much greater still in proportion. 1882 was a bad year, and nearly as fatal as 1874, but in 1881 only 1,014 lives were lost. Thus, calculating one year with another, notwithstanding the increase in the number of ships and of sailors, the mortality in the second half of the last decade shows a considerable reduction on the first.

JEANNIE DEANS.—Refer to our indexes before sending queries so often answered. The pressing of ferns and grapes in no way differs from the process in reference to flowers, leaves, and seaweed. Change the blotting-paper between which they lie frequently, and do not lay a very heavy weight upon them. When dry, varnish them lightly with gum-arabic to preserve their colour.

ESTHER KAY.—1. The blinds may be drawn up when the funeral is over. 2. The New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W., will be glad of all you can send.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles, taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers:—*

CORA: or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. With numerous Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE GIRL'S OWN COOKERY BOOK. By PHILLIS BROWNE. With Prefatory Note by Sir RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S. Price One Shilling.—This book is not simply a collection of cookery recipes, although a number of recipes are to be found in it. It is intended rather to fill the place of a guide or key to Cookery. The object which the Author has had before her in writing it is to inform those girls who wish to acquire skill in the art of preparing food, concerning the method to be employed, with the why and the wherefore thereof.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY. By ANNE BEALE. Price Half-a-Crown. Reprinted by special request.

A CROWN OF FLOWERS. Being Poems and Pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Edited by CHARLES PETERS. Quarto. Six Shillings, cloth boards.—This is a large and handsome volume, containing several hundred choice illustrations drawn by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others; printed on fine paper. The poems—which are varied and interesting in character, and worth committing to memory—are by the best English writers, among whom may be mentioned the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherly, Sarah Geraldina Stock, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G., Linnæus Banks, the Rev. Wm. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, and the Dowager Lady Barrow.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. By LADY BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Price Half-a-Crown.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE. By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE. By Lady BENEDICT, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Lady LINDSAY OF BALCARRES, CLARA A. MACIRONE, LINDSAY SLOPER, and CHARLES PETERS. Price One Shilling and Sixpence

FERN.—1. Inquire at a shop where glass shades for drawing-room plants are sold. We do not inform our readers of prices. 2. We have given recipes for various kinds of jellies, and recommend you to get "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

C. BETHEL.—There is a Reading Society, under the direction of Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

KERRY.—Clytemnestra was a daughter of Tyndarus, King of Sparta, and wife of Agamemnon, King of Argos. She was a wicked woman in every sense of the word, and on her husband's return from the Trojan War she and his treacherous cousin, Ægisthus (in whose care he had left her and his family), combined in murdering him as he came out of his bath; or, according to another account, as he sat down to a feast in honour of his happy return.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—If you sent the fern roots properly packed in a little matting they would grow very well.

FLORRIE.—Of course, cider contains alcohol. All fermentation produces it.

ROSALIE and A LITTLE RUSTIC.—You had better try to write a book. The mental exercise will do you good, and will help you to forget yourself and your troubles. There is nothing like some hobby to help to distract the mind and give contentment and peace. "Rosalie's" poems are of this kind, and it will ease her to write them and plan them on her bed of pain. Her thoughts are religious and excellent.

E. C.—Personal inquiry or an advertisement are the only means we can suggest.

TRUE ONE.—1. Say, "How do you do?" and bow, of course. 2. Pray yet more earnestly, and do not despair.

KATIE DARLING.—Beat the hair in the cushions well, and then pull it out, bit by bit, till the dust be all out.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.—All the monthly numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be obtained, price sixpence, but not the weekly ones separately now.

A SCOTCH READER.—On an "at home" card the name of the hostess only is placed. If for a small party, her visiting-card is deemed quite sufficient.

WOOD VIOLET.—Why do you not learn English grammar and all the "parts of speech"? Do you not know the nominative from the accusative case? Surely you would not say "Give it to I?' nor "Me have a cold?" We recommend you to set the pronouns right in the well-known phrase of the rustic, *i.e.*, "Her ain't a callin' o' we; us don't belong to she." Any "child's grammar" would suffice to teach you if you have not learnt to speak by associating with educated people.

A NORFOLK GIRL.—The coin is a Spanish one, and is worth, perhaps, from 5s. to 7s. 6d.

E. S. E. T.—We think from your letter that you require more exercise, and had better expend less thought upon yourself. Your mother has a healthier mind than you have. Try to be bright and cheerful, and to think more about others and less of your looks and your feelings. Try to make those around you happy.

UNE VENDEENNE.—We think the pattern enclosed is too dark for an evening dress. You will find a very pretty spring dress in "Dress in Season" for March, which would be suitable.

QUERY.—The easiest method of obtaining a well-fitting bodice to take the place of stays is to take a well-made dress bodice, and, carefully unpicking it, use it for a pattern, making the new bodice in jean, piqué, or coutil. When starched, it will be quite firm enough. You can arrange the buttons to suit yourself.

TENNIS.—The question is too vague and the wants too numerous for us to answer within the limits of our correspondence.

A LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.—The concoction you mention is a patent medicine, and as such its method of manufacture is not known. If we could give the recipe, and you could make it, your common sense must tell you it would no longer be sold by its inventor.

CURIOUS ALSACIENNES.—Ladies bow first to gentlemen in England. A good recipe for a Christmas plum pudding is, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of chopped suet, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pint of treacle, one pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of flour, and eight eggs. Candied lemon and orange peel, half an ounce of each; mixed spices to taste, a wineglassful of brandy, and one teaspoonful of salt.

ANNAS.—"Sintram" is the name of a tale by De la Motte Fouqué. It has been translated into English.

A VERY TRUE PENITENT.—Tell your parents at once, and until you do give up your acquaintance.

AUNTIE.—We have had no answer to the conundrum yet, though we have personally inquired and searched everywhere.

VIOLET.—The 10th February, 1864, was Ash Wednesday.

CARITA.—It is more usual to use a fork for eating pudding than a spoon; but in some cases you must use both a spoon and fork. If away from home, use what is given you.

VOL. V.—NO. 234. JUNE 21, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

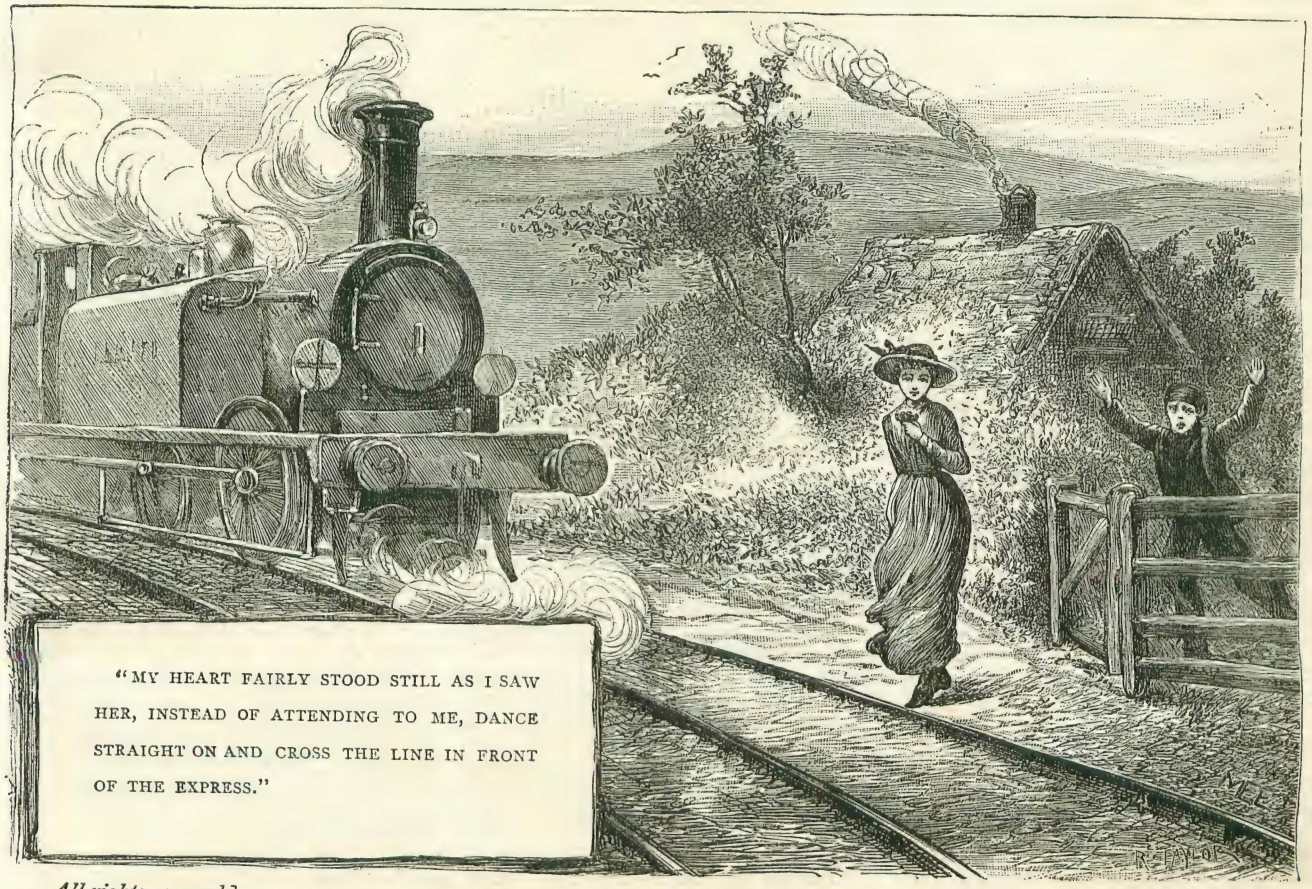
By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I NEVER thought I could be so sorry to leave a place as I shall be to turn my back on Fell Foot," said Miss Cranswick, as the last day was drawing to a close. "We have been here twice the time at first planned, and yet the days have gone far too fast."

They were gliding homewards on the lake, having had a gipsy tea on the one little island, and now each was looking round at the lovely pictures, made up of mountains, rock, wood, and lake, and bidding a mental farewell to each, at any rate, for a time.

Other farewells had been said at parsonage, cottages, and hillside farms, and when they called on the widow with her little children, and the invalid woman, hardly now to be called one, Gladys and Dorothy found that some other kindly hands and heart had been at work. The widow's home contained a store of little comforts unknown to it



"MY HEART FAIRLY STOOD STILL AS I SAW HER, INSTEAD OF ATTENDING TO ME, DANCE STRAIGHT ON AND CROSS THE LINE IN FRONT OF THE EXPRESS."

All rights reserved.]

before; the labourer's wife told how a friend, whose name must not be mentioned, had undertaken that her bright lad should have better schooling than his parents could afford to give him. And so, while tears came when the good-bye had to be said to Gladys and Dorothy, the girls felt with true pleasure that there was a good deal of sunshine sparkling through them, and they gave Mr. Brooke the credit of it.

Jack and Janet carried back their sparrow to Brinnington after all, alleging as a reason that he would feel more at home amongst former acquaintances, though, if they recognised him it would be marvellous, so greatly had he improved in appearance under the children's care.

Sarah had plenty of room in packing the belongings of the twins for a good many treasures collected at Fell Foot, and for the simple reason that very few of their garments were worth carrying back for town wear, after having done duty on lake and fell.

Geoffrey and Mr. Brooke would travel a part of the way with the Oakleys, then go on to Treneweth, where the former was anxious that his friend should spend a few days.

"It is the only chance I am likely to have of entertaining you under the old roof," he said; "and everything will be very different now from what it was a short time ago. But you will not mind, Brooke, I know."

"I should think not, indeed. A corner of your place will be enough for two bachelors, and we shall enjoy the time together. While you are transacting business, I will make myself acquainted with all the ins and outs, and people the rooms in fancy, if I cannot in reality."

When Mr. Brooke actually saw Treneweth, he said to his friend, "I only understand now how much it must have cost you to go into banishment, seven years ago. I am a pretty tough fellow, and can stand being knocked about, but I confess it would be a frightful wrench to leave such a delightful old spot if it were mine."

"But if you only called it yours, you would have no choice. This second parting will be a trifle compared with the former one. Then I went alone, with an aching heart. When next I leave England it will be with the one love of my life beside me, a wife whose price is above rubies, a light heart, and a bright hope, which shall be realised, if hard work and patience count for anything."

"The place is not let yet, I think," said Mr. Brooke.

"No; but a promising offer has just been submitted. It is for a couple not yet married, it seems, and the agent cannot conclude a positive bargain for a few weeks to come, I fancy, because the gentleman is abroad."

"He will want to see it, of course, and probably bring the lady. I should, under such circumstances."

No more was then said about letting Treneweth; but during the days that followed, Mr. Brooke made himself well acquainted with its surroundings. He also visited Silvermere, as he had been enjoined to do by Hilda.

She had often spoken to him of her home, and wished for his opinion respecting it, and, as he went about the neighbourhood, he found many of the people eager to speak of their young lady, as they called Hilda.

One morning Mr. Brooke was overtaken by a heavy shower as he approached a railway crossing. The only shelter within a reasonable distance was the gatekeeper's hut, and in this the man invited him to rest until the rain was over.

"You are staying at Treneweth, sir. I saw you with Mr. Geoffrey," said the man. "We should say Mr. Penwarden, but it does not come natural yet. We are to lose him again, it seems. A thousand pities. We want such-like to stop at home. We should be quite set up if we could have him and the lady he is going to marry after all. She is sister to the late Mrs. Cranswick, of Silvermere. And our young lady is away, too, with her uncle, Mr. Oakley, of Brinnington Hey. You know her, sir?" for, seeing the man's interest in the subject, Mr. Brooke mentioned that he had left Hilda only two days before. "Ah, then you have seen a fine, spirited young lady, fond of having her own way. Spoiled a bit through having no mother, and an ailing father, who had nobody else to doat on. But a fine-hearted young lady, after all, as I have reason to say."

Mr. Brooke looked interested, and asked how that was.

The gatekeeper, only too glad to have a listener, brightened up. "The noon express will be through in a minute, sir, and this seems the very time to tell you. When it has passed, I mean."

A pause, and then the swift train thundered past the gatehouse, and was quickly out of sight.

"I'm free for an hour to come, now, sir. Lonely sort of life, mine. Not many callers, though a good few people pass by this country crossing. If it were not for the little gardens we gatemen have, time would hang heavily. About Miss Hilda, to be sure, I was going to tell you. It was at this time of day, just before the express was due, when she came dancing on towards the crossing. She was by herself, and her face was all aglow, and her eyes sparkling with her brisk walk. She slipped through the turngate, and was coming across the line, for I was at this side, and she was at the other, but I heard the train tearing along, same as it did just now, and I shouted and waved my arms for her to stay where she was.

"But my heart fairly stood still as I saw her, instead of attending to me, dance straight on and cross the line in front of the express. There was time, of course, for you know, sir, that the young lady is alive and well now, but there was none to spare, and it was an awfully risky thing to do. If her foot had slipped she would have fallen, and nothing could have saved her from death.

"I never felt both so thankful and at the same time so angry in my life. There stood Miss Hilda, looking as triumphant and saucy as you please, and she might have done something very proper and clever to judge by her face. I must have been as white as a sheet, for I went cold at first and then hot; but I determined to give my lady a dressing for her hare-brained trick. I looked as cross as I could and asked her what she meant by it, and if she wasn't ashamed of herself.

"'Why, what harm have I done?' said she. 'I'm all right after my little race with the train. I knew I should get across in good time.'

"'You have done, and you may be very thankful. If your foot had slipped, what would have happened?'

"'I suppose I should have been killed,' she says; 'but it would only have been my own life.'

"'Wouldn't it?'" I said. 'And was your life given you for no better purpose than that, Miss Hilda? Wasn't it to be taken care of as a trust from God and used for good? Was there no thought of your father, all by himself at Silvermere, with only his one daughter left? Had you no care for him, to say nothing of me?'

"She began to look rather more serious, but she was not the one to give into anybody if she could help it, being so masterful, and used to having all her own way. She flashed out at me from those grand eyes of hers and made me feel half afraid, though I knew I was in the right. I have often wondered since how I dared speak to her in such a way.

"'What did you mean by your words, "to say nothing of me?"' she asked.

"'Just this, Miss Hilda. If you had been killed through doing such a mad trick, who would have borne the blame? Would not people have said that it was through my not being on the look-out to warn you? You know that I tried to do my duty, only you set me at defiance. If you had lost your life, I should have lost my place, my character, and my children their bread.'

"You never saw such a change in your life, sir, as the one that came over Miss Hilda's face. The fiery look left her eyes, the colour went from her cheeks, and I could see the tears coming and her lips beginning to quiver before she turned away.

"She was quite still for a minute or two, then she faced me again, and said slowly, 'I cannot tell you how very sorry I am for having behaved so ill to you, and so wickedly besides. I did not think of all my foolish act involved. Will you please forgive me and shake hands?'

"You see, sir, I had known Miss Hilda from the time she was a baby. Everybody had about Silvermere, and, in spite of her little lofty ways and airs, nobody could help being fond of her; there was so much that was good and generous underneath. When she held out her pretty white hand, looking so grieved and humble, I declare I could just have lain down on the ground for her to tread on. I told her I forgave her with all my heart, for I was sure she would not have hurt me or anybody else

on purpose, and I hoped she would excuse my plain speaking.

"'Excuse it, Thomas!' she said. 'I wish everybody would speak, so that I might see myself as I am. I shall feel grateful to you as long as I live.'

"This happened only a little while before Mr. Cranswick died, and then Miss Hilda went away to her uncle's. But she has shown her good will to me by many a kindness to my wife and children, always in a very quiet way, and she does not forget us now. She's a fine-hearted young lady at the bottom, is Miss Hilda. Many a one wishes she was at Silvermere again, as well as I and mine do."

Mr. Brooke listened with real interest to the gatekeeper's story, and quite agreed with him about the generous nature, spoiled to some extent by over-indulgence. The rain was over now, and, much to the man's regret, his guest rose to leave the hut, and, after thanking him for timely shelter, took the way to Treneweth.

"They all agree about this girl," thought Mr. Brooke. "It must be true that she hides the better and gives the rough side of her character to most of those with whom she comes in contact."

Judging by the expression of his face as he walked homeward, Robert Brooke's reflections on the gatekeeper's story were far from unpleasant.

He left Treneweth for London two days later, and met his friend at Brinnington again, in time to be best man at Geoffrey's wedding.

No need to chronicle its simple details. The sun shone brightly on the pair united after such a long probation, and they left the Hey accompanied by hearty good wishes and earnest prayers for their happiness.

Jack and Janet had the delight of distributing one of the largest wedding cakes ever seen at Brinnington, and fulfilled their mother's prophecy by reserving, for their own consumption, a very small share thereof. Who doubts that a substantial wedge went to Jossy Lawson and others at Fell Foot and its neighbourhood?

Mr. Brooke remained at the Hey for the purpose of making the double acquaintance of Frank Oakley and of the works of which he had heard so much. He was delighted both with the young master and the vast establishment on the banks of the Stour.

"If I had to choose my occupation now," he said, "I know of nothing I should prefer to being the head, or associated with the head, of works like these."

Hilda was one of the party who went with Mr Brooke on his first visit to the place, and she laughed heartily on hearing his words and witnessing his enthusiasm.

"I believe I am destined to be the only individual who cannot go into raptures about chains, anchors, anvils, and shovels. You are infected instantly with the usual craze, while I remain as impracticable as ever, and wonder at the fuss everybody makes about my uncle's works."

"Miss Cranswick, I believe you speak in this manner from simple perversity," said Mr. Brooke. "If you would own it, you are as much impressed as the rest of us, only it is your—shall I call it contrariness?—that is stronger than your convictions."

Probably the gatekeeper's lesson had not been lost on Robert Brooke, and, as a consequence, he told Miss Cranswick exactly what he thought, without in the least troubling himself to go round about for a more polite mode of expressing his opinion.

Hilda made him a little mock curtsy, the only reply she deigned to his remark, and looked as if waiting for him to continue.

"Yes, Miss Cranswick, I am in earnest," said Mr. Brooke. "I do not believe that any human being possessed of the ordinary senses and reasoning powers could look at this scene with real indifference. See those mighty anchors and giant cables, and think how the grandest ships afloat and the thousands of lives they carry depend for existence and safety on these dumb things of iron, forged bit by bit in this place. Think what a faulty link would mean to ship, crew, and passengers! It is a life or death matter to all. Fancy what articles of use and comfort will be beaten on these anvils made so fit for the purpose here. Imagine all the work those prosaic shovels, about which you like to jest, will do in mine, and field, and garden! Where would be the coal which warms, the fruit and vegetables you eat, the flowers that adorn, without these humble tools? And while the labourer uses them to win all these things, is he not at the same time digging out his own and his children's bread? Why," added Mr. Brooke, dropping his voice and speaking with solemn emphasis, "even the last dwelling-place hollowed for our worn-out frames to rest in is shaped by this prosaic spade, this homely tool at which you laugh."

Hilda's mobile face probably changed as suddenly under this lecture as it had done under the sharp rebuke of the gatekeeper, and her answer had in it no shade of mockery or sarcasm.

"Thank you, Mr. Brooke," she said. "You have enabled me to see these things as I never did until now. It is not given to all of us to look beyond what is actually before our eyes. Indeed, I often fail to see even that."

The girl's face had never seemed so fair in Robert Brooke's eyes as it did at that moment, and his own showed the pleasure he felt in having for once awakened the finer nature too rarely shown.

He was going to speak, but Jack, who had been scrambling along in their neighbourhood and attaching traces of the works to his person and garments in a promiscuous fashion, chimed in with the remark—

"And I should like to know, Hilda, how we could have fritters, and pancakes, and fried fish, and lots of other nice things, which you enjoy as well as I do, if there were no such things as frying-pans in the world! We make them here by thousands, Mr. Brooke, and all sizes."

"True, my boy, you have added another to the list of admirable articles produced in these wonderful works, which I may be excused for forgetting as I have not yet seen them made."

For once, both Mr. Brooke and Hilda wished that Jack had not been within earshot, though neither said as much to the boy. The girl was stirred to serious thoughts by her companion's words, and would have liked him to say more in the same vein, but there was no opportunity for further conversation, as they were joined by Frank, who acted as guide, and who was now ready to take Mr. Brooke through another department.

Hilda went patiently on with the rest of the party, and, for the first time since Brinnington had been her home, sought information respecting the work that was constantly going on in her uncle's vast establishment. Thoroughly pleased with all she had seen, the girl wondered at her former indifference, and felt sorry to turn her back on the blazing forges and clanging hammers of the works.

Mr. Brooke walked by her side and talked of what had so interested and fascinated him, whilst Hilda listened or asked questions, which showed that she entered into the subject with equal intelligence and pleasure.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

A SACRED SONG.

By C. E. Rawstorne.

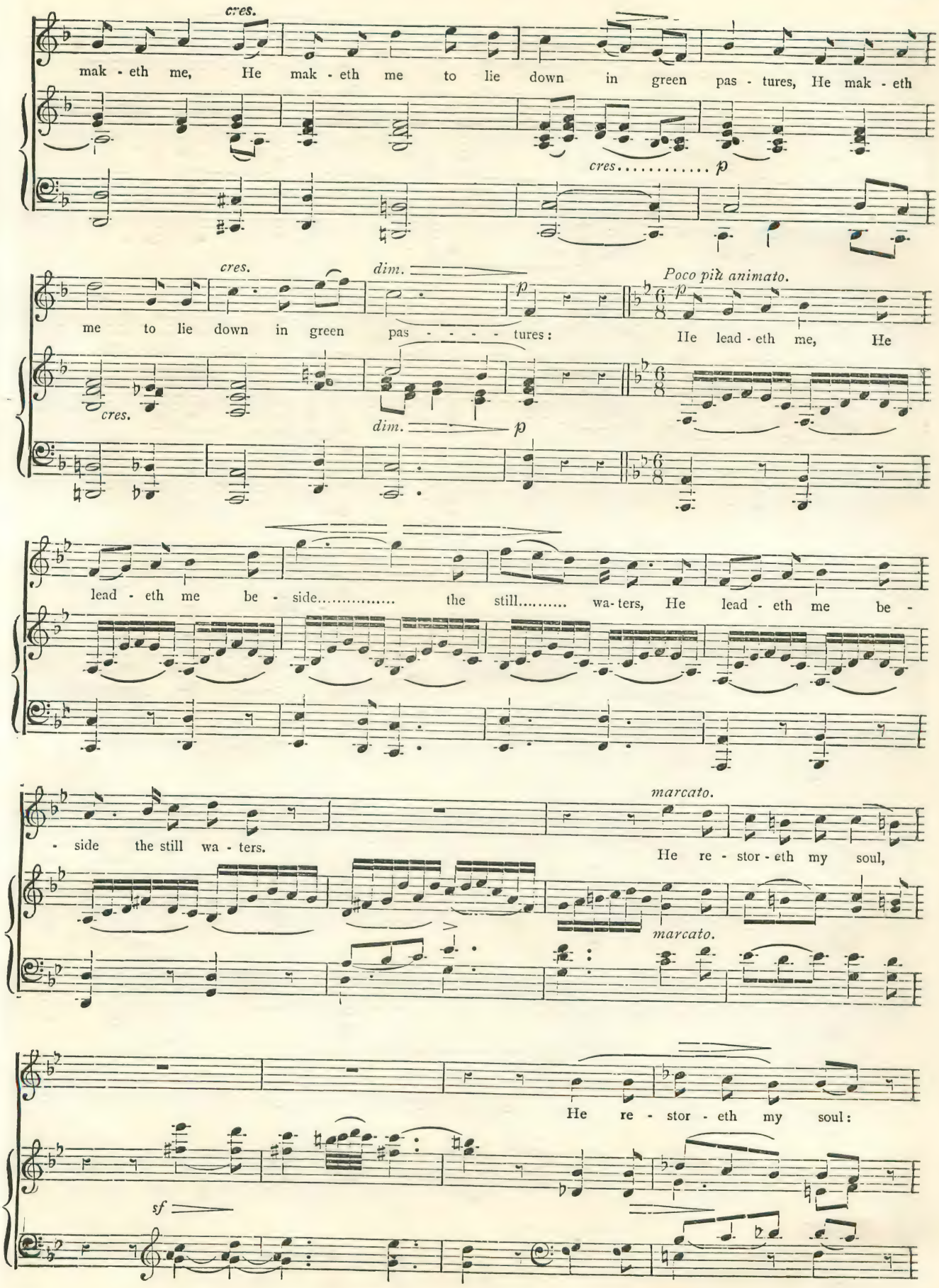
Largo, ma non troppo.

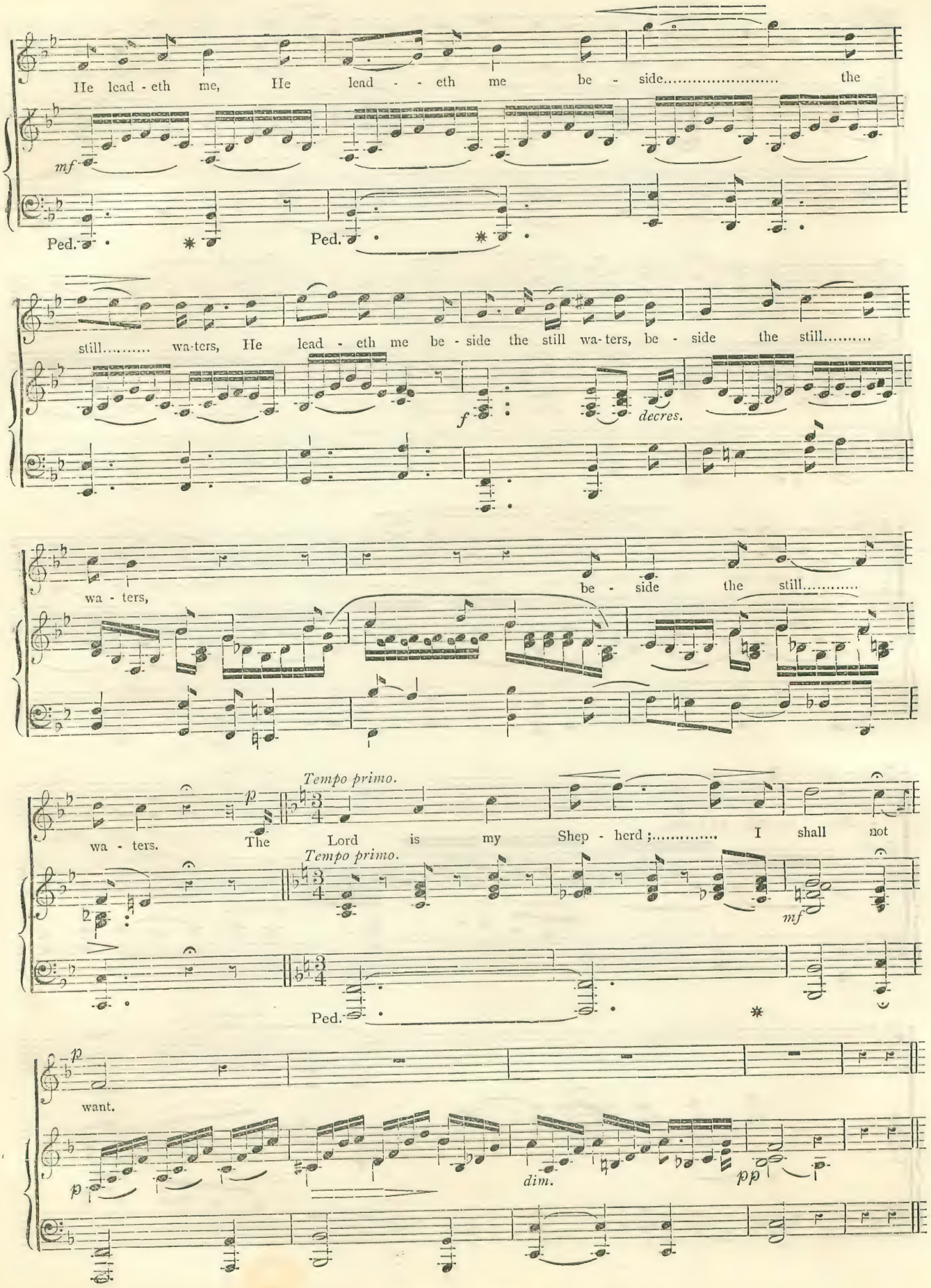
Piano.

mf *f* *rall.* *p*

p

The Lord is my Shep - herd;..... I shall not want; for He


cres.
mak - eth me, He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas - tures, He mak - eth
cres..... p
cres.
dim.
p
Poco più animato.
me to lie down in green pas - - - - - tures:
He lead - eth me, He
cres.
dim.
p
lead - eth me be - side..... the still..... wa - ters, He lead - eth me be -
marcato.
- side the still wa - ters.
He re - stor - eth my soul,
marcato.
He re - stor - eth my soul:
sf


He lead - eth me, He lead - - eth me be - side..... the
mf
Ped. Ped.
still..... wa-ters, He lead - eth me be - side the still wa-ters, be - side the still.....
f
decres.
wa - ters, be - side the still.....
Tempo primo.
p
wa - ters. The Lord is my Shep - herd;..... I shall not
Tempo primo.
mf
Ped.
p
want.
p
dim.
pp

A FEARSOME HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER II.

A FEARFUL HOUR.

"NURSE COLLINS lives in the most deliciously queer little place you can possibly imagine, four miles from a railway station and from everywhere else."

So wrote Miss Rose Perivale home to her parents; but upon reading over her letter she added above the line, after "everywhere else," "except rocks, you know—such rocks!—and the sea."

The last of those four miles, between the railway and the little village, to which the Perivales always continued to give their brother's title of Marry-Cracky, was passed by the occupants of the solitary station fly in experiencing a ceaseless succession of painful jolts, over which the audible growls, grumbles, and occasional shouts of their driver helped them, it must be confessed, to laugh most merrily.

At length, after an extra violent jerk and an upheaval of one side of the carriage to a somewhat alarming angle, it come to a sudden stop. Down tumbled a portmanteau from the roof, and down sprang their coachman from the driving seat. He put his hot and irritated face in at one of the windows.

"Well, young ladies, and you, sir, I've drove about roads in most parts of England, but never down one to match this before, and if so be as you've really a mind to get to that there South Point cottage down yonder, ye'd better walk to it, unless it's all one to you whether or no ye reach it with your necks broke. But if ye'd take my advice, ye'd let me drive ye back to some other village as deserves to be lived in, through having of a decent road to run to it."

But as neither broken necks nor a change of destination suited his "fare," the man condescended to open the carriage door, and Merton, Rose, and Violet sprang out eagerly, delighted to get a full view around them of the gloriously beautiful and wild neighbourhood in which they found themselves.

"But our luggage!" said Rose, suddenly. "That will not be so obliging as to walk down after us, I am afraid."

The man grinned. His ill-humour at the bad road could not withstand her sunny temper.

"No, miss, I suppose ter wunt. But never ye fear for your gowns and hats, miss. They shall get to yon back-o'-beyont cottage fast enough, if ye're so set upon getting there yourselves. There's plenty o' hands, I see, anigh, ready to earn pence in exchange for porterage."

Merton looked at the speaker in surprise; for there were none but girls and small babies gathering up to stare, open-mouthed, at the unaccustomed and wonderful sights of gentlefolks and a carriage. All the men and boys were off and away for the past two hours at the fishing.

However, wonder or no wonder, the man's statement was soon enough proved to be true, for fishermen's bairns, whether boys or girls, are a hardy race, and possessed of an honest independence of spirit, and willingness to earn their daily bread. Before two minutes had elapsed such a procession might have been seen proceeding down the rocky, stone-strewn road as would have reminded travellers of their first landing at the lovely little Neapolitan island of Capri, when astonishment and admiration, perhaps something of pitifulness, too, were equally excited at the sight of the slim, beautiful island maidens bounding upwards to the hotels, laden with portmanteaus, trunks, and bundles, while fathers and brothers were far away winning a scanty and dangerous living at the coral fisheries.

Nurse Collins and little Alice, and Nurse Collins's cottage home, were all in readiness by this time to receive the visitors, and the old dame ushered the brother and sisters with a pardonable glow of satisfaction into the sitting-room she had taken such pains to prepare. A snowy cloth was spread upon the table covered with the best crockery, and with such country dainties as the hospitably-minded old landlady had been able to collect and prepare for the travellers' refreshment.

"Clotted cream!" exclaimed Rose, as the quick, blue eyes seemed to take in everything the room contained at a glance. "Clotted cream, and in the very land of its manufacture!"

"How comfortable," sighed Violet, contentedly, as she sank down into a most old-fashioned-looking but very soft cushioned easy chair.

Merton turned round from the window, with a hearty laugh made up of inward gladness of heart and outward amusement. "What is so comfortable, Vi? Having clotted cream in the very land of its manufacture?"

Both girls joined in his laugh. "That, amongst other things, no doubt," answered Violet, unabashed. "But at the moment I meant the room and, above all, this chair."

"And the rocks and the sea too," put in Rose. "Shall we not go out to them at once? I vote that we do."

But eager Miss Rose was in a minority. Tired Violet very decidedly voted that they did not do anything of the sort. Mrs. Collins appeared to be perfectly aghast at the suggestion, and Merton said bluntly—

"Talk of elder sisters, indeed! Elder madcaps, I should say. A pretty one you are, Madame Rose, to see that Vi doesn't overdo her strength. And whatever you may be I'm awfully hungry, and mean to have my tea just as soon as ever Mrs. Collins can make the kettle boil."

"Bless his bonny face!" ejaculated the old nurse, approvingly. "Now that's what I do call being a young gentleman with a bit of common sense. And as for having to wait now for the kettle to boil, sir, why if it's come to the boil-up, and boiled itself off into steam, and been filled again, once this day, to be in time for you, it's been done twenty times. Little Alice and me, we'd no mind as you should have to stay starving for a cup of tea, had we, child?"

And so saying, without waiting for the shy-voiced answer of the little girl, she bustled off, and five minutes later Rose was doing as much justice as anyone to the meal that other folks' prudence had decided upon, with no more speed than she was obliged secretly to confess was really satisfactory. But the girlish thoughtlessness of poor, impulsive, blue-eyed Rose Perivale was to meet with a most terrible lesson ere long.

Tea over, Violet allowed herself willingly enough to be persuaded by her mother's old nurse to go to bed, and her docility was rewarded by awaking the following morning with quite unwonted sensations of vigour and good spirits.

"Now, sir," said Mrs. Collins, as she cleared away the breakfast things; "now, sir, the sooner you and the young ladies get out upon them rocks down yonder for a good long scramble before dinner, the better 'twill be for ye all, I should say."

Poor old lady! A few hours later she reproached herself as bitterly for those words as if, with her eyes open to the future, she had been voluntarily urging her young lodgers to go to their death. Meantime her advice was taken without one moment's unnecessary loss of time.

"I never did see anything so positively delicious as these rocks are in my life!" exclaimed Rose, as, after some hour or so of climbing amongst the picturesque piles, she stood balancing herself upon a particularly angular and pointed specimen of a crag, waiting for slower and less agile Violet to gain her side.

Merton had sprung down to a lower ledge, and shouted up an answer to his sister's enthusiasm in an equally eager and delighted tone.

"Well, if you have never seen anything so delicious, I have, and do now. Here's a sort of a fairy's harbour down here, and a little boat in it. The most jolly little thing that ever you saw or dreamt of. Come and see for yourself."

The invitation was no sooner given than accepted. With one glance back towards Violet, and a wave of the hand by way of sign to her to hurry up, Rose bounded from her precarious position—one that had been more literally than was altogether comfortable "a standpoint"—and stood beside her brother, gazing down with eyes as full of admiration as his own at the small boat rocking at anchor in the minute harbour.

"How I should like a row in her," muttered Merton.

"Well," half-whispered Rose, sympathetically, "why should you not have one? It could not possibly do any one any harm. We could easily enough find out from Nurse Collins who it belongs to, and then pay him for the hire, you know."

"Ye-es," said Merton, with a mingling of doubt and longing in his tone. "Ye-es, so we could. I did not think of that, but of course we could, and he would be glad enough, when he got the money, to find that he had been so lucky as to have an unexpected customer, of course."

"Of course," echoed Rose, and with no hesitation in her prompt voice. "But you had better be quick," she added, significantly, as she turned her head and lifted her eyes to the rocks above them."

Her brother followed her glance. "Yes," he said quickly, as he caught sight of more cautious and sensible Violet plodding her way along, with enjoyment as keen as their own, but considerable more difficulty. "I expect there'd be no end of objections to be met if I let her reach us before I'm off. It's a pity you can't have a share of the fun, Rose, but I suppose I had better go alone?"

"Oh! yes," sighed Rose, reluctantly; "this time you had, for I promised mamma that I would never leave Violet alone out of doors, and I am perfectly certain that we should never persuade her to come too. She always has such a heap of scruples on hand to spoil pleasure with."

Accordingly those two, who had a sadly convenient lack of scruples to stand in the

way of the hour's pleasure, whatever it might happen to be, settled their plans together, without giving that other member of the party a chance to put in a dissentient voice.

"Row round those points along there," instructed Rose, "and see what there is on the other side."

"All right," called up Merton, from the sandy shore of the small bay to which he had now descended. "All right, but mind one thing. I'm afraid you'll find it rather slow, but I hope you will stay about where you are now till I return, so that I may remember where it is safe to come in again, for the tide may be a little higher then, and if I ran this cockle-shell in upon these jagged rocks I should probably grind a hole in the bottom of it, and get a promiscuous ducking, not to speak of having to pay for the thing."

"All right; don't get drowned," laughed Rose in farewell, feeling too gay and glad just then to regard even serious things in a serious light. "If you do contrive to make a hole in the boat I'll subscribe half my pocket-money to pay for it, and Vi shall do the same."

And then Merton rowed off, and Rose danced upwards again to that same Vi, springing upwards with an ease that made her sister ask her, with an almost irresistible touch of envy, whether she had been borrowing Mercury's wings for her boots.

The merry, bright laugh rang out again at the compliment, and Rose put her arm round her sister's waist, with the loving words—"Poor old Vi! I wish I knew where he hides them up, that I might run and borrow them for you. But come, we've done quite enough tumbling about for awhile. Let's sit down and eat some of this enormous luncheon Mrs. Collins insisted on my bringing out. I am quite tired of its weight; and here is a first-rate seat."

And suiting the action to the word, she pulled Violet down beside her on to one of Nature's high-backed chairs of smooth, white granite, and began to take patties and fruit puffs out of the wicker basket.

Violet drew a deep breath of relief. For the past five minutes she had been so dreading that she might prove a kill-joy by saying she could go no farther, before her sister should be satisfied with the length of the ramble. Here came a seasonable respite.

"But Merton, where is Merton?" asked Violet, suddenly, after turning her eyes round on all sides in a vain search for her brother. "Surely we had better wait for him before we begin our luncheon."

"Then surely, say I, we had better not," retorted Rose, with a lightness of manner, half real, half affected. "That is to say, unless you feel inclined to wait an hour, and Merton's hours are very long hours sometimes, you know; and I, for my part, don't, for I am already so hungry that I begin to believe I must have only dreamt I had my breakfast instead of eating it."

Violet's soft, dark eyes began to look nearly as full of uneasiness as of curiosity, in spite of her sister's offhand tone; and the best edge of her unusual appetite was taken off when she learnt the real cause of her brother's absence from the picnic meal.

"Oh, Rose, if he should get drowned!" she almost sobbed. "Oh! what would mamma do if he should get drowned?"

"What nonsense!" said Rose, rather impatiently. "To listen to you one would suppose you imagined this was the first time he had ever been in a boat. I can tell you, Merton would not feel much flattered if he could hear you. He considers himself rather a good oar."

Poor girls! They little thought, either of them, that a couple of hours later it would be they, not Merton, who would be in danger of that swift, solemn, helpless death by drowning.

After luncheon, so much as she could eat, and a long rest, Violet felt strong enough for more climbing and scrambling, to while away the time until Merton's return. Rose forgot her promise to her brother, and joined her.

(*To be concluded.*)

NEW MUSIC.

William Czerny.

Trois Petites Esquisses. No. 1, Promenade: No. 2, Polonia; No. 3, Petite Chacone.—Three ably-written and instructive little pieces for juvenile players: they have three qualifications that will recommend them, being short, easy, and very pleasing.

Handel's Romanza alla Pastorale. From the violin sonata in A.—Arranged in a very pleasing and facile style by D. Brocca.

A Lost Chord. Song. By Adelaide Procter. Music by Annie E. Armstrong.—We cannot help remarking that it is rather an ambitious attempt to set music to words that have been already made so familiar. At the same time the composer has shown considerable ability in writing music which is both melodious and well harmonised. This song deserves to become popular, and may be warmly recommended to our young friends.

J. and W. Chester.

Broken Vows. Words by Frederick B. Needham. Composed by Leonard Barnes.—A wonderfully taking and pleasing song, words and music harmonising well together.

Boadicea. Grand March. By Farley Newman.—A pianoforte piece original in style; the various changes from the minor to the major render it most effective. "Our Girls" will find this a pleasing addition to their répertoire. We can also recommend

Golden Days. A Gavotte. By the same composer. Two dances in Sclavish style for orchestra. Composed by Frank J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Arranged as a pianoforte duet by Charles Rowland.—A most characteristic and effective pianoforte piece.

Metzler and Co.

Fantasia on themes from Planquette's opera *Nell Gwynne.* By Sydney Smith.—A very agreeable reminiscence of some of the best melodies in the operetta, and forming a pleasing pianoforte piece, which will be welcomed in the drawing-room.

C. B. Tree.

Love in Season. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A charming little song, with a dash of true sentiment and poetic feeling. We recommend it to the notice of our musical friends.

My Maiden's Messenger. Words by J. W. Gilbart-Smith. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.

C. Herzog and Co.

Sweethearts Mine. Words and music by Percy G. Mocatta.

Two simple and melodious songs, which call for favourable notice at our hands.

Reid Brothers.

Nightfall. Words by G. J. Whyte Melville. Music by E. M. Machell.—A prettily conceived and well-written song of a sentimental character, music and words suitably wedded.

Deuxième Tarantelle. Pour le piano. Par Josef Trousselle.—A remarkably fresh and interesting composition in the key of A natural, moderately difficult; in the hands of a fairly advanced performer would be brilliant and effective.

J. McDowell and Co.

Crystoleum. Galop. Arranged by Alberta Caspar.—A very brilliant pianoforte solo, skilfully and easily arranged.

Ida. Chanson pour piano. Par G. Bachmann.—A graceful little piece of six pages, very effective, and by no means difficult.

Mazurka Elégante. Pour piano. By A. M. Draper.—Is tuneful and expressive; it likewise has the advantage of being short and easy; very suitable for a moderate performer.

B. Williams.

Pansy Bloom. Mazurka. For the pianoforte. By William Smallwood.—A nice, pretty, and easy mazurka for young learners. The style is good, and the time well marked.

By the Mill Stream. Idyll. For pianoforte. By Carl Waldimire.—A very pretty representation of rippling water from the mill stream mingling with the song of birds. The arrangement is graceful and flowing, sure to please, and only requires careful and steady playing.

Carnival des Satyrs. For the pianoforte. By L. Williams.—An exceedingly expressive piece of music, a very carnival of satyrs. The style is taking and dashing. The staccato bases and strongly marked air must be carefully attended to, and the piece is altogether suited for a brilliant player.

Blumenlied. Violin solo, with pianoforte accompaniment. Gustav Lange. Arranged by J. Pridham.—A very pretty arrangement. The music for the violin is well marked to facilitate the learner; and the pianoforte player has a copy of the violin notation in the upper stave to guide in accompanying the violin solo.

Orsborn and Tuckwood.

Ever Faithful, ever True. Words by Edwin H. Morris. Music by Anton Exonia.—A very charming song, with a simple, flowing melody set to poetical words. Warmly recommended.

Homewards. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Odoardo Barri.—A most interesting ballad, with a refined setting. The words begin as follows:—

"The village choir have sweetly sung
A peaceful evening hymn,
The organ's voice is hushed to rest,
The lights are low and dim.
Homeward, with a smile so sweet,
Granny goes with happy feet,
Clear before her shines the way
To endless day."

Queenie. The words written and music composed by Michael Watson.—The composer has associated a pleasant and melodious setting to his poetical verses, which we venture to think will become a favourite with many of our young friends.

The Silent March. Words written and music composed by Michael Watson.—A very graphic description is given of the march of our brave troops in the Egyptian campaign. The composer has set his verses in the most effective style; the melody and accompaniment at the end of each verse well represent the steady tramp of an advancing army.

I MAY NOT, CANNOT BREAK THE SPELL.

By IDA WHITE.

I MAY not, cannot break the spell
  That binds my constant soul to thine,
Although the light where I would dwell
  Has ceased to shine—has ceased to shine

Fondly I call'd thy darling name,
  At evening hour, in starlit grove,
But never welcome answer came
  To bless me, love—to bless me, love.

All music dying on the ear
  Be sure has first some bosom swayed,
The flower has won a smile or tear,
  Ere doomed to fade—ere doomed to fade.

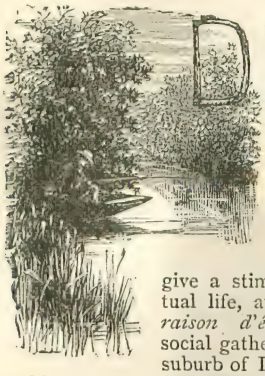
And as the sands drop from the glass,
  And Time's fleet changes softly ring,
Vain as the shadows on the grass,
  We weep or sing—we weep or sing.

If thou art dead, and I bereft,
  Such anguish words may never tell;
While memory's sacred ties are left,
  I may not, cannot break the spell.

OUR SOCIETIES.

I.—The Ladies' Discussion Society.

To the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper.



EAR Mr. Editor,—It has occurred to me that the readers of The Girl's Own Paper might be interested in a sketch of two or three societies, the meetings of which give a stimulus to intellectual life, and also form the *raison d'être* of pleasant social gatherings in a certain suburb of London. There is nothing very novel or very alarmingly learned in any of the societies which I am about to describe. Yet they are helpful in many ways to girls who have learned to think, and who like to hear the thoughts of others. They also tend to develop a spirit of inquiry, and suggest the best way of satisfying it; bringing their members, in certain instances, into contact with the greatest minds of all time, and affording, by joint conversation and study, help to appreciation and understanding.

The "good old days" are fortunately growing more and more distant, when it was thought a waste of time for a girl who had "finished her education" to have a book in her hand, and the cheap and vacant occupation of needlework formed the staple of all feminine existence. I would not be understood as discouraging housewifely arts, in their proper places; far from it. I only maintain, whenever I have an opportunity of doing so, that sewing in various forms is *not* fit to be the main voluntary employment of a reasonable creature. Therefore, girls, while you acquaint yourselves with the mysteries of needlework, and practise them for a little time daily, don't, for the sake of all that is rational, fritter away your precious youth and your untired brain power in idle reverie and dreams, while your fingers move in self-inflicted mechanical toil all the indoor hours of your day.

Of course, Mr. Editor, this side remonstrance is addressed to girls who can rightfully control their time. To others, who are bound to the needle as a duty, either on account of themselves or other people, nothing can be said but an encouragement to do the best they can under the circumstances, and to get, if possible, something into their heads to think about while they stitch.

All this is a digression from the "Ladies' Discussion Society," which I intended to introduce first of all to the readers of The Girl's Own Paper. I will do so by sketching one of its meetings.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, bright-faced girls, mingled with a few of maturer age, are thronging into a pleasant drawing-room in the house of the president. The monthly meetings are always held at her home, as the members come from various parts of town, and it is convenient to have a fixed rendezvous; but I would suggest to any country reader who may feel inclined to establish a similar society, that it might be easily held from house to house in rotation. Greetings are exchanged, and cheery talk goes on till a quarter-past the hour, when from thirty to forty members are usually assembled. I need hardly say that there are more names than this number represents upon the books, but the attendance naturally varies from month to month.

As we glance round the room many different types of womanhood meet our view. Here is Mary Thorne, a fair-haired girl, with ideas of her own on most subjects, but a great difficulty in expressing them. When she does manage to bring them to the surface they are well worth hearing, for they are never commonplace. She is engaged in earnest conversation with Clara Maitland, her next neighbour, who is a complete contrast—dark, clever, satiric, and fluent; ready to volunteer a paper on any particularly difficult subject that arises, and to show herself at home in it. A little further on Maud Transome is reclining in a low wicker chair; her eyebrows are knit, but a smile flickers round her mouth as she is evidently trying to think out something that has caught her interest. She may be described as the "Girl in Opposition." Fond of weighing both sides of a question, she instinctively tries to find something in support of a controverted point. Hence many odd and startling contributions to the debates have come from her lips; and though she may be wrong, there is generally matter for thought in her remarks. Beside her sits Phillis Grey, a frail creature, with an over-developed brain, who trembles with excitement as she presses her thought into utterance. She has no business here; it would be better for her to lead an outdoor country life for six months, and not to read a book during that period. But her weak physical health makes her an exception to the rest, who by no means look as if their intellect were too much for them. Next to her comes Emmeline Graham, a gentle, lovely girl, with dainty dress, and the faintest Scotch accent pervading her tone, as she quaintly and epigrammatically says her say. On the other side of the room is Miss Brand, a good-humoured maiden lady, with a shrewd wit and a clear insight, drawn from much practical experience. Not the least charming member is Alice Boyd, a merry, lively girl of delicious naïveté, and an amusing way of asking the most absurd questions. When put right, her errors seem to dawn gradually upon her consciousness, and she receives the revelation with a gleeful outburst of laughter.

The secretary is Mrs. Campion, who sits with her minute book by the side of Mrs. Oriel, the president and founder of the society. Both are young married ladies, who can spare time from their household cares for this and many another form of work. Mrs. Oriel's kind heart and active brain are always labouring for the good and help of others.

Her admirable tact and management are invaluable in the discussions, and her bright, helpful ways make her the adored friend of many a girl who needs advice and comfort. Her friend and helper, Mrs. Campion, has less of her active energy; she is a student by nature, and loves nothing better than to learn.

At a quarter past eleven Mrs. Oriel calls upon the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. When her clear report has been voted to be correct, the business of the day begins. It is usual to fix the next subject for debate at this point, but if there is any difficulty in finding one, it is adjourned, in the hope that, as frequently occurs, some interesting question will crop up in the progress of the morning's discussion.

Three of the members have papers in their hands, and the president now calls upon one of them, Miss Leigh, to open the topic of the day:—

"That development of character is more hindered by poverty than by riches."

In a clear distinct voice, and with considerable skill, Miss Leigh proceeds to state her case. She defines poverty as the sum total of limitations to human development; wealth as the sum total of facilities in that direction. Poverty, she insists, means a limited condition of life, with no margin for experiment or experience. Its dull and uninteresting round confines the energies, and causes the will to be exercised merely in endurance of conditions. Wealth, on the other hand, means opportunity. She gives illustrations to prove her point, and refers to the false view of poverty taken by the ascetic school of religion. A struggle with circumstances is simply degrading when it is reduced to the effort to "keep up appearances," the form it usually assumes among women. This, and much more, Miss Leigh has to say in support of her subject.

She is followed by Edith White, an exponent of the opposite side. This young lady reads a paper in which, while stating that the mean between poverty and riches is best, she enforces her belief that of the two extremes the harder lot is more ennobling. She dwells much on the temptations to Sybaritism and selfishness inherent in wealth; instances the social conditions which led to the French Revolution in support of her point, and contrasts generally the bracing effect of poverty with the relaxing mildness of affluence.

Another paper is read by a well-known member of the society, Miss Grant. She takes the same side as her predecessor. Squalid want, she says, does not, it is understood, enter into the question; yet no circumstances can be too degrading for the growth of nobleness. She deals in historical illustrations of the enervating influence of wealth—for instance, the Roman Empire, destroyed by luxury—and points to the endurance, patience, contentment which grow out of the struggle with difficulties. Strength of character, she says, is formed and tested by the contests of life.

The president now intimates that the subject is thrown open for general discussion. The three papers have occupied about fifty minutes in reading, and as they have given plenty of food for conversation, there is no delay in complying with the announcement. So informal is the character of the proceedings, that the members do not even rise to their feet; one rule only is enforced by the president, that when a lady speaks all should have the benefit of her words. Unless this is emphasised there is a tendency to break up into eager little groups, while each member attempts to impress her views on her next neighbour. So one only may speak at once, and if the standing posture is not enforced, it is because the more timid members prefer to speak from their chairs, and the effect is thus more like a pleasant social circle. For I cannot too strongly repeat that the society is not for extraordinarily gifted or brilliant women, but for ordinary, every-day girls, who are earnest and thoughtful. It is true that many clever people do come to the little coterie, yet it is free to any who care to think and read.

Mrs. Campion suggests that the needful anxiety about ways and means in poverty is too all-absorbing to allow of harmonious development. Many objections to this view are urged from different parts of the room.

"Is not the question really a practical rather than a speculative one, and susceptible of proof?" inquires Emmeline Graham. "If we can show that the majority of eminent men have arisen from the ranks, surely the case is settled." She then instances her great countryman, Thomas Carlyle, touching upon his poverty and genius, and gives other illustrations of the same sort.

Miss Brand points out that the necessity for work acts as a stimulus, calls out all the powers of the nature, and exercises the faculty of self-denial. The spring-time of nations is always their time of struggle and effort, and the root virtues of character are those fostered by poverty. One or two members

speak in the same strain, and instance young artists and other promising people who have been ruined by having sufficient to live upon; while the inference is that, had they been forced to work, they would have done some good in the world.

Maud Transome does not approve of the turn the debate is taking, and here interposes an observation that goes back to a very early period.

"The very idea of 'development' itself owes its existence to wealth," she declares. "Until a leisure class began, through the acquisition by part of the community of enough to free them from incessant manual toil, there was no such thing as education or art in the modern sense. A leisure class sprang up; then education followed, and 'development' became a familiar idea."

This remark, which is more suggestive than may at first sight appear, is not generally taken up, probably because the members do not feel sufficiently at home in the recesses of the far past to discuss it. The controversy, therefore, is briskly waged on modern grounds. Instances are multiplied of the beneficial effect of a struggle with circumstances, while on the other hand it is argued that wealth does not necessarily mean selfish indulgence, and its opportunities for self-improvement are enlarged upon. At last, when one o'clock draws near, Mrs. Oriel calls upon Miss Leigh to reply.

This she does ably, taking up point by point the various attacks upon her paper. She points out the vices of poverty that were inherent in the great men who had been quoted, and accounts for the fact that so many heroes rise from the ranks by the consideration that the poorer classes are by far the most numerous. She has counter instances of the danger of poverty to allege against all that has been said about the evils of wealth.

When she has finished, one of the elder ladies says a few quiet words to the excited and interested gathering, touching the right sense in which to view money and every other possession as a trust to be used for the sake of others. When that is universally realised, the true social ideal will be near accomplishment.

The question is now put to the vote by Mrs. Oriel:—

"That development of character is more hindered by poverty than by riches."

Twelve hands only are held up. Twenty-two vote in the negative, so the original proposition is lost by a majority of ten.

The meeting now breaks up, and along the suburban roads groups of two and three are seen going homewards, discussing still the subject that has been brought before them.

If it be asked, "What is the good of debating an unpractical topic of that kind, which is not fit for hard and fast settlement, and which, even if settled, cannot matter to anybody?" the answer is, that anything is of use which helps people to think and express their thoughts. The idea in the meetings is not, of course, to solve questions of the kind once for all, but merely to bring the two sides before the members.

The specimen given belongs to the class of "general" questions. Another of these may be quoted, "That a regard for conventionality tends to hinder the progress of society." The debate upon this was extremely amusing and interesting. Besides these general questions, there are (2) Historical and (3) Literary subjects, which form in turn the matter for debate. Instances of the historical questions are:—

"Did the Norman Conquest help or retard the development of the liberties of the English people?"

"Should sympathy lean to the side of Becket or the King in the great controversy of Henry II.'s reign?"

"Was the timid and thrifty policy of Queen Elizabeth with regard to the Protestant cause on the Continent justified by the result?"

Many extremely able papers are contributed from time to time upon these and kindred topics, and no girl can leave the historical discussions without having gained something. If no other advantage be preserved, she will at least have had her attention turned to the Historical Method of inquiry, which does not wrest events out of their setting to look at them in an isolated form, but views them in due perspective, and takes into account all the conditions of the age and time in which they occurred.

I have left to the last the literary subjects, which usually assume the favourite form of a discussion upon one of Shakespeare's plays. No papers are read on the Shakespeare mornings, but questions, framed by our wise president in consultation with her friends, have been previously sent round to every member. These form a basis for the morning's conversation, and have given rise to some of the most delightful of all the discussions. In this way we have contrasted the poet's conceptions of Richard II. and Bolingbroke, Brutus and Cassius, Volumina and Virgilia, Hamlet and Laertes; have striven to thread the windings of Lady Macbeth's ambitious mind, and to trace the alteration in her spouse from the valiant thane to the superstitious terror-stricken king. We have debated the world-wide problem of Hamlet's madness; have pitied the fair, frail nature that failed him in his need, and have sought to comprehend the delay that ever checked him in the fulfilment of his dread purpose. In lighter mood we have wandered with Rosalind through the Forest of Ardennes; stood beside Prospero on his enchanted island; questioned fair Portia on her preference for Bassanio, and traced the loves of Benedick and the winsome, wilful Beatrice to their happy issue. Graver discussions have come from the consideration of Shylock's character, and the question whether he is more deserving of pity or of blame; and the vexed problem of "Political assassination: is it ever justifiable?" has arisen from the study of Julius Cæsar.

Much more might be said, for the subject is inexhaustible. But I hope this little sketch of a society which gives a great deal of pleasure and profit to its members, will be enough to induce some reader to try and form one in her own neighbourhood. Let her not despise the "day of small things."

Though few at first may come together, and little may be said, it is certain that the necessity of turning thought definitely upon some worthy subject, and expressing it intelligently when formed, will be of steady and growing benefit. And to every effort in this direction I heartily wish good speed! L. W.

VARIETIES.

A Particular Beggar.

A beggar asked for a bit of bread-and-butter at a house the other day, and on a couple of slices being brought to him, he indignantly refused them.

"What's the matter," asked the donor; "isn't it good bread?"

"Yes, the bread's good enough," said the beggar.

"Well, isn't the butter good too?"

"Yes, I've no fault to find with the butter."

"Well, then, what is the matter?"

"I don't like the way it's spread!" growled the fastidious mendicant.

Kind Words.—Kind words never blister the tongue or lips, and we never hear of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in one day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and silly words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer; they shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

Double Acrostic.

One of those gifted men, whom God creates
To be the bearer of His Will to man;
Constrain'd to yield as tyranny dictates,
And sign a falsehood, yet his soul abates
No faith in knowledge, which through him began.

1. A Town in Surrey, where the river spreads
To various streams among the flowery meads;
Its Saxon name gives the conventual cause
From which the town its appellation draws.

2. Thrice Roman consul; victory's renown
Made him the first to wear the naval crown;
He built the temple for "All gods" a home,
Which, as a Christian church, still graces Rome.

3. A flow'ring Shrub that, once a maiden bright
(If we our classic stories read aright),
Took sudden root and stay'd her headlong flight.

4. The Patriot, who strove his land to free
From Moslem rule, but overpow'r'd was he,
And into Hungary compelled to flee.
When there, in prison thrown, he captive lay,
Till seven weary years had roll'd away,
And freedom came, too late; then pass'd his life
Away for ever from this world of strife.

5. The sturdy Englishman who faced his king,
Unconstitutionally come to wring
The votes of members to his private views;
Firmly, respectfully did he refuse
To countenance the course the monarch tried,
Or have the *lex non scripta* set aside.

6. Threescore and twelve feet from the rock in height,
This Tower displays its bright revolving light;
And while its granite frame the tempest mocks,
Warns passing ships to shun its fatal rocks.

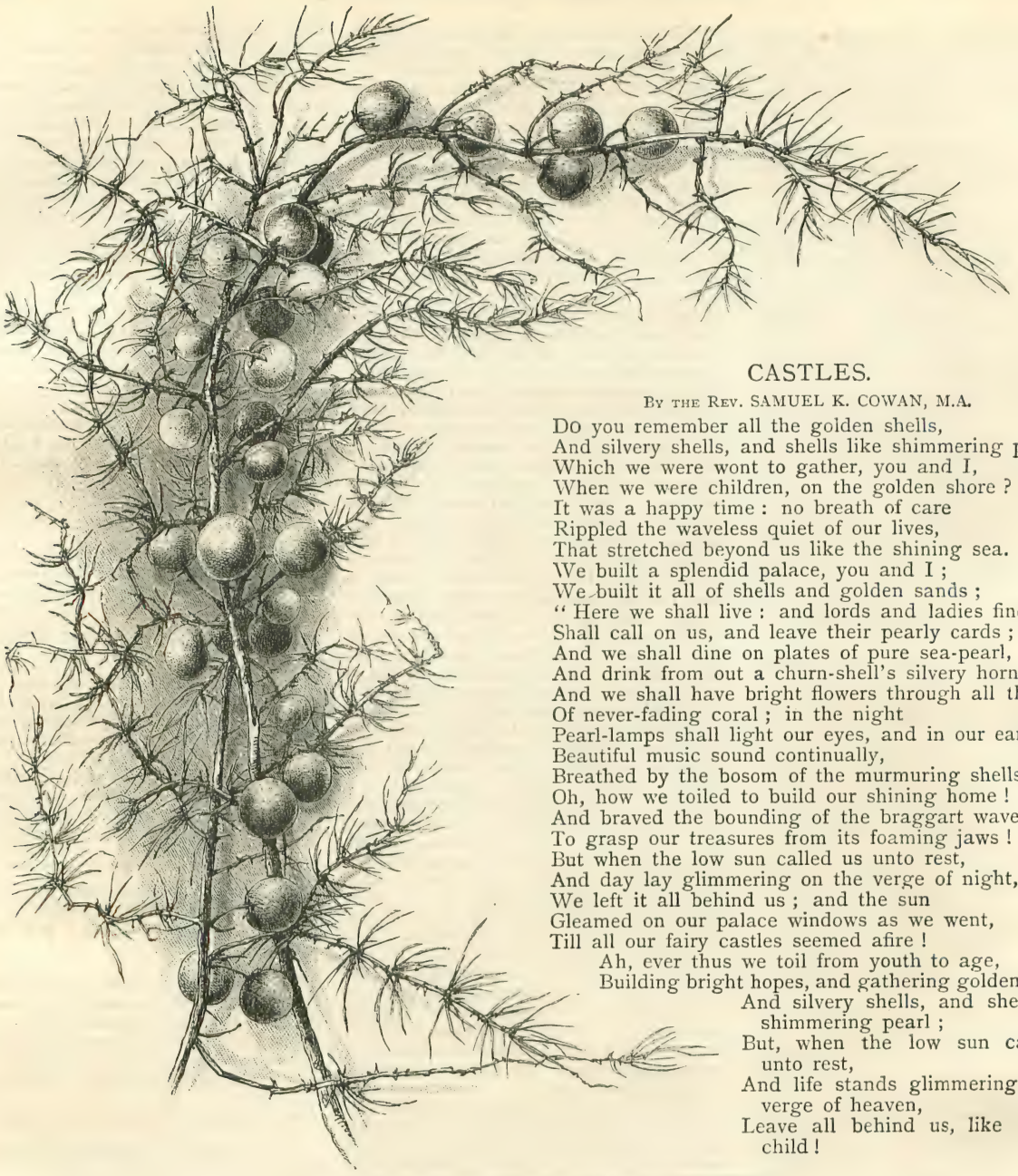
7. The philanthropic Prince, who made a home
For houseless outcasts wandering in Rome;
His noble mansion to an *hospice* turned,
And sheltered those whom others would have spurn'd.

Ximena.

Answer to Triple Acrostic (p. 575).

M e R i T
O d O u R
S e a S i d E
S t e v E n a g E

Moss. Rose. Tree.



CASTLES.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

Do you remember all the golden shells,
And silvery shells, and shells like shimmering pearl,
Which we were wont to gather, you and I,
When we were children, on the golden shore?
It was a happy time: no breath of care
Rippled the waveless quiet of our lives,
That stretched beyond us like the shining sea.
We built a splendid palace, you and I;
We built it all of shells and golden sands;
"Here we shall live: and lords and ladies fine
Shall call on us, and leave their pearly cards;
And we shall dine on plates of pure sea-pearl,
And drink from out a churn-shell's silvery horn;
And we shall have bright flowers through all the year
Of never-fading coral; in the night
Pearl-lamps shall light our eyes, and in our ears
Beautiful music sound continually,
Breathed by the bosom of the murmuring shells."
Oh, how we toiled to build our shining home!
And braved the bounding of the braggart wave,
To grasp our treasures from its foaming jaws!
But when the low sun called us unto rest,
And day lay glimmering on the verge of night,
We left it all behind us; and the sun
Gleamed on our palace windows as we went,
Till all our fairy castles seemed afire!

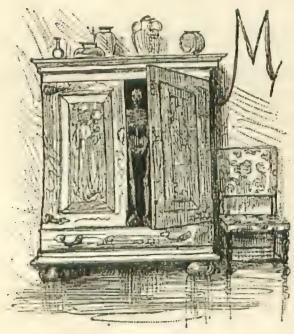
Ah, ever thus we toil from youth to age,
Building bright hopes, and gathering golden shells,
And silvery shells, and shells like shimmering pearl;
But, when the low sun calls us unto rest,
And life stands glimmering on the verge of heaven,
Leave all behind us, like a little child!

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SKELETON CUPBOARD OPENS.



MARGARET was astir betimes next morning. The laird was an early riser, and always received a cup of coffee from the hand of his Peggy long before the family breakfast hour. She knew that she would find him busy with his letters in his little study, a quaint, round chamber in one of the towers of Balacluva, reached by a long narrow passage running behind the chief suite of rooms.

Afterwards Margaret never forgot the aspect of her dear home country as she saw it through the windows of that corridor as she passed swiftly by. The shades of evening had been gathering when they arrived the night before, but now all was bright and gay in the freshness of the morning. Sunbeams danced on the waves and ran shadow races over the uplands. Margaret broke out into singing—

"God reigneth, let the earth be glad,
And isles rejoice each one."

And yet afterwards it always seemed to her that as she approached the study door her heart had sunk within her, as hearts sink at the approach of messengers of evil. Certain it was that her psalm stopped suddenly.

She found the laird, her father, in his accustomed seat at the table; but he was neither reading nor writing, nor did he turn upon her his usual fond smile. He leaned his elbows on his desk and rested his head in his hands, and his thick iron-grey hair was in confusion, as if fingers had passed through it in nervous agony. He did not stir till Margaret cried—

"Father!"

Then he looked up, with a bleared, dull glance, and took the little break-

fast-tray mechanically from her hands and set it down heedlessly on the top of some papers, but carefully avoided one document, which, with a lengthy epistle beside it, lay spread out before him on his right-hand.

"Father!" repeated Margaret.

She was surprised and bewildered rather than alarmed. She had looked into her mother's bedroom as she had passed the door, so she knew that Mrs. Stewart was safe and well. And the laird could have had no later news from Fowlis since they had left it. What could be wrong that need trouble him so much?

"I suppose you must know all, child," he said, huskily. "Read those." And he pushed the document and the letter towards her.

Margaret Stewart only glanced over the former. It seemed a mere repetition of names and phrases, which conveyed little meaning to her startled brain. With the letter it was quite different. It was written by Mr. Stewart's own lawyer, and was, on the face of it, an explanation of the document which had been forwarded to him as Balacluva's agent, and which it was his business to communicate to his principal.

The document was a writ of ejectment, and it was issued against Mr. Stewart of Balacluva by Charles Orion-Stewart of Clapperstown, United States.

The lawyer's letter explained that this writ was based on the claim of the said Charles Orion-Stewart, to be the lawful heir of the Balacluva property, since, according to his assertion, the present holder thereof was no Stewart at all, but a Leask, he declaring that there had never been any marriage between the late laird and Mina Quendall, but that, on the contrary, there had been a marriage between Mina Quendall and Adam Leask; that the declaration of marriage found in the pocket of the late laird after his death by drowning had been a forgery, wrought by the said Adam Leask with a view of securing the estates to his own unborn child. That this statement was founded on the dying deposition of Adam Leask himself, who had departed this life but lately, at a very advanced age, in a remote New England village, where he had lived in obscurity ever since he vanished from Balacluva, when Mina's death had put an end to the wicked projects of his mercenary ambition.

The lawyer stated that he had forwarded a perfect copy of Adam Leask's

"'FATHER!'"

deposition, but he also freely quoted from it in his letter. The dying sinner had given the place and the date of his secret marriage with Mina Quendall. He had declared that his nefarious plot had come into his mind while he sat in the storm on the rocks beside the drowned Stewart's corpse, and while he knew his own life to be still in jeopardy. That after he was saved, during the first hours of the return to Balacluva, he found opportunity for carrying out his designs. That Mina Quendall or Leask was no party to them, beyond yielding to his mingled threats and persuasions to withhold the truth. That his determination had been to allow her to be always regarded as Stewart's widow, and her child as the heir of the Stewarts, but presently to woo her as such widow, and in the character of her second spouse, and stepfather of the young laird, to enter into the enjoyment of the social and financial amenities of the estate. That Mina's death had put an end to this scheme, and that he had then gone away, half in shame shrinking from revealing his fraud, and half in a secret hope that he might yet find it profitable. That he told the truth at last because he desired to do justice to the true heirs, and to "clear his own soul" before he died.

Even at that moment Margaret felt a flitting wonder whether Adam Leask's soul entered eternity much clearer for repentance so tardy and so selfish that it was hard to separate it from the sin itself. In her thought she still named him "Adam Leask," as she had always been accustomed to do in her family reminiscences. It did not occur to her that this traditional figure, about which the shadows had always hung, was now changed into "grandfather."

The family lawyer ended his letter by recapitulating as among the documents in possession of the "other side," and to be produced by them, sundry epistles and contracts which had passed between Adam Leask and Mina Quendall, and an old diary which the former had kept. He also named sundry very aged people in the neighbourhood of Balacluva who, it was believed, could give corroborative evidence on certain points, on which they would be cited to appear. And he wound up all by writing that the attack was certainly well-directed and vigorous, but that the law had great respect for the rights of long and undisputed possession, and always laid difficulties in the path of the plaintiff rather than of the defendant. "If evidence seems equally balanced," he wrote, "justice gently touches her scale in favour of the latter."

"But can this be true?" asked Margaret, laying down the papers, and looking straight into her father's eyes, which answered hers again now that she knew the trouble which had come upon them all. "Can it be true? Because, if it can be—if it is—then I'm sure we don't want to keep anything that doesn't belong to us, whatever the law may say."

"That's right," cried the laird. "If it's true—if it can be true—let Balacluva go. It is not that which matters, it's the having been made to play thief for so long, and it's the being his son! That is the hard bit."

"But we mustn't believe it only because they say so," said Margaret. "Only, when we do believe it, father, then we're ready to give up everything."

"Do you know, Peggy," observed the laird, dreamily, "I remember when I was a child hearing somebody say that surely I had a great look of Adam Leask? Of course, I thought that only came with my grandmother's blood, for Adam Leask was her nephew, you know. Poor, brave old grannie! They won't take her quite from me. They'll make her only a great-aunt! Well, well, Peggy, we must try to see some streak of light in this dark cloud, and surely it is that if this is so, then, after all, grannie was not deceived by her own dear son, but only by a nephew she'd always misdoubted. Being deceived doesn't matter a bit to us, unless we're deceived by those we love. And it always did seem to me to be cruelly hard that such a thing should happen to a woman like her, who trusted so nobly! I could never quite forgive my father and mother for it. And now, perhaps, that poor drowned lad was quite innocent, and was no father of mine, and in his place I have got one who—oh, Peggy, Peggy, it is not what they can take from me, that I'm thinking of—it is of what they can give me—Adam Leask, forger, liar, and robber, for my father, in place of the honest Stewart line, with their motto of 'Aye speyk truth.' And if he was my father he's your grandfather; oh, my poor, innocent Peggy."

"Poor, unhappy old man that he must have been," sighed Margaret, softly drawing her fingers through her father's ruffled locks.

"Why did he not speak before?" cried the laird, passionately. "Why did he not speak out when my miserable mother died, and so save me from these years of unconscious imposture?"

Margaret was silent. She was trying to survey her life from this suddenly changed standpoint. And she was aware of the strange sensation which we all experience under such shocks, as if this could be only a nightmare, from which there must be soon a relieved and thankful awakening.

"Need we speak about this until we have done our best to ascertain what is really the truth, papa?" she asked, quietly.

The laird looked up at her. "I have thought over that already," he said. "Surely not. Why need we trouble your mother with what may prove a mere fabrication?" His voice faltered and had no hope in it. "We will keep it between ourselves, Peggy, till we are sure about it. I doubt if I am strong enough to have kept it all to myself. I never had a secret from your mother before, Peggy."

"I was not thinking of mamma, then," said Margaret, with a sweet compunction. "I'm not quite sure whether this will not be less to her than to any of us. I could not help thinking of the holiday we had planned for May Castle—the first real pleasure she has ever had in her life, and it seems such a pity that it should be spoiled at once."

"Would it be spoiled? Perhaps the incoming Stewarts might invite her to be their guest for a longer period than we did," returned the laird, with a bitterness which startled Margaret, because it was so different from anything she had ever seen in him before. "But let it be as you wish, Peggy. Only remember that, be the allegation true or false, it will not be long kept secret. And after the shame and discussion of the very doubt, it might almost as well be true as false, for either way there will be some found to believe it, and point to us as the holders of that which is not our own."

"Nay, father," said Margaret, steadily, "but we will not flee before a lie any more than we will resist the truth, and we won't give up giving people pleasure until we must."

"If this can be true," pondered the laird, "then we are beggars, Peggy, for we have nothing but the estate, and if we had it should all go to make good the rents which we have wrongfully received; but we have nothing, Peggy. We shall have to go in debt for ever," and once more the proud old head bowed upon the trembling hands.

Margaret stood silently beside him. It occurred to her to wonder how Adam Leask's confession had reached the ears of these Orion-Stewarts, of whom nothing had been known at Balacluva for many years. She took up the lawyer's letter again to see if it would give her any information on this point, and on this second and more careful perusal she found that Adam Leask had made his deposition, when dying, with every necessary formality, giving the name of the Orion-Stewarts as that of those who had been defrauded by his scheme. The American lawyer who had cast his confession into legal form had made it his duty to search out these Orion-Stewarts and to apprise them of their rights, and it was his London agent who was now working for their interests. The Balacluva lawyer went on to say that "Charles Orion-Stewart was a man who had been reared quite outside the old family traditions, that he had had little education in the ordinary sense of that word, but had done well for himself in the pork-packing trade of Chicago, and had married a woman whose father had made a large fortune by "striking oil." He believed that they had only one daughter, and he understood that the whole family had come to this country to prosecute their claim in person."

"Those must have been the people who travelled with us in the steamer from Aberdeen," decided Margaret, silently, "and they came out of their way last night to spy out the land. Nay, nay," she checked herself, "it was but natural that they should come for a look at the old place, whence their forefathers went forth. They would have surely done that whether or no they had any claim upon it."

And then she thought to herself that if these Orion-Stewarts did come into possession, surely they would be able to

do more for the poor tenants than her own impoverished line could, and gradually a sweet smile shone like a sunbeam through the cloud on her countenance. If Balacluva was lost to her father and mother, then her father and mother would be gained for Fowlis, and there need never be the parting which had been the one shadow on her maiden happiness. It never even occurred to her to doubt the faithfulness of Lord Fowlis's love. Noble hearts must have been indeed cruelly betrayed ere they mistrust lest other hearts be less noble than their own.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

ADA BEATRICE C.—We returned the pattern as you desired, but the letter was returned to us through the "dead letter office," as you had gone away.

WALLFLOWER.—We are much obliged for your letter and the information, but we do not act as advertising agents.

ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE.—We fear we cannot help you to earn money in the schoolroom, but we think that as your father has met with a loss of money, you had better begin to prepare yourselves for being self-supporting in some way.

H. M. S.—You will find the knitting patterns you require in one of the shilling manuals, sold in every fancy-work shop. They take up too much of our space.

M. BROWN.—The way to get the patterns for patchwork perfectly accurate is to have the diamonds, squares, or other forms cut out by the nearest tinsmith.

KATIE ORR.—See "Crochet Work in Wool," page 476, vol. iii. You will find some very pretty patterns there. We do not think a "Busy Girl's" idea about the glass jars a good one, nor would they be a pretty shape for ornaments.

HANLEY.—Patterns for crochet with fancy braids were given at page 627, vol. iv., and full directions as well.

THE YOUNGEST OF FOUR DAUGHTERS.—Empty cotton reels can be used for what-nots, with wooden shelves, hanging book-cases, and even small tables with four legs, having a shelf beneath. They are strung on the thickest wire possible, and then either painted black or stained and varnished, or only varnished without being stained, and remain the natural colour of the wood.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—The smell in the fur arises from the bad curing of the skins. You had better consult a furrier and see if he can advise you, but we fear there is no help for it.

POINSETTIA.—To "narrow" in knitting, you may either knit two stitches together, or slip one stitch, knit one, and take the slipped stitch over the knitted one.

MUSIC.

TWO SHOES.—We could not say if you could procure the instrument in Birmingham, but your best plan would be to make a list of musical instrument dealers, new and secondhand, and go round and inquire. You would find them all in a Directory.

E. W. W.—Your fingers may become stiffer with age, but at eighteen we do not suppose they can be too rigid to play fairly well with practice. Your handwriting is not yet formed, and you employ a bad pen. We thank you for your recipe.

ESPOSITO.—You will find all such pieces in our reviews of new music.

LINDA.—The fee for students at the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., is £40 per annum for tuition. Board is not given, but lodgings are recommended, if required by applicants.

ANNOYED ONE.—1. You will find instructions for playing the harmonium at page 472, vol. i. (Number for July 24, 1880). The monthly parts are still to be had; if you do not possess the whole volume, you can write for one. 2. Pronounce "Penelope" as "Pe-nellop-pee," and "hue" as "hew." "Yew" would be "cockney" English.

MIGNONETTE.—You may begin to learn singing at sixteen, not earlier. You will find your question answered at page 347, vol. v. (the number for March 1, 1884), under the heading, "Work for All."

ELLA.—No, we do not allow that any one could sing properly untaught by a good master. Amongst other considerations, tricks are formed which destroy the charm of even a good voice. We remember hearing a gentleman sing who always commenced with the letter "n," and used to commence a pet song of his thus—

"Nas it fell upon a day,
In the merry, merry month of May.'

JENNIE B.—The address of the secretary of one of the "Musical Practising Societies" is Miss Jennings, Dan-y Bryn House, Newport, Monmouthshire. 2. The "Royal College of Music" was opened with fifty free scholars and forty-four paying ones, but the latter soon doubled in number. Scarcely a year ago £100,000, were subscribed towards the endowment of the college; we cannot state by how much that sum has since been augmented. The whole scheme has been a great success; mainly due to the great efforts made to promote it by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany.

ART.

JEANIE MCM.—"The Dance of Death" is not due to Holbein's imagination, as supposed by some. A popular poem was composed by one Macaber, the name being probably corrupted from St. Macaire. The old Gaulish version is still printed at Troyes, with the ancient blocks of the woodcuts, entitled "La Grande Danse Macabre des Hommes et des Femmes." There is also an ancient painting in a cemetery at Basle of a "Dance of Death" still visible, from which a set of engravings was made, entitled "Merian's Todten Tanz." This series was executed by order of a council in commemoration of a mortality caused by a visitation of the plague in 1439. The idea of death as conveyed by such disgusting representations is objectionable. In Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" he draws a comparison between these and the view taken by the Jews, who called the grave "the house of the living" (*Beth-haim*), and by the Greeks, "the sleeping place" (*Cæmeterion*). No lugubrious horrors were connected with death in their minds.

JULIENNE.—Christmas cards are very generally marked "copyright," so you must not copy them for sale. Where not so marked you should not sell them as original, but mark them "copied."

EDITH MARY.—Perhaps the talent you describe as shown in pen and ink sketching might enable you to draw on wood, and the blocks sell well to publishers of illustrated papers and magazines. But you should take lessons in this art. If the designs be original and the execution good, the sale is advantageous. When your blocks are ready you will have to show and offer them for sale, but never "leave them on approbation." You can then obtain orders, and work for the trade.

WELL-WISHER.—See our articles, "Screens, and How to Make Them," pages 225 and 300, vol. iii. (numbers for January 7, 1882, and February 4, 1882.)

EMILY MANN.—If unable to come up to town for the purpose, you should employ some friend who would offer them for sale where such pictures are sold, and endeavour to obtain orders from the trade. We have continually given this answer, but our correspondents do not appear to take note of those that may apply to their own case. Why is that? We are not advertising agents, though glad to help our readers to the utmost extent of our prescribed limits.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUNNY.—The Code or Constitutions of Clarendon derive their name from Clarendon, near Salisbury, where a council was held January 25th, 1164, and these laws, defining the limits between the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and regulating certain church matters, were passed. Thomas à Becket, then Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to sign them, and left the kingdom in disguise. He excommunicated many of the bishops, clergy, and laymen who had subscribed to them, in June, 1166, when Henry II. banished 400 of his supporters from England. The king and Becket were reconciled, and the latter returned to England, but only to begin excommunicating again, which led to his assassination, December 29th, 1170. The full text of the code will be found in Lord Lyttleton's "Life of Henry II."

AN AFFECTIONATE DOG.—The 20th February, 1872, was a Tuesday; March 12th, 1878, was a Tuesday; October 3rd, 1813, was a Sunday.

SCRAP.—We think there is no dictionary of the kind that you mention. Write to the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the part.

SWEET PEA.—You may dip the lace in mustard and water if you wish, but we should prefer either saffron or coffee.

SCILLA.—Sometimes rubbing the nails with powdered pumicestone, wetted, will take away the white spots; but, in any case, they will soon disappear as the nails grow. They are due to opacity of the cells, caused by some injury to the nail.

ACORN.—Pronounce as "o-zone."

A. P. T.—Rub the warts with the woolly inside of the broad-bean shell.

JOAN, JACK.—Never mind about the evil habit of "smoaking" you are anxious to continue; but, for the present, get a spelling-book, and give your whole mind to that. There are six mistakes in your note.

PERPLEXED.—Do not be anxious about the hat and stick of your visitor; let him bear the anxiety of them himself. Say "Don't go just yet, pray stay and have some tea," or some remark of the kind. "G. Smith, Esq., Q.C.," would be right.

NORTH WALES. — Letters of condolence should be answered after a time, when you feel able to do so.

LADY ALICE.—We regret that we cannot help you about the books. The best way is to make the cochineal extract first. Put one quart of cold, soft water into an untinned, copper saucepan; add eight ounces of loaf-sugar, and boil till dissolved; then add one ounce of cochineal and one ounce of salts of wormwood, well powdered, and when this has boiled up, add two ounces of cream of tartar; stir with a clean, wooden spoon. Lastly, add one ounce of Broche alum; boil up and pass through a jelly-bag; bottle, and cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. This is suitable for colouring creams, blancmange, ices, &c.

SINCERITY.—You give no address, so we can give you none as to the nearest and proper asylum to which you should apply; but you should send your sister to the county lunatic asylum, where she would have every attention and be treated with kindness. We believe no charge is made, and clothing only need be supplied. But you must apply for all particulars. You will have to consult your doctor about it, and for the address required. A doctor's, or perhaps two doctors', opinions and certificates will have to be obtained in such a case.

YANKEE GIRL.—1. See "*Her Majesty's Household*," pages 20 and 154, vol. ii. 2. In eating soup use the side of the spoon; never turn round the point. You write a pretty hand. Excuse an unasked criticism.

WINTER ROSE.—We have given more than one article on the meaning of women's Christian names. See pages 39, 135, and 235, vol iv.

JULIA M. A. T.—We regret to say that your spelling is the worst we have ever seen. We tell you this in kindness, that you may at once set yourself earnestly to improve in it. You should also look out every word in the dictionary before you attempt to write a letter to anyone.

SUNBEAM.—One of our staff is personally acquainted with the individual you describe and of the name you give, having dined in society with him. He is living, and is (or was) a member of Parliament; is married to a cousin of his, has a fine hereditary place, a large family—all perfect—and one daughter is married. He is a man of superior ability, a daring horseman and sailor, is highly accomplished, and an excellent landlord.

ONE WHO WOULD BELIEVE.—We advise you to procure "Present Day Tracts" ("on subjects of Christian evidence, doctrine, and morals,") by various writers, and in two volumes, 2s. 6d. each, in cloth boards (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) Mr. Tarn would send them to you.

IRENE DORIAN (Athens).—It has much gratified us to hear that "our Greek readers" are amongst our most grateful ones, and that they "like our serious articles." Your being married yourself does not exclude you from the circle of our correspondents. In reference to the advice given by Mrs. de Blaquière on the management of "girls' allowances," a few words will explain all. Multitudes of girls of the upper as well as middle class are poor, and unable to go into much society, and still less "to Court." It was to aid these poor girls to manage their very limited resources that such small sums were specified, and they were shown that it was possible for them to be warmly and respectably clothed even on such an allowance as £10 per annum. The writer was not giving counsel to those whose circumstances allowed of handsome dresses for all times of the day or evening, because they do not need advice. The greatest possible degree of *etiquette is observed at the* English Court; trains are worn, *décolleté* dresses, ostrich feathers as a head-dress, etc.; and in the upper ranks of the nobility and the gentry, the several styles of dress are regulated by strict rules. Clothing is comparatively cheap in England.

PATIENT CANARY.—We regret that this patient little yellow songstress should have piped to deaf ears so long! By her writing we suppose that the date is not that of her own birthday; for although very good, it seems scarcely yet formed.

ANNIE.—Religious persons could never do anything that would be right in the eyes of those who dislike religion, but they do not stand or fall at their tribunal, nor is the standard of perfection raised by the unconverted, that of which the Supreme Judge of all would approve. "The disciple is not above his Lord" (see St. Matthew x. 24, 25). "The Son of Man came eating and drinking," and you may remember what was said of Him (see St. Matthew xi. 18, 19). I fear that fault-finding cousin of your's is of the sort to whom the admonitions are applicable in Romans xiv. 4, 10. If not something worse he is at least terribly wanting in good judgment and humility. By all means play and sing for your brothers, and do your best to make their home happy. It is one of the devices of Satan to throw an atmosphere of gloom over a holy life, and every obstacle in the way of young believers, "making the heart of them sad that God hath not made sad." Tell him (your unbelieving cousin) to set you an example, as "practice is better than precept."

KITTY SCOTT and LAURA.—Judging from the questions perpetually asked, our young converts seem to regard conversion as consisting in denying themselves certain amusements (music, etc.), various articles of women's usual dress, and restriction in reading religious books. Religion is not of a negative, but positive and active character. The Pharisees used to "tythe, anise, mint, and cummin," while they "passed by judgment and the love of God." Beware of this error. Instead of making so much of comparatively small matters (on which a great diversity of opinion exists amongst godly people) attend to the

essential duties devolving on you. "Show piety at home," "requite your parents," yield a willing obedience to all those who are "over you in the Lord." Keep watch over your words; "speak evil of no man." Tame a rebellious or discontented spirit, and curb a sulky or hasty temper. "Be diligent in business," "kind one to another," ready to be helpful in the family circle; long-suffering and self-denying. Be regular in your religious devotions, reading all that may tend to confirm your faith in your Divine Redeemer, and increase your gratitude. Rest all your hope of salvation on His death and merits, and pray that "the love of God may be shed abroad in your heart." "Thus your light will so shine before men that they will glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

FEST UND TREU.—Say, "Excuse my keeping you waiting." Your act is to be excused. "Me" does not "*keep you waiting.*" *Of course*, exertion, such as walking fast or running, makes the heart beat fast, and thus the circulation is quickened, which, in a moderate degree, does good.

TROUBLED JOYCE HEATH.—You should certainly tell your future husband; we cannot imagine that it would change his feelings towards you.

JESSIE BLACK.—You will not be able to extract a dye yourself, and had better send the jacket to a cleaner's.

A LUMP OF COAL.—We cannot imagine that any schoolfellows can really be "plotting together to annoy you." Are you sure you are not to blame yourself for the conduct which grieves you? At any rate, patience and politeness will see you through your troubles better than anything else. Beware of a suspicious and touchy disposition.

JANE DE MERVILLE.—There is no charge for answering questions in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A WESLEYAN.—The quotation, "They also serve," is taken from a sonnet by Milton "On His Blindness."

JUDY.—Consult a doctor, and eat slowly. There is no need for any addresses; you should simply use her name as you would that of Mrs. Smith when needful.

ZOVOBEZIL.—The discolouration will gradually wear away. Be patient. A little ammonia applied to mosquito bites will take away the sting, though painful at first.

A WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know anything that will prevent the ordinary wear and tear of articles in use. Perhaps yellow ochre might be rubbed over the reins.

H. N. (Utrecht.)—Your English needs no apology, it is wonderful for a foreigner, and your writing so pretty. We should always welcome "our girls" from every part of the world as competitors for prizes, as well as correspondents.

ROSIE and AMY.—We recommend you to read the articles on "Girls' Allowances," which have just been coming out. Of course, £16 per annum would be quite enough for a school-girl of only fifteen; more especially if underlinen were not included. All our girl readers are "our girls," without respect to religious denominations. Neither specimens of writing shows a formed hand. Try to slope them more.

DIAMOND, PEARL, RUBY (St. Thomas, Danish West Indies).—"Pearl's" hand is pretty, and we do not advise her to make any change in it. Her letter is very gratifying, and we thank her for it. "Ruby's" letter is equally creditable to her, but she slopes her writing backwards, which is ungraceful. To her and to "Diamond" our thanks are equally due. It is pleasant to hear that this paper "tells you the way out of nearly every difficulty." Endeavour to form each letter respectively in the same way always. Your "y" needs attention, and your writing generally is rather too angular. We shall be glad to hear from you and your friends again.

EVELYN V.—Many thanks for the recipe for cake. If it gives you amusement to write poetry, do so; it is a harmless vent for the feelings of young girls who would be too shy to make a confidant of anyone. But your verses lack the chief thing in poetry, *i.e.*, originality. So we cannot praise them.

FINETTA MILLICENT.—See "Girls' Christian Names," pages 39, 135, 235, 355, and 387, vol. iv. Thank you for the pattern of paper work. Leave off reading at meal-times, and do not over-eat yourself, as you say you do.

NORA.—The Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, King William-street, Charing Cross, would suit you, we think.

A LONELY ONE.—The limit of age is twenty for these situations in the Civil Service. We advise you by all means to stick to your own profession. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

A DOG WORSHIPPER should spell worshipper with two "p's." Put a lump of sulphur in the water, and give the dog biscuits and no meat.

M. L. E., T. M.—We do not notice any "idioms" in your letter, for which, and for its enclosure, receive our thanks.

PATRICIA NUGENT.—George IV. visited Ireland 11th August, 1821, and remained there till September 16.

A SAD ONE should read the answer to "Tired One," on page 288, vol. v. Sponging the back and body well with "sea salt" and water will do good. Read also answer on page 207, vol. v., on "Stout People."

THE PET.—1. Refer to our indexes in reference to the care of the hands. 2. If a fire be kept in the room daily we should think that the piano would not suffer.

CHARLOTTE M.—We are very sorry for you, but could not recommend you to offer yourself as a nursery governess, as there are seven mistakes in spelling in your letter. We recommend you to apply to the Society for the Employment of Women, at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, and accept any situation you can obtain; "lady's help," or "mother's help," or a situation in a shop.

LUCIA.—Procure something bitter to put on your lips from a chemist. This will remind you not to bite them, and at night put on some lip-salve to heal them.

FLORENCE.—Wash the lamb's-wool shirts in a lather of soap and tepid water, and wring them well. Never rub soap on them.

LOVER OF POETRY.—The verses you quote appear to be copied from others better known. We do not know the author.

MYRTLE and VIOLA.—We are obliged to you for your enclosure, of which we regret we can make no use.

DOLLIE.—You are in need of medical advice. We advise you to procure it without delay.

FRIDAY'S BAIRN.—1. You will find sketches of hair-dressing suitable for young girls in "Dress in Season." 2. The white spots on the wood may be rubbed with tripoli, which you may obtain at any chemist's.

HOPEFUL.—Write to the editor of the magazine you mention, and ask for the information.

AUNTIE IDA.—There are several unfashionable and quiet places near London, such as Gravesend or Southend; or further off there are Birchington-on-Sea, Broadstairs, Bexhill-on-Sea, and Aldborough,

"WILL YOU HAVE IT NOW, OR——?"

on the Suffolk coast. All these are reasonably inexpensive except, perhaps, in August, when everything at the seaside (lodgings and food) is raised in price. The last-named place we hear is a very pleasant sojourn.

ONE WHO WISHES TO SUCCEED, L. v. S., MARIE, AMARANTHOLOGOSPHORUS will find the address of an excellent and reliable institution at Dresden, to which they may write, on page 239, vol. v. "L. von S." might write to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris.

SUNRISE.—The postage must be sent, as well as the money for the numbers, sixpence each, and twopence each for postage. "Crushed-strawberry" is a colour no longer worn.

XARIFA must send her knitted mittens to the secretary of the Thames Church Mission, 31, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, E.C. The article will be found on pages 468 and 531, vol iv.

CRUSHED AGAIN.—The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., publish *Friendly Greetings*, one halfpenny a week; plentifully illustrated: also *The Cottager and Artisan*, one penny monthly, and *The Leisure Hour*, and *Sunday at Home*. Any of them would be most suitable for old men.

EXPECTATION.—"N.B." means "North Britain." The cause of a parrot plucking out its feathers is said to be irritation; he needs more liberty, and some room where he can fly about. He should also have a bone now and then, and plenty of empty cotton-reels to pick to pieces.

H. S. B., AN EASTBOURNE GIRL.—No authority is needed either to take a new name or to add one to your own. An advertisement in the *Times* inserted once or twice is sufficient.

L. M.—Many of our girls send flowers to hospitals as presents. They can always find addresses in the "G. O. P." for that purpose.

CROSS-PATCH.—Resolve by the aid of God's grace, sought for in daily prayer, that when angry you will not speak. Make that a standing rule. You should have been well punished, and so cured in your early childhood of such a fault, as it renders you a nuisance to everyone with whom you are associated. In reference to your servants, any exhibition of ill-temper or hastiness is very undignified and degrading to you.

MARY.—We are most thankful to hear that our paper has proved of so much spiritual benefit to you, and we thank you for the encouragement you have given us. In reference to "Moles," see page 336, vol. ii.; also "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," page 348, vol. i. Your shoes should have broad toes and broad low heels, or you will do your feet permanent injury.

DAISY.—We do not recommend the works by the author you name. You will derive no advantage from them, and your recreation reading should be judiciously selected. Your handwriting is fairly good. Accept our sincere thanks for your good wishes and assurances of the spiritual assistance afforded you by our magazine.

MAMMA'S LITTLE BLUEBELL.—We think that your writing and spelling are good for a little girl, and we see no mistakes in grammar. Certainly, we did not "like grammar when we were a little boy," and are not surprised at your finding it less entertaining than playing with a very pretty doll or a nice game such as "blind man's buff." If you ever write stories for us they will have to be very good indeed, and you will have to be most attentive to your lessons for a long time yet.

ROBERT R. JOLLIE.—We always try to be as simple as possible in our explanations, and that is the one we usually give. The true origin is very mysterious, and it was probably Coptic; but it was not Greek, though taken from them in ignorance of its meaning.

CAROLINE F.—Many thanks for your note. We quite agree; but, we need not tell you, it is often difficult to carry out the best intentions.

MAIDA AVONDUCK.—If you cannot forget yourself, begin trying to think most of other people.

VIOLETTE.—The real name is "brown Betty pudding." It was a misprint.

SNOWDROP.—We are quite sure that you did your best. Biscuit is better than bread for canaries. If not used to green food, they do not appear to miss it.

VIDA.—We laughed much over your letter and the mistake you point out. Perhaps if you wrote as much you might make mistakes too. The plural of "index" is "indexes." "Indices" is marked "obsolete" in the newest dictionaries, and, properly speaking, is only used in arithmetic and algebra as a plural.

ZITETTA.—Perhaps Judson's black dye might be useful to revive your felt hat.

LITTERATEUR.—"How to Keep a Commonplace Book" is to be found at page 601, vol. iii.

SPEED.—The only method to improve such writing as yours is to purchase some running-hand copies and practise running-hand assiduously. You are far too young at sixteen to be out at all without some older companion.

B. B. B.—There are many children's hospitals in London, amongst which are the hospital in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea; the hospital in Great Ormond-street; the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell (an extremely interesting one); the Evelina Hospital, Southwark Bridge-road, S.E.; and the Victoria Hospital, Queen's-road, Chelsea.

WHITE PANSY.—In the phrase, "Mas'r Davy," bor," in "David Copperfield," "bor" is a familiar term of address in Norfolk to a lad or young fellow, and means "sir." It is from the Dutch *boer*, "a farmer." "Mor" is the Dutch *moer*, "a female," and is used in the same way.

INA.—We should advise you to do two things—to learn your lessons and write and complain to your parents.

MAGGIE and APPLE BLOSSOM.—We should advise you and any others to write to the hon. secretary of the Medical and Convalescent Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, 15, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, W.C., for a report containing a complete list of homes, and tell at the same time the sad story of your invalid, and inquire how they can assist you, and how much you propose to pay.

AGGIE.—The name "Britain" is considered by Bochart to be derived from *Baratanic*, a Phœnician word, meaning "country of tin," and this was contracted into "Bratan," and so into "Britain."

A CONSTANT READER.—The money can be recovered if left by a father for the sole use of his daughter. But you had better take a respectable solicitor's opinion on both points.

A CREOLE.—All dyes appear to be considered injurious, either to the health or the hair, and as grey and white hair is now so much admired, there is no need to use them.

A MIDDY'S SISTER.—To make flowers keep their colour, the moisture must be pressed out of them gradually and the paper changed every other day. The 25th September, 1868, was a Friday.

ALSIE.—You must consult a doctor about your eyes; we could not prescribe without any knowledge of you. The sore state of the lids may be from some constitutional delicacy, and your general health may need much attention. Writing good, but rather large.

VOL. V.—NO. 235. JUNE 28, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

All rights reserved.] "'COMMON, DO YOU CALL HER?' CRIED A SHRILL VOICE, CLOSE BY."

CHAPTER XV.

N the way nome Mr. Brooke and Hilda were joined by Dorothy, and the three walked towards the Hey together. Unfortunately a little incident occurred before they reached it, which disturbed the pleasant impressions produced by Hilda's unwonted gentleness.

A child had climbed on some palisades, and in attempting to descend had caught her feet between the spikes at the top, and was now hanging head downwards, and utterly unable to extricate herself.

Such a little dot of a creature she was, that it seemed a wonder how she had succeeded in attaining such a dangerous position unassisted. No other person was near at the moment, the children having been drawn away by the sound of a street-organ in the neighbourhood.

It was in order to follow them quickly that the child on the palisades had attempted to jump down and been caught, as in a trap. Poor little woman!

She looked a most unattractive object. Her face, smeared with tears and dirt, was becoming livid through hanging head downwards and her ineffectual struggles to release herself. These had now ceased, as she was incapable of further effort.

Hilda saw her first, and gave a little cry, but shrank back without attempting to rescue her.

Dorothy uttered no sound, but, springing forward, succeeded in raising the little captive to an upright position. Then, firmly supporting her with one encircling arm, she extricated her feet from the trap in which they were held. This was done before even Mr. Brooke realised the position.

The child's face alarmed Dorothy, who began to fear that her help had come too late. She, however, seated herself on a convenient doorstep, and placed the almost unconscious child on her knee. To her great relief, the little one gave a smothered sob, and before long a lusty cry followed and gave Dorothy abundant assurance that she was living and lifelike.

Hilda stood looking on while Mr. Brooke went in search of the child's mother and brought her to the spot. Just as she came within hearing, Hilda exclaimed, "Poor little mite! I am glad, for her sake, that you have more courage than I have, Dorothy. Do you know, I felt that, even to save my own life, to say nothing of hers, I could not have clasped that little, dirty, common child in my arms."

"Common, do you call her?" cried a shrill voice, close by. "Are you made of different stuff, my fine lady, from this little lass of mine, who might have died before you'd have touched her with the tips of your dainty fingers? Common, indeed! Why, the Bible says that God has made of one bood all nations. The poor black man and the white are of His workmanship. My child is English, like yourself, and just as fair and pretty when her little face is clean, though you scorned to touch her. You may find yourself in want of help some day, grand and rich as you are—and I hope you may."

The woman almost screamed out these bitter words, and her face was flaming with anger.

Hilda was perfectly powerless to answer. She would have given much to recall the offensive word which had so cruelly pained the mother, but the latter gave her one more look of utter contempt, and turned her back upon her.

Clasping the child in her arms, she alternately showered kisses on the dirty little face and blessings on the head of her rescuer.

Dorothy said a few kindly, deprecating words, and Hilda tried to speak, but the woman said, harshly, "You need not trouble yourself about a common body like me. I've heard enough from you, though you did not say many words." And, with another fervent blessing on Dorothy, she turned homewards with her sobbing child in her arms.

Mr. Brooke's face wore a pained expression, but he said nothing. He was grieved for Hilda, as well as for the poor woman who had been stung to the quick by those seemingly heartless words. He could understand Hilda better now than he would have been able to do a few days before, and could well imagine that she had spoken thoughtlessly, and in ignorance that the child's mother was within hearing.

Still it shocked him to think that the words could have come from one so fair, and herself possessing so many blessings and advantages.

If Mr. Brooke could have run away at that moment, it is probable he would have done so. As such a course seemed impossible, there was nothing for him to do but to keep silence, or speak too plainly. He chose the former course, and with the exception of exchanging two or three irrelevant remarks with Dorothy, he said nothing until they reached the Hey.

To Hilda the distance had appeared interminable, and as soon as she reached the house she ran hastily to her room and gave vent to the tears which she had with difficulty restrained till then.

Dorothy's light knock was soon heard at the room door, and a pleading "May I come in, Hilda, dear?" procured her prompt admission.

"Oh, Dorothy," said the weeping girl, "how sorry I am that I should have used that hateful expression again. I never meant to do it, and, when I saw that poor mother's face I felt as though I could sink to the ground. I could not speak to her. I wanted to tell her I was sorry, but if I had done, where would be the use? She would not have believed me."

Dorothy's kind arms were round her cousin's neck, and she tried to comfort her.

"I know, darling," she said, "just how it happened. The word slipped out, as we used to say when we were children. When we once become accustomed to use an expression about people or things, it is so diffcult to give it up. The poor woman will be sorry for her passionate words afterwards. I know her very well, and just at that moment she was so excited about her child that she forgot everything else."

"She will neither forget my words nor forgive me," said Hilda. "It was dreadful to hear her speak as she did. I felt as if some terrible vengeance was being called down upon me, and was so frightened that I could not speak at first. And I had been so happy all the morning in going through the works first, then listening to Mr. Brooke's bright, sensible explanations. I think I never felt more truly inclined to be kind to everybody, more filled with good will to all the world than I did just before I said those words that spoiled everything."

Poor Hilda! She was feeling how much she needed to pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips," for again and again had she made resolutions not to offend with her tongue, and had to mourn her inability to keep them.

Dorothy could only comfort her cousin by reminding her how much less frequently she had given offence by hasty words of late. "I know, darling," she said, "how you have been fighting against what was more a careless habit than wilful unkindness. You could not hurt anyone on purpose, Hilda, either by word or deed. I know you, dear, if others do not."

"You always put a kind construction on all I say and do, Dorothy. But then you think kindly of everyone. Who would have thought those few words—that word, I may say, which you have always urged me not to use—would have caused so much pain? What will Mr. Brooke think of me for speaking in such a heartless fashion?"

In this last question lay the secret of a large portion of Hilda's distress. She was truly sorry for having pained the poor woman, but no less so that Robert Brooke should have heard her own words and witnessed the scene they called forth.

Dorothy was again a ready comforter.

"Mr. Brooke is so reasonable," she said, "that he will not judge you hardly. He is still young, but he has seen so much of the world, and I think those who have a wide experience of men and manners, especially if they are good people, are more ready to make allowances than others who have spent their lives within a narrower circle."

"I wish Mr. Brooke could know how I feel about that miserable speech of mine," said Hilda.

"Tell him, dear."

"Oh, Dorothy, how can I? I wish I knew how, but I feel as if I should break down utterly if I made an attempt to allude to that dreadful scene. If he were only an old man instead of a young one, I could do it easily enough, but——"

"Is not Mr. Brooke just the sort of man whose good opinion any person, young or old, would like to keep?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, and I have had an idea that he does not think very well of me, and no

wonder. Most people think me either horribly frivolous or selfish, and they are right enough—I am. But when one is always struggling to conquer and always being beaten——"

The girl could say no more. The tears came again, and prevented her from finishing the sentence.

"Darling, do not cry so bitterly," said Dorothy, her own eyes filling, from very sympathy. "I know exactly how you feel, because I have the same kind of battle to fight every day."

"You, Dorothy! Can it be possible? Who could accuse you of being in the least like a frivolous, selfish creature, such as I am?"

"I am quite sufficiently selfish and frivolous, Hilda dear, though, perhaps, I do not show my good-for-nothingness in those respects so often as it is actually present, because timidity makes me hold my tongue," replied Dorothy, smiling as she spoke, in order to cheer her cousin. Then, speaking more gravely, she added, "Perhaps our temptations are not just of the same kind. The sin that most easily besets me may not be the one that most frequently attacks you. But the struggle is going on all the same, though the soul fortress may not be assaulted with the same weapons. Still, I sometimes think my fight may be at least as hard, because my whole character is weaker than yours."

In one sense Dorothy looked less strong. Slighter of figure, shorter of stature, and with a face more expressive of sweetness and tenderness than of strength of character, she presented a strong contrast to Hilda; but the latter was not slow to realise a difference, which rendered Dorothy more than her equal in another respect, and she whispered, "You, dear, have been long conscious that you needed a better armour, a higher strength than your own. I am only just learning my need."

"But you are learning, dear. And having begun to feel the value of that better strength, you will desire and seek it more and more."

With a loving clasp and a tender kiss Dorothy left her cousin. She knew—rare and precious knowledge—how to sympathise without harping too long on the subject which had caused the pain. The wise surgeon, having applied a remedy, leaves it to do its work. He does not irritate the wound and harass the patient by frequently uncovering the place to see how it is going on. He is satisfied if there is no complaint and the invalid's general state suggests increased comfort and consequent rest.

So with Dorothy. She knew her cousin, and felt that a loving word never failed to produce its effect.

Hilda stayed in her room for some time, and when she left it her eyes showed signs of recent tears. At one time pride would have impelled her to remain out of sight until these had disappeared, and she would probably have returned to the family circle either with a defiant manner or apparently in a reckless mood quite inconsistent with her real feelings.

Now, she cared less that these signs of emotion should be noticed than for the incident which had caused the tears. As Hilda passed into the drawing-room she found it untenanted, but outside the open French window stood Mr. Brooke, caressing one of the dogs. She stepped quickly towards the window, and in a tremulous voice said, "May I speak to you for a moment?"

Mr. Brooke turned quickly; and without pausing for an answer, Hilda continued, "I want to say how truly grieved I am for what happened this morning, and ashamed of those cruel-sounding words which so terribly pained that poor mother. You heard them, and this is why I want to tell you that the expression which made her angry is one which I have a bad habit of using, without considering the effect it would produce on those who hear it. I have been trying to get over it ever since my cousins told me what pain it might give—I never knew how much until this morning. I hope I shall never use it in the same way again. Will you try to forget, Mr. Brooke? I ask you, because I fear I have so often forfeited the respect of those whom I respected by some selfish or thoughtless act or words. Once I did not care. Now I do."

Hilda's eyes filled, and her head drooped again, as she finished speaking, and waited for Robert Brooke's answer. If she had looked in his face, she would have seen how rapidly it lighted up with the pleasure her words gave him. He was one who always listened patiently until a speaker had finished, though probably he had a greater difficulty in refraining from interrupting Hilda than he had ever before experienced.

"Forget! Miss Cranswick? No. I shall now wish to remember all that has happened as a lesson against a bad habit of my own, that of judging too hastily, of measuring a character by the actions of a mere fraction of a lifetime. I have been unjust towards you, amongst others. I must ask your forgiveness for hard thoughts of yourself, though they have never been put into words."

Hilda smiled through the glistening tear-drops, and, with something of her usual archness, answered, "It seems, then, that you and I reverse matters, Mr. Brooke. I say, you think, the wrong things. I fear, however, that my system gives the most pain, since it must be noticed. You are so successful in hiding hard thoughts under kindly acts and courteous manners, that I, for one, never suspected you of harbouring any against me. I suppose others are similarly——"

But here Robert Brooke did interrupt a speaker for once in his life.

"My hard thoughts have been few and far between, Miss Cranswick. My good will is ever present."

He would have said more, but Hilda caught sight of approaching figures on the path outside, and again promptly retreated from the window and to her room, whence she emerged at luncheon time with a bright face and recovered spirits. Only one thought weighed upon her mind, and this was how to conciliate the woman whose anger she had so terribly roused. About this, however, she decided to consult Dorothy, and had no doubt that her gentle cousin's influence would not be exerted in vain.

During the next few days the attention of the young people was fully occupied with the second approaching wedding, which, in many respects, would present a striking contrast to that of Geoffrey Penwarden and Aunt Lydia.

Frank Oakley's bride being an only daughter, there would be a long train of bridesmaids, a great number of guests, and much consequent festivity at the home of her parents. At Brinnington the marriage of the eldest son and junior partner in the works could not be celebrated without treats to the work-people and a general holiday, so all the young folks, as well as the elders, were kept in a state of pleasant excitement and preparation for the event. All the Oakley girls, down to Janet and Hilda Cranswick, were included amongst the half-dozen bridesmaids, and even Jack, though not best man to his eldest brother, insisted that he was next best, only Allan being in advance of him.

All went well, and when the last slipper had been thrown, and the young couple were fairly started on the double journey of wedded life and their wedding tour, those who were left behind had a moment's breathing time to say to each other—

"To-day Geoffrey and Lydia will reach Cornwall. I wonder how Miss Vivien will receive them, and how they will like her."

Again, too, speculations became rife as to what form her promised wedding gift would take, and each began to look eagerly for the first letter from Aunt Lydia, which would, they hoped, satisfy their curiosity.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A SECRET OF HEALTH.—It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people—being indoors three parts of the day; and, next to that, taking too much drink and vittals. Eating's as bad as drinking, and there ain't nothing like fresh air and the smell of the woods. . . . . There's the smell of the earth, too—'specially just as the plough turns it up—which is a fine thing; and the hedges and the grass are as sweet as sugar after a shower. Anything with a green leaf is the thing, depend upon it, if you want to live healthy.—*The Gamekeeper at Home.*

GOODNESS AND HAPPINESS.—The angels are supremely happy because they are supremely good.

HEART'S EASE.—In our greatest fears and troubles we may ease our hearts by reposing ourselves upon God, in confidence of His support and deliverance.—*Tillotson.*

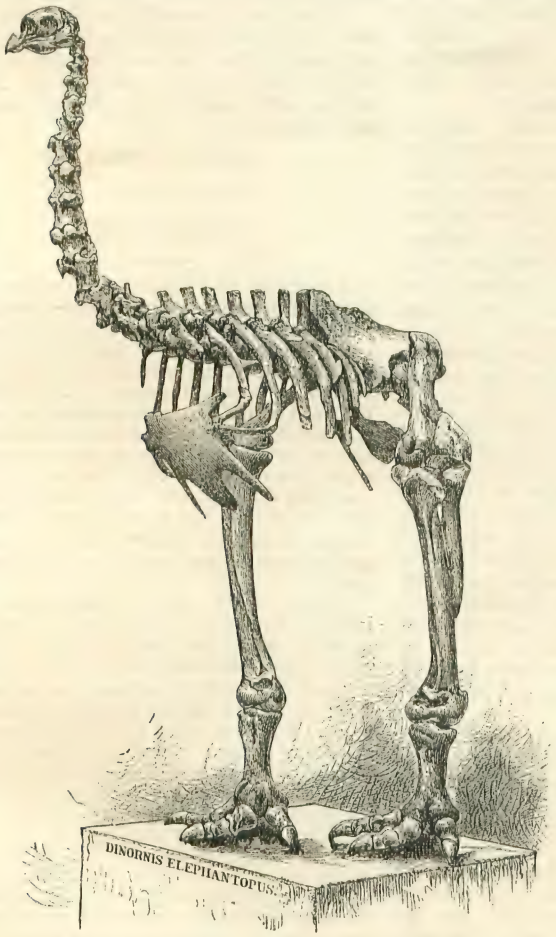
LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Carus's Life of Simeon.*

WONDERFUL BIRDS.

In no other one division of animated nature are there found more wonderfully beautiful or much more grotesque forms than among the birds. Here is one all grace and colour; there one distinguished by clumsiness and oddity. Some seem all body; others all wing; others again all beak or tail. Some are mounted high on long, thin stilts; others waddle on webbed feet as short as flippers. Wonderful birds indeed! they are all wonderful. The fabled Roc of the "Arabian Nights," that great white bird which could lift an elephant and carry it to its mountain nest, there to devour it at its leisure, was doubtless a myth, while we must not place implicit reliance on the accounts given of the great Madagascar bird, which the natives assert could knock down an ox and then make a meal of it. These fictions were, however, founded on some considerable degree of fact; among extinct birds there were undoubtedly some monsters, the strength of which might well have been two or three times greater than that of any now known to exist. A fossil egg of the *Epiornis*, the bird last mentioned, was as large as six ostrich eggs, and its capacity at least fifteen pints, while from such remains of the bones as have been discovered, it is believed that the creature's height was as much as ten or twelve feet. Nor is it absolutely certain that it is extinct; the natives of Madagascar assert that some few representatives still exist in the little-known interior of their island. The same is believed to be possible regarding the Moa of New Zealand, the *Dinornis* of the naturalists, for the bones discovered were yet rich in gelatine, and had dry flesh adhering to them. There is a story, not thoroughly well authenticated, however, which tells how two Englishmen encountered a living example thirteen feet in height, in one of the marshy forests of the colony, which they did not venture to attack. The bones of the Moa were twice as large as those of the ostrich, while the toe-bones of one species could only be compared with those of the elephant in toughness and strength.

There has recently been opened to the public at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, a collection of birds which is probably the most complete in the world, and which our young readers are strongly recommended to inspect. It includes the old British Museum specimens, but there are so many additions and improvements in arrangement as to constitute the exhibition a new one. Wherever practicable, the nest, eggs, and young, as well as the skeleton of each bird are, or will shortly be, placed together, enabling the visitor of an observant turn of mind to quickly learn much about birds and bird-life.

WEAVER-BIRD'S NEST.



THE GREAT DINORNIS *(From the British Museum)*.

The power of flying possessed by almost all birds in more or less perfection is their most distinguishing quality. Man has been at intervals trying to fly from a very early period of the world's history; but the brief record of his attempts is only one of utter failure or dismal disaster, till he has been forced to content himself with the nearest approach to it he is likely to attain—a seat in an express train, drawn by the "Flying Dutchman" or "Flying Scotchman." The fleetest quadruped known does not approach the speed of certain birds, while it soon succumbs to the fatigue they hardly seem to experience at all. Three or four hundred miles in one flight is nothing extraordinary for the artificially bred carrier or passage pigeon, of which so many fine examples have been shown at the Crystal Palace and other exhibitions. Set free in various parts of France, they have found their way unerringly to their dovecots in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Audubon tells us that wild pigeons have been killed in the neighbourhood of New York with their crops still full of undigested rice, which they could not have obtained nearer than the fields of Georgia and Carolina—600 to 700 miles distant. As they can digest such grain entirely in twelve hours, that great naturalist calculated that they must have flown through the above space at the rate of a mile a minute. Pigeons were employed in early Egyptian days; navigators taking them on their galleys and liberating them when they arrived at the port of destination, in order to announce their safe arrival to their friends or employers. The Romans utilised them in communicating with each other in war-time, just as was done during the late siege of Paris, and very notably at the terrible siege of Leyden in 1574, when the Prince of Orange managed to carry on a correspondence with the beleaguered citizens by their aid. When, more by the winds and waves which drowned out the cruel Spanish invaders than by the force of arms, Leyden was again free, the Prince directed that the faithful birds should be fed with strawberries and their bodies embalmed after death, in recognition of the services they had rendered. A falcon which strayed from Fontainebleau, near Paris, in pursuit of some other bird, was found next day at Malta, in the Mediterranean. Another falcon is said to have returned from Andalusia, Spain, to the peak of Teneriffe in six hours. There is some doubt as to the flight of the eagle being as rapid as many would make it, but it is yet known that the swiftest hare has no chance with it in regard to speed.

The "homing" instinct of the carrier-pigeon is very beautiful, and equally mysterious. The probability of any bird which can fly to a great height, and so survey the country all around, finding its way home for any moderate distance, will be understood, but this does not explain the unerring instinct of a pigeon taken in a closed basket hundreds of miles from its cot. And yet it returns thither more certainly than does the skilled mariner to an oft-visited port.

The organisation of a bird explains, to a great extent, its power of flying and supporting itself in the air. Not to mention its light feathers, its bones are hollow, and possess large cells, termed *aërial sacs*, which it can fill with air at will, while its muscles are relatively powerful, and specially adapted to its kind, whether as flyer, swimmer, wader, or climber. The reader can imagine the power of muscle required by, for example, the golden eagle, the spread of the wings of which may be nine or ten feet; or by an ostrich, which has been known to kill a man with one kick.

The perfection of vision in many birds is very wonderful. The condor may be itself nearly out of sight, thousands of feet high up in the heavens; suddenly it swoops down straight upon some small victim which the traveller on the same level has not himself even noticed, but which it has been watching with deadliest intent. The martin is said to be able to clearly perceive a fly at a distance of 120 yards.

Let us—as the most convenient mode which presents itself—make a rapid tour of inspection round the new collection at South Kensington, halting at a few of the more wonderful birds so lavishly displayed there. First come the vultures, which, unattractive and repulsive birds though they be, have their uses in nature. Note here the Cinereous vulture, with its cadaverous, haggish-looking head stretching out of what looks like a great feather cloak of sable dye, and, hard by, the sociable vulture, a much more jaunty kind of bird, the urubu of South America. He is the public scavenger of many parts of that great continent, and

THE SICKLE-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

is literally under the protection of the law in many places; in Peru the inhabitants are interdicted from killing one under a penalty equivalent to ten pounds, and a similar prohibition exists in Jamaica. One has to remember that in many tropical countries the sanitary arrangements are of the worst, while any decaying matter will more rapidly poison the atmosphere than in more temperate climates. Filth and garbage, however, are the chosen food of this unpleasant bird; hence its public utility. Here again is the secretary bird, a particularly useful creature to man, devoting as it does most of its energies to serpent-eating. It has on and behind its head a number of feathers, which stick out much as did quills from above the ears of clerks in the olden time; hence its name. It does not feed exclusively on snakes, however, but consumes tortoises, lizards, and insects by the score, its voracity and digestive powers being far above the common. A French naturalist opened one, the stomach of which contained twenty-one small tortoises, eleven lizards, three snakes, varying in length from two to two and a half feet, and a variety of insects too numerous to mention. It eats rattlesnakes as though they were sticks of celery. It has been purposely introduced into the French West Indies with the most beneficial results. In Cape Colony the settlers have domesticated it, using it to protect their poultry against serpents and rats.

It is impossible to pass the next recess of the gallery without a halt, for here are the eagles, a grand-looking if not a happy family. The eagle in its native haunts is a solitary bird; its mate alone excepted, no other of its kind is likely to be found living within a considerable distance of it. The "king of birds," like the "king of beasts," has had its ancient character for magnanimity and nobility somewhat impugned of late years, but of its strength there can be no question. A blow from its wing alone is said to have killed a kid. There are many instances of babes and young children having been carried off by eagles. It is even stated that in the canton of Geneva a boy of ten years of age, who was attempting to rob an eagle's nest, was seized by one of the birds and carried a distance of 600 yards; he was, however, rescued by his companions, without having suffered any very serious injury, though its talons had inflicted some severe wounds. The eagle builds its eyrie in the clefts of inaccessible rocks, or on the

THE SWORD-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

edges of precipices, the nest being little more than a flooring of sticks and branches lined with leaves, heather, etc. Here it brings and stores up a considerable amount of food, often consisting of young lambs or game. The story goes that an Irish peasant long fed himself and his family by robbing the eaglets of the stores of food thus brought home by the parents to their mountain eyrie in his neighbourhood. He is said to have prolonged his source of supply by cutting the wings of the young ones to prevent them flying; knowing that the old birds would not drive them forth to forage for themselves until they could fly.

Only a few months ago the following episode, in which a great eagle figured, occurred at Fürstenwald, in Brandenburg. A field labourer heard a dog howling in a most dismal manner at no great distance from the spot at which he was working. Running in the direction whence the sounds came, he saw a large bird perched on the back of the watch-dog of a neighbouring farm; the two were struggling and fighting, half in the air, half on the ground. At last they passed into an adjoining copse, when the labourer ran and called the bailiff of the place where he was employed. Both proceeded to the copse, to find the bird moving with the greatest difficulty, and scarcely able to hop a few paces; it tried to fly, but was evidently disabled, and a well-directed shot killed it. They found the poor dog dead; all the flesh had been literally torn off its bones by its enemy. The eagle measured seven feet between the tips of its wings, and was almost black, with snow-white shoulders, indicating great age. It had evidently had a history, for on its left foot, just above the claws,

THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

was a strong gold ring, on which were engraved some letters, the meaning of which could not be deciphered, the word "Eperjes," and date "10. 9. 1827." Eperjes is a town in Hungary, not far from the Northern Carpathians. The bird had probably once been in captivity.

In the South Kensington collection a superb golden eagle, spreading its wings across the spaces on either side of the table on which it stands, is sure to be remarked, and many other fine examples, including the birds specially stuffed for Count Gleichen to model the eagles which now form part of the monument at Woolwich to the poor young Prince Imperial, who so sadly met his death in South Africa. Around and about them are other birds of prey, kites and hawks, the latter ranging from the pretty little butterfly hawk that pounces on the grasshopper or bee—to the noble gyr or jer falcon of Iceland, which in strength almost rivals the eagle itself. The falcon sometimes attains an enormous age. It is recorded that one was taken in 1797 at the Cape of Good Hope, which showed no great signs of old age, but which bore on its golden collar an inscription stating that in 1610 it belonged to James I. of England; it was therefore over 187 years old.

Next we reach the owls, of whom the people in many country districts have such an unreasonable terror to this day, but which are on the whole useful to man, for they destroy enormous quantities of rats and mice. The great owl is an ugly opponent even for the eagle, though, on the other hand, it can be easily tamed. One case is recorded where a great owl and an eagle had buried their claws so deep in each other's flesh that they could not withdraw them; they died together in this deadly embrace. Yet few birds have a much greater attachment to their young than the great owl. A Swiss gentleman, whose farm was situated at the foot of a mountain, at the top of which dwelt a pair of these birds, tells how his servants caught and confined one of the young owlets in a hen-house. Fourteen consecutive mornings a freshly-killed partridge or other bird was found lying outside the door of the hen-house, brought there, undoubtedly, by one of the parent birds. The Chinese pay special reverence to the barn owl, instead of believing it to be a bird of ill-omen, as do scores of our own country people. Their reason is that when Gengis Khan, the founder of their empire, was compelled to hide in a wood from his pursuing enemies, an owl came and perched himself in the same thicket. His foes, thinking it unlikely that the bird would occupy the same covert with a man, omitted to explore it, and so Gengis Khan escaped. An owl's feather is often worn by the Chinese in memory of the event.

And now we leave the well-defined *Raptores*—birds of prey—for an order known as the *Passerines*, under which the naturalists have grouped a selection of birds which would seem most incongruous to any ordinary intellect, and upon which they themselves are not entirely agreed. Never mind; suffice it to say that some of the most beautiful, as well as the oddest of birds, come under this head, the bird of paradise among the number. When travellers spoke of these birds in olden times, it is perhaps not surprising that they were not generally believed. Some of them said that they were without legs, that the female deposited her eggs under the feathers on the male's back, and that they passed the breeding time in paradise! The most remarkable, perhaps, of these birds—the "Great Emerald," with its two showers of light gay feathers proceeding from its wings, in a measure overshadowing its body and legs, may have given rise to the first idea; but where did these early naturalists derive the second and third ones? The above bird, as it shoots through the vast Papuan forests, is said really to suggest a meteor. The golden bird of paradise has six long shafted and delicate feathers sticking out from its head, while the king bird has a pair of similar adornments depending from its tail.

Wonderful too, are the bower-birds, with their love of gaiety and colour. They build themselves playgrounds, and adorn them with the brightest berries, shells, or even shreds of rag or ribbon, if they can find such.

The weaver-birds form a most interesting series, their name being derived from the ingenious manner in which they construct their nests, literally weaving together the coarse fibres of which they are composed. Sometimes they are spiral-shaped, sometimes round. One naturalist has described the nest of a species, built like a chemist's retort, and projecting over a stream. The neck of the retort, some eight or ten inches in length, nearly touched the water, and it was there that the entrance was left. The most wonderful of all are the Sociable or Republican weavers, of South Africa, who place hundreds of their nests together in colonies, round the trunk of a tree. The appearance of this aviary is something like that of a great umbrella. As many as 300 separate cells or nests have been found in one of these bird settlements, representing at least 600 grown birds. The tailor-bird's nest is a great leaf, the edges of which are sewn together, so as to form a bag. Many of these nests are to be seen at South Kensington.

A queer creature is the umbrella-bird, with its wide crest spread over the top of its head; while one that will compel a special halt, on account of the beauty and intricacy of its tail, is the superb menura, or lyre-bird. Two great and well-defined tail feathers rise upwards exactly in the form of a lyre, these being interlaced by a number of finer feathers, springing from nearly the same point, but crossing each other and spreading out in fan-like form. It is a native of New South Wales.

No birds are, however, more likely to interest young lady readers than those feathered gems the humming-birds. "Nature," says a lively French writer, "seems to have endowed them with her rarest gifts. In creating them she surpassed herself, and exhausted all the charms at her disposal; for she imbued them with grace, elegance, rapidity of motion, magnificence of plumage, and indomitable courage. What can be more delightful than the sight of these little feathered beauties, flashing with the united fires of the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, and the emerald, flying from flower to flower amid the richest tropical vegetation?" Their colouring defies analysis, and often the slightest movement reveals a new and unsuspected tint. When flying, the vibration of their wings (the humming sound of which gives them their name) is hardly to be seen, and when they hover they appear as though suspended in the air by some invisible means. Thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of the late Mr. John Gould, the nation now possesses at South Kensington the finest collection in existence of these beautiful, and often valuable little birds, single skins of some species of which have sold for as much as £7 apiece.

The true humming-birds are entirely confined to the New World, and by far the largest number of species are found just northward of the equator in Central America. Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Guiana abound with them, more than two hundred distinct species being known there. The egg is pure white, and about the size of a pea; they are always two in number. The nest is a delicate structure, about the size of a half apricot, and is compactly built of lichens or dead leaves felted together and lined with the soft fibres of various plants. As a rule, the male is the most brilliantly coloured. Their bills, though always slender, vary greatly in shape and size, some being straight and extremely long, as in the "sword-bills," others greatly arched, as in the "sickle-bills," and others again extremely short, as in the "thorn-bills." The popular titles by which a number of them are known generally refer to some peculiarity or marked feature. Thus we have "round-tailed" and "long-tailed" hermits (the term "hermit" applying to the solitary habits of these species), "velvet-breasts," "green-backs," "lilac-throats," "brilliants," "rainbow," "star-frontlets," "golden-tails," and a variety of other titles too numerous to mention. The smallest known humming-birds are the "wood-stars"—these are scarcely bigger than large bees. The tongue, which is forked at the end, and capable of opening and shutting like a pair of pliers, is a marvellously delicate organ; it is capable of being protruded for some distance, and is constantly moistened by a glutinous saliva. Woe to the unfortunate insect on whom the humming-bird has cast eye, for these characteristics of its microscopic tongue enable it both to seize and hold its victim. Their food, however, is principally derived from the calyx of flowers.

In their disposition, Mr. Gould tells us they are restless, irritable, and pugnacious; they will not only fight among themselves, but will even venture to attack much larger birds; it is even said that several of them will combine to attack a hawk, and manage to drive it away. They will even attack human beings who approach too closely to their nests. They are extremely difficult to keep in confinement; one brought to London by Mr. Gould only survived its arrival two days. How abundant many varieties of them must be in their native forests may be inferred from the tens of thousands of skins used annually, year after year, by the ladies of London, Paris, and most of the other civilised capitals of the world, for their personal adornment.

A lady residing at San Rafael, California, recently sent to friends in London an account of the taming of two humming-birds, which has been published by a contemporary. Her invalid daughter had, under medical direction, passed several hours daily reclining on rugs spread on the garden lawn, to get the full benefit of the delightful summer weather. The humming-birds seemed inclined to be friendly, so "to entice them to a nearer approach E— plucked a fuchsia, attached it to a branch of a tree over her head, and filled it with sweetened water. The intelligent little creatures soon had their slender bills thrust into the flower, from which they took long draughts. Then E— took honey, thinking they might prefer it, and filled a fresh flower each day. They would sometimes become so impatient as scarcely to wait for her to leave before they were into the sweets, and, finally, while she held a flower in one hand and filled it with drops from a spoon, the now tame little pets would catch the drops as they fell, and dart into the honey-cups their silvery thread-like tongues." Referring to a later period, when the rainy season was commencing, the writer tells us that her daughter tried to coax them to the parlour windows. For a long time they evidently hesitated, though they hummed about the window or would watch from a neighbouring branch; but at length one, recognising her call, approached and ventured repeatedly to take the honey directly from her hand.

From humming-birds to ostriches may seem a great leap, though at South Kensington one finds them in close proximity and glaring contrast. After all, do not both contribute largely to the adornment of the fair sex? An ostrich farm "means money" in these days, and takes

capital to start it. A good pair of breeding ostriches is worth £60 to £80. In the new collection they may be seen grouped with their enormous eggs, baby chicks, and growing youngsters.

Those who assert that the ostrich lives on broken glass and iron nails are not quite right; but that it swallows pebbles to assist its digestion, as do many other birds, on a lesser scale, when in a state of nature, and pieces of wood, metal, or what not, when in a state of captivity for the same purpose, is most undoubted. The strength of the ostrich is quite equal to carrying a man on its back at a rapid rate of progression; the negroes often use it for riding purposes. Dr. Livingstone tells us that the legs of an ostrich running at full speed can no more be seen than the spokes in the wheel of a vehicle drawn at a gallop. The ostrich can run about thirty miles an hour, and the Arabs would never be able to overtake them but for the stratagems employed. They first follow them for a day or two, without pressing too closely, but sufficiently to prevent them taking food. When they have tired out the hungry bird, they pursue it at full speed, and, taking advantage of a fact well-known to them, that the ostrich always describes a curve in its course, themselves make a direct straight "short cut," and so gradually get within reach. Each adult bird produces about half a pound of white and three pounds of black feathers; those from the male bird are most highly esteemed, and all are in best condition when plucked from the living bird.

The last of the curious birds about to be mentioned, the toucan, is equally remarkable for its ugliness and for its beauty. See it "squatting," the only correct expression for its mode of rest, on a tree, with its enormous bill threatening almost to overbalance it, and nothing much more ill-shapen or clumsy can be found. But its beautiful feathers, long used for ladies' adornment in Brazil and Peru, are now greatly esteemed in Europe, and muffs made from the throats of toucans are quite valuable.

THE OBSERVER.

By Dora Hope.

Subjects of all kinds are much more interesting when they can be studied from real life and personal observation than when merely learnt from books, and happily there are very few girls so circumstanced that they cannot study animal life in this way.

A small but very interesting aquarium can be made by those who cannot afford expensive tanks from a wide-mouthed bottle of clear glass. It will do for either fresh or sea water, and is often as healthy as a more ambitious venture.

Girls living in towns can find many interesting objects for an aquarium in the lakes and ponds in public parks, especially where water weeds are growing, and the weeds themselves have much of interest about them. The only difficulty is to get the balance of life—that is, to get the *right* proportion of animal and vegetable life to support each other, as the weeds give out the oxygen necessary for the fish, while the fish exhale the carbonic acid gas needed by the weeds. In so small an aquarium it is necessary to add to the supply of oxygen by taking away a little of the water frequently and pouring in fresh from a height above the bottle, so as to force air down into the water.

Water snails are amongst the objects of interest always to be found amongst water weeds. They are necessary in even the smallest aquarium, to keep the sides clear of green growth. They have, in common with their land and sea relations, a most wonderful set of teeth, or tongue, or "palate," as it is called. This tongue is like a ribbon, set lengthwise with rows of sharp flint teeth, shaped like hooks. The number of rows differs with the kind of snail. This ribbon, moving at the creature's will, cuts or scrapes off its food. You can watch one on the glass sides of your aquarium, the mouth opening regularly, and the tongue licking the glass at each movement. There is much more of interest in the water snail, such as the wavy edge of its body, by which it moves along, called the "foot," though anything more unlike a foot cannot be imagined, and the little towers or horns on its head, through which the eye runs up like a watchman. The eye has wonderful strong muscles to draw it up and down. Snails have ears, too, or at least something equivalent by which they can hear; but in water snails they are difficult to find. Their shells, too, are an interesting study, for, instead of leaving them when they become too small, as crabs and lobsters do, they build on another storey, and widen them out at the bottom.

There are many larvæ of flies to be found now in ponds and streams, and they are interesting objects when examined with a common magnifying glass, and much more so when a microscope is used; and the spiracles on both sides of their bodies can be seen, their gills keeping up a constant motion as they swim about; all their internal arrangements can be traced, and their fierce goggle eyes and ferocious jaws.

There are more plants in flower in July than in any other month in the year, and, as in the early spring, the majority of them are yellow. In a list of flowers compiled by Alfred Waller it is computed that during July there are ninety-four varieties of flowers to be found in different shades of yellow, while of white, the next in number, there are only seventy-one, and sixty-four purple. There are twenty varieties of blue more than in any other month, and twenty-nine of pink or rose-colour. Red flowers are most plentiful during June.

The moon will be full on the 8th of July. There is no real night during the early part of the month; for, besides the moon, there is either daylight or twilight all through the night till the 20th of the month.

NEW MUSIC.

Orsborn and Tuckwood.

Cousin Madge. Words by F. W. Waithman. Music by George E. Iles.—A simple melodious setting of well-written verses.

Forty Winks. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Arthur Carnall.—A very taking song, with a dreamy refrain, which is both agreeable and pleasing, likewise free from difficulty.

My Queen of Hearts. Words written and music composed by Edward Harper.—A well-written and pretty song of moderate compass. Although there is no great originality, it will find many admirers.

Beyond the Gates. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—An able and musicianly setting of grand and poetical words. Ciro Pinsuti is always happy in his arrangement when given a worthy theme. It is written in two keys—compass B to D and C to E.

Epineuse. Rigodon. By Henri Stanislaus.—An interesting short piece for small fingers.

Dance Moderne. Composed by Sidney H. French.—A very pretty instrumental piece of four pages; will be welcomed by our young musical aspirants.

J. B. Cramer and Co.

Primrose Lane. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by James J. Monk.—A lively, tuneful song; the modulation into A flat is effective and agreeable. We think it deserves to become popular.

The Evening Rest. With harmonium *ad lib.* Written by Edith Ramage. Composed by James J. Monk.—A very charming song; the verses descriptive of the repose at close of day—

"The cares and labours of daylight cease,
And all is peace, sweet slumb'rous peace."

The change of time from 4-4 to 6-8 is bright and sparkling; the harmonium accompaniment is most effective. We recommend this song to our musical girls.

Home Recollections. Written by Samuel Jones. Music by James J. Monk.

Love is a Wicked Boy. Words by Claxton Bellamy. Music by James J. Monk.

Both these songs are simple and pleasing, and may become favourites with many.

The Song and the Singer. By Henry Parker. Words by Nella.—Is a most effective song, and will help to sustain the composer's deservedly high reputation. It is published in three keys, and has also a violoncello accompaniment.

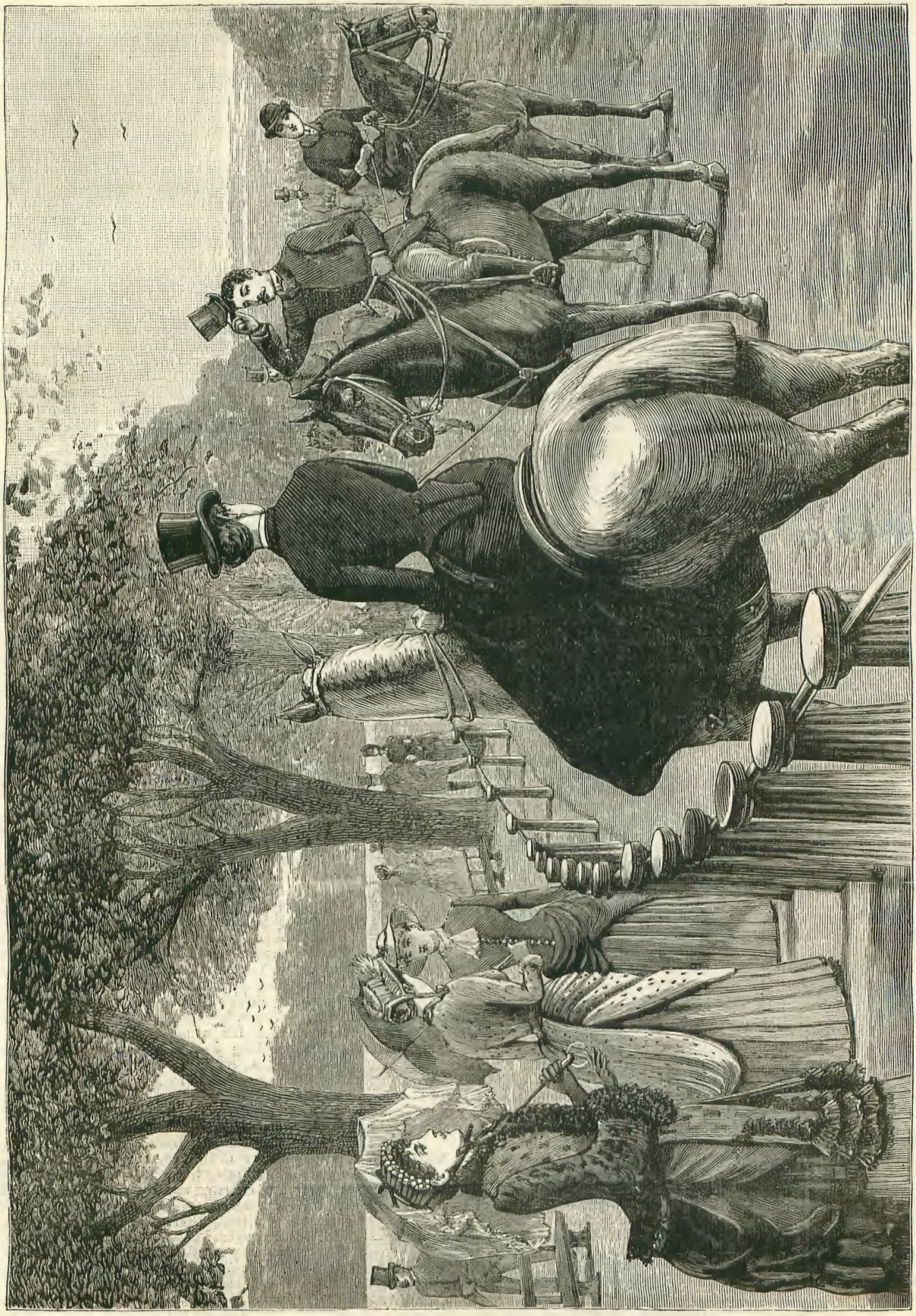
Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.

Inclusions. Written by Elizabeth B. Browning. Composed by Annette Leigh Hunt.—A song of more than ordinary merit.

Gondoliera. (E. Geibel.) Translated by Claxton Bellamy. Music by Mary Carmichael.—An extremely pretty song; well sung, and accompaniment smoothly performed, will be a welcome addition to the vocal repertory of many a young singer.

Tommy and Barbara. Song, for one or two voices. Words by W. H. Wright. Composed by Carl Th. Kühne.—A lively composition, both as regards words and music. We give the preference to its being sung as a duet.

We have received a batch of new songs, including *Bygone Days* (Halfdan Kjerulf), *Castles in Spain* (Lady Benedict), *Fettered, yet Free* (Antonio L. Mora), *Spring Showers* and a *Portuguese Love Song* (Emily J. Troup), *When all Around is Still* (William Harold).—We are glad to see Halfdan Kjerulf's songs presented to English musicians, as has been done by Mr. Theo Marzials, who has set the Scandinavian composer's music to various English verse. We venture to think, however, that, in this instance, Robert Burns's lyric hardly suits the music to which it is here set. Kjerulf's celebrated "Brudeforden i Hardanger" has been given, we note, already in London this spring. The song, "Bygone Days," presents some of the same characteristics as the music of the "Brudeforden." "Castles in Spain," by Lady Benedict, has a pretty refrain, but is not very striking in other respects; the words by E. A. Allen are effective. The "Portuguese Love Song," by Emily J. Troup, has a well-written accompaniment, which will help to brighten a somewhat monotonous air. It has Portuguese as well as English words—not a very common language to meet with in the songs of the present day. More pleasing is "Spring Showers," by the same composer, an effective musical setting of Robert Buchanan's words. "Fettered, yet Free" is a sentimental song by Antonio L. Mora, who has written a rather commonplace air to the equally commonplace words of H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. "When all Around is Still," by William Harold, is a simple but very pretty song, best suited to a contralto or baritone, and though not, perhaps, strikingly original, will be a welcome addition to many portfolios.



JUNE—IN THE ROW.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

NEW METHOD OF DRESSING HAIR.

"The best evidence I can give of her perfection in dress is, that one never can remember what she had on."—*Dr. Johnson.*

So far as dresses only are concerned, there is very little novelty in the method of either cutting or making them, which is practically the same as that which I have been describing for months past. Pointed bodices, very short on the hips; jackets with waistcoat fronts, and short round casaque jackets are as much worn as they were. The only especially remarkable change lies in the revival of the "polonaise," which has returned to us in several new varieties of form, but useful and elegant as of yore. The bodice part may have a double-breasted front, or a diagonally cut one, edged with a thick ruche of pinked-out silk; or it may have an entire waistcoat-front, and be drawn back to look like paniers at the sides. Bibs, such as the "Fedora puff," are also much used, and will be more so in the light materials of summer, when they will appear as one long puff tied in by ribbons at the waist, or confined with belts of ribbon. The long-pointed plastron buttoned on one side, which I have chosen for illustration, is perhaps the most popular of all, and may be worn quite plain, without any fulness, if it be thought more suitable thus.

So far as I see, all the tunics worn are very short, much folded and fluted, and made to give an appearance of puffiness to the figure below the waist, a change of shape and style painfully unbecoming to the elderly and stout, but unquestionably favourable to my thin girls, who from twelve to seventeen are sometimes, very unhappily, like laths in figure. How fortunate a thing it is that we have the much abused Madame Fashion, after all, for everyone may expect their turn, and may be sure of looking well once at least in their lives!

The tunic is also pleated in on either side of the waist, in regular folds, very close together, making them fuller at the waist. What is called by the dressmakers a "spoon tunic" is the one exception to the shortness I have mentioned. The name is fairly descriptive, for, after being regularly pleated on either side of the front to the hips, it falls in perfectly regular folds in a loop in front, reaching almost to the feet. Some of the very short tunics show the skirt of the dress nearly up to the waist—a method of making them which should be avoided by thin or tall people, as calculated to add to their length, particularly when the skirt is laid in long, irregular pleats, or close regular ones, like those known as "accordion." The effect of these long pleats in lengthening the person of the wearer is very unbecoming.

The back drapery of skirts hangs very long behind, but there is no puffiness, only rather full long lines of folds. All the newest skirts are much fuller, and are no longer set in so tightly in front, some being even put in in gatherings and pleats all round, from back to front. Many skirts are made like one deep flounce, being gathered scantily under the tunic on to the silk foundation. A great many tailor-made costumes have been made up this spring of light thin cloth, in bluish grey, fawn, heather, etc., and trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; a band of the velvet from three to three and a half inches wide is laid on the skirt above the hem, or there are three rows of velvet of graduated widths, one above the other.

We have not forsaken the gathering of sleeves into the armhole yet, but we do not gather them quite so closely, nor make them stand up quite so high as in the past autumn. Some of the new sleeves have a band below or above the elbow, into which the sleeve is gathered. The lower edge of the latter is now bowed up to the top of the arm, and lace is put on full all round, all sleeves being quite as short as before, and usually finished with a

DRESS WITH FULL TUNIC, PLEATED AT THE WAIST.

frill of black lace, or of white lace under it, and the plain round cuff seems to have vanished.

In the way of mantles there is plenty of choice, for we have the long cloak of the winter, used for carriage wear, and made of cashmere with coloured plush or velvet spots, and rings on it, and lined with shot silk to match, with trimmings of chenille, silk balls, or lace. Dust cloaks will be made of shot alpaca, and will have ribbon sashes at the waist. Then we have "visites," "pelerines," and "mantelettes," as well as the shoulder capes in favour so long. Visites are made of broché velvet, velvet gauze, ribbed silk, with velvet and plush patterns, velvet on cashmere, or velvet patterns on grenadine. They are made to match the dress in coloured materials, and they are also of dark red, and of transparent stuffs lined with colour. Much lace is used, the sleeves being often entirely composed of it, and loose bibs of lace in front. Mantelettes is a most comprehensive term, and includes the short shoulder cape, made with small, flat, square ends—a very youthful garment, suitable for young girls. The ends in front of the larger mantelettes are wider and fuller, and can be knotted at the waist. The material is always good, being of silk, velvet, or the numberless materials which are so rich and combine both these materials. "Pelerine" is now the more usual name for the shoulder cape. They are much shorter, and do not reach the waist. The shoulder seam is carried down the back, making a side piece behind, and thus many pelerines are made of two materials, this being the division line between them. Very short jackets of broché velvet and plush, with or without ruches of lace, or silk ruches at the edge, are now being used for cool days. They resemble those that were so much worn during the winter, made of cloth, and edged with marabout bands on the edge of the sleeves, neck, and basque. But while speaking of all kinds of out-of-door garments I must not forget to say that there are many ladies who do not make use of them at all, and prefer a handsome well made dress, without any other covering to conceal the figure; so it must not be thought that the wearing of any mantle is a necessity if you choose to go without it.

The newest colours worn are mignonette, verdigris, and peacock-greens, Egyptian red, greys of blue tendencies, wallflower, maize, mastic, and a light shade of dove grey, all of which seem much affected by young ladies.

As to the materials, they are of every sort and kind, and difficult indeed must she be to please who is not satisfied with some of them. Thin soft silks seem to be the favourites; shot taffetas with small flowers; surahs, plain and broché; foulards with spots, and large and small bouquets of flowers—all of them being used in combination with fine thin woollens for dresses. In these fine woollens, the most novel are cashmeres and fine nun's cloths, embroidered or spotted with chenille, or embroidered with satin-stitch; the chenille or embroidery may be of some contrasting shade, such as red on blue, light blue on dark, etc. Then there are shot materials of all kinds, which imitate the look of silk ones very well. Irish poplins are making a fresh endeavour to come to the front, and appear to be used at concerts with other things. Of richer fabrics there is an exhaustless profusion. Satins and the richest silks, with raised velvet shaded leaves; silk gauzes, with silk and velvet brocaded patterns; and cream-coloured terrys, with lace designs. Lace dresses, and flounces worn over silk and satin skirts, are likely to be much worn, and many ladies are finding a use for lace that has been long laid by. The lace used in general is in the piece, and is lined with the silk; the lower skirt is plain, and the backs draped. The bodice need not be completely covered with lace, as an old bodice can be used, the front covered with a plastron of it. The skirt may have a tunic, scarf, or wide drapery of satin. During the summer we shall see white, cream, and grey lace dresses.

I must now speak of the washing materials brought out for summer wear, in which an immense choice is offered. Many of the sateens with floral designs are quite perfect in colours and in their peculiar shiny finish, and will be used for quite dress occasions when trimmed with lace and some slight silk, such as surah or foulard. Polonaises made of them will be worn over flounced lace skirts and trimmed with ribbon bows.

It is said that tambour-worked muslins are to be revived, and that wide sashes of ribbon or velvet will be worn with evening dress, and also with the light dresses of the summer season. They are called "Josephine sashes," as they were worn in the days of the First Empire, and are tied at the back with long ends and falling bows. Small fichus and capes of lace and muslin, Indian muslin, and soft silks are all being made up for wear in the afternoons, and will be used by both young and old.

I hardly know where to begin to talk about bonnets, as they are so many and various in style. In Paris they are worn larger than in England, and more flowers are piled upon them. Probably, before we have finished, they will be reduced to a bow and a pair of strings, as they certainly grow smaller and smaller. One thing is good about those of straw and string, and others of which the foundation can be purchased ready-made and prepared, *i.e.*, that they can be trimmed and done up at a very small expense at home by the clever fingers of our girl readers. Straw is as much used as anything else, while, for full-dress occasions, tulle, gauze, coloured crêpe, and lace form "the correct thing," and these are rather above the powers of the home milliner. The shapes in straw are very pretty. All are very shallow in the crown, and some are cut into a point, so as to show the back-hair. In the front they differ widely, some having a coronet of beads with the brim high enough to leave a space above the head, which is filled in with a coronet of velvet folds. Full soft fronts of ravelled-out silk made into ruches is extremely popular, and this form of trimming is not difficult to carry out at home. Puffs of gold, or of brightly-hued tulle, are sometimes arranged over the entire bonnet, and shot tulle is a remarkable novelty in this direction, which is being much used for ruches, its effect being quite fairy-like for lightness and its softness of hue.

There is no great change in hats. They are nearly all high in the crown, and every hat has the peculiar characteristic of being cut off quite close to the head behind, producing, I think, an ugly effect. The trimmings are generally brightly-coloured, and flowers, tulle, gauzes, and feathers are used for them.

Where accessories to the dress are concerned, the new season's parasols come in as a very strong feature. So great is the variety, that one hardly sees two alike in the park, either as regards the covering or the handle. The latter are most warlike, and represent pistol-butt ends of curious and antique styles. The hilts of rapiers of all dates are represented, and be-jewelled dagger handles. Specimens of carving in ancient and much discoloured ivory are very popular—porcelain tops of huge size, serpents, ducks, owls, swans, and dogs' heads carved in wood, and numberless other eccentric fancies.

The new rosettes made for dresses, caps, and mantles are very like those we are accustomed to see on horses' heads. They are round, raised in the centre, and have loops and ends falling from the middle of the rosette itself.

Veils, when worn (which is more seldom than has usually been the case), are sometimes chosen of tulle to match the bonnet, and covered with tiny beads. They are cut round over the face, and are quite unmade and untrimmed.

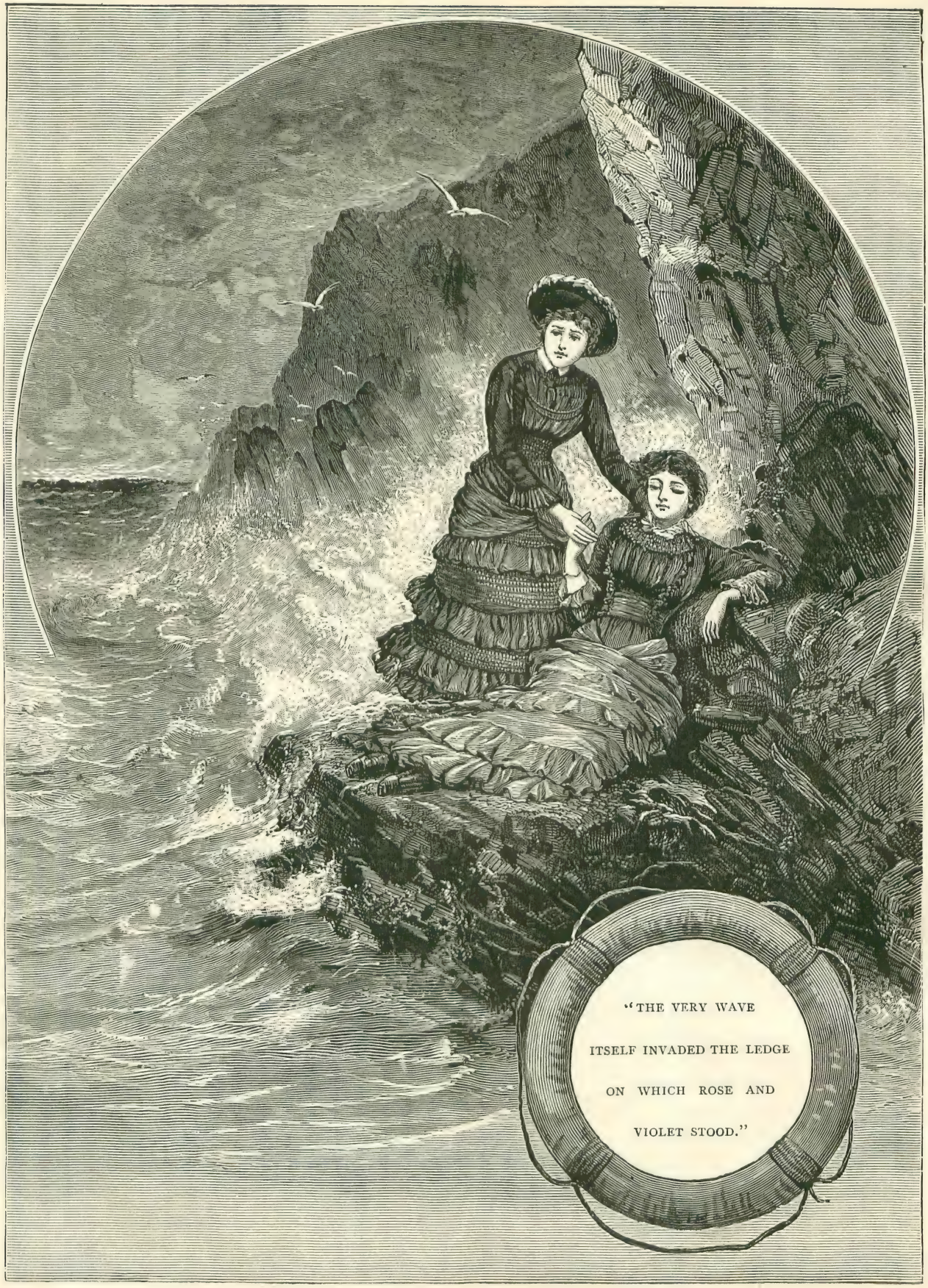
Fancy pins of all kinds are used for the bonnet, the most popular being beautifully-made flies, beetles, and butterflies, which are arranged on long pins with springs, so that they appear to flutter as if alive.

I have been not a little amused lately at the discussion carried on in one of our illustrated journals as to the name under which ladies' dresses were now known, and the manner in which the words "dress," "frock," and "gown" were applied, the writer falling out with a recent American book for its statements on the subject. My feminine curiosity led me to verify my own opinion by asking that of a lady of rank, well known in society. Her answer was:—"Gown" seems to have been entirely adopted by the ladies'-tailors, as applied to cloth and serges, but it is also used for the modern "*robe de chambre*," called a "tea gown." "Dress" is only now used for the particular description of gown worn at balls, dinners, or court—"full dress," in short. "Costume" is never heard out of the shops, and is quite vulgar; while, if I want a plain morning frock, I go to my dressmaker and give her directions for it, and say, "I want quite a simple frock." This term would include cashmere and silk, or nun's cloth and silk combined; or all material only. This, so far as I can say, has been the usage in the best society for the last two or three years; and I think "frock" seems to be applied to the morning costume, and "dress" to that of evening only.

I have another little note to take from the columns of the weekly press, which will, no doubt, astonish my readers very much, as it did me; but I hope they will not attempt to follow the fashion. A writer in the *English Mechanic* says, that the English and American ladies in Jerusalem have adopted the fashion of wearing nose rings, fastened as if passed through the centre cartilage of the nose, or one nostril, like the native ladies around them in Syria and Palestine.

The illustration entitled "In the Row" is designed to answer many inquiries about the proper way of making habits and wearing hats. The collar of the habit is a turnover one, like a gentleman's coat-collar. The sleeves are slightly puffed up on the shoulders, the back as depicted. The skirt is fastened by a row of buttons at the side, and it is very short, longer, perhaps, in front than behind, to cover the feet. As regards the other figures, the nearest one wears a fashionably-cut mantelette with long ends, and the other one of the new polonaises, with a grass bonnet, and a trimming of grasses and wild flowers in front.

The small sketch of hairdressing shows the hair gathered into one thick plait at the back, the ends turned under, and a pointed bow of velvet on the head. The dress of the single figure is one of which I have spoken elsewhere. The tunic is its newest feature, showing the method of pleating it full at the waist in front.



A Fearful Holiday, *p.* 619.

A FEARSOME HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER III.

HOW IT ENDED.

"ROSE! Rose! you do hurry so! Can we not wait here for Merton to find us? I cannot—I will not—go tearing over these horrible rocks in this fashion any longer!"

"But I——" began Rose, hastily; and then, catching a fuller view of her sister's face than she had done for the past half-hour, she checked herself as quickly, jumped back again over a bit of rock she had just scrambled past, and putting her two hands on Vi's shoulder pushed her gently down, with outspoken compunction for having thoughtlessly allowed her to get so very tired.

The fact was, that just when they had taken quite as much violent and unaccustomed exercise as was good for either of them, Rose had suddenly remembered her promise to Merton, and, turning short about, had commenced the rapid progress back to the appointed meeting-place, which had so tried her sister's failing strength. Indeed, she was so utterly exhausted that as she now yielded to the light pressure of her sister's hands she sank down swooning on to the jutting ledge of rock she had just reached.

She had made an ill choice, poor child, of a resting-place. Had the two gone on only another ten minutes they would have clambered into safety; as it was, they and death were likely to stand face to face with one another ere no long time elapsed.

Rose took her sister's necktie off and her hat, to let the fresh sea breeze do its best for her. She kissed her, cried over her, and at last, when Violet showed some signs of returning consciousness, she rose to her feet once more, the small cold hand still clasped in hers, and turned the blue eyes, no longer sparkling with fun and happiness, towards the sea. There was a long, wistful gaze in them now to the point where she hoped the small boat and her brother would soon appear.

She had paid little heed to the hours as they flew by, or she would have grown uneasy long before this at his non-appearance. But scarcely had she strained her eyes across the darkening sea than a more immediate cause for alarm struck with a cold, dull chill to her heart.

As she knelt bending over Violet the sky had become overcast, the wind had risen, the smooth sea of a couple of hours or so ago was covered with gradually increasing white breakers, and the tide had come in.

Just behind where the two young sisters were resting was a break in the giant rocks, and up into this the waves dashed with a rush and roar, sending the foam in blinding clouds of whiteness far and wide around them. More than foam, the very wave itself at length invaded the ledge on which Rose and Violet stood. She felt the cold of the water as it ran over her feet, and left the frills of her skirts clinging drenched about her ankles.

Rose half turned her head, and as a wild look of comprehension leapt into her eyes, she dropped the hand she had been holding so long, and uttered a cry of despair that sent the seabirds screaming away to more lonely solitudes. It did more than that, it effectually aroused her companion.

"Oh, Rose, what is it?" she exclaimed, staggering up on to her feet. "Is it—is it Merton——?"

And there she stopped with a shudder. "Is it Merton drowning?" she was about to ask, but she could not utter that final dreadful word. However, her tongue's weakness signified little, her accent and her eyes asked the question for her, and Rose answered it in short, dull tones, that struck strangely even upon her own ears.

"No, Violet, it is not Merton; he has forgotten us. It is ourselves."

Then for the first time Vi caught sight of those raging waves beside her, and noticed the water that was running over their own narrow platform of refuge. She clasped her sister's arm convulsively, and tried to drag her forward.

Rose stood firm, and shook her head. "It is no good moving from here; I have been to look. A dozen steps further on that side there is another of these raging hollows, and no such other firm waiting-place as this either. We had better stay where we are."

She put her arm tightly round her sister as she ended, and Vi clasped her hand more closely on the other. "Yes," she whispered with white lips, "perhaps we had."

And so, in silence and swift thought, the two fair young girls stood there on that "waiting-place," waiting for death.

Once, as a greater wave than any that had yet come, dashed up and made them totter on the rock, Vi broke the long hush between them with a low, quick—"Oh! Rosie, Rosie, is there nothing to be done? Could we not climb up even a foot higher?"

But there was no need to give her any reply—her own sense of sight had given her that long ago. The very first anxious looks of both of them had been cast up hopefully to the rocks above them when they discovered their perilous position, and the hopes had been cast down instantly. Not a sailor, used from his boyhood to climbing rocking masts above a boiling sea, could have climbed up those overhanging rocks.

No, there was nothing for it but to wait—wait for death, maybe, indeed too probably, with that high, swift tide rushing in upon them; but in any case, to wait upon their Heavenly Father's will. Another giant wave, this time covering them for some moments completely; and breathless and blinded, Violet would have been dragged back with it into the sea but for her sister's arm. Rose sat down with her back pressed against the mighty wall, and pulled her sister down hurriedly beside her. The water must sooner reach their mouths in that position it was true, but they would not so easily be washed away.

"Vi," whispered Rose after a time, breaking another long silence between them, "Vi, dear, say you forgive me for bringing you into this—this dreadful plight. It is all my fault."

Violet turned and put her arms round her sister's neck, and laid her cold, wet cheek against the other. "Hush, Rosie, please hush," she whispered back. "You hurt me more than I can bear by saying such a thing. All the time we have been waiting here I have been tortured with the remembrance that if it had not been for my fidgety, selfish grumbling and groaning over being a little uncomfortably hot in London, you would not now be waiting here to be drowned. Papa and mamma would never have sent us away from them but for that."

The mention of her parents' names was all too much for poor Rose's brave attempts at calmness and fortitude. A whole flood of thoughts, beautiful in their unselfishness, surged up in her mind.

"Oh, Violet!" she exclaimed, in a heart-broken voice. "Poor papa and mamma! Whatever will they do without us?"

And then, bursting into a most bitter flood of tears, not for herself, but at the prospect of others' anguish, she clasped her sister more tightly than ever in her arms; and just at the very minute when their eyes might have been of some use to them, in their sea-guarded prison-house, the two young sisters hid them upon each other's shoulders.

And so to return to Merton, whom they had both, Rose outwardly and Violet in her thoughts, accused of forgetting them and his promise, and of spending his morning in his own enjoyments, heedless altogether what became of them. But the accusations had been most unjust. Merton's sufferings that holiday morning were at least as poignant as his sisters', and altogether on their account.

Having obeyed Rose's injunctions as to rowing past the two points she had indicated, Merton scarcely allowed himself any rest before turning his boat's head again to rejoin her at the appointed meeting-place. He rowed as quickly as he could, for the hour agreed upon for his absence was already passed. Those jutting points were further off than they had supposed. The day was especially clear when he started, the clearness that comes before storm, and distances were proportionally deceptive. The getting back to the starting-point was a long business, too, longer than the other.

"And wherever are they?" muttered Merton, in a tone of annoyance, as he came opposite the rocks, where he had hoped to find his sisters. "Just like Rose! About as much good to make an appointment with her as it would be with the sea."

Thinking they had probably gone back to Southend Cottage, and feeling hungry, he decided to go there also, and prepared to run his little barque back into the miniature harbour whence he had taken it. But in the very act of dropping the anchor he noticed the high water now covering the sands, and with a sudden sick feeling at his heart he muttered beneath his breath—

"Hullo! the tide coming in. Suppose that madcap Rose should have got herself and Vi into a hobble somewhere along these rocks!"

His guess had hit upon the truth, and, putting off again, a further difficult row of a few hundred yards told him so. He was pulling with long, desperate strokes of anxiety, when one of his oars struck against a sunken rock, caught in a cleft, and the next instant his hand was empty, and the oar yards away. It was at that moment that he caught sight of his sisters.

There were Violet and Rose upon their "waiting-place." They had reached it about ten minutes since, and Rose was bending over her swooning sister—her drowning sister, as Merton thought in his helpless agony. He perceived the imminent peril of their situation before they had yet become aware of it themselves. And he could do nothing.

Fantastic thoughts will crowd into people's heads at strange moments. Merton's classical studies came to the fore; fable transformed into reality; the sea itself the sea-monster; his sisters for the luckless Andromeda, and himself for a luckless Perseus. Alas! useless, in no wise powerful and indomitable, but himself also, perhaps, prey for the insatiable enemy.

And, with that, fancies faded before facts—terrible facts that made even sixteen-year-old Merton feel aged and heart-worn. Boyhood's carelessness fell away from him once for all.

Meantime, with his one oar he made frantic efforts to draw the boat up to those rocks. But his efforts were all useless, happily for him. Had it been otherwise, as he was at present circumstanced he would infallibly have been sucked up into one of those horrible clefts, and ground to pieces even before he could be drowned. In spite of all he could

do, his boat drifted on, and he had passed round another angle of the rocks, out of sight of his sisters before he had even succeeded in attracting their attention.

* * * * *

"Hi there! Hi you—young sir—look out! Do you want to be drowned?"

The stentorian tones of a couple of pairs of strong lungs roused Merton from a momentary torpor of despair. He raised his head. His boat was drifting along still, but he had got into smoother water; he was drifting slantwise across the real harbour of the little fishing hamlet. And two stalwart fishermen were shouting to him in expression of their astonishment and bewilderment at his inexplicable proceedings.

Merton Perivale started up with a sudden revulsion towards hope; and utterly regardless now as to the possibility of getting that "ducking" by such an act about which he had laughed in the early morning, he made energetic signs, and shouted back—

"I can't help myself. I've only one oar; the other is lost. Come to me—quick!"

That final adjuration was unneeded. You may trust fishermen for kindheartedness, and helpfulness too, in any emergency that they can understand. In a couple of minutes they were beside Merton, in less than another he was in their substantial craft, the gay little cockle-shell affair left to take care of itself, and the three were rowing for a race with the sea and death. By the Heavenly Father's merciful aid they conquered, and literally at the last moment Rose and Violet were rescued from their sea-drenched ledge.

Whilst poor old Nurse Collins cried her eyes nearly blind over the two exhausted girls, lying so languid and white-cheeked in the little snow-white beds which she had prepared for them, two days before, with such anxious but delighted pride Merton rode over to the nearest town for a doctor, and to despatch a telegram to his parents.

Parliament had to do without Mr. Perivale after all, for the remaining days of that session; and three days later, when Violet was once more well enough to come downstairs again, Rose laid her head against her father's arm, and said between tears and smiles—"After all, our thoughtlessness has gained such a happy reward that—that——" But the merry speech broke down, and hiding her weeping eyes against his shoulder, she whispered, "Oh! papa, I do thank God so much for not letting you and mamma have to lose us yet."

GRACE STEBBING.

OUR PRINCESS ALICE.

ONE of the characteristics of the age in which we live is the utter absence of mystery in the domestic life of Royal persons. The veil which separated kings and queens, princes and princesses from the people in former times has been gradually drawn aside; not by means of vulgar curiosity, but by the hand of Majesty herself.

When I was a little girl, the favourite game of myself and companions was to play at royalty, and I well remember how very puzzled we were in our desire to represent faithfully the home life of kings and queens, for we had then no means of deciding about their food, habits, and manners. We wondered if Royal people knew anything about the poor, and we decided in the negative, having heard that Queen Charlotte, on being told of a number of people who were starving, said, "How very foolish of them to starve when there are so many legs and shoulders of mutton in the land."

One thing puzzled us women-children greatly, viz., how the Queen had the measure taken for her dresses. Did the dressmaker take it on bended knees, and did the poor woman ever, from nervousness, prick or nip Her Majesty as she often did us poor children? It was a matter of doubt, too, whether those among us who took the part of princesses should be allowed to have a game of play, and if so, with whom we might play without losing our dignity. I know we had many an argument upon these points, and some of the more bold among us decided to write a letter to our Queen just to settle the question as to whether she ever took into her Royal hands a letter sent by one of her subjects.

In these days there is no doubt, no mystery; all is open to the eyes of the world. Do we love and reverence our Royal family the less because we know that they have the same struggles, temptations, and trials in their lives as we have? or, because we see that their hearts are as tender, their bodies as subject to weariness as any of ours?

No, the knowledge draws us nearer together; what we lack in awe we make up in love and devotion, and many a prayer for our Queen and her children goes up to the Throne of Grace from the hearts and homes of the people who, through the nearer insight into their lives, feel a distinct ownership and pride in them. And, perhaps, in no country in the world are the prayers, "God save our Queen," "God bless the Prince of Wales," a greater reality than here in England.

If prayer be the golden key to unlock the casket of heavenly treasures, who doubts that special grace and blessing will be poured upon the members of our Royal family, in answer to the thousands, I had almost said millions, of earnest prayers which go forth daily to the King of Kings?

I met yesterday with a very touching tribute to our Queen. A gentleman, one who may never even have seen the Queen's face, said to me in such an earnest tone—

"I hope it may please God to spare the Queen during my life, for it would no longer be the same thing to live if she were gone from here."

Although the love of the nation goes out freely to the Queen and all her children, it is with one specially our thoughts are occupied now. It is with the only daughter the Queen has on the other side of the river—with her who has joined the white-robed throng of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The girls of England regard Princess Alice as specially belonging to them, specially dear to them. She is as it were their representative before the countries of the world. It is no small advantage to them that her life has been placed before them. It is so full of touching beauty and bright example, that there is not a girl in any rank of life who would not be the better for contemplating it.

If we had nothing more than the page of contents of this book, we should be the better for it, for it is an epitome of woman's life. Here it is—

1. Childhood and girlhood.
2. In our new home.
3. At home and at work.
4. Trials.
5. The end.

The precious part of life, childhood, and girlhood (the seed time) of Princess Alice was spent here in England under every favourable circumstances, with a father and mother "under whose influence there grew up in the midst of the most brilliant court in Europe a domestic family life, so perfect in its purity and charm, that it might well serve for a bright example to every home in the land."

Our Princess speaking of this period, said—

"I ever look back to my childhood and girlhood as the happiest time of my life."

She was evidently very pretty as a baby-girl, for her father speaks of her as "the beauty of the family," and adds, "she is an extremely good and merry child." As she grew older she was the life of the family, full of fun and mischief, and naturally the favourite playmate of her brothers, over whom, however, she exercised a gentle, sisterly control—never allowing their spirit of fun to hurt anyone about them. She began very early "to show proofs of real kindness of heart, and of tender consideration for others."

A touching proof of the exercise of these qualities is given by one of the Queen's dressers, who relates that she met the Royal children playing in the corridor and was passing on, when the Prince of Wales made a joke about her great height. Instantly Princess Alice said to her brothers, so that the lady could hear: "It is very nice to be tall; papa would like us all to be tall."

It is true that "her intellectual faculties and the deeper qualities of her character did not develop very early; but almost from the first she showed those qualities of disposition which win all hearts and lend a charm to daily life."

"The feeling of acting independently for the good of others had been aroused in many ways in the Royal children," and Princess Alice early manifested a true womanly interest in the works of charity and mercy. Girls of every rank like to play at housekeeping, and this the Queen encouraged by giving over to her children "the Swiss Cottage at Osborne with its museum, kitchen, store-room, and little gardens, which was made the means of learning how to do household work and to direct the management of a small establishment."

"The Queen and Prince Albert were invited here as guests to partake of the dishes which the Princesses themselves had prepared." This cottage was a sort of emigration to a new colony; each child was allowed to choose its own occupation and to enjoy perfect liberty.

We are sometimes inclined to feel a little jealous of the extra love shown to Scotland by our Royal family; but jealousy will change to admiration when we look at the reason of their preference.

It was their life in the Highlands which brought them into closer contact with the humbler classes, and called into play their sympathy with the poor. "The Royal children were not only permitted to visit the humblest cottages, but encouraged to do so. It was here in the Highlands, no doubt, that a feeling of pity for, and an ardent desire to help the poor, the sick, and the needy were first aroused in our Princess Alice."

The first great change in the family life was made by the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia. This change caused new responsibilities to devolve upon Princess Alice. As the eldest daughter now at home she was brought into closer companionship with her parents, and "it was her father's constant care at this time to imbue her with that sincerity and earnestness

of purpose, without which," as he himself said, "it was impossible to fill one's position in life happily, worthily, and with dignity."

As the time drew near for her to be confirmed, she was not only prepared for it by the Dean of Windsor, but was encouraged and instructed in serious thoughts and reflections on religious subjects by the Prince her father.

In a letter to the King of the Belgians the Queen speaks of the confirmation of Princess Alice thus: "She was deeply impressed by the importance and solemnity of the event."

The Queen sums up the character of her child, Alice, in words which would rejoice any daughter's heart: "She is very good, gentle, sensible, and amiable, and a real comfort to me."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that when Prince Louis of Hesse came to England and saw our Princess in her home, where every true woman-child is seen to advantage, he should have admired and loved her. The paragraph in which the Queen relates their engagement is most touching, and Prince Albert's approbation and sympathy are undoubted; he called the newly-engaged prince "a beloved, newly-bestowed, full-grown son."

It seemed the special province of Princess Alice to minister, soothe, and comfort; it was to her companionship that the Duchess of Kent, her grandmother, owed much of the happiness she enjoyed in her last days.

The time was now close at hand which was to test to the utmost the character and qualities of this child-woman; her father, whom she so loved, and to whom she owed so much, was laid low by fever. She was scarcely ever absent from him; she ministered to him, she read to him, and, at his request, sang to him.

A German gentleman, who loved Prince Albert greatly, told me that the Prince asked his daughter Alice to sing the words "Einsam bin ich, nicht allein" to some music which he himself had composed, and that she at once complied, singing them in a low, sweet voice which soothed the sick man. I was told this in the year 1862, and the notes of the music were dotted down for me; I still have them, but, unfortunately, do not know where to put my hand on them.

"During the days of unspeakable sorrow which followed upon the death of the Prince Consort it was Princess Alice, above all, who was a real support to her broken-hearted mother."

Notwithstanding her own intense sorrow, which never wholly departed from her, "she took into her own hands everything that was necessary in those first dark days of the destruction of that happy home. She endeavoured in every way possible to save her mother trouble." "The gay, bright girl seemed all at once to have changed into the thoughtful woman, living only for others, beloved and respected by all."

From this time forward it seemed her one great object to carry out the principles which her father had instilled into her mind, and by trying to walk in his footsteps do honour to his memory.

It was but natural that during the first weeks of her great sorrow and of her many duties the thoughts of her own future should have been put into the background. It was not until the 1st of July, 1862, that her marriage was solemnised at Osborne, thus closing the most important period of her life—her childhood and girlhood. A period which had been so tended, so watched, and cared for could scarcely fail to bring forth a rich harvest.

We feel almost as much sorrow at parting with our princess at this point as the Queen did after the ceremony, when she withdrew alone to her room.

It may be that many who read this journal may yet have no opportunity of seeing the book containing the life of Princess Alice. We will therefore close this period by the following beautiful sonnet, which appeared in *Punch* at the time of her departure from the land of her birth, and which has been quoted in the book:—

"Dear to us all by those calm earnest eyes,
And early thought upon that fair young brow;
Dearer for that where grief was heaviest, thou
Wert sunshine, till He passed where suns shall rise
And set no more; thou, in affection wise
And strong, wert strength to Her who even but now
In the soft accents of thy bridal vow
Heard music of her own heart's memories.

"Too full of love to own a thought of pride
Is now thy gentle bosom; so 'tis best;
Yet noble is thy choice, O English bride!
And England hails the bridegroom and the guest
A friend—a friend well loved by him who died.
He blessed your troth; your wedlock shall be blessed."

The history of her new home, her work, and her trials we learn from the pen of the dear princess herself, who little thought when writing these letters without reserve to her Queen mother that they would be seen by the whole English nation; neither could she have contemplated the increased love and admiration for her character that these letters would evoke.

No such picture of Royal life has ever come before us, and we are struck with the similarity existing between the joys and trials of domestic life in the highest and the lowest of the social scale: Prince and peasant how nearly akin.

The first letters after leaving home show how deeply she felt the parting from her mother, notwithstanding that she was leaving with a husband greatly loved. In a letter written on board the Royal Yacht, she says, "My heart was very full when I took leave of you and all the dear ones at home. I had not the courage to say a word, but your loving heart understands what I felt."

Then come letters full of affection for her husband and the great happiness of her married life, expressions brought out by her mother's desire to hear of her happiness.

"You tell me to speak of my happiness—our happiness. You will understand the feeling which made me silent towards you, my own dear bereaved mother, on that point, but you are unselfish and loving and can enter into my happiness, though I would never have been the first to tell you how intense it is, when it must draw the painful contrast between your past and present existence. If I say I love my dear husband, that is scarcely enough; it is a love and esteem which increases daily, hourly . . . . My lot is indeed a blessed one."

Almost in every letter she writes she tries to comfort and strengthen her mother; for example:—

"Take courage, dear mamma, and feel strong in the thought that you require all your moral and physical strength to continue the journey which brings you daily nearer to Home and to Him."

"Bear patiently and courageously your heavy burden and it will lighten imperceptibly as you near him, and God's love and mercy will support you. Oh, could my feeble words bring you the least comfort!"

In another letter she says, "We do feel for you so deeply and would wish so much to help you, but there is One who can do that, and you know whom to seek. He will give you strength to live on till the bright day of reunion."

Again, "Try and gather in the few bright things you have remaining and cherish them, for though faint, yet they are types of that infinite joy still to come."

"You have the privilege in your exalted position of doing good and living for others, and as you go on doing your duty, this will, this must, bring you peace and comfort."

"Trust in God ever and constantly. In my life, I feel that to be my stay and my strength, and the feeling increases as the days go on. My thoughts of the future are bright, and this always helps to make the minor worries and sorrows of the present dissolve before the warm rays of that light which is our guide."

Then come little histories of her excursions, the preparations of her home, and scarcely to be believed home worries, such as grand folk coming to breakfast, and neither space nor means to receive them as she desired. Her description of trying to make the two ends meet, and the receipts of presents from her mother of money and food to help the housekeeping is very touching. She says, "We must live so economically, neither going anywhere, or seeing many people, so as to be able to spare as much a year as we can."

What will young mothers think of a princess who writes, "I have made all the summer walking dresses, seven in number, for the girls from beginning to end. I manage all the nursery accounts myself, for we must live very economically."

Our princess soon made her mark in the country of her adoption. Societies for helping the sick and needy sprang into existence; hospitals were visited; education was fostered, and ladies who would never have dreamed of interesting themselves in labours for the poor were attracted and fascinated by our princess, who invited them to her afternoon coffee parties and drew them with loving, gentle words to join her in work. And these coffee parties became famous in Darmstadt for the many benevolent schemes set afloat and carried on there.

In these days there are but few countries, I imagine, which can boast of a princess going amongst her poor, and with her own hands tending them and helping them. Are not you English girls proud of such a woman having sprung from your midst?

Hear what she says in a letter to her mother. After entering into explanations concerning the founding and working of an institution for helping poor women in their confinement with clothing and food, she said, "The other day I went to one (poor woman) *incog.* with Christa (one of her ladies) in the old part of the town, and the trouble we had to find the house. At length, through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her little baby; in the room four other children, the husband, two other beds, and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, then with the husband cooked something for the woman: arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing! and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good, and touchingly attached to each other; it did one's heart good to see such good feelings in such poverty. The husband was out of work, the children too young to go to school, and they had only four kreuzers (three make a penny) in the house when she was confined. Think of that misery and discomfort!

"If one never sees any poverty and always lives in that cold circle of Court people one's good feelings dry up, and I felt the want of going about and doing the little good that is

in my power. I am sure you will understand this."

A little later on she tells her mother that she was with another poor woman even worse off than the one just related, so you see it was not an isolated act of kindness, but, as I know from those who worked with her, a constant habit.

I think we always look upon it that a good daughter makes a good wife and mother, and there can be no doubt about it in the case of our princess. How devotedly she loved her children, and yet stopped short of spoiling them. It happened to her as to many among ourselves, her trials chiefly came through her great love.

In April, 1866, she was beginning to dread the war, and lived in a constant state of anxiety and alarm. It was, as she said, a war fearful to contemplate — brother against brother, friend against friend. She was expecting the birth of a little one, and in great fear lest she should be left alone in her time of sorrow, and her letters to her mother at this period were so full of fear, sorrow, and passionate longing for her husband's safety, that one even now cannot read them without eyes overflowing and a longing to go and help her, forgetting for a moment that she is now at rest.

It is touching that when the certainty of war was announced and her husband received his order to depart, he hurried to Berlin to tell Fritz how circumstances forced him to draw sword against the Prussians in the service of his own country. The Queen (our Queen, I mean) took charge of Princess Alice's children at this time, and thus took a load of anxiety off her mind. Poor princess! she had enough to bear—her own trouble drawing near, her husband leaving her for what looked like certain death, and a man who built her house appealing to her for money owing to save him from ruin, and she without the means of satisfying his demand. She went to Frankfort with other poor wives to wish her husband good-bye the day they marched forward.

In announcing the birth of her little daughter she is able to speak of the great blessing she enjoyed of having her husband with her, who had been able to get a few days leave of absence.

When he left her to move on to Aschaffenburg her longing was to be able to follow him, watch and help him. Well for her she could not; it would have crushed all hope out of her. I was there, and shall never forget the sight. I never think of it without a choking sensation, nor have ever quite lost the smell of blood, which sickened me as I moved about on that field the morning after the battle.

God heard her prayer, and brought back the prince, her husband, to her. In memory of having fought side by side, he asked the two regiments of the cavalry brigade officers and men to stand sponsors for his little baby-girl. They called her *Irene* in memory of the peace.

Time went on and brought, as it does to all, many trials to our princess, but it pleased God to keep her family circle unbroken until the year 1873, when an overwhelming sorrow came upon her in the death of her little son Frederick (Fritz), who fell out of the window and died in her arms. She never recovered from this blow. In writing to her mother she says, "There are days which seem harder than others, and when I feel very heartsick prayer and solitude do me good. He (little Fritz) seems near me always, and I carry his precious image in my heart everywhere. That can never fade or die. You ask me if I can play yet. I feel as if I could not. . . . It seems to me as if I never could play again on that piano where little hands were nearly always thrust into mine when I wanted to play. I could cry out for pain sometimes," she says, on returning to the place where her child died, after being in England a short time. You who read this and have had sorrow cannot you sympathise with our princess?

In the year 1878, diphtheria attacked Princess Alice's household. She lost her little May, the sunshine of the home, the rest recovered. She herself, however, was a victim to the disease, and died on the 14th of December exactly seventeen years after the death of Prince Albert. She died so peacefully, like a child going to sleep, murmuring softly the names of "May, dear papa."

WORK VERSUS IDLENESS.

By MEDICUS.

If I were writing for matured minds, grown-up understandings, so to speak, I should commence this paper with a few well-chosen sentences about the muscular and nervous tissues, their development, their consistent and judicious nourishment, and the duties they have to perform in the animal economy. I should also have a little to say about the brain itself, and a few words about that wonderful muscular double-force pump the heart, that never for a moment ceases to beat from the moment life is vouchsafed to the babe, until, probably, three-score years and ten after its birth the old man or woman finds rest in death.

But my *clientèle* of readers is for the most part young, and physiology in any shape or form is but a dry subject. I therefore avoid it all I can.

The remark, however, I have just made about the heart cannot but afford some food for thought to some sensible girls, whose bright eyes scan these columns. The heart! what a wonderful thing it is, ever going on, ever working!—

"Our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

All through the busy day, all through the silent hours of the live-long night, whether we are awake, or whether our eyes are chained by slumber, beat-beat, and throb-throb goes the heart. Is it always working? Does it never, never rest?

Were the heart to stop beating for even a second or two, a strange, dizzy sensation of fulness of the head would take place, everything would become dark. You would have no time to gasp for breath, every feeling of sense would fail at one and the same time, and you would sink into insensibility, and mayhap into the arms of death.

Then the heart never rests? Yes, it does; it rests between every beat, and it gets more rest at night, because then the beats are fewer and further between, and it gets more rest when one is sitting or lying prone, than when walking or working in the erect position.

Probably some might be inclined to take pity, as it were, on their hearts, and think that the more rest it had the better, and the less one works one's heart the more chance of long life would there be. But this is a mistake, for the more work—up to a certain degree—a girl gives her heart, the better it will be for her own health and happiness.

And the reason is not far to seek: the heart is like the forearm or calf of the leg, a muscular organ; in the very act of working it is drawing towards it nerve-power and nutrient blood, and keeping up its own strength by this means, and enabling itself to send the red stream of life with honest force to the most distant parts of the body. A feeble heart could not do this. I sometimes hear people complaining of cold feet and cold fingers, although the temperature of the air is but little under summer heat. This proceeds from enfeeblement of the heart, it cannot send the blood along through feet and fingers with sufficient force. Such people are only about half-hearted; let them go to work in the open air, and take abundant exercise, and gradually the heart will strengthen itself and grow, even as the forearm and biceps of the brawny blacksmith grows from wielding the hammer. On the other hand, if you permit the heart to indulge in idleness, if you lie too much in bed or on the sofa, and nurse your heart, if because you feel tired when you exert yourself to any degree you get afraid to work, then you are making your heart weaker and weaker every day; it will degenerate into a poor, useless, pale, flabby morsel of muscle that will be of no more genuine service to you than you yourself are to the honest work-a-day people in the world around you.

An idle heart is not only a weak one, but the place that it should have occupied and filled with good, sound, muscular tissue is apt to be clogged with useless fat, and the possessor of such a heart is very much to be pitied indeed, being feeble in body, a prey to a thousand weaknesses, and often vacillating in mind, and entirely destitute of strength of mind and will.

One of my favourite authors, Charles Lamb to wit, was a very hard-working man in the heyday of his life, but he grumbled a great deal at having to work. The following alliterative line is Lamb's:

"The dry drudgery of the desk's dull wood."

It was Lamb who asked—

"Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down?"

Ah! but when Lamb retired upon a pension adequate to his simple needs, he looked back often and often to his working days as the happiest of his life, and would have given a good deal for a sufficient excuse to return again to the "desk's dull wood." If Lamb had asked me who first invented work, with all reverence, and with a thankful ring in my voice, I should have answered, "God!"

* * * * *

"Whoso works not, neither shall he eat."

There is far more truth in these words than most people imagine, and they seem to ring through all nature. The birds of the air who do not work starve and die; the beasts of the field, if they get lazy, grow thin and other creatures devour them; the little fishes that prefer to sulk under stones in the brook, or lie in sunny days in midstream, under the shadow of a floating weed, never grow, and by-and-bye bigger brothers gobble them up. But, to come nearer home, even those portions and organs of our own bodies that are not exercised get puny. I have already told you what an idle heart soon becomes. Well, look now at your little finger. Why is it so small and useless? Because it is so little used by mankind. Why is the left arm more feeble than the right? Because it works less, and therefore has to eat less—in other words, it does not, by exertion, draw to itself so much nutrient blood as does the right.

Well, but rich people in this world, you may tell me, do not have to work in order to eat.

"Whoso works not, neither shall he eat."

I repeat the words, and an idle man or woman, be he or be she as rich as a Crœsus, has but little heart or natural appetite to eat. Idle people do not live long, and when they die they are never missed, for the simple reasson that they are not the salt of the earth and nobody ever really loves them. I would far rather be a poor man and break stones by the wayside, and dine off bread-and-cheese, than I

would be a millionaire with nothing on earth to do and no inclination to do anything. The life of a hard-working, honest poor man is happier than he thinks it is—he has little brain-worry; he never suffers from that moral cancer called *ennui;* his appetite is a good one, and his sleep is sound, be his mattress and pillow never so hard,

But very few of us are born into this world with silver spoons, filled with jam, in our mouths. Even when young, many of us have to work hard enough, and when we grow up we nearly all have to work in some way or other; and happy indeed is the lot of that girl or woman who can look upon work as the blessing which it really and truly is.

Work is the lot in life, not only of human beings but of every creature — I might almost say of every tree and plant we see around us.

Well, then, I would have every girl follow the example set by Nature all around her. I would have every girl banish sloth, and idle feelings in every form, and work with a will at whatever are the duties her station in life makes incumbent on her. Are you aware, reader, that idleness is a kind of disease, that grows upon one, and feeds itself upon the very flesh of the people who neither work nor take exercise? Idleness, indeed, is a kind of a moral cancer that eats away all nervous power, and ends by totally destroying both health and happiness. And yet this disease, idleness, is fed and fostered and petted and made much of by thousands to their eventual ruin.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich," said Solomon the Wise. True, O king, but the hand of the sluggard never did. He is far too slothful to cull even the few flowers in his garden that the multitude of weeds permit to exist.

Now I am willing to grant that a mind tending to pleasure and idleness, or a body tending to slothfulness, may, in many instances, be the result of a naturally feeble constitution, but giving in to idleness weakens the body far more; and, on the other hand, work is a tonic and strengthens it, so much so that what that seems to-day to be hardship and toil, will be in a few short weeks performed with a positive sense of pleasure.

Work need not at any time be toil; you may prevent its being so by taking periods of judicious rest. But remember, that simply

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

So the kind of rest you take must depend entirely upon the sort of work you have been engaged in. If it has been entirely of a bodily nature, all the muscles of the body need rest, and lying down for half an hour or an hour on a sofa with a pleasant book or THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to read would in this case be the best and most suitable kind of rest. After that have a walk in the open air, and twice or thrice a week a warm bath before going to bed. This warm bath conduces to early rising, because it begets good sound sleep.

Early rising, as I have said more than once, is a habit that should be cultivated by all. Eight hours' sleep is enough for even a young girl; but on getting up, let her not dawdle the precious time away in dressing or eating. To eat hurriedly is to encourage dyspepsia; to sit a long time over a meal is to foster sloth. When one begins work betimes of a morning, and carries it on systematically, everything goes well for the day, and the very thought that we have done our duty nobly is one of the best tonics to the mind that can well be imagined.

Good sleep is essential to health; but good sleep never follows a badly-spent day, or a day passed in idleness.

Another great advantage in working is that it increases the appetite and purifies the blood. A girl who does not work is seldom really healthy; she may think so, but she is deceiving herself. Her complexion cannot be so clear as it might be, nor her eyes so bright; and with her body, so with her mind—it becomes a shallow one, and I might say a sallow one.

Study system in work, and do all you can to avoid worry. Do not be over-sensitive; do your duty, and you have nothing to fear; for nothing but good can follow, and nothing but healthfulness. Over-hurry and over-worry are very detrimental to the health, but both are usually the result of want of proper system. Procrastination is another fault, and one which breeds a deal of real misery to those addicted to it. Let every evening find the work of the bygone day finished and done with. Probably you may have unpleasant duties to perform; do not defer them, do not procrastinate; meet them boldly, disagreeable though they may be; if you don't, you will keep thinking about them, and this will be jading to the nervous system—besides, no cloud is so black as it appears in the distance. "Coming events cast their shadows before," it is true, but the shadow is generally ten times bigger than the substance.

Do all your work in as pure an atmosphere as possible and in as upright a position; never sit or stand in a bent or uncomfortable pose—as you stand, so you will grow. There are two stops that writers and printers use which girls should always keep in their mind's eye when working—one is *this*, ?, the other is *that*, ! Which of these stops would you like to grow like—the little crooked one that asks questions, or the tall, stately one that marks an exclamation? You have your choice!

Never work late at night. Exercise your eyes as much as possible by day, and as little as you can by gas or lamplight.

Be orderly, and your work will be far more easy and pleasant. Never neglect perfect daily ablution and you will seldom be troubled with colds, dyspepsia, or harshness of skin.

Exercise the lungs daily by reading aloud or singing, but at all other times restrain the tongue and think twice before you speak once.

In this short paper I have really and truly spoken words of wisdom; let every girl lay them to heart who would be healthy, happy, and wise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

MOSSROSE.—You could use copal varnish for the cupboard. Cards painted for sale should be original if possible.

FLURRY.—Fleecy wool is used for door-mats; and you must match the needles at the shop where you buy the wool.

DOROTHY H., KITTY.—The present dimensions of a riding habit are two and a quarter yards wide, and five inches off the ground on the short side, and three or four inches over the foot when mounted. A straight band collar is worn, and a plain high linen one. An attempt is being made to introduce dark red habits just now.

A MOTHER has only to send to Mr. Tarn (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) for the monthly number (price sixpence) for February, 1882. In this she will find an excellent article called "A Chat About Quilts."

DAISY had better get a "nun's cloth," trimmed with satin, for her wedding dress. A light shade of the colour called "London smoke," the bonnet and gloves to match, and a white bouquet. She might find a skirt ready-made, and have herself fitted for the bodice.

AMY J.—Many simple crochet patterns have been given in the "G. O. P." See index to vols. i., ii., iii., and iv. Your writing and spelling are both very much below par for your age. You had better "use up your spare time" for their improvement.

EFFIE PACK.—Many thanks for your kindness in sending us the design for a crazy quilt, which we shall use at some future time.

MARY B.—For a knitted infant's boot, see page 597, vol. iii. Try to round your letters. Your writing is too much cramped.

L. E. W.—1. To make a pair of men's socks you will require three ounces of blue, and two ounces of white Scotch yarn. The needles should be No. 15, five being required. 2. We have heard that beetles and crickets may be destroyed by strewing cucumber parings or strong snuff close to the crevices where they come out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERY.—Good, better, best. These are expressive of the "positive, comparative, and superlative." The word "very" does not denote the highest degree, and therefore could not be "superlative," nor does it denote the least degree, and thus it is not merely the positive. It remains, therefore, that "very" denotes the "comparative." The assertion that our missionaries are to bear the responsibility of "most of our fereign wars" is a daring and mischievous one. What have they had to do with Egypt and the Soudan? We have no doubt but that the first preachers of Christianity were accused of exercising all kinds of evil influences over the world.

E. M. DANSON.—Spectacles first came into use about the end of the thirteenth century. Some maintain that the idea was derived from the writings of Alhasen (eleventh century), or of Roger Bacon (1202). Others attribute the invention to Salvino Armati, a Florentine, who died in 1317, and that they were brought into common use by a Florentine monk, called Alexander de Spina, about 1285. You write very well.

LITTLE READER.—To be "narrow-minded" means to be incapable of seeing and weighing dispassionately the various sides of any question, only being able to see and accord its full and due importance to one side. A "narrow-minded" person is full of unreasoning prejudices. The term has nothing to do with "low spirits;" they may be purely physical; nor is it at all necessary that a person of "narrow" intellect and poor reasoning powers should be "mean-hearted" or low-minded.

HYACINTH.—Certainly, you should tell your mother what an evil thing you have done in going through the farce of "engaging yourself" to any man without her knowledge and consent, and humbly ask her pardon. A boy or girl under age is legally regarded as "an infant," and any who are so silly, as well as undutiful, as to engage themselves without the consent of their parents must be prepared for unpleasant consequences. How can we foresee whether you will grow any more? If fat and broad in make, probably but little. You would have a better chance if you emigrated to a new country.

SWEET SIXTEEN (?).—1. If you have several times spoken to any man on business (your equal), you ought not to pass him without a slight bow, more especially if you look in his face and see that he is expecting you to bow. 2. A boy of sixteen could not be expected to regard people or things in the same light as he would on attaining the age of five-and-twenty or thirty, and he would only then be old enough to undertake the care of a wife and family, and make a judicious choice for life.

WELSH HARP.—Procure a practical guide to gardening. Upcott Gill has one in his series (170, Strand, W.C.). We could not afford space in our correspondence columns for teaching the art of budding roses, although practically experienced in it.

MAY BLOSSOM will find that we have quite recently replied to the question she asks. Her writing is fairly good.

ALICE LISTER.—Your letter is so kind and grateful in its expressions, it well merits our warm acknowledgments. We regret that your former letters failed to obtain answers.

EILEEN.—St. Patrick destroyed, it is said, 300 books in the ancient Irish characters called the *Ogum*. He and other Christians imagined them to be magical, whereas it is believed that the books named were historical. The *Ogum* alphabet consisted of seventeen letters, and these were the names of trees. The name *Ogum* is Celtic, and originally signified "the secret of writing," but came to mean "the secret writing.' It was the sacred and secret character of the Druids. After the introduction by the Christians of the Roman letters the *Ogum* became obsolete, and was only understood by antiquaries. Communications were made by means of stringing leaves of the alphabetical trees on thread-cord; and private information was rendered all the more difficult of explanation by duplicating them, or by the insertion of leaves having no signification, which did not interfere with the sense to those initiated.

DAISY.—You will have to consult a music publisher. He will show you songs within your compass. Not having heard your voice, we could not direct you.

AYRSHIRE LASS.—Game feathers are not used for bedding. Goose and swan are the best, after them those of fowls.

IVY.—German measles are accompanied by fever, and are considered, we believe, by medical men to be a mild form of scarlatina; but they derange the system, and cause gastric troubles after the patient is supposed to have recovered.

H. A. ROBINSON.—We should advise change of air, as "goitre" is supposed to be owing to the drinking water. Drink filtered rain-water, and paint the neck with iodine, or rub with iodine ointment night and morning for three days at a time only, or your skin will be sore and crack. It must be allowed time to recover.

"Sunlight:"

Being the Extra Summer Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,

is now ready.

CONTENTS.

PORTRAITS OF OUR CHIEF WRITERS.

SUNLIGHT. Introductory Poem.

TINEY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT. By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Esther," "Nellie's Memories," etc. Illustrated by M. E. EDWARDS.

IN THE WOODS. A Poem. By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE. With Illustrations.

ADVICE TO THE DELICATE ON THE SUMMER HOLIDAY. By MEDICUS.

NELLIE, A BLUESTOCKING. By MARY E. FENDALL.

THE BEECH TREE'S STORY. Illustrated by JOHN C. STAPLES.

HOW WE SANG ROUNDS AND CATCHES. By NANETTE MASON.

OLD SUMMER PASTIMES. By the Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

KATIE'S LETTER. A Poem. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Illustrated by HAL LUDLOW.

THE AMEER'S DAUGHTER. By P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A., Lecturer at University College, London.

WILD ROSES. By W. LIDDELOW.

WELLESLEY UNIVERSITY. By the Rev. PAXTON HOOD.

THE TEACHER'S REVERIE. A Poem. By M. M. POLLARD.

PHILIPPINE WELSER. By the BARONESS VON GILTA.

THE PUPIL TEACHER. By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "The Young Refugee," etc. Illustrated by JOHN DINSDALE.

"MUST WE PART, AND PART SO SOON?" New Duet for Soprano and Tenor. Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. Music by FRANZ ABT.

CROOKED LAMBS. A Visit to the Children's Incurable Hospital.

OURSELVES AND SUMMERTIME. By JAMES MASON. With Illustrations.

THREE WISHES. A Poem. By EMILY H. DAVIDSON.

A HUNDRED FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA. A Biographical Table.

VARIETIES.

THE ROSE. A Poem. By the DOWAGER LADY BARROW. Illustrated by FRANK CARLESS.

MAY'S POOR FRIENDS. A Story of a Summer Holiday. By DORA HOPE.

HOLIDAY NEEDLEWORK. By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

IN QUARANTINE. By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," etc.

VOL. V.—NO. 236. JULY 5, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

All rights reserved.]

"WHILE THE SUN WAS STILL SHINING."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUDDEN QUESTION.

URING these first few days May Castle had not the least idea how much had gone cruelly amiss with her new kind friends. If, indeed, Margaret seemed at times a little grave and preoccupied, May thought this but the natural result of the resumption of her filial and household duties. Certainly she did not fail in those of a hostess.

Telegrams of cautious and guarded wording were constantly going to and from Balacluva and the southern capital where the Balacluva lawyer lived, and very soon the laird announced that "business" would compel him to make another journey.

Mrs. Stewart looked up at him with a kindly flash in her soft eye when he said this.

"Strange," she observed, "that your first emergence from your long seclusion should be so soon followed by a second; but it does often seem that if for once we do something we are not accustomed to do, then circumstances call us to do it again and again! And it has also often struck me, in the biographies of public characters, and even in the histories of my own friends, that a specially monotonous and retired period in youth is often followed by a middle-life of peculiar adventure and variety. Is there any natural connection between the two things? Does the one prepare for the other, or grow into the other? At any rate, the sharp contrast is one which, though constantly seen, always remains striking. The song writer, in his pathetic ballad of the 'Four Maries,' touched it when he makes the heroine say, on the eve of her execution—

'Oh, little did my mother reck,
The day she cradled me,
Of the lands that I should travel in
Or the death that I should dee.'

"It always seems to me," went on Mrs. Stewart, "that what are called the vicissitudes of life are strictly Providential educational arrangements, and that just as a liberal mental education means a high view of a wide range of subjects, so a liberal moral education involves a practical knowledge of and a firm grasp upon many different ways of life. When I was a younger woman I used to dream that the greatest advantage of wealth is that it is free to command many of the advantages of poverty, while poverty cannot so readily command those of wealth. For instance, a rich man can fare hardly or travel third-class when he chooses, but a poor man cannot buy a picture or ride a horse when he will. But I have long seen that though there may be something to be said on that side, there is very little. For though the wiser among the rich may voluntarily incur some of the pains and penalties of poverty, they cannot receive their deepest discipline, which is the submission of one's own will to the dictates of stern Necessity. They are but like a boy setting himself a lesson and playing at thrashing himself if he does not learn it. And so it seems to me that those who are sometimes called 'unfortunate people,' or 'victims of fortune's freaks,' are really those to whom Providence has assigned exceptional advantages, whether or not they are adequate to avail themselves of them. Yet again, I see that in many cases it is the exceptional people who attract to themselves the extraordinary careers—the exceptional destinies. One can understand how this is so. A deeply thoughtful searching into real right and wrong, and an honest energy to pursue the one and avoid the other, at any cost of one's interests and of other people's opinion, will soon lead one into unconventional modes of action which presently find room for themselves in unconventional circumstances."

Mrs. Stewart ended with a little sigh, imperceptible to everybody but herself. In her own eyes her own life had been so smooth and easy that, according to her words, it seemed her condemnation. She rather thought that nobody but May Castle had heard what she said; not that this hurt her, for she had faith in the tender love of husband and daughter, and could never suspect neglect, though she could not imagine that in reality her very first words had turned the laird's thoughts in upon the troublous secret of which she knew nothing, and that her subsequent reflections had fallen upon Margaret Stewart's ears with all the force of mysterious oracle, and had stirred her heart so deeply that her one refuge from manifest emotion was in an apparent heedlessness. It was her first experience of that strange fact that the world is full of oracles, and that the right word comes to us at the right time, if only we have ears to hear. Margaret never doubted Lord Fowlis' steadfast love, but she felt at once that a period of very real poverty and narrowed circumstances might lie between the possible surrender of Balacluva and the future assumption of the honours of Fowlis. For though she did not shrink from being a penniless bride, it never entered her mind to dream of being a beggar bride. Her noble lover would come to woo her beneath the roof, be it of a cottage or an attic, which her father could provide for her. He would wed her in the simplest gown of muslin or calico, that she could buy and sew for herself, or even earn it if need be. Not that she would scruple to take bread from his hand, if that were needed for herself or those she loved; to do that would be to set lightly by the sacred rights of love. Only it would have to be the very plainest of bread, without any seducing jam or sugar! He must feel no doubt that she loved him for himself alone. It must be the nobly independent maiden who could alone become the nobly dependent wife.

These were the thoughts going on in Margaret's heart while her mother spoke. Is it not said that a country's immortal ballads are always composed during its epochs of storm and hardship? Is it not equally true that the heart raises its most thrilling songs in times of peril and disaster? It is in the spring, while the skies are still subject to sweeps of cloud, and while the trees are still shaken by gusts of wind, that the birds sing. Under the thick leaves and warm sunshine of late summer they are quite comfortable and silent! Thank God for His restful summers that follow stormy springs, but thank Him, too, that as the year goes round the stormy spring returns! And when the Father's care has arranged the earthly lodging of His children with such a beautiful variety, there is no fear that it shall fail them in the long history of their undying souls.

The old laird went away to the southern capital to see his lawyer "on business," as he had said. He half wondered that his wife seemed so content to receive the simple statement and to ask no question. If she felt no stronger interest than this in "business," then he began to fear he must often have "bored" her by his minute details concerning his plans and projects and arrangements. He could not guess that she asked no question only because she was sure there was a secret, and was quite content to wait until he should reveal it.

The laird took his departure before the purposed visit to Yacob Stays' grave came off, and Margaret found that she had to carry out the little pleasure which they had desired to give May with a weight upon her heart. Her one desire was to save any shadow from falling on her young visitor, especially while it could not be explained, and while therefore it might puzzle and chill the girl whose whole nature, and even her very countenance, seemed opening into sudden bloom in the new atmosphere of frank and genial kindliness. In her fear of betraying her own uneasiness, Margaret perhaps seemed gayer than she might have seemed without it, and her instinct of severe truthfulness was almost shocked by the success with which she found she played her part!

In default of the laird, the worthy minister accompanied the party. Young William Thomson arrived at Balacluva quite early in the morning, and as he was an expert and confident oarsman, he needed no more help than the minister and Margaret could render in the management of the little craft in which they were to make the excursion.

They provided themselves with a homely hamper of food, and set off merrily while the sun was still shining with but softest radiance. Mrs. Stewart's maid wheeled her mistress's couch to the window, that she might wave them her farewells, and after Margaret had gone some little distance towards the shore she actually turned back to go indoors again and kiss her mother once more and add a few last caressing words. Her love was of that kind which is never quite satisfied with its own good measure, but is always running over.

"Miss Castle is to sit beside Mr. Thomson, and do nothing but look around her," dictated Margaret, with her sweet autocracy. "Going in this direction the coast view is very fine—

much finer than that got while driving towards Balacluva—and we must not let her miss anything. Perhaps she will be able to find something to inspire a sketch."

When they were fairly off, Margaret and the minister were soon deep in the discussion of the affairs of a motherless family in whom they both took an active interest. The dead woman had left a tiny babe, and how it was to be reared in a lone cottage among a crowd of little brothers and sisters had been a burning question. The minister was now happy to inform Miss Stewart that the schoolmaster's young wife had charged herself with its entire care, and had actually taken it home to her own snug dwelling.

"In this island, Miss Castle," said William Thomson, knowing that she, as well as he, overheard these remarks, "in this island you will find us a very friendly people."

May assented fervently.

"We have our prejudices," he went on, playfully. "We hate lawyers; we have our doubts of strangers while they are strange; and our adversaries say that we don't care very much for saving drowning folk, and not at all for tending the fever-stricken. Fever is our bugbear, Miss Castle. We do not discriminate in fevers; whether it be typhus, typhoid, scarlet, or brain, it is just 'the fever'—something to be utterly avoided. Our friend the Rev. Mr. Grayne (that was the minister sitting behind) has frequently risen in the middle of the night and traversed miles of dark and treacherous moor to render help to some delirious patient, deserted by all but a worn-out wife or an ignorant child, and sometimes to do the last offices for the dead when the corpse was forsaken by all. Still, Shetland hearts are sound at the core; the very poorest need not fear dying from starvation, the rough fare of their neighbours will be readily shared with him; and also you may travel from end to end of the island with untold gold in your possession and have no fear of violence or robbery. At your knock any Shetland door will open to give you shelter if you require it, and from such houses as Balacluva itself, down through manse and farm, to the lowliest and darkest hut, where two or three aged paupers snuggle round a peat fire burning under a hole in the roof, you will receive whatever hospitality it is in the host's power to bestow."

"This is very beautiful and touching," said May Castle. "It is as if the people realise that where Nature is hard and stern human nature must be the softer."

"But there is really a great deal of kindliness everywhere in the world," said William Thomson. "One finds that out the best when one is a wandering stranger, like I have sometimes been. It always seems to me that kindness shown to those who are quite unknown to us, and whose faces we never expect to see again, is about the most direct service to God that it is in human power to render. It must be done for His sake alone, even when it is done by those who seem not to know Him or to regard Him."

He paused for a moment, and then asked, rather abruptly—

"Have you travelled much, Miss Castle?"

There was something in the question which startled May. It was asked with a real interest, and not as a mere factor in a conversation.

"No," she answered; "I may say I have never been away from home before, or at least, never beyond a few miles from it."

"And where is 'home?'" asked the young man.

"At Fowlis," she answered, briefly.

There was something in this catechism which made her heart beat quickly. Where was it to lead?

"Have you any family connections in the Argentine Republic? Pardon the inquiry," pursued Mr. William Thomson.

A red spot burned on May's cheek.

"No," she answered. It was the truth, and there was really no reason why she should confide more in a mere acquaintance, and yet her bald negative sounded to herself like an act of deception. She felt as if frankness demanded that she should say I have no relations anywhere. It is one of the inevitable saddest results of wrong, that the innocent, conscious of its existence, feel as if their natural reserve concerning it is itself a form of guilt.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. Cramer and Co.

Afterwards, by J. W. Mullen, is a very pretty song, of a decidedly sentimental character. The words are by Mary Mark Lemon.—It will suit most sopranos, and is written in two keys—B flat and C.

'Twas Not to Be, by Carlo Ducci, is another song of the same type, and will doubtless be popular with many.

Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

The Cherries are Ripe. Harvest Hymn in *Claudian*, for soprano solo and chorus for female voices. Words by H. Herman. Music by Sir Julius Benedict.—This much admired solo and chorus, arranged for female voices by its distinguished composer, will, we think, be welcomed in the drawing-room by our young friends.

W. Morley and Co.

Shall we meet again? Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A charming little song, with a very pleasing and melodious refrain.

The Harvest Moon. Words and music by Michael Watson.—A merry and joyful song, full of dry humour and very amusing.

The Red Scarf. Written by G. W. Southey. Composed by Theo. Bonheur.—A bold and spirited song for baritone, both words and music harmonising; is sure to become popular.

Lassie. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Theo. Bonheur.—The sentiment of this song is well expressed; it is intended, we believe, as a companion to *Laddie*. We wish it the same success.

My Maiden's Messenger. Poetry by J. W. Gilbart Smith. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.—An extremely pretty, simple song; both words and music deserve praise. We think it will be appreciated by many of our girls.

Thine. Words by R. Conrad Fraser. Music composed by Emily Phillips.—A well-written song; the refrain is tuneful and pretty; there is also a violoncello obbligato, which is a pleasing addition.

Laddie. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Arranged as a vocal duet by A. J. Caldicott, from the favourite song by Ciro Pinsuti.

The Children's Home. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Arranged as a vocal duet by A. J. Caldicott, from the favourite song by F. H. Cowen.

These popular songs have been extremely well arranged as vocal duets, and we venture to think they will meet with the success they so well merit.

Morley's Part Song Journal. Edited by Alfred J. Caldicott.

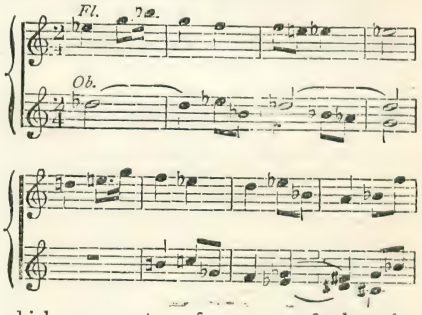
No. 1. *The Children's Home.*
No. 2. *The Old Brigade.*
No. 3. *The Broken Pitcher.*

The above three favourite songs have been arranged for S. A. T. B. by Alfred J. Caldicott. They are well harmonised, and not difficult.

Laddie. (Ciro Pinsuti's favourite song) Transcribed for pianoforte by Boyton Smith.—The melody is prefaced by a short introduction, giving a skilful foretaste of what follows. The arrangement is altogether good, the melody being retained throughout. We recommend it to our young friends.

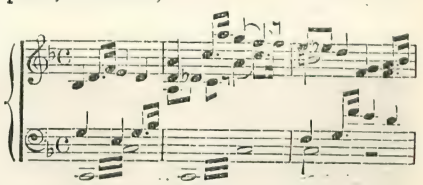
Weekes and Co.

Ave sera. Cantata for female voices. Written by Marmaduke Browne. Music by Isidore de Solla.—From the commencement of the overture we extract the following bars:—



which, we must confess, are perfectly unintelligible to us, either as regards melody or harmony, and for the instruments indicated to be used—viz., flutes and oboes—well-nigh impossible to play in time.

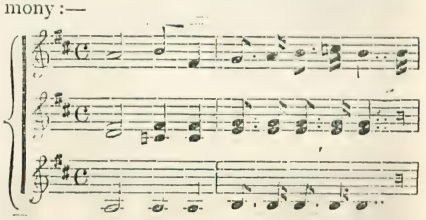
On page 3 the imitative writing on a pedal-point, as follows,



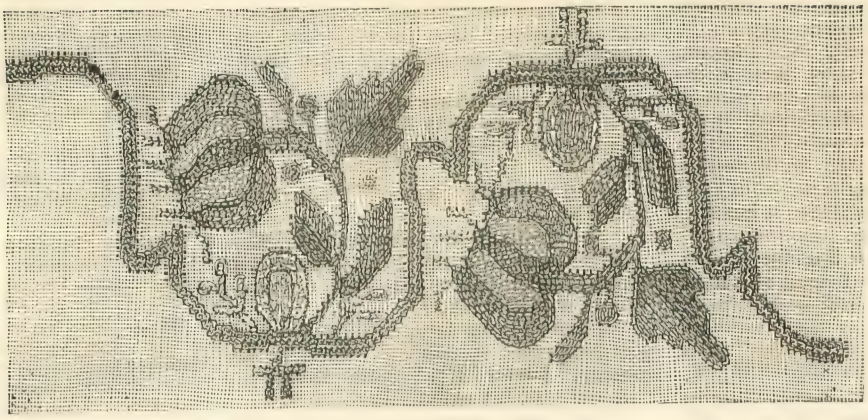
is as extraordinary as the excerpt first quoted.

On page 4 the bass clef is omitted in the last bar but one, which, of course, must be an oversight.

As to the vocal writing, we cannot conceive how the composer can reconcile the following passage with any accepted system of harmony:—



Taken as a whole, the work is too devoid of musical form, and too full of sudden modulations and inharmonic changes to be satisfactory to any ordinarily attuned ear.



THE NEEDLEWORK OF TURKISH AND BULGARIAN GIRLS.

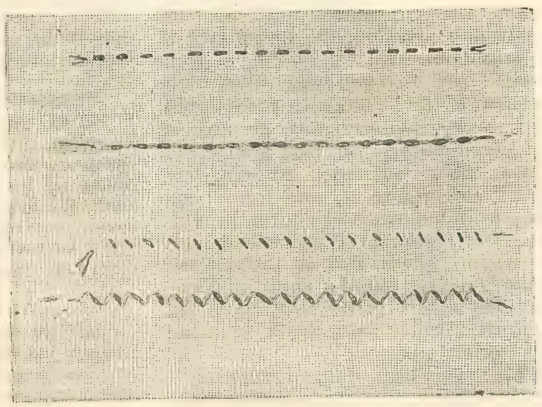
By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

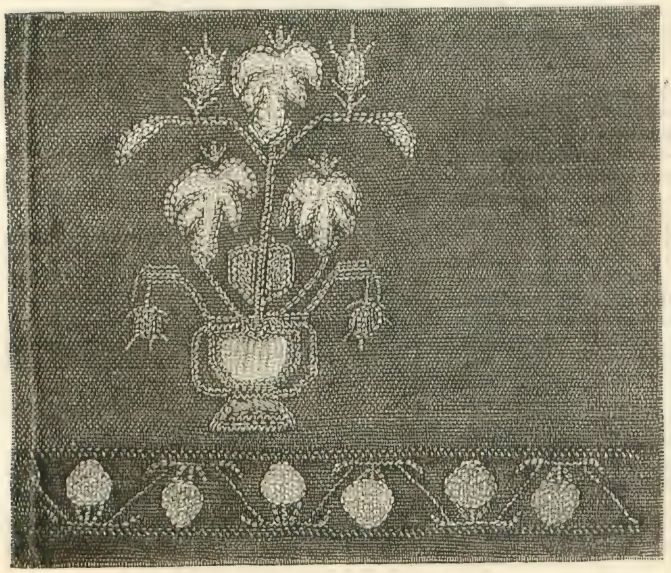
I HAVE no doubt that many of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are already acquainted with this beautiful work from the numbers of specimens of it, old and new, which have been brought to England for sale, since the Turco-Russian war of 1877 made so many thousands of the population of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria homeless, friendless, and poor. The population were Mussulman, and, for fear of the Russian army, on its approach they fled before it, abandoning everything—houses, lands, furniture, and goods—all and everything—to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy. They are not allowed to return; their homes are destroyed, their land confiscated, and people who were wealthy, or at least possessed of sufficient means of support, are now dependent on their own personal exertions for the bread they eat. The pretty embroidery wrought for the ornamentation of their clothes and their houses has become their sole means of obtaining the wherewithal for their subsistence, with the weaving of cotton cloth or muslin; for, like the women of ancient times, they both spun and wove the material they wore as underlinen, and employed for household use.

It seems a pitiful tale, does it not? and one difficult to realise by us, who dwell safely in our sea-girt isle, and are "quiet from fear of evil." We can hardly form a picture of ourselves in imagination driven from our homes by a pitiless enemy, deprived of all save the small amount we could carry about us, and sent out of our native land penniless. And we must remember, too, that (although Christians regard it as a mistaken one) this has been patiently endured for their faith, and that they are not "idolaters," but worship the same God as we do, holding the Jewish revelation as true, and believing in the Jewish prophets as well as in the false prophet, Mahomet. I am glad to hear that a good clergyman has devoted himself entirely to them, and has made his home in Constantinople, on purpose to preach to them the faith as it is in Christ, and declared in the New Testament.

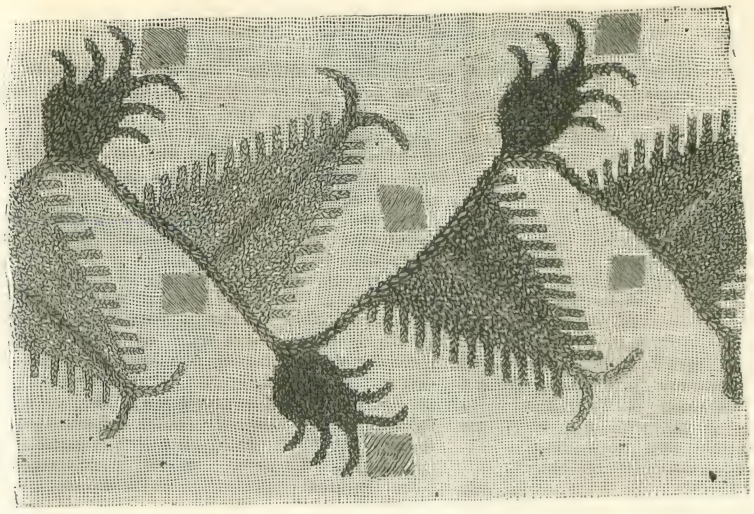
The Turkish Government was very kind to them, received them at Constantinople, and located large numbers in the provinces of Asia Minor, where employment has been found for them. Those remaining are very poor. Of the women, many are widows, and they gain a meagre and precarious livelihood as washerwomen, and by weaving and embroidery, while the men are carters, porters, vendors of fruit, etc.

The embroiderers number about 2,000, and most of them had occupied a good social position in their own country, and they are strikingly ladylike and refined. All of them, both men and women, are patient and wonderfully quiet and enduring, bearing their hard lot most uncomplainingly. When their present miserable surroundings are taken into account, the work they send to England is a marvel in the way of cleanliness and beauty. It is the same on both sides, like that described by the mother of Sisera, and is beautifully executed.





The embroiderers are of two kinds. First, the superior and the best, who work by counting the threads of the cloth, or muslin-like fabric, on which they work without a pattern, and generally without any design, save those suggested as they work by their own good taste, and carried out by very superior skill. This is the most beautiful kind of work, but, alas! as may be imagined, the most trying to the worker's sight, the result being that most of the women have weak eyes, and that the young girls, in many instances, are compelled to have recourse



to spectacles. The work, too, takes a very long time to do, one small d'oyley needing two or three days for its execution.

The second class of embroiderers are those who work over a pattern previously traced for them, without counting the threads—an easier method, and much less trying to the eyes. So much do they work in ancient grooves that sometimes a particular pattern can only be executed by one woman. This is the case with certain famous designs, such as the Sultan's monogram, and various peculiar inscriptions in the mosques. Of course, they can also embroider to order any pattern which may be sent to them, but the lady who superintends and helps them has shown great wisdom in trying to keep them to their original designs, and to their beautiful harmonies and combinations of colours, beside which our Western hues are crude and harsh and our designs less elegant, and appear unsuitable to the materials employed. A few of these have been drawn to illustrate this paper, through the kindness of our considerate Editor, but, alas! they do not give the delightful and well-selected colouring, which so mainly constitutes the beauty of the originals.

The stitches, as the work is the same on both sides, are minute and tiresome in their accomplishment. The two principal stitches I have, with difficulty, discovered, copied, and finally drawn. They interested me marvellously, for, as I pored over them, I felt sure that they were the same stitches that are spoken of in the Bible, and are as old nearly as mother Eve herself.

The first is a straight stitch, and is worked by making an even row of running. When the thread or the pattern is finished, take a fresh thread, and put the needle in and out of the first row of running, so as to cover the blank spaces in it, being careful to take the exact place where the first stitch began and ended, and turning the work while doing it, so as to see that it is the same on both sides. Put the needle in from the back to the front, otherwise the white threads will show when not wanted.

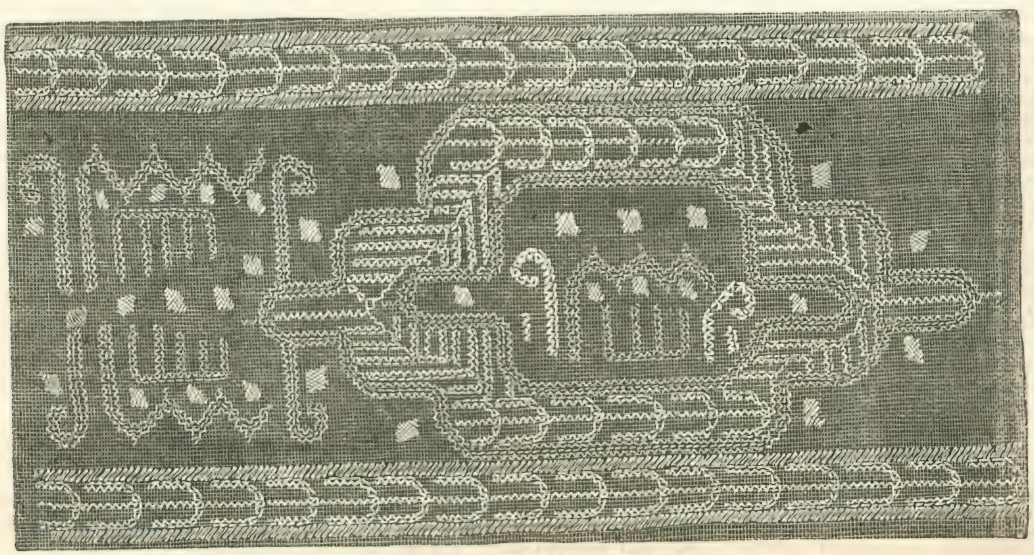
The other stitch is a zig-zag one, and is worked by making an even row of "teeth" stitches, from right to left, bringing the needle out after every stitch on the lower line. At the end of the first row turn the work round, and take the needle back, filling up the dotted lines. Remember to look at the back of the work constantly, that the needle may go out and in by the thread.

A third stitch is used for the centres of flowers, and is a kind of lace stitch, used on loosely-woven materials. It is worked by overcasting three or four threads, in horizontal lines, and then dividing the perpendicular lines into three or four threads, and overcasting them. A tiny design of openwork squares is thus produced, which has a very pretty effect.

I have not yet devoted a word to the material, woven by the embroiderers themselves, on which the work is performed. It is a loosely-woven muslin made of cotton, which, being spun by hand, and woven by a hand loom, has, of course, a great deal more substance in it than our materials, spun and woven by machinery. In hue, it is a charming cream colour, but it takes a black dye very well indeed. Here we have an imitation, as well as in America, but it is very different to the real thing. In America, and in the different schools of art needlework in both countries, this loosely-woven muslin is called "momie (or mummy) cloth," and is very largely used for embroidery, and for all kinds of curtains, chairbacks, and sometimes for dress also, though not so often. There is a crinkled striped variety of it in white, as well as one with red threads, which are most suitable for dresses for young girls, and pinafores for little children. The washing and wearing qualities are endless, and the price is so moderate that any of our girls can manage to purchase it. The plain muslin is 1s. 4d., and the striped 1s. 6d. a yard; both are about 19 inches wide, with a good firm selvedge on both sides, so that it may be used for chair-backs, or other embroidery, beautifully.

At present the articles manufactured consist of d'oyleys, fichus, collars and cuffs, parasols, antimacassars, tablecovers, curtains, and trimmings for dresses, some of the designs of which are illustrated. Of course, the work can be adapted to any other purpose, and any articles can be made to order, and of any shades, designs, or materials required. The gold and silver thread used are of pure metal, and do not tarnish—in fact, they look better after being cleaned than before, in every case where the experiment has been tried.

These poor refugees are fortunate in having found an advocate in England who can feel for them and give her best energies to help them. I refer to Miss Constance M. Finn, the daughter of the late well-known and much lamented consul at Jerusalem. She was born in the East, and knows the natives and settlers, their wants and their sorrows, and will be glad to answer all inquiries, and take orders for both the embroidery and the materials woven by these helpless people. Her address is The Elms, Brook Green, Hammersmith.



THE DUTIES OF A GOVERNESS.

PART I.

"I HAVE passed the Higher Local Examinations of Cambridge (or Oxford), I can teach good English, French, German, Italian, music, and mathematics; and I have received a certificate for model and freehand drawing," etc., or, "I have passed the Junior Local Exams," etc., "What salary may I ask as a governess, aged twenty?" or even, "Age eighteen."

Such queries as the foregoing are perpetually put to the Editor, and our readers may see the same reply as often repeated. Certainly the young lady just emerged from the schoolroom, and barely of an age to be introduced into society, is quite at liberty to ask what salary her acquirements might lead her to expect. But the worth of the raw material—so to say—of a good intellectual education, and its value to those who hire the governess, are two very different questions. Thus the personal attainments of the latter may justly be appraised at a far lower standard than she may at first sight calculate.

Having in view, likewise, the ever increasing competition amongst aspirants to this department of work, supposing them to be duly qualified in every respect, and their services worthy of the highest remuneration, must reduce the rate of salary to a certain market value rather than one of intrinsic merit.

Granting, however, that the young governess could command the remuneration to which such a list of varied acquirements might lay just claim, I would beg her to take a comprehensive view of the grave responsibilities she is about to undertake.

As a mere "visiting" or "daily governess," a thorough acquaintance with her several subjects, a good method of teaching, with a considerable amount of patience and a pleasing address, she is fully qualified for her work, and nothing more could be expected of her. She is not hired as a caretaker and trainer of youth, nor as an example of manners and morals, and her responsibilities cease with the lesson she gives.

As a resident governess, her qualifications are by no means restricted to her scholastic attainments and method of imparting them to her pupils. Over and above these, her obligations are of a two-fold character—*i.e.*, first, the due regulation of her own character and general deportment towards her employer, as well as towards the children entrusted to her; secondly, the moral and physical training of the latter. I mean to say, she must be qualified to teach by example as well as by precept; otherwise, she is incompetent to fulfil the duties which she has undertaken.

This point established, and judging from the restriction of the qualifications enumerated to classical, scientific, or artistic attainments, it would seem that no others had entered into their calculations. Their own moral training, good breeding, brightness of disposition, acquaintance with the usages of society, together with experience in the management of children, their diversities of character, mental capacity, and physical peculiarities—all such valuable items essential to the making-up of the sum total of general efficiency are completely left out of their reckoning.

But over and above the most deplorable deficiencies which young girls of eighteen or twenty may exhibit, as trainers of the children entrusted to them (however "certificated" and respectable they may be), it is to be feared that disqualification of a mere negative character is not all of which an employer might have to complain. A large proportion of the students in our colleges for women have earned an unenviable notoriety by throwing off the delicacy and refinement of their sex—those attractive feminine characteristics which are perfectly compatible with the highest attainments in literature or scientific culture. These poor misguided girls give themselves silly supercilious airs, or affect the ungainly swagger of a low-bred man.

Is all that is purely "womanly" so utterly contemptible that we must remodel ourselves into weak and puny imitations of a different sex? Believe me (if any such admirers of a mongrel type of the human species should read this paper), no "cramming" with problems and "ologies," no regiment of initial letters after your surname will compensate for deficiency in womanly refinement and commonsense to those who seek a governess for their children.

The men and women possessed of the highest type of intellect are the most unassuming, and are keenly alive to their own deficiencies. Mere "prigs" are perfectly self-satisfied, give themselves airs of superiority over others, and make themselves obnoxiously ridiculous. And people who have not had the advantages of the "higher education of women," have "mother-wit" and experience enough to appraise the inferior quality of such petty minds at their true value, be their boasted scholarship what it may.

Our most distinguished women retained the distinctive characteristics of their sex; women who not only learned from the works and discoveries of others, but were acknowledged authorities, discoverers, and originators themselves. And could you picture to yourself the great and yet most motherly and well-bred Mary Somerville, or Elizabeth Browning, with a so-called "weed" in her mouth, a shirt-front, and "billycock" hat; her hands in her coat-pockets, strutting about and affecting the air of a very second-rate London clerk? Neither they, nor Mrs. Jamieson, Angelica Kaufmann, and Florence Nightingale were ashamed of their gentle sex; none weakly coveted that pitiable style of appearance which, if not womanly, is certainly far from that of a man worth the copying—being unquestionably vulgar and effeminate.

Multitudes, however, of our would-be governesses are perfectly free from any taint of masculine proclivities, and desire rather to adorn their position than to change it. Yet, fresh from college and utterly inexperienced, having only known the companionship of equally uninitiated schoolmates, she is, so far as the habits of society or the extensively comprehensive duties of a governess are concerned, very far indeed from satisfactory or efficient for the work selected. And thus one is reminded of the apt observation of the Prophet—

"Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt."

We will now put our young aspirants to a closer test of personal efficiency. I said that her obligations, in the first place, had reference to the regulation of her own manners and moral training. Does she know how to bear herself towards her employer? To maintain that "happy medium" between a due deference of manner towards her superior (in office, if not in scholastic lore), and a never-forgetting self-respect? Has she acquired a habit of self-control in her words and expression of countenance? Can she speak gently, move quietly about, and avoid all appearance of "huffiness" at (possible) slights, for which governesses are too apt to look, and imagine when they do not exist.

She should accept as a foregone conclusion the fact that her employer and herself are friends, united by a common interest, and her whole demeanour will then be conciliatory rather than antagonistic, and there will be no distrust to mar their intercourse. Unfortunately, a surly, sulky expression is frequently substituted for that of modest, unobtrusive dignity, by which her manner should be distinguished. Of course, no one is attracted by a continual grin; but a grave expression should always be relaxed, and a smile should meet the regard of all who may address her. I repeat, that although in some respects they may be viewed from a different standpoint, the difficulties, anxieties, hopes, and triumphs of the employer and her assistant must be, more or less, identical. As fellow-workers, with the same noble end in view, make it a matter of conscience not to mar that work by petty jealousies, and unworthy, selfish considerations.

Yet it is not too much to say that many otherwise worthy young women enter a new home with all their bristles out, so to say, "like the fretful porcupine," expecting affronts and ready to meet them half way. "I am just as good as you are; my father was a—one thing, and my grandmother was—another (something extra remarkable, no doubt!), and my education is superior to yours, and I am younger, too, and better looking" (perhaps). In the "Palace of Truth" she would thus address the mistress of the home that has received her into its sacred privacy and confidence. How silly to measure her status in society with that of her hostess; how unprofitable! If your father had been a Great Mogul and your mother a Begum it would not alter your relative positions one iota. Your employer is the mistress of the household, and by divine decree she is to "guide the house," to rule her children, her servants, and all her paid assistants beneath its roof; and, whether she be a well-bred gracious woman, or a vulgar, over-bearing, unappreciative one, your position, however honourable, is that of submission and obedience—but hers of rule. You accepted yours of your own free will. Fulfil your obligations like a God-fearing woman. If the rule prove intolerable, or the children beyond your control, give the usual three months' notice; but look, speak, and act like a "lady" in the truest sense of the term, relaxing in no dutiful service, giving no sour looks, uttering no unseemly words so long as you eat her bread and avail yourself of the shelter of her home.

But human infirmities are to be met with in every household; difficulties and disappointments in every undertaking. You cannot expect to escape them, my young friend, even in the happiest of external circumstances. Shut your eyes to petty vexations, and your ears to little unguarded words.

"Your lot is the common lot of all," and the present existence is only designed to be a "trial state" after all. But over and above this important consideration, and looking at the matter in a purely commercial point of view, I must remind you that your market value as a "resident governess" is depreciated each time that you change your situation.

Something must be amiss in the state of society when governesses can only retain a situation for such very brief periods. Much blame lies at the door of the employers—of which I know many disgraceful examples. In one case a lady was engaged, on my own recommendation, to teach two children, one "a little lame girl," so I was told. On reaching her somewhat distant destination my governess found that she was required to act as a hospital nurse to a perfectly helpless, paralysed child, and to keep a number of unruly schoolboys and their companions in order during all their holidays, in addition to the duties for which she had been engaged. In other cases the governess is required to drive out with her employer and to appear at large entertainments, and, in some houses, to dine with the family—yet this upon a pittance totally inadequate to provide her with suitable dress. In such cases, it is the duty of the mistress of the house to assist her with presents, from time to time, of articles of clothing, or else to increase her salary, in view of expenses for which no agreement had previously been made.

But as situations are as often taken by ill-qualified young women, the duration of their engagements could not be otherwise than brief; if not speedily discharged for their own unsuitability, they meet with some annoyance and recklessly give up the home obtained. Is there not "a crook in every lot," and how, otherwise, should "patience have her perfect work?"

Alas! the relations between the hiring and the hired have experienced a change within the last half century, and, assuredly, not for the better. It is so as regards both manual and intellectual labour. The accomplished lady who undertook the training and education of my own mother never left her until it was completed; it commenced when the latter was three or four years old and ceased when she married. Another, equally gifted and efficient, took charge of a family of nine children (inclusive of three boys, for a certain period), and, their education completed, remained to be the friend and companion of their mother for a period of thirty-five or forty years.

I may do well to suggest that one fruitful cause of disagreement between the governess and the lady who employs her is the omission of making a very unequivocal agreement in the first instance as to the taking of holidays, where they must be spent, when taken, and how long to last. Multitudes of young women, especially amongst foreigners, have no available home to go to, and compulsory absence from their employer's house becomes a serious difficulty. Lodging-house keepers greatly object to receiving unmarried women, and if that difficulty be overcome, the heavy expense of both board and lodging, with perhaps the cost of a journey, induces the poor lonely creature to hire cheap ones, and possibly of equivocal respectability.

Another difficulty which may result in shortening her term of engagement is the well-known antagonism existing between governesses and domestic servants, on which point a few words may be desirable. The regulation of your conduct towards the latter, my young friend, is a very important consideration. Why should there be any rivalry or jealousy that would make discomfort between you and them? As the best educated, the chief fault must be chargeable to you. The roughest and most ill-trained amongst servants are sensitive to any politeness shown them, any consideration of their feelings, or bodily comfort, such as a kindly word or a sparing of unnecessary fatigue. "We generally reap what we have sown," and "do not gather figs of thistles." To use a homely phrase, the governess is too often "on her high horse." Expecting some slight, she meets her phantom foe with an overbearing style of address, her expression is forbidding, she gives peremptory orders, and thinks thus to assert some degree of superiority over her less favoured sisters of the same household. Take a hint from the old fable of the trial of strength between the sun and the rude and boisterous wind to accomplish the removal of a traveller's cloak. The rough treatment of the latter only made him wrap it the closer around him, but the genial glow of the smiling sunshine effected the desired surrender at once. You have no right to order servants whom you do not pay, whom you neither engage nor can dismiss, and they know it, and that your own work is like theirs, performed for hire. Act as a guest, a privileged guest, holding a very responsible office. Ask the servants kindly to do so and so, changing the form of address to "Would you bring me—if you please?" and look pleasantly when you speak to them. You will meet with all due respect in return for politeness, while avoiding unseemly familiarity and gossiping.

Perhaps, however, the most serious of the difficulties with which the young governess may be met exists in the intercourse between her and sons of the house. In reference to them she could not be too much on her guard. Flippant jesting and child's-play should be avoided; exchanges of looks and private understandings communicated in dumb-show; and lingering alone with them when her *élèves* have walked on, or left the room. Her position of trust in the family circle should be sacredly maintained, and her every thought and act above suspicion.

There are occasions when extra work has to be done in every household; let her be ready to offer her services between school hours to her hostess, whether to gather and arrange the flowers, alter the disposition of the reception rooms, or anything else, when guests are expected, or when packing has to be done. Above all things, get rid, my readers, of that miserable idea that this or that employment can be "menial." You may offer extra services to your employer in any and every honest and useful way without either "loss of caste," or rendering yourself obtrusively forward. Banish the word "menial" from your vocabulary, and remember the example of Him who thought it not a menial act even to wash His disciples' feet!

Our first father was placed in a garden "to till and to dress it," and we also, metaphorically speaking, have each our own plot of garden-ground to cultivate, from whence we may raise both flowers and fruit, "meet for the Master's use." Apart from the daily work of culture progressing within our secret hearts, how many flowers (sweet looks and smiles), and how many fruits (of gracious words and deeds) have we laboured to cultivate around us, in the small field of our daily life and work? "None of us liveth to himself," *i.e.*, we all influence one another. We may raise briars and thorns amongst our associates, by our chilling and ill-advised words, or selfish actions; or we may help to make our surroundings like a garden of Eden, by the sunshine of grace and goodness with which we may gladden the hearts of others. But we can do no good work for them if we neglect our own personal culture; and you, my young friend, who propose to be "a teacher of babes," must endeavour to attain a very high standard yourself. It was said by one of old—

"They made me keeper of the vineyards;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept!"

How has it been with you?

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

BRIEF EXISTENCE.

Like to the falling of a star;
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Bishop King.

AN ILL WIND.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind that turns none to good.

Tusser.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be singularly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, 'Sing;' and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent and every disposition to scandal."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

CLOUDY SKIES.—Right thinking people lay their minds open still in hope and faith to heaven, even when heaven is no longer seen or possessed; as those flowers that unfold themselves to the sun, remain still open, even to the clouded sky.—*Jean Paul.*

THE RULES OF ELIZABETH FRY.

The following rules for the guidance of life are by the celebrated Mrs Fry:—

1. Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day; but always be in the habit of being employed.
2. Never err the least in truth.
3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.
6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, put confidence in that Power alone, which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

ON FALSEHOOD.—It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Dr. Johnson.*

DOING THINGS BY HALVES.—I hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*

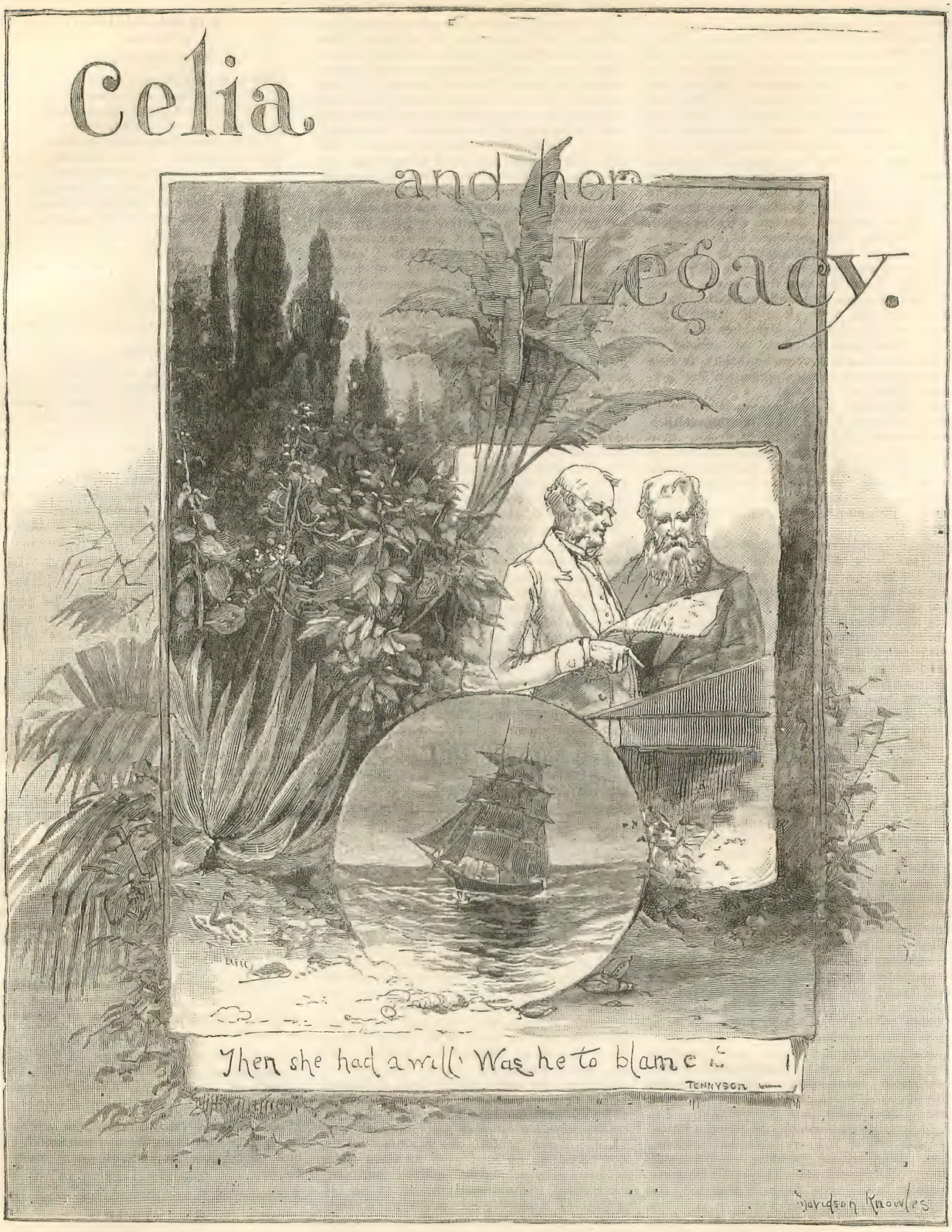
REGULATED THOUGHTS.—You ought so to regulate your thoughts as if one could look into the inmost recesses of your breast.—*Seneca.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (page 603).

G o d a l m i n G
A g r i p p A
L a u r e L
I p s i l a n t I
L e n t h a l L
E d d y s t o n E
O d e s c a l c h I

Galileo. Galilei.

Celia and her Legacy.



CHAPTER I.

It was a gloomy, foggy afternoon. It had been gloomy and foggy all day, and Mrs. Lake, who seldom ventured out, lay on a sofa drawn up close to the fire. Her eyes were fixed on the window, through which the light of a gas lamp glimmered feebly. On a table by her side was a basket with some sewing. She had worked till she could see no longer, and the twilight was her time for half an hour's rest and meditation. She was a sickly, pretty woman, worn and haggard with the trouble of a long widowhood and the hand-to-hand struggle with poverty.

The landlady, who, in a patronising way,

was kind to her lodger as a "real lady," invariably affirmed that Mrs. Lake was crushed by circumstances. This was true enough. Being born to better things, she had fought for years with ever-increasing difficulties, and now she had fairly succumbed to them and settled down into invalidism.

By-and-by there were quick steps on the staircase, and the tones of young voices; then the mother got up from her sofa, poked the fire till it blazed (carefully though, for coals were a costly item in the Lake household), and turned to meet the new comers.

"Home at last, children; that's right. I was beginning to feel anxious about you; it is so dark."

Two girls, one tall and stately, the other small and slim, came into the room.

"Dear mother," said the elder of the two, and there was a world of tenderness in the tone, "it has been foggy all day, and it is not late. You shouldn't be anxious about us, you will make your head ache."

"And, mamma," said the second girl, who was three or four years younger than her sister, "you know it is always safe to be out with Celia. I believe she could find her way blindfolded, and it was quite light in Oxford-street."

"Well, I am glad to see you safe, my dears; but when I was young, gentlewomen did not walk unescorted after dusk."

"Oh, but then——" began the young girl; but she stopped at a sign from her sister, and turned her remonstrance into a complaint about the fog.

Celia, who had been lighting the lamp, brought it now to the table by her mother's side. She had years ago given up arguing the point about walking alone—indeed, as her mother only went out in fine weather, how was Janie to get any exercise if they were to wait for an escort? Surely, thought Celia, at twenty-one I am old enough to take care of myself and Janie too? But she refrained from putting the thought into words.

"I am afraid you have been very dull all alone, mamma," was what she said; "but we were so near the stores that I thought it would be better to bring home the things you wanted, and then we met Mr. Hewing, and that made us later still."

"I hope you are *not* over-fatigued, my Celia?"

"Not a scrap tired, mamma, only very muddy and dirty." She held out the folds of her ulster to show the mud splashes, and explained that the damage had been done getting out of the omnibus; but Mrs. Lake's eyes were fixed on her daughter's face, surrounded with the heavy masses of light brown hair. She wore a shabby bonnet and a white necktie of the simplest description; she had not very regular features, though her throat and head were grandly formed; her mouth was too large and her chin too decided to be strictly beautiful, though many people considered Celia Lake's style altogether too severe for a girl in such poor circumstances, who, unless she made a fortunate marriage, must inevitably some day work for her bread. However, there could be but one opinion about Celia's eyes. They were bright blue, and of such depth of colour and expression that they quite startled you at the first glance, and when they melted into tenderness who could say that she was cold? Proud she was, and young; strong in her youthful prejudices on multitudinous subjects, self-reliant (she had been trained in the school of poverty), but with those she loved she was humble and long-suffering.

"You have been waiting all this time for your tea, and you have been alone in the dark till you have got quite melancholy! You wanted us to cheer you up, didn't you, mamma? Let me draw the blinds down, the room will look more cozy. A letter for me, is there? I seem to know the writing; will you read it while I take my things off?"

"Read it to me, Celia; my sight is very weak this evening."

Celia tossed off her bonnet, and seating herself on a stool close to the sofa, proceeded to open the letter.

There was silence for a few minutes. Mrs. Lake lay with her eyes shut, waiting. Then Celia said, in an odd, unnatural voice—

"Mother!"

"What is it, Celia?" asked Mrs. Lake.

Celia's face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes sparkled.

"Mother, it's a most extraordinary letter from Mr. Greenleigh, and he encloses another one from Victoria. I don't quite know what it means, something about papa's uncle whose death we saw in the paper last month. Would you like to see it?"

Mrs. Lake put out her hand eagerly, not without a hope that here at last might be some good news, something that would make things easier for her two fatherless girls. The letter was from a lawyer who had befriended her husband in days gone by, and was still her principal adviser in matters of business that were beyond Celia's management.

"Dec. 3, 187—.

"MY DEAR MISS CELIA (he wrote),—I enclose a letter which we have received from Messrs. Smith and Abercorn this morning. You will see that there has been unavoidable delay in communicating with you, as Messrs. Smith and Abercorn are ignorant of your address. The conditions of the will of your late great uncle are of so unusual a nature, that I hardly know whether to congratulate you or not. The power to accept or reject them lies of course in your own hands. Under all circumstances you have my best wishes for your well-being, and do not forget that I shall be very happy to advise you at all times to the best of my ability. With sincerest regards to Mrs. Lake and little Janie, believe me to remain, dear Miss Celia,—Yours very truly,

"THOS. GREENLEIGH."

"I have hardly read the enclosed letter," cried Celia, breathlessly. "Just listen to it, mamma."

"Youngsport, Victoria, Oct. 28th.

"DEAR SIR,—Acting in compliance with the instructions of our late friend and client, Mr. Herbert Lake, we beg leave to acquaint you with the following particulars concerning his will, requesting you to communicate with Miss Lake at your earliest convenience. Mr. Herbert Lake has left the whole of his property to his adopted son, Mr. Alexander Romaine, on condition that within six months of the death of the testator he marries Miss Celia Eve Lake, daughter of the late James Lake, Esq., of Brighton, in Sussex. Should Mr. Romaine decline this proposition, the terms of the will oblige him to pay the sum of £3,000 to Miss Lake. On the other hand, should the refusal proceed from the lady's side, the testator bequeaths the entire property to his adopted son, subject to a legacy of £5 to Miss Celia Lake, to purchase a mourning ring. As soon as possible Mr. Romaine proposes to take passage for England, to do himself the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Lake; he also instructs us to communicate his regret that the terms of the bequest should be so unfavourable to the relations of our late client, and to express his desire to act only in that manner which is most convenient to them. A copy of the will shall be forwarded by the next mail."

"And there is some more about our address," cried Celia, as she flung the letter on the floor. "I understand it all plainly enough now, and so does Mr. Greenleigh. Was there ever such a piece of impertinence perpetrated? This 'adopted son,' Mr. Alexander Romaine, must indeed think that we have fallen low if he imagines that I shall agree to such terms as these!"

"I hardly follow the meaning of it, Celia," said Mrs. Lake, turning Mr. Greenleigh's letter hopelessly over and over. "It seems hard."

"To be sold to a contemptible colonist that I have never seen or heard of till this moment," continued Celia, waxing more and more wrathful, "for a paltry sum of money! And the man, too, Mr. Alexander Romaine—I should have thought he would have had more sense than to think of entertaining such an absurd idea. Mother, how long is it since you heard from Youngsport, from papa's old uncle, I mean?"

"Your poor papa wrote to him soon after you were born, Celia; but he never answered the letter, and it worried papa very much. Some years afterwards, when a matter of business had to be seen into, your uncle wrote to Mr. Greenleigh, but he would never give his consent to our marriage."

"And did he know when papa died?"

"Yes; Mr. Greenleigh wrote to tell him. He was a strange, odd person, I believe, very determined; but he was kind to dear papa when he was a boy. It was on my account that they separated."

Celia put out her hand. She had entirely forgotten her own part in the family transactions; the lawyer's letter lay unheeded on the floor, where she had thrown it. "It was heartless and cruel!" she said.

"Perhaps he repented when it was too late, and we must not bear malice, Celia."

"Not for my own sake, but for yours and Janie's. Why did he leave you all these years without any help, when he had heaps of money, and knew that you were poor and alone?"

Mrs. Lake shook her head feebly. (It was decidedly not from her mother that Celia inherited her force of character.)

"He might not have known it, and these extraordinary conditions may have been intended for an act of reconciliation. You must write to Mr. Greenleigh and ask his advice. Here comes Janie. Will you tell her?"

"Yes," said Celia, jumping up and pushing her hair back from her face, "on condition that you don't say a word about it to the Hewings. Janie! And now you both want your tea. I ought to have rung long ago. Rebecca is late to-night."

Forthwith the last traces of vexation faded from Celia's face, and she ran out of the room, leaving her mother to impart the interesting news to her sister.

Janie, a delicate girl, with large round eyes and a sensitive mouth, was a contented little person with an intense love for music. She cherished a hope that some day she would be able to do something really great in her favourite pursuit; for the present, however, she contented herself with making the most of her opportunities and practising for hours daily on the old Erard piano, which had been one of the many presents that James Lake had given to his bride, in those bygone days when he had still believed that his uncle would relent and take him back again into favour.

The Lakes' sitting-room (they had only one) was the front drawing-room of a large shabby house in a Bloomsbury street that was entirely given over to lodgings. It was a sad extravagance, Mrs. Lake often said, their living on the first floor; but Celia would have it, it was healthier for her mother, who went out so little, and, if it cost more, then they must economise in other ways. Very clever Celia had grown (from long experience) in this matter of economising, and of late years, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Greenleigh, it

had become even more necessary, as their slender means had been reduced through the failure of an unlucky investment. At one time Celia had seriously talked of embarking in life as a housekeeper to a school, or of going into a shop—she could never teach, she was sure—but Mrs. Lake had so strongly objected to this idea that she had given it up. Now she devoted her whole time to the extremely difficult task of making two ends meet, resolutely repressing any girlish longings of her own for pretty things and soft fare, and striving her utmost to make home happy for her mother and Janie. And she had succeeded. What though the walls were covered with flock paper of hideous design on a yellow ochre ground, and the carpet was decorated with bunches of magenta and pink roses tied together with bands of green riband? it was a comfortable, well-proportioned room for all that, and the mantelpiece (now that the landlady had been persuaded to remove a hearse-like arrangement of fringe and brass nails) would have delighted the eye of a connoisseur, with its delicate carving and inlaid marble. All about the room, in among the red mahogany furniture, were sundry remains saved from the sale of Mrs. Lake's home after her husband's death, such as the grand piano, a carved oak chair, and a dainty work-table. The ornaments belonging to the house had been removed one by one from the mantelpiece; the lustres, the ormolu clock, surmounted by a gilt figure of Dido, the white vases with pink medallions, had all taken up their quarters in a cabinet much shaded from the light. "You would not like them to be broken," Celia had said: "and we might meet with an accident," and the landlady, conscious that the clock had not been heard to tick for ten years, was not offended.

Janie was much excited when she heard the contents of Mr. Greenleigh's letter, and Mrs. Lake was by this time so overcome that she could hardly be persuaded to drink her tea and eat the piece of toast that Janie made for her. Janie was sitting in front of the fire, and she whisked round every other moment to ask a question or express her astonishment anew at the lawyer's communication. Now that the first burst of indignation was over, Celia took her proposed honours very calmly, and even began to regard the second condition with approval.

"Perhaps, after all," she said, "I shall get the £3,000. Mr. Romaine will hardly be so foolish as to want me to marry him, and before April too! £3,000 is an immense sum. Why, mamma, I could send Janie abroad to study, and you and I would go down to Bournemouth, or some nice warm place, and we would take a dear little lodging, and you would get quite strong and well. And Janie, you shall have a new serge dress, exactly like the one we saw this afternoon. Mamma! Would you like a fur-lined cloak or a sealskin jacket?"

"Do not be too positive, Celia. I should imagine that there must be some mistake. The whole affair sounds too improbable."

Poor Mrs. Lake had become so used to disappointments and trials that she invariably persisted in disbelieving that any stroke of good fortune could befall her or her girls. "It is too improbable," she repeated.

"Like a fairy tale, isn't it?" said Celia. "If we were in a story book, Janie and I would pretend we were each other, and mystify the colonist, so that he wouldn't have a notion which was which, and would propose to the wrong one. What a pity you didn't grow a little faster, Janie."

"It cannot be done," said Janie, who had a way of taking things from a literal point of view; "and, oh Celia! I should have liked the new dress!"

"You shall have it sure enough, when I come into my property."

"You never will," said Janie, shaking her head solemnly, and looking at her sister with intense interest; "he won't be able to help liking you, Celia, and then———"

"And then I shall say, 'No thank you, sir,' and pocket my £5 with a good grace. I suppose a mourning ring is only a conventional phrase. I could buy your dress all the same with the money, and order mother some luxuries; if I hadn't heard of the other legacy, I should have thought £5 boundless riches."

"He will consent to the proposal, I know he will! he almost says so," observed Janie, who, having once got an idea into her head, was slow to get it out again.

"Who will?"

"Mr. Alexander Romaine, directly he sees you."

"Well, then, I must pretend to be deaf or disagreeable—extra disagreeable—and see if I can't make him fly the house, never to return."

"Then he will write to you."

"I shall burn the whole of my correspondence unopened from this moment to ward off my fate. Dear me, mamma! we have chattered till you are tired out. I'll go and write to Mr. Greenleigh, and we won't talk about this stupid affair any more."

Celia wrote her letter, but, in spite of her protest to the contrary, she sat up an hour later reading and re-reading her letters. Long after her mother and Janie had said good-night she paced up and down her little room, trying to make up her mind what she should say to Mr. Greenleigh to-morrow, and wondering whether Mr. Romaine really intended to come and see her, and what he would say if he did. "Shall I write and refuse at once?" thought Celia. "Perhaps, as mamma says, there's a mistake somewhere, and I had better not, besides I should like the £3,000—it would be the making of Janie to go abroad, and, as for poor mamma, there need be no more worries for her. We should be quite rich. I certainly consider that I am justified in making an effort to get the money."

It was very cold in the little room without a fire. Celia shivered and wrapt a shawl round her shoulders as she sat down to put the finishing touches to Janie's new hat (the child must have something to wear to-morrow, in case the sun shone). The harder she worked the harder she meditated on this crisis in her existence. One way out of the difficulty did not present itself to her mind, and yet it would have been the simplest to many girls—that she should wait and see if Mr. Romaine wished to carry out his share of the contract, and then accept his proposal. That was an idea that she never cherished for a single moment.

"I can't help thinking that papa's uncle was a very unpleasant old gentleman," she said, almost aloud, sticking a pin into the last knot of ribbon, and holding her head on one side to admire the effects of her handiwork; "but it is a comfort to know that if Mr. Romaine has a grain of intellect, or at least has the feelings of a gentleman, he will detest the very thought of having anything to do with me. I'm sure I should, if I were in his place! And then he is sure to be irritable and huffy, having been brought up in a colony!" Celia's notions of colonists being entirely derived from books of adventure, she regarded them as a body of backwoodsmen, with a slight veneer of civilization, and an aptitude for using a bowie knife; who dug deep for gold, sat alone on the hillside watching sheep, and were much given to strong drinks and still stronger language. She was perfectly ignorant as to the position her great-uncle had occupied in Youngsport, and had no notion whether his adopted son was a man of education. "He is sure to be tetchy about heaps of things!" So saying, she carefully covered Janie's hat and put it away out of the dust. "It will be the easiest thing in the world to make him quarrel with me."

(To be continued.)

SWEDISH GIRLS.

By ANNE BEALE.

SWEDISH girls seem to lead a more industrious home-life than do those of many other countries. The long winters and scattered houses may partly account for this, as each household is mainly dependent on its own resources for amusement and occupation, particularly in the country. Girls are, therefore, essentially domestic, and learn, naturally, such arts as will make them good housewives. Spinning, weaving, knitting, and sewing are practised by all classes; while housekeeping is regularly taught by the mother of the family as soon as her daughters leave school. Sometimes girls who are deprived of their mother, or in any way debarred from home instruction, board for a year or so in some other family, where they are regularly instructed in culinary arts.

Whether at home or abroad, they are gradually initiated into all the mysteries of Swedish cookery. These are numerous and difficult, for, like the busy bee, the Swede must lay up in summer food for the winter. Thus the young maiden learns how to salt beef and pork, and to make sausages, as well as to preserve vegetables for winter use, without which the household would be sadly at fault during the many months of frost and snow. She is also taught how to make all kinds of fine bread, biscuits, cakes, and puddings; to boil fruit-syrups and preserves, and to become, in short, her own cuisinière. This she finds very useful, for everybody knows how difficult it is to procure what is called a "good, sober, honest, steady cook," whether in Sweden or England.

If some young ladies open their eyes at this, they will uplift their eyebrows when they hear that their Scandinavian contemporaries can not only cook, but iron and starch. It is the custom, as in Germany, to wash the linen only three or four times a year. Of course, there is a good stock, and, when it is spun and woven by the household, is constantly

added to; moreover, it is durable, which is more than we can say of much of ours, washed every week and machine-made. The process of washing this "large book of clothes" is adapted to the heavy linen; and the use of wood ashes considerably lessens the quantity of soap required. "Washing week" must be an awful time in Sweden, if the men dread it as much as they do with us; but then it only comes once a quarter. It is to be hoped the girls like their part in it, for there must be plenty of starching and ironing. They are great adepts in producing the glaze on cuffs and collars, which make old things look "A'maist as weel as new," and devote themselves to their labours with praiseworthy zeal. Indeed, they are generally industrious.

There is an old custom, still practised, which acts as an incentive to this industry. When a girl is about thirteen or fourteen, she receives a gift of some twenty pounds of flax, grown on her father's farm, or other estate, and also retted, heckled, and spun into thread thereon. Women weave this by hand, and when it is bleached, it is ready for her to fashion into household linen, so that by the time she is twenty-one she is provided with an *in*fit—to coin a word for the occasion. Meanwhile, she occupies herself with the finest crochet, lace, or embroidery, with which she adorns sheets and pillow-slips, which are so strong as to be likely to last her life. If she marries, she has her linen ready for her new abode; if she remains single, it is still considered a good investment, since she may either use it herself or sell it. But nothing can exceed the delicacy of the linen and its trimmings, or the neatness of a Swedish girl's bed-chamber. This is worthy of remark. It is usual in Sweden for the rooms on a floor to open into one another, without a corridor. Thus the bedrooms are used as sitting-rooms during the day. Cupboards and hanging closets for clothes, which serve as wardrobes, are hidden in the walls and papered like the apartment; the washstand is small, and closes; the bedstead is on the telescopic principle, which enables it to shut up to half its proper length. In the daytime the bedding is doubled up neatly, and has a pretty white covering thrown over it. This is removed in the evening, the bedstead is drawn out, and the linen sheets, with their dainty insertion, are laid over the coloured coverlet, which is either silk or cretonne, wadded and quilted at home, after the fashion of an eiderdown quilt. A small table is drawn at night near the bed, and on it are placed devotional books, water-bottle, candle and matches. The tall stove is the least ornamental but not the least useful adjunct to our friend's bedroom, and keeps it warm all through the twenty-four hours. Indeed, what with stove and double windows, Swedish rooms are often warmer in winter than English, despite external frigidity.

They are, however, more prim and stiff, owing to absence of carpets now and again, size, and sometimes scarcity of furniture; but there is a cleanliness and order everywhere, which is very noticeable, and to which the daughters of the house greatly contribute. Flowers, also, adorn the scene. The short summer renders the out-of-door garden a brief pleasure; but girls cultivate plants indoors very successfully. No nameday or birthday is allowed to pass without some floral offering, in addition to the customary presents. Wreaths are arranged round the various gifts on the breakfast-table by members of the family, and when, later on in the day, friends come to "congratulate," they always bring bouquets with them. In addition to the industrious custom we have quoted of preparing the house-linen against the much-desired wedding-day, there is a yet more elegant one of keeping, and tending carefully, myrtles for that happy occasion. Most girls grow them, and, strange as it may seem, manage to keep them alive and thriving in their northern clime. Thus, on the eve of a wedding, the bridesmaids assemble to weave the "myrtle crown," which is to adorn the bride on the morrow. She wears it on her wedding-day, treasures it all her life, and, not unfrequently, it eventually finds a place in her coffin. This speaks well for the purity and constancy of Swedish married women.

But there is much to be learnt and done before this myrtle crown is worn. Household matters and matrimony do not make up the whole of a girl's life. Education goes on in Sweden as elsewhere. At the public schools in towns a first-rate one can be obtained at a small cost; and whether there, or at home with a governess, is never neglected. The school-girl rises early, and must be at lessons by seven o'clock, continuing there until four, with short intervals for refreshment.

English, French, and German are generally learnt, and the best English writers are understood and appreciated. There are many excellent Swedish authors, amongst whom we must not forget Miss Brewer, whose delightful novels are translated into English, and were in every house some years ago. Of course, music forms a part of a girl's education; but it is not compulsory, and therefore friends are not stunned by the heavy fists of every school-girl, or expected to compliment when they are simply bored. Those who play the piano, play well, and read music at sight, or sit down naturally, and play from memory in an unpretending manner and without fuss. This is worthy of imitation. Singing does not seem to be so much practised by young girls as by young men, whose voices are more cultivated. Still, we have several Swedish nightingales and delightful Swedish choirs. Jenny Lind will ever fill a nook in history and memory, not only as the first of vocalists, but as one of the benefactresses of mankind; for wheresoever she won the crown of song, there she left behind her generous help for the sick or suffering. We are thankful to know that she has chosen England as her home.

Swedish girls write neatly and legibly, and draw sufficiently well to design their patterns for embroidery, which is almost a necessary art, since ready-traced patterns are not easily procured. Neatness and order are their characteristics at school and at home, and their dress is generally simple and inexpensive, but made with great taste and fitting perfectly. They are usually their own dressmakers, and frequently one girl in a family takes lessons for a few months, to enable her to become cutter-out and fitter for the rest. Their needlework is perfection; but recently the sewing-machine has been introduced. Until lately, they marked all their clothing by needle and thread, and habitually made both sides show alike. Their crochet and embroidery work is so good that many girls earn sufficient by it during their spare time to provide themselves with clothes. There are depôts in the large towns to which it is sent, and where, on the payment of a small sum, it remains till sold. They have, of course, other means of earning a living as well; many make good telegraphists, cashiers, and law-writers, besides occupying the acknowledged position as governesses. The latter are socially well off, as they are invariably treated as guests or members of the family, and with much consideration. They have their private sitting-room and bedroom, mixing with the family when they like, are present at their parties, and invited with them to those of their friends.

Society in towns has no special peculiarity, beyond what appears to be especial politeness. After a dinner-party it is customary for the guests to bow to the host and hostess as they pass from the dining to the drawing-room, and to thank them for their entertainment before they leave, while children always thank their parents for their meal, often kissing their hands. On paying a visit, thanks are always tendered for "last time," and friends are received with a "Wälkommen" (welcome) as they are shaken heartily by the hand. Due respect is always paid by the young to their elders, an example we would gladly see followed in our own country. It is not allowable for a girl to seat herself on a sofa when a married lady is present, even though she does not occupy it.

Country visiting is very pleasant, and proves the hospitality of the Swedes. Friends arrive unexpectedly in parties, perhaps a carriageful at a time, and are welcomed for the day, or even the night, as may be. The horses are put up and the guests accommodated and supplied with whatever the house affords. It is at these times that the girls prove the benefit of their useful bringing-up, having at command the good things they have provided against all emergencies; and they interchange visits unceremoniously, frequently appearing without notice in the abodes of their friends. In summer they are mostly entertained out of doors—supposing there is a verandah to the house or suitable shelter—and the girls work and read in the open air most of the day, or bathe and swim in the lake, should there be one, thus making the most of their brief warm weather. Bathing-houses are generally to be found on the edge of the water.

In winter there is much skating, and sometimes parties are given which last into the night, when the fur-clad young people skate by the light of flambeaux and coloured lanterns, that are hung among the pines and make the scene eminently picturesque. The evening's amusement concludes with supper at the house. But even this can scarcely be so exhilarating as a large sleighing party. Some twenty or thirty sledges meet at an appointed rendezvous, all furnished with warm fur rugs, and drawn by a horse, over which is thrown a white net to keep off the snow which he kicks up with his iron heel. Some sledges are shaped like large swans, others gaily painted. Each gentleman is accompanied by a lady, whom he fetches, either from her home or some appointed place of meeting, and when they are comfortably seated, off go the sledges in procession, to the sound of merry sleigh-bells, which echo across the snow, and make the pine-woods and ice-bound lakes resound to their jingling music. After a drive of some five or six miles the merry party return to the place whence they started, where tea and coffee await them, followed by dancing and supper. The Swedish girl's toilette is easily adjusted, for after sledging it to a party, for ten or twelve miles, she is soon ready to appear in the drawing-room, often without the aid of a mirror. She dresses herself so carefully before leaving home, that in spite of being muffled in furs, hoods, and fur-lined boots, when she enters the well-warmed hall, the servant who receives her has only to take her wraps, and she emerges spick and span as from a band-box.

But we are not to suppose that housekeeping and visiting engage her whole attention. In the towns especially there is a great scope for earnest religious and philanthropic work. Girls help in Young Women's Christian Associations, coffee-taverns, sailors' homes, deaconesses' homes, crêches, cripples' homes, and Sunday-schools. In Sweden, as elsewhere, "where there's a will there's a way," and girls may imitate their blessed Saviour in "going about doing good." In a country place that we know of, young ladies, half Swede, half English, invite the peasant children to classes for Bible reading and hymn singing; and the little people trudge miles across the snow to learn. The Lutheran hymns and services generally are

A SWEDISH HOUSEHOLD.

not so bright and hearty as those of our English Church, and the girls like Moody and Sankey's hymns, and others of our hymnology, better than their own. As in the Moravian churches, the men sit on one side of the aisle and the women on the other. Girls are very carefully prepared for confirmation by their pastors, who afterwards themselves confirm them and administer to them the Lord's Supper. It is compulsory under Swedish law that, after confirmation, which takes place when the candidate is fifteen, every one shall attend the Lord's Supper at least once a year. It seems strange that so blessed a feast should, under any circumstances, be made compulsory when it should be the Christian's gladdest time.

Both at confirmation and Holy Communion, girls wear black dresses, which would appear to symbolise sorrow for the sin which caused their Saviour's most precious sacrifice.

The next phase in a girl's life is marriage. The fashioning of the myrtle crown has already been described; the ceremony differs little from our own; but no girl is allowed to marry without her parents' consent until she is twenty-five. There are neither registry offices nor licences, and for rich and poor alike banns must be published three times in church; and thus many foolish, inconsiderate, and forbidden marriages are avoided.

The Swedish peasant girl is hardy and industrious: works in the fields in summer, in the house in winter; eats coarse bread and little else; has not many amusements; and is, as a rule, thrifty, obedient to her parents, and God-fearing. Her wants are few and she is content.

She often lives from the cradle to the grave on the same spot of earth, and does not murmur at her lot.

"The grave!" This solemn word brings to mind the Swedish funeral. We will suppose it to be that of a young girl. The coffin is placed on an open car, is festooned with evergreens, and covered with flowers. As the procession moves along, friends strew bits of spruce fir before their houses, and when it reaches the churchyard, it passes beneath an archway of fir at the entrance, and over a pathway strewn with fir; the grave, also, is lined with this sturdy product of northern regions. As it adorns the everlasting hills with its fringe of green, so it brighens the snowy path and snow-surrounded grave — emblem of immortality. It must seem almost comforting to survivors to leave their beloved dead amid those fir-branches, lopped from trees containing the elements of heat and durability. But still more comforting the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," spoken equally over the mortal remains of old and young, and of those of all countries.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A Steamer's Cow.

A class of animals that have very little sympathy accorded to them, and who are forced to lead a hard, unnatural life, are seafaring cows. They voyage over the "wasteful ocean" with never even the briefest respite in green fields.

Cows on some American lines, I believe, have holidays on land, but those whose acquaintances I made belonged to the Peninsular and Oriental Company. They were well housed, but had reproachful faces, and their whole demeanour bespoke of resignation to their martyrdom.

I often thought how the poor, *patient* brutes must have been battered and wearied when their steamer strained and rolled through rough waters, and if we were cleaving our way

through suave seas how burdensome to them must have been the tropic heat.

If they understood what "homeward bound" signified it would cause no thrill of joy in their hearts. Everyone else on board, except the cows and the Lascar seamen, were glad even to think of seeing chilly England again, but to the former it meant simply three weeks of stillness, spent pent up in the narrow limits of their boxes, dock quarantine regulations forbidding their landing and enjoying liberty in even a suburban field.

My last steamer's cow had come to what seemed to me a pathetic end. At China a native fancied her comely form, and as the sea did not agree with her she was offered for sale, and bought by the Chinaman, who had hoarded his savings till he had enough to lay out on an English cow. Puffed with pride, he removed her from the steamer's byre and led her to a field. Mrs. Cow was enchanted. To her to have steady, kindly mother earth below her feet once more was untold bliss. She tasted of the green herbs and ate voraciously, except when in a transport of joy she exercised her long-rested limbs by gambolling round the pasture. John looked on in smiling contentment. His cow had an appetite and spirit. On board they said she was not worth her passage home, but in his mind's eye he saw her thriving. He smiled more and more as she chewed her dinner or raced in ecstatic glee at her regained liberty.

Next day John had no more smiles on his face. He came weeping to the steamer. Amid his sobs the truth leaked out. Mrs. Cow had died. Joy had killed her, for her delight had led her to eat and run herself to death. Poor John was past consolation. His castles in the air had evaporated. He expatiated on Mrs. Cow's beauty and spirit, and never was seafaring cow mourned with such true heart-aching woe.

E. B. S.

The Eyra.

Although placed amongst the cats, the eyra is widely different in many respects. The beauty of its rich chestnut hide and the extreme elegance of its form quite incline one to assign to it the palm for beauty, even in presence of such beautifully-striped and spotted animals as the tiger, cats, ocelots, etc. It is about the same size as an ordinary cat, only much longer and shorter in proportion on the legs. This animal at first sight, in a walking attitude, much resembles a large weasel, but to which there exists no relationship whatever. Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent at the Zoological Gardens, has kept this one in a cage with a domestic cat since she was a kitten (the cat), and it is quite amusing to see how wonderfully they agree, gambolling and licking each other as if they were mother and daughter, instead of two ladies of such distinct race and clime.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XVI.

Miss Vivien Penwarden was expecting the arrival of her cousin and his wife, and was in a state of pleasant excitement at the prospect of welcoming the only kinsman who was near enough to accept an invitation to her home.

"What a beautiful old lady!" was the common remark of those who saw Miss Vivien for the first time; and beautiful she was, even at four-score years. Like a picture that might have been painted long ago, and had been endowed with power to step out of its frame and live and move amongst people of another generation.

Yet Miss Vivien was not one whose sympathies were wasted on mere memories. She had her sorrowful ones, the saddest of all being those which enshrined the image of a gallant young soldier to whom she gave her girlish heart an average lifetime ago. He went to join his regiment, full of courage and hope, talking before he left of the time when he expected to return and claim his betrothed. Instead, there came to her just one letter written the night before he fell, and then a message, the last effort of his dying lips, and a lock of hair cut off by a comrade when all was over. These were all.

But they accounted for her being Miss Penwarden at fourscore years old, though everyone had wondered that, so fair and so often sought, she had found it possible to remain faithful to the one love of her youth.

Miss Vivien was rather under the middle height, and slender, but erect as a girl, with white hair, and just a little tinge of colour on her cheeks. The most remarkable features were her dark eyes, full of animation and expression, and which would alone have made her face one not to be easily forgotten.

Standing in the quaint, flower-covered porch, in her dress of rich black satin, a soft cap of costly lace resting on her snowy hair, a dainty kerchief crossed over her breast, and held by an old-fashioned diamond pin, more rare lace falling over the little, soft, white hand, sparkling with ancient rings, and held out to welcome Geoffrey and his wife—such was the picture they saw as they descended from the carriage, and it was one they never forgot.

"Welcome, Cousin Lydia," said the old lady, with emphasis, affectionately kissing the guest to whom she spoke. "Welcome, Cousin Geoffrey. Let me repeat all my good wishes for your happiness in married life, and thank you for coming to cheer an old woman in her loneliness."

"Thank you for asking us, Miss Penwarden," Lydia was beginning.

"'Cousin Vivien,' my dear, if you please," said the old lady, with a little stately movement and a play of those wonderful eyes of hers. "I have not so many kinswomen that I can afford to lose a chance of claiming one. And," she added in a softer voice, "it is no new thing for you to occupy a warm corner in my heart. I have been behind the scenes, and I know, I know."

She led the way into the house, though Lydia found it difficult to follow, so much was there in the curious old furniture and ornaments to claim her attention at every step.

"You must not linger now, Cousin Lydia. You will, I hope, have time enough to make acquaintance with the ins and outs of this old house, if you care to do so. But my servants are like their mistress; punctual to a fault, and fidgety if others are not ready when the meal is."

"No fear of our being indifferent amongst so many attractions, Cousin Vivien," replied Lydia, falling in at once with the old lady's humour. "As to punctuality, I am generally grumbled at for being too particular, for I have been spinster aunt to so many nephews and nieces."

"Thank God, my dear. You are in your rightful place as Geoffrey's wife. I have hoped and prayed for this."

"You," said Lydia, in much astonishment. "Is it possible that you have cared and troubled in this way about Geoffrey and me?"

"Aye, child, it is true enough. The old maid's heart is neither cold nor withered even at fourscore years, though I once thought it was buried on a distant battlefield. It has survived the sorrow that went near to break it, and, having endured the worst, it gathered up its memories and packed them as one does old treasures into a single corner, in order that it might open the rest for other tenants. It is wonderful that those whose faithful, unselfish affection has been as sorely tried as yours and Geoffrey's, should stir it to hearty sympathy, in your trouble first, then awaken it to rejoice with you in your joy."

There was moisture in the bright old eyes as Miss Penwarden spoke, and in those, too, of her new cousin. Yielding to the feeling which these words excited, Lydia threw her arms round the old lady's neck and kissed her affectionately.

Miss Vivien returned the clasp and said, "That is very sweet, my dear. An earnest of a few happy days to a lonely old woman. Now I will leave you for a few minutes. Geoffrey is in the dressing-room, with which this door communicates. When you are ready, he will guide you to the drawing-room."

Miss Vivien tripped lightly away, and Lydia's toilet was quickly completed. A minute or two remained before the bell would ring for dinner, and these were spent by them, according to custom, in thanking God together for His protecting care during the journey, and for the loving welcome which awaited them. Then husband and wife joined their hostess, and the three were soon seated at table together.

Lydia fully agreed with Geoffrey's former remark, that to see Miss Vivien away from her home was seeing an unframed picture or an unset jewel.

The curious half-timbered house, the profusion of antique furniture, the wonderfully carved seventeenth century oak panelling, old glass, linen, china, and old servants too, were all in harmony with the mistress of this curiously beautiful home.

During the meal all was marked with the stately courtesy of a bygone day, but when the servants were gone and only Miss Vivien and her guests remained together, she became once more the impulsive, warm-hearted woman, whom the deadening hand of Time and the frosts of so many winters had failed to chill.

"So, Geoff, you are going back to Australia," she said, as he, sitting between his cousin and his wife, held a hand of each, and looked as happy as he felt.

"Yes, Cousin Vivien. There is nothing else that I can do. It will take ten years of banishment and hard work to redeem Treneweth, or seven if I should be exceptionally fortunate. But I must win my patrimony back if I have health and strength. I could not bear to lose the old place without a fight for it, and even in ten years I shall still be just under forty."

"Less than half my present term of years, and you may hope to enjoy your home for a good number more, when it is really yours. But there will be vacant places, Geoffrey; mine for one, when you return, the real master of Treneweth."

"Perhaps not, Cousin Vivien. The Penwardens who have remained in their native Cornwall have been a long-lived race as a whole. If you passed ninety years you would not be the first of our family who has done so."

"True, my dear. But one does not look forward to keeping one's ninetieth birthday as a probable thing. How long do you think of staying in England before you sail?"

"That must depend a little on Robert Brooke. We came home together, and he, I think, would like to spend Christmas in England, whilst I am longing to be away and at work. He has, however, been so good and true a friend of mine, that I must bend to his wishes, though, when we first arranged for our return, we planned to sail in the latter part of October."

"Next month! So soon?" said Miss Vivien.

"Yes. The sooner away the sooner we hope to be back again. After our visit to you comes to an end, Lydia and I intend to see the different members of her family, and we hope also to have a few days at Treneweth before it passes into the hands of tenants. Though not absolutely let, the agent has had an application which may end in the place being occupied before we leave England. Lydia and I would like to see those who are to be temporary master and mistress of Treneweth, and then we must take a farewell of it for years to come."

Miss Vivien sat for some little time silent and thoughtful. Then, as if Treneweth and all belonging to it had passed from her mind, she began to speak of her own affairs.

"Cousin Geoffrey," she said, "I am a rich old woman as far as this world's wealth goes. Having neither chick nor child, and living, as I have done, surrounded by people whose small means sufficed for their simple requirements, I have had little scope for that part of charity which depends on a well-filled purse. Still, I have managed to dispose of a tithe of my income, and have sent none away empty of whose need I have become convinced after careful inquiry. Still, an old woman cannot spend very much on herself, and for a good many years past my money has been growing. I have had a purpose in letting it increase. I am like all the Penwardens, very proud of the old name, and I do not want it to die out. So, being the last of them left in the neighbourhood where it has been known for centuries, I have thought how I might best keep alive the memory of those who lived and died under this roof. I have had a good many plans in succession, but have not felt wholly satisfied with any."

"What is the last, Cousin Vivien? Can I help to forward it in any way? As a Penwarden I cannot fail to be interested, and Lydia is also one now in name, and, from years of loving labour amongst the poor and suffering, better able to tell you of their wants than myself."

"I know, Geoffrey. Lydia must help me to carry out what you may call an old woman's whim. Will you not, my dear?"

"Most certainly I will, only, Cousin Vivien, you had better give us our share of the work as soon as possible, seeing that our time at most will be but short."

"To-morrow, dear, to-morrow I think I shall be able to make my plans quite plain to you. I hope you will think I am doing right."

Then, turning the conversation, Miss Penwarden talked of the Oakleys, of Mr. Cranswick, whom she had known and liked, of Hilda, whom she had last seen a motherless little one at Silvermere, and about whose character and disposition she had many questions to ask.

Next, asking Lydia if she would be too tired to see the house, and finding that by acting as guide through a portion of it, she would afford her guest the greatest possible pleasure, she led the way from room to room, telling the histories of many curious relics which attracted Mrs. Penwarden's attention.

Tired at last, the bright old lady said, "I must leave the rest for to-night. I look forward to showing you something new each day you are here, if you do not weary of an old woman's old world tales."

"Weary, Cousin Vivien! it is delightful to listen," said Lydia, "and Geoffrey is just as pleased to have his memory refreshed about all these things, in which he must feel a double interest. He told me a great deal about this place when he said he wished his Cousin Vivien would ask us to pay her a visit before we left England. I was so glad when your letter came, because it fulfilled his great desire, and no less my own."

"That is pleasant hearing, my dear. It is not always that the young are so anxious to visit the old and lonely."

"You forget what old people Lydia and I are. When I came home to Treneweth I must have felt older than you, Cousin Vivien, I seemed to have lived so many years during those seven of absence. Now, happiness and this true union are carrying us back on life's path, and we are fulfilling a threat we made, and growing younger with every day we spend together."

Geoffrey laughed, and as Miss Vivien looked into his bright, handsome face, beaming with hope and true affection, she said, "You are a real Penwarden, my dear boy, not easily daunted by adverse circumstances, or you could not look forward to another long banishment such as is before you."

"We go together, Cousin Vivien," said Lydia, looking trustfully in her husband's face, as she passed her hand through his arm.

"Aye, and that makes amends for all. Two, but one in heart, in aims, in hopes both for this world and the next. Poor in comparison, yet rich, so rich in all that makes happiness. Now I must go to rest, early though it is. At my age one is inclined to seek the pillow when the birds go to roost, as well as to rise up at their voice. But you are not compelled to follow my example."

With an affectionate good-night Miss Vivien left her cousins and went to her room.

Geoffrey and his wife sat for a while talking about their relative and the welcome they had received. Lydia was particularly enthusiastic, and could scarcely say enough to express her admiration of the old house and its mistress.

"What a pleasant memory we shall have to carry away with us!" she said. "There is but the one drawback, that which Miss Vivien alluded to. When we say farewell it will no doubt be a final one in this world. I wonder what is this plan of which she spoke for immortalising the family name? Something as original as Cousin Vivien herself."

"Whatever it may be, dear, we will assist her in it to the best of our power. It is certain to be something equally combining common sense and kindness."

If the thought crossed the mind of either that this accumulation of superfluous wealth might have redeemed Treneweth and kept themselves in England, it found no utterance in words.

Geoffrey Penwarden was equally just and unselfish, and though some had said what Miss Penwarden might do if she chose, he had always been the first to check any suggestion of the kind.

"My cousin," said he, "inherited only her share of the property which came from our common ancestor. She has more now because she has spent less, and yet has used her means wisely. No descendant of our branch of the family has any claim upon Miss Vivien. If by holding up my finger I could influence her in the disposal of her wealth I would not do it." And Geoffrey meant what he said.

There were letters awaiting each of the three when they met at breakfast on the following morning. Geoffrey

frankly communicated the contents of a somewhat bulky packet which, with its blue envelope and clear handwriting, was suggestive of business.

"Subject to my consent, Treneweth is let for a term of years," he said.

"Is it to the young people of whom the agent spoke?" asked Lydia.

"Yes, and I am glad to hear it. It seems they are married, and wish to take possession of the house very soon. I am assured that references, etc., are of the most satisfactory character, and my agent does not seem to anticipate the possibility of an objection on my part. Perhaps we may have to content ourselves with only a look at instead of the few days' occupation of the old home on which we had reckoned, Lydia."

Miss Vivien listened with evident interest, and her bright eyes looked even brighter than usual.

"You think this good news, Cousin Geoffrey," she said. "Lydia, shall you be satisfied to forego the stay at Treneweth, or shall you wish to run away from me the sooner, that you may have a little time there?"

"I think it very good news," replied Geoffrey. "To let Treneweth well and see it occupied before we go, will fulfil my earnest wish."

"And as to giving up part of our time with you, even to stay at Geoffrey's old home, I do not think he would like to entertain the idea any more than I should," answered Lydia.

The old lady gave an emphatic nod, expressive of satisfaction.

"After breakfast," she said, "I will tell you my news. It will keep until then, but you may as well know that I have quite decided on carrying out the plan for disposing of my money which I mentioned to you incidentally yesterday. I am convinced that it will be the best and will tend to benefit a larger number of deserving people than any other which has suggested itself to my mind. Old as I am, I hope to see a little of the happiness it is destined to give."

"Then you will need no help, Cousin Vivien," said Lydia, with a smile. "I must own the thought of having to advise in such a matter gave me a sense of almost awful responsibility. Geoffrey talked of my experience in dealing with the wants of the poor and suffering, but my doings have been on a small scale. My work is in the 'day of small things.'"

"I shall not absolve you, for all that. The old woman's mind may be made up, but none the less does she want the help of wise heads and willing hands to carry out her plans. You must keep your promise, my dear, and now I will tell you something about 'Wheal Vivien.' We can talk of that whilst we are at breakfast."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—Buy the toy ready-made, rip it, lay the outer covering flat upon a similar material, cut it out, procure an equal quantity of stuffing, and then proceed to sew it, observing where the outer sewing was made and the hole left for the stuffing. Your handwriting promises well.

ALICE.—Directions for re-heeling stockings will be found in the monthly number of our paper for August, 1880. It can be obtained from Mr. Tarn at our publishing office.

TIBBY.—The first article which we gave in reference to crewel-work appeared in the monthly numbers containing 139, 189, and 264, vol. i. Write for the monthly numbers.

LOUISE.—The monthly numbers of our first volume are still to be had on application to Mr. Tarn. The price of the first volume is 6s.; vol. ii., iii., and iv. are 7s. 6d. each. The number containing directions for enlarging a pattern for embroidery is that for March, 1880, page 111.

SWIDDLES will find a reference in the index of vol. ii. to a recipe for a waterproofing mixture at page 14. 2. See the series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," and you will learn how to clean every material.

NELLIE.—A little burnt powdered alum rubbed on the gold or silver lace with a soft brush will probably clean it. Wipe off the powder with a soft towel. But perhaps the silver has disappeared entirely?

MAYFLOWER.—White straw hats are bleached with sulphur fumes; but we advise you not to attempt to bleach your hat, as you could neither "hot-press," "bleach," nor "block it" without proper appliances.

A MOTHERLESS ONE.—We think you should have all you earn for your sister's clothing and your own. That would give £9 a year each and you would have to make your own and help with hers as well. If she go to school she could not have much time for sewing.

MINNIE.—We advise you to employ a house painter, as the work would not only be unsuitable for you, but would certainly prove a failure.

PINK MAY.—A cape would be quite as nice as anything else, as they are as much worn as ever, trimmed with lace and jet and made of all materials, as well as of the same material as the dress. Oxford shoes are the best, and also the cheapest, for summer wear, and the stockings should match the dress or be black.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LIZZIE WILLIAMS.—The old-fashioned beverage called "Spruce-beer," or "Dantzic spruce," was once much recommended by doctors. Take seven pounds of loaf-sugar, dissolve it in four-and-a-half gallons of hot water. When at blood-heat, stir in four ounces of essence of spruce. Add half-a-pint of good (ale) yeast, and mix thoroughly. In summer it will ferment rapidly; in winter it should be kept warm. After this process draw it off; wash the cask clean, and replace the liquid. Fermentation will again take place, after which bottle and wire down the corks, and lay the bottles down. The brown spruce made with treacle instead of sugar is inferior, and as your husband has been ordered to take it on account of his health, he had better have the best.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—For removing stains from the ivory handles of knives, rub them with very slightly moistened whitening, using a flannel, and polishing with the grain of the ivory. If the discolourment be from tea, we fear that little improvement can be effected. 2. We can only refer you to our indexes in reference to the hair, and an article by "Medicus." See under "Hair" a multitude of references in the first four volumes of this paper.

A HIELAND LASSIE.—You can purchase Stephen's "Oak Stain" at every oilshop, as well as varnish for the floor, both of which you can apply yourself.

A NUMA.—Mint sauce should be always served with roast lamb, hot or cold, as long as it remains lamb. Most people consider it a great relish. You may have salad at a meat tea if you wish.

MOLLIE.—Alabaster is cleaned by rubbing it with lemon-juice, not with soap and water, which turns it yellow.

EDUCATIONAL.

NELLIE.—Peter denied and Judas betrayed our Lord very early in the morning of the day on which He was crucified.

GABRIELLE.—1. They are the names of the hours into which the day is divided in the Roman Church. 2. Certainly not.

A CONSTANT READER would obtain the old examination papers by advertising for them in some educational journal.

MONA.—We recommend you to procure the "Royal Guide to the London Charities" (David Bogue, 3, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, W.C.). If you consult that guide you will be able to select what institution you would prefer, and obtain all addresses you may require. Of course, you would need training to be a nurse; but as to a perfect novice, like yourself, expecting to obtain a post such as that of "assistant matron" (if there be such, which we question), it is absurd.

AURORA.—You should study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Your diet has nothing to do with your blushing from shyness. Sir Walter Scott's writings are not religious works, meant to "benefit Christians" as such; but it is not requisite that all books should be theological. They may be innocently recreative, educational, scientific, etc., and perfectly suitable for any respectable girl to read.

KITTY.—The "Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper" came out in the second volume. Write for it to Mr. Tarn. Your handwriting is not formed.

A TEACHER.—We should advise you to send a penny stamp for the Sunday School Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), where you will find everything you need, and plenty of simple stories which you might read alone to the children. Brightly-coloured Scripture pictures would be a great help to you also.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SARAH M.—You *cannot do better than take* "Cavendish on Lawn Tennis" as your authority in the method of playing the game. It was to this very book that our writer on "How we Played Lawn Tennis" referred in the course of the story.

BIRDIE.—Our Blessed Lord was a Jew, and He was strict in his observance of the Jewish law—not only the moral laws which are binding on Christians, but the ceremonial law also; and He preached to Jews, frequented the Temple and synagogues, kept the Passover and their various feasts and fasts; for He "came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it," as He told them. Having done so Himself as a Jew, He taught them the first principles of Christianity, and how they should conduct themselves under the new dispensation. In many observances, therefore, we dare not to copy all He did; and as to His fast of forty days in the wilderness, houseless and unprotected, of course none of us would be justified in attempting to do likewise, even if we could. But there are a variety of occasions of frequent recurrence for self-denial for the benefit of others, quite apart from actual fasting, but equivalent to it. See Isaiah lviii. 6, 7. Some are able, however, to use a certain amount of abstinence; but in the case of young persons they should not do so without the sanction of their mothers.

AN EASTBOURNE GIRL.—Write to the Heralds' College, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., and inquire what the expense would be, and what steps should be taken. Otherwise your friend might advertise a certain number of times to announce his intention of assuming a second name in the *Times*, which might be sufficient. A lawyer would provide him with the proper form of the advertisement.

INQUIRER.—1. Unless you have the best works to refer to when met with difficult arguments by Freethinkers, you would do the cause of Christianity and your own faith injustice if you consented to enter into any such discussions. As to "matter being eternal," no effect arises without a cause, and as matter exists, there must have been a cause for it. Hence it required a creator. But as to "the Creator needing one Himself," that is not a necessary deduction. We know nothing of His mode of existence, and can draw no conclusions as to His nature, neither by analogy nor by experience. 2. No one could venture to state positively what length of time is signified by "days" in the history of the creation given in the Book of Genesis. We can only understand it to mean six distinct periods of time. It is no argument against the value of medicine, nor implication that the science connected with it will not bear searching and honest investigation, to warn the public in general not to make experiments with either in their ignorance. So be warned of such discussions as those you name.

MATHEMATICAL STUDENT.—Your friend has been trying to make an April fool of you. The phrase to "square a circle" means to attempt an impossibility. The allusion is to the question whether a circle could be made which would contain exactly the same area as the square. To find the precise ratio between the diameter and the circumference forms the difficulty, and we do not encourage you *to venture on* such a wildgoose chase as that after its solution. Your writing is very pretty.

HAREBELL.—The address of the Flower Mission may be obtained from Miss Twisaday, 10, Southwick-street, Hyde Park, W. The depôts vary each season.

EQUESTRIAN.—1. Yes, it is true that women of all classes rode after the manner of men in early English times, as they now do in Hungary (or did till lately) and in other countries. The earliest introduction of the side-saddle dates back to the time of Richard II.; for it was his wife, Queen Anne, who first taught English-women to ride on them, both feet being on one side. 2. We have just given the dimensions of the riding habits now in use, which you will therefore easily find on reading our Answers to Correspondents.

E. J. E. A. S. and L. D. M. B.—We are not aware that the author of "Carita" is ill; but your solicitude for her welfare would be appreciated by her, no doubt. The 6th October, 1869, was a Wednesday, and the 29th August, 1867, a Thursday. The writing of both letters promises well.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO RIGHT.—On no account take any notice of the man who presumes to stare at you so pertinaciously in church. Keep your eyes away,

and occupy your thoughts with your religious duties. You would lower yourself greatly if you made any response or return to such impertinence on his part If he desire your acquaintance, he should obtain an introduction.

OLIVIA. — Write to the secretary of the General Mineral Water Hospital, Bath, and state your case, and perhaps you may be taken in there. They provide 145 beds, and poor persons are received free; but a deposit of £3 is required (though, we believe, returned on leaving) and a certificate. One from a doctor would be desirable, and any testimonials of persons who know you likewise.

EXCELSIOR.—1. That "sugar might have a dropsical tendency" is a new idea to us. That it is watered to make extra weight by some grocers we are aware. We also know that when people suffer from acidity in the blood, and certain organs are affected, its use is more or less prohibited. 2. Make the experiment yourself of varnishing the paint. We cannot spare time to do so for you.

HAROLD.—1. Your grateful and gratifying letter should have had an earlier reply; but it has not been the less appreciated. We are glad that you include the two serial stories of this year in your praise of our magazine. 2. In reference to the subject of future recognition amongst those who die in Christ, it is sad to see how some people seem to delight in trying to impress their own gloomy views upon others, and to "make the heart of them sad whom the Lord hath not made sad." Most unquestionably the whole tenor of the New Testament teachings, both positive and inferential, demonstrate the fact that there will be perfect recognition. Why should you sorrow in doubt of this, when we are expressly commanded "Sorrow not as others that" (like your unfortunate friends) "have no hope"? "for them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." We have answered this question, and more fully, several times already.

FLORIE DE C. (near Melbourne).—1. Mr. Tarn, at our publishing office, would supply the missing index, title-page, and coloured picture. The Editor has nothing to do with that department. 2. See "Crystallised Fruits," page 92, vol. iii. (number for November 5, 1881).

JUMBO.—Read the "Table of Degrees" in reference to marriage in the Book of Common Prayer, and you will see what is prohibited or permitted by law. What harm could there be in marrying a cousin, provided such marriage had the sanction of the parents on both sides: The relationship is not proscribed by English law. Write a little smaller.

U. S. A.—We think you have overlooked an article of ours entitled, "The Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646, vol ii. (May 21, 1881, and July 9, 1881). As to dress, a nice dress of ticking, striped either in blue-and-white or black-and-white in narrow lines, washes and wears better than ordinary prints, and looks well for servants' wear as a morning dress; but they should wear a black merino, cashmere, serge, or alpaca in the afternoon. If you be an old woman before attaining the age of sixty, your case is both peculiar and sad.

REGENT-STREET.—We think you are suffering from disorder of the stomach and mucous membrane, and need a little medical advice. The throat and chest should be quite clear of any such accumulations, and there should be no cough on waking in the morning.

PERPLEXED.—Write "Miss P. would feel much obliged to Mrs. C. if she would kindly send her . . . . . by return of post." You express yourself very fairly well in writing to us, and you need only to write a few small round-hand copies, sloped the right way (from right to left), as your hand is too irregular.

CONSTANT READER.—There are at present several instances amongst the upper classes of society of such marriages as you describe, neither party changing their faith. They are perfectly legal, if not desirable. Writing fairly good, but large.

WOOLLONGABBA. — The 17th October, 1855, was a Tuesday. You may clean all white fur and feathers with flour or bran.

CRITA ROSE.—The price of Cowper's Letters is 4s. Please write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and forward the money.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We think you should endeavour to keep up some of your studies. Read history, literature, and French, and, if possible, practise a little. If you have no other time for exercise, you should try to take an hour's walk when the weather permits.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—The 5th November, 1864, was a Saturday. We are glad to hear you find our paper of so much use.

J. J. S.—We are very sorry, but fear you have been taken in in your purchase. We do not know of anything you can do. They might give you advice at an indiarubber shop.

BOBBINS.—Such situations can only be obtained by advertisement or by a personal application.

EDITHA.—Do not attempt to make the varnish; buy the small amount you need at the nearest oil-shop, with the brushes. Children should be taught to clean their teeth as early as possible.

LA BEATA.—We should have a board made to fit the opening in the fireplace, and then decorate the board afterwards as you please.

SARAH MAYHEW.—The hatred between the Jews and the Samaritans arose from several causes. First, the defiled origin of the latter (Ezra iv. 1); second, the course pursued by them before the Persian kings (Neh. iv. 1), connected with their construction of the Mosaic law (Deut. xxvii. 11, 13), and the erection of their famous temple on Mount Gerizim (Luke ix. 52, 53; John iv. 20, 21; Matt. x. 5).

ONE IN GREAT TROUBLE.—Many of the competitors do not receive even a third-class certificate. Try again next time.

SNOWDROP. — The indexes to each volume may be obtained on writing to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

TENDER FOOT.—You should wear strong, well-fitting boots and stout stockings suitable for the time of year. From your own account, we imagine that your troubles arise from a neglect of this precaution.

NUTTIE.—Judging from your letter alone, we see no capacity whatever for so responsible a position as matron in an orphans' home. It is poorly written and expressed, and bears evidence of inexperience and youth. Go on with your education, and if you continue in the same mind you had better prepare yourself by qualifying as a nurse in a children's hospital.

MANDINA BENETA.—The 19th October, 1863, was a Monday. The doctor should change your prescription if it has ceased to do you good.

A TROUBLED ONE.—We do not see that you are too old, and we advise you to speak to your minister on the subject, and be guided by his advice. The 13th September, 1866, was a Thursday.

POSTULATA.—Of course, if you be not living at home you cannot have your name on your mother's card, and must have a separate one. "Miss Jane Smith"

HER IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

is the proper form. For business visits, and for inquiring about the character of a servant from a stranger, you may send in your card; but in society it is never done, and a well-trained servant, though taking the card, will leave it on the hall-table and announce you at the drawing-room door.

IOLANTHE.—We always regret that any of our correspondents should be kept waiting for answers, however unavoidable it may be. To remove the oil from drugget, see page 655, vol. iii., answer to "Janey;" also "The Fairy of the Family," chapter v., page 779, and chapter vi., page 807, vol. iv. You are perfectly at liberty to "doubt the genuineness of this correspondence," and we take the same liberty to doubt that you have written "eight letters" to us.

SUSAN NIPPER.—1. Only small children now have the hair cut straight across the forehead, and then the rest of the hair is left long, hanging on the shoulders. When any style of dress or hair-dressing is adopted by certain classes, others deem it expedient to drop it. 2. Consult all our indexes for your answer.

O. G. H.—1. Apply for an Italian Bible to the British and Foreign Bible Society; office in Queen Victoria-street, E.C. 2. Consult our General Catalogue (Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) for commentaries on Holy Scripture.

E. L.—We have no doubt respecting the future recognition of each other in the blessed hereafter. But, dear as the hope must be to friends and relations, we must ever bear in mind that this is not to be the first object in our hope and happiness. The realisation of the Divine Presence and favour, the being "with Him," and to "see Him as He is," who is our Creator and Redeemer—the fountain of all love, joy, and blessing, the giver to us of our friends and relatives—this should be the climax of all hoped for bliss, the centre of all our thoughts and aspirations. All others must be second and subordinate to this. Lay the fact to heart.

GRATEFUL F.—The weekly numbers of this magazine are not all to be had, but you could obtain the monthly ones of each year if you apply for them to the Publisher. We thank you much for the kind expression of your approval of our work, and are very glad to hear that you have found it so useful.

NINA W. SCOTT.—1. The request of so many of our girls to be given portraits of the Editor and his staff of writers is acceded to in our summer number. We are glad you like the story "Esther," and thank you for your gratifying letter.

LANCASHIRE LASS, WOULD-BE EMIGRANT.—We suppose, as regards shops, that those of Regent-street and Bond-street are the most fashionable. The 1st November, 1868, was a Sunday.

BLUE CHINA and ASKEW.—We do not know of any outward application to restore the hair of a young person to its natural colour. The nervous system is said to have a very direct influence on the colour of the hair, and perhaps some of the so-called "nervine tonics" might be tried; but drugs must be taken only by medical advice, so we can only recommend early hours, plenty of sleep, country air and life, and very simple food. If on inquiry you should find your sister has had any strain on her nerves, let her see a doctor.

MINNA and FLORETTE.—We can prescribe no cure for jealousy but prayer for the grace of God to enable you to be less selfish. This latter odious quality is at the root of jealousy. Struggle at least against any exhibition of it to others. This much you can do; for to pray for grace, yet make no personal effort to overcome the sin, would be the conduct of a hypocrite.

CORNFLOWER.—Cramp is generally produced by acidity in the system. Cure that by attention to your diet, and, when feeling worse than usual, by a dose of magnesia or bi-carbonate of potash; but, better than all, consult your family doctor about it. Acidity is the origin of worse ailments than cramp, so you should "nip it in the bud." Pronounce "brougham" as "broo-am."

ROBIN.—Offer your stories at any publisher's where children's books are specially produced.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—1. The book you name is by no means a suitable book for you to read, and being published anonymously the author did not like to own it. It was attributed to Professor Seeley, and it was refuted by Dr. Joseph Parker. 2. Doré did illustrate "Dante's Vision."

HOPE.—We think the symptoms are those of ordinary toothache, and advise you to apply to a dentist.

TAN.—The 6th March, 1870, was a Sunday. Plants require less water in the winter than in the summer.

VERITE.—Lewis Morris, the author of "Songs of Two Worlds" and "The Epic of Hades," 1877, is, we believe, an Englishman. You could obtain his poems through any bookseller. The responses in the Whispering Gallery are made in audible tones, but certainly not "thundering."

LULU and FLORRY.—Young girls should try to avoid making all loud noises and being guilty of unladylike conduct in the street. Find out what the old gentleman needs, in the way of a spectacle case, slippers, purse, or handkerchiefs.

SYLVIA.—The competitions in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are always fully announced beforehand.

DORIA HOPE.—A weak mixture of vinegar and water is useful for bathing weak eyes, and has done much good sometimes.

BEATRICE.—Can you not divide your hair, and tie back part and curl the front slightly?

JUDIE.—The origin of the motto, "No cross, no crown," was a sermon preached by William Penn (1644-1718), published in 1669; written during his imprisonment in the Tower.

MURIEL RUSSELL.—The death of Mary Mark Lemon was announced some time ago. The 8th of August, 1869, was a Sunday.

ALPHA.—You will find Harland Coultas' "Home Naturalist," price 4s., for sale at the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LENTEN LILY.—Consult a doctor, both as to climate and medicine. We are much obliged for the recipe, but we do not consider it a good one.

ETIQUETTE.—The ladies leave the room after dinner in the same order that they entered it. The lady of highest rank first; the hostess last.

ROBERT PANSY.—We do not advise any young girls to go to France as governesses, and consider them better at home. Read the articles entitled "Work for All," in our paper. Your writing, as well as the untidiness of your note, are shocking, and we should think few mothers would like you as a governess for that reason alone.

CARITA.—"They also serve" is from Milton's poem "On his Blindness." The word "cañon" means a deep gorge, ravine, or gulch between high steep banks, worn by watercourses. They are peculiar to the United States and territories bordering on Mexico. The term is not used in England.

HYACINTH.—If you have the least doubt of the mutual affection existing between you and your lover, you had better speak to him, and see what he will say. If his assurances prove hearty, honest, and loving, then perhaps the fault is in your own love. Mutual love is necessary to happiness.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 237. JULY 12, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

All rights reserve'.]

"LEX LIFTED HIS HAT."

CHAPTER II.

ALEXANDER ROMAINE (known among his friends and acquaintances as "Lex") sat in a smoking carriage of the express train from Southampton to London, gloomily contemplating the landscape through the misty window. He was a good-looking man; he had quiet hazel eyes, a healthy sunburnt face, and a brown moustache—altogether a handsome, attractive appearance, in spite of a certain air of melancholy which was observed in his attitude and bearing. It was not by any means his first visit to Europe. As a boy he had been sent to school in the North of England, and later on he had travelled on the Continent for a year. He had been deeply attached to his adopted father, and the knowledge that he had inherited a much larger fortune than he had ever anticipated, could not inspire him with any feelings of pleasure when he meditated on the terms of the will, and the circumstances under which he was now returning to England.

He sat smoking his pipe and staring out of the window, remembering, in spite of himself, his last arrival at home (though he had been born in Victoria, he nevertheless thought and talked of England as "home"), and how delighted Mr. Lake had been to go about with him, to show him his favourite haunts, and introduce him to his friends; there had been no word spoken of a widowed niece and her two young daughters. In his pocket Lex Romaine had a bundle of letters of introduction. But he did not feel the least inclined to make new acquaintances; he had come to carry out the wishes of the dead man, and the sooner he could do so the better. Presently he let down the window with a jerk, wondering, not for the first time, what would be his most advisable line of behaviour in order to prevent himself from looking and feeling supremely foolish on the occasion of his first visit to Mrs. Lake. As no convenient solution of this difficulty presented itself to his mind, he became more and more depressed.

By the time the train arrived at Waterloo Station the mist that had been long perceptible in the country deepened into a tolerably thick fog.

"Fearful climate it is, to be sure!" thought Lex Romaine, as he threw himself into a hansom and drove to the hotel that old Mr. Lake had always patronised. Here, to his great astonishment, the waiter actually recognised him. This circumstance, combined with the fact that the rump steak at luncheon was excellent, served to raise his drooping spirits. In the afternoon it cleared up a little.

"What a terrible fog there has been!" observed Lex to the friendly waiter.

He was considering that it was too dark and too late to pay his respects to Mr. Greenleigh that day; and as to calling upon Mrs. Lake and her daughters, that was not to be thought of till he had had an interview with his tailor.

"Fog, sir?" repeated the waiter, pulling up the blind with deliberation, and looking across the narrow street. "Does it strike you so, sir? I can't say I have noticed it myself. We should do well if we had no worse days than this. The houses opposite are visible, sir."

The waiter smiled and withdrew, and Lex, inwardly grumbling at London and its climate, strolled into St. James's-street, looked at the shop windows, and, despite his melancholy mood, finally bought a new hat of surpassing shininess. Finding himself at the top of Bond-street, he continued his walk along Oxford-street.

"I might as well go in the direction of Bloomsbury-square," he thought. "I should like to see what sort of a place it is where Celia lives."

Lex knew little or nothing of London. He had been the usual round of sight-seeing, of course, and he could find his way from the Marble Arch to St. Paul's, or from St. James's-street to the Park, but having once plunged into the labyrinth of Bloomsbury, he was soon completely at fault. It was clear that he would have to ask his way. Having come this distance, he might as well walk down George-place; then he would get back to his hotel, and try to forget his miserable surroundings.

Arrived at this conclusion, he looked out for a decent member of society from whom he might derive some information. First he passed a venerable gentleman with white hair, then a tradesman with a basket, a spinster with a small dog, a person who looked like a night porter. They were all, according to their various natures, officially or stonily civil, but they were all alike "strangers in this part."

"I should like to know what induces these people to be walking about miles away from their homes," grumbled Lex, as he looked up and down the street in hopes of seeing a cab.

"Hi! boy! tell me which is George-place?"

This time it was a small, sharp-looking boy coming out of a greengrocer's shop; he would certainly be able to answer such a simple question.

"Keep straight on—second turning to the left, one to the right!"

The boy disappeared in the fog.

A lady in a long dark ulster was just going into the shop. Lex had stood aside to let her pass. He could see that she had a bright, handsome face; she wore no veil, and the gas jets flickered on her fair hair. The greengrocer's shop was painted red, the windows were piled up with lemons and oranges and red-cheeked apples, shining chestnuts, and cocoanuts, the celery and seakale were backed up with blue paper; outside there were baskets of cabbages and bundles of turnips. It was altogether a bright piece of colour in the midst of the grey gloominess.

"Is it George-place that you want?"

She had a singularly attractive voice, Lex thought.

"Yes, if you would be so kind as to direct me. I am quite a stranger here" (unconsciously repeating the phrase that had so annoyed him before). This was so very evident, that the young lady's lip curled with a suppressed smile. "I am exceedingly sorry to trouble you."

"That boy told you quite wrong; you have passed the end of the street. You must go back and turn to the left."

In her anxiety that he should not misunderstand her, the lady came a step nearer and pointed down the street. Lex saw that her gloves were shabby and much mended; she carried a basket, from the end of which a parcel was sticking out.

"The first turning to the left," she repeated, with the air and manner of a young princess.

"You are very kind. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your information."

Lex lifted his hat (he felt glad that it was a new one), the young lady moved her stately head. "You are very welcome," she said, and went back into the shop.

Lex walked down the street as she had directed him; it seemed an endless length. Every now and then a cart or a carriage rattled over the stones, and the yellow fog crept up all round; however, he felt himself in duty bound to find George-place, and after ten minutes' groping he at last discovered it—a deserted out-of-the-way street, turning out of a square, that had perhaps once seen better days, but was now given over to torn newspapers, stray cats, and desolation. The houses in George-place looked gloomy and neglected; here and there a spearhead was missing from a railing; on the doorstep of one of them there stood a man in slippers, smoking a huge cigar; a ticket was up in the window: "Furnished Apartments."

"I shall be able to find my way here again, at any rate," meditated Lex. "What a melancholy hole! I don't like to think that the Lakes are obliged to live in such quarters as this. It is hard; upon my word, it is! Old Greenleigh wrote to say they could only just manage to live. Hansom!"

He jumped into the cab, and drove back to the hotel, not relishing the prospect of a solitary dinner. He wished, now, that he had accepted the invitation of a certain passenger—Jones was his name—who had pressed him to visit his little place in Hampshire. He looked again at his letters of introduction, and put them away in a resigned manner. "It is much too late to go and see anyone to-night. I will go and call on Mr. Greenleigh to-morrow. I wonder what Celia Lake is like! That was a very nice-looking girl who showed me the way to-night; her eyes were lovely. If I had been in Youngsport now, the shopwoman would have known what her name was; then she would have known me too, naturally. When I was there, I hated the small-townishness of the place; I'm not likely to suffer from that in London, which is a comfort."

Lex shivered as he looked round the coffee-room; it was very gloomy with its Turkey carpet and snuff-coloured walls. Two bald-headed old gentlemen, each behind his newspaper, were the only other occupants of the room, and they had placed themselves as near to each other as was compatible with British notions of propriety; that is to say, one was encamped near the door, and the other by the fireplace. "Delectably unsociable," thought Alexander Romaine, as he pushed his untasted wine from him. "I suppose I shall have to get accustomed to the delights of a West-end hotel in the course of time."

"Celia!"

"Yes, mother!"

"You are surely not going out again just now?"

"I promised Janie that I would fetch her home in good time."

"Yes; but her lesson is not over till four o'clock, and now it is barely three. How long does it take you to walk to the Hewings'?"

"About ten minutes," answered Celia, with a smile.

"Then you will arrive much too early" (Celia nodded); "you surely cannot have forgotten that Mr. Romaine wrote to say that he would call this afternoon?"

Celia inwardly reflected that it would have been difficult to forget a fact of which she had been reminded half-a-dozen times since breakfast, but she only said—

"No, mamma; but don't you think it would be just as well for you to receive him, if

he comes? I daresay he won't be very punctual."

"I trust so, I am sure," said Mrs. Lake, nervously, "and then it will be over the sooner. One has no notion what the young man may be like, or how he will behave."

"None whatever; we only know that we are antagonistic elements, and sure not to get on with each other," replied Celia, mischievously. "But I'll put off going to the Hewings', and stay and help you to face the dragon, if you like."

"Are you going to change your dress, Celia?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it. Don't you consider that I am charming in this costume?"

Celia walked to the end of the room, and inspected herself in the tall pier-glass that was supported about three feet from the floor by a marble table and two cherubs, who were not supported at all, but hovered in an impossible attitude, with distended cheeks and noses blackened with age.

"It can hardly be considered a fashionable garment," she said, stroking her old brown dress; "but the general effect is respectable, and, I think I may say, imposing."

"You look, as you always do, my dear, very, very nice; but" (here Mrs. Lake sighed), "I think your red dress is more becoming to you. I consider——but surely the clock is striking three? and is that a cab at the door, Celia?"

"That settles the question," murmured Celia; then glancing at her mother's agitated face, she forgot her own vexation, and stooped to kiss her. Celia's moods were indeed changeable. But in one respect she was constant—come what would, her own wishes were invariably put aside in deference to any fancy of her sick mother.

"I wish I could see you dressed as you ought to be, my dear girl," said Mrs. Lake, plaintively. "I had hoped that some day you would come into your rightful heritance. It is hard that it should be placed in the hands of a stranger. We do not know what he may prove to be, and we must not judge him harshly; but this will of your poor uncle appears to me to be very cruel—very unfair. It is such an ordeal for you, my poor Celia."

"Don't give a second thought to me, mamma," said Celia, gently; "it doesn't make me the least unhappy. Why, you have excited yourself, and made your face quite red and flushed! Mr. Romaine is not worth a bad headache, whatever he's like. Would you rather not see him? Will you go to your room?"

"There is not time now," said Mrs. Lake, nervously looking towards the door. "I heard a knock, and I cannot think why Rebecca does not answer it."

Celia had her own views on this subject. She knew that Rebecca, who did the greater part of the work of the house, was most likely at the present moment engaged in washing out the area with a broom and a pail of black water, or scrubbing the attic stairs. In either case it would take her some moments to wring her arms dry, whisk off her coarse apron, and appear smiling but smutty at the hall door.

"Would you like me to go and find her?" suggested Celia.

"Not on any account, my love. It would not be the right thing to do at all. Do you think I had better begin my crewel work? It looks more natural to be employed, and I do not wish Mr. Romaine to imagine that we are disturbed by his arrival."

"Certainly not, mamma."

"Then I will begin the festoon of roses, I—Oh, Celia, my work-basket! What *shall* we do?"

In her agitation, Mrs. Lake had knocked her work-basket off the table, and the reels of cotton and silk were rolling far and wide.

"Never mind, mamma, I will pick them up by-and-by."

A sharp rap at the door.

"A gentleman for your mamma, miss."

Rebecca's face was scarlet, and she had forgotten to pin her collar.

"Show him up, please, Rebecca."

"This way, if you please, sir," said Rebecca, in an encouraging voice over the stairs—she was the best-tempered of girls, though wanting in manners—"the ladies is in."

There was a slight scuffle outside, owing (as Celia guessed) to Rebecca's having planted a coal-scuttle across the landing in such a position as to render it an object of danger to a visitor.

"The gentleman, miss," announced Rebecca, holding out a card between her finger and thumb; "he didn't give no name."

A quietly dressed, quietly mannered young man came forward, carrying his stick and hat in one hand. His bearing showed no trace that he was conscious of the awkwardness of his position; he had come resolved, if possible, not to betray the sensation by the slightest sign.

(*To be continued.*)

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

By Medicus.

BEAUTIFUL skin! What girl is there among all the many thousands of our readers who does not wish to enjoy this blessing? What girl who possesses it would be willing to part with it for all the wealth the world contains? A beautiful skin, pliant, soft, and clear; shell-pink nails, transparent, smooth, and shapely; eyes which sparkle with health; hair—what matters the colour so long as it is bright, with that gloss which not all the perfumed oils on earth can produce, nor all the cosmetics ever made, that lustre which can only be imparted to it by the fair fingers of the goddess Hygeia herself.

Now remember I do not say that a beautiful skin always implies a healthful body, but I do say that it is one of the signs of health, and that a blanched and parched or sickly skin did never yet cover a sound and wholesome frame. If my girls can thoroughly grasp that, and retain it in their memories, they will be in the best of positions for understanding and profiting by what I shall say in this paper.

No editor of any London journal is there, who devotes a monthly column or two to correspondence, but could tell you that he can count the number of letters he gets by the score, anxiously inquiring what will remove this or that defect, this or that blemish of the skin, and restore it to its pristine health and beauty. But stay, he could tell you more: he could tell you that ninety-nine out of every hundred of those querists seem by their letters to be imbued with the idea that these defects and blemishes can be removed by applications alone. They seldom ask, "How shall I get better?" but, "What will take away this?" or, "What will cure it?" They want some prescription; that is what they hanker after—the prescription, not the advice. They want to see something, to have something to rub in, something to apply.

You will not misunderstand me, I am sure; I should be sorry if you did. I do not, then, mean to imply that all applications with intent to beautify the skin are useless, far from it; but the external remedies must go hand in hand with the internal in every case of skin ailment, even the most trifling.

I am quite convinced that if girls in this country would only make up their minds to live more naturally, and use the means that Providence has placed at the disposal of the poor as well as the rich for the preservation of health, those individuals who deal in hair and skin cosmetics would soon disappear from the face of the earth, unless they made choice of some more honest employment.

Now, although I shall, before concluding, give some advice for the removal of a few of the simpler ailments of the skin, I must first and foremost tell you how you are to retain the skin in health generally, and to restore its tone and beauty when it seems to have fallen away from the correct standard.

The skin, you must know, is something more than "a *thing of beauty*;" its uses are of such importance in the animal economy that when, as in the case of burns, an extensive portion of it is destroyed, the sufferer loses vitality and sinks. The skin covers the body all over from head to heel, and is thus a protection to the tender parts beneath; it is thickest on those portions of the body where it is most subject to wear and tear, as on the soles of the feet and palms of the hands. It is itself protected by being in almost every part buoyed up underneath by an elastic lining of fat. The skin is elastic, and this elasticity must be maintained by cleanliness and perfect ablution, else roughness, or disease even, is sure to be the result.

I need hardly tell you that the skin is the organ of touch. This sense does not lie in the fingers alone, but all over the body, and it can only be perfect in those who take proper care of the skin. Well, at first thought, one would imagine that this sense of touch had but little bearing on the preservation of health. But it has; for a person who has in any degree lost it, may be said to have a non-sensitive skin, and he cannot take cognisance of a dangerous draught, for instance, till that draught may have done him bodily harm, and he begins to shiver.

The skin regulates the heat of the body. This should be as equable as possible, that is, about 99 deg. Fahrenheit, and the way the skin serves to maintain this temperature is by means of the insensible perspiration, which carries off more or less of the heat generated in the body, as required. The skin has several other important uses, only one of which I beg to call your attention to. You know, or you have heard, that it is covered over with millions of sweat pores; well, the perspiration that comes from these carries with it from the body a vast amount of the poison we either swallow—and we do swallow a deal of it nowadays—or that is formed in the body, and which if retained would be more or less destructive to health.

If you take no pains to keep these pores in good working order, why you simply render the blood impure; it is darker at its best than it ought to be, the millions upon millions of minute blood-vessels for ever coursing through the skin, become loaded with this impure blood, and the skin thereby *loses its transparency*. I put the last three words emphatically; they constitute a beauty point. Well, as I say, they become loaded with dark blood, and transparency is lost; this may not be so obvious all over the body, but it is seen in the dark lines around the eyes of sallow and unhealthy girls, because there the skin is very fine. There are other causes for this darkness around the eyes and inner and upper part of the nose, which I need not mention; suffice it to say that general impurity of blood is one of them.

But when blood is darkened by the pores being unable to remove its impurities—its *soot*, and it really *is* soot—a portion of these

impurities gets deposited in the skin, or immediately beneath it; hence we have what is called the muddy skin. I know that as you read these lines you want to go and look in the glass, and my knowing this only proves that I am a far-sighted Medicus, the right Medicus in the right place, in fact. But do not look in the glass just yet.

I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that there is also the sallow skin. This is not a beauty skin either, and it is very often produced by the deposit of bile under the skin, and shows that the liver is not working as it ought to do. Well, nothing aids the liver more in effectually performing its duties than a well-acting skin; so, to a great *measure, at all events*, you have the remedy in your own hands. That remedy is taking proper care of the skin in the way I will tell you in a few minutes.

The best application for the skin is the bath, followed by friction with rough towels. I must tell you why, for although I have written on the subject of baths of all kinds in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I have never troubled my readers with one trifling bit of physiology, which it is now necessary they should know. Would you be surprised, then, to learn that a person does not move about in the same skin for seven days together. This sounds strange, does it not? After all, it is merely my homely way of telling you that in healthy people the skin is being continually worn away from the exterior and renewed from the interior. This is a natural process, of course, and we greatly aid nature by using the bath. To be effectual this should consist of three distinct operations.

1. The *softening* of the skin by application of hot water and soap of the right kind.

2. The *immersion* of the body in water of a far lower temperature than that used with the soap.

3. The use of *friction*. Friction may be used in the bath with flesh-glove or brush, or after coming out with a roughish towel.

And this is the right place in which to say a word about soaps, and I speak now not only to girls, but to mothers as well. You cannot be too particular, then, about the kind of soap you use. I would not presume to say that the all but incurable complaint called eczema is often produced in babies by using greasy alkaline soap, but I very much suspect it is.

I have no space to-day, nor the inclination either, to say more on the subject of soap than this—it is often highly injurious to the skin, and therefore to the general health. When buying soap, therefore, remember these rules: 1. If you must have scented soap, let the perfume be something you know—roses, for example; you cannot go wrong there. 2. Avoid coloured soaps; because, although some are good, others are poisonous. 3. Do not buy a cheap soap. I myself use nothing for my matutinal tub except Pears' transparent unscented, and I feel I am safe.

Well, but the bath, although most beneficial to the skin, is not everything.

The skin needs protection and covering against cold and wet. It must be kept warm at all times, without being weakened and over-stimulated. It must be warmth, never heat. Therefore, an over-amount of clothing either by day or by night is most prejudicial. Yet many err in this way.

By night, then, as well as by day, summer or winter, let this be the rule—light and warm. If the clothes one wears or is covered with are heavy and warm, they fatigue the body, sweat it too much, and weaken both the nervous and muscular systems.

It must not be forgotten, however, that young girls, and the delicate, are far more susceptible to cold than older, or those of more robust constitution. But even they must not be heavily clothed. A common mistake is to put on an extra amount of clothes when going out for a walk. If it be merely a saunter, then by all means wrap up if the weather demands it, but if for a brisk constitutional, a light jacket and umbrella is quite enough.

More need, far more, need to wrap up—loosely for warmth—when you have got to sit or stand about for any length of time in the open air.

Cold feet exert an injurious influence upon the skin, and much more so if the stockings be damp.

But we protect our bodies by clothing, against wet as well as cold. This is most important. Chills are caused by wet; chills produce indigestion, and indigestion may lay the seeds of a thousand ills.

Tight dressing is the cause of many an impure complexion and dark areola'd eye. It is true, 'tis pity And you will naturally add, "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." Well, so far as the younger portion of my girl readers are concerned, they have no business to wear tight-fitting dresses or corsets; there is no necessity. The corset I do not condemn in any wholesale way. As a guide to a girl's figure, I recommend it. But here is what I say: Let the bones feel its support, *yet never have to bend beneath it*.

Having already told you that a sallow skin and a muddy or non-transparent skin were caused by impurities in the blood, little need, surely, for me to add that errors in diet should be carefully guarded against by all, but more particularly by those who are apt to be troubled with any form of skin deterioration, whether roughness, pimples, or what people call "ticks" in the face. Over-eating should be avoided, and all condiments, with the exception of mustard and pepper in moderation. Salt I do not include in the list of condiments. It is not only beneficial to the health, but necessary for life itself. Now, the skin being an elastic membrane, it should have an elastic support, and this it finds in the fat immediately under. This should be in moderation, but never in excess, else it constitutes an ailment in itself that assuredly does not tend to lengthen life.

Exercise improves the condition of the skin and renders the complexion pure and transparent, if only for the one reason that it helps to clear the blood of its natural impurities. Remember, though, that it must be taken in light clothes, and it must not be carried to the bounds of fatigue. Take instruction from what I saw yesterday. I feel sure you won't forget it. I met three fashionably-dressed young ladies accompanied by one fashionably-dressed young gentleman. Well, he looked cool and easy and comfortable, only I think he was longing to walk a little quicker. But they—they had only been out for a mile and back—had faces the colour of a nice new flower-pot, and I am sure they felt pinched about the toes.

To act in this way is to wilfully destroy the complexion; I hope none of my readers would ever think of doing so. Now in one of the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in October of 1880, I believe I wrote a brief article on "Comedones." Those who have it may refer to it and learn something. The word is used by dermatologists to describe what plainer spoken people call "ticks" in the face. These troublesome things are not painful, but they certainly are disfiguring. The mistake made in treating them is confining the attention to the face because that is the seat of the trifling disorder. Believe me that they seldom exist in a person that is altogether healthy, and attention should be given therefore to all the rules of hygiene, and especially should the sponge-bath be taken every day. Soap the face, with warm water, twice a day, then rub well with a rough towel. This will make the parts you rub red, but this will soon go away. Some of these ticks are apt to get large at the roots and generate pimples or pustules. These are still more disfiguring. They may exist quite independently of ticks, and when numerous doctors call them acne, the blood is usually thin, so a course of citrate of iron and quinine should be taken with cod-liver oil three times a day.

In every form of roughness of the skin or redness, whether in patches or all over the face, diet, exercise, and mental and bodily labour must be carefully regulated. Sometimes aperient medicines may be required, but they ought to be of the very mildest description, else they will do more harm than good. A little lotion that I have found of service in acne is one grain of corrosive sublimate mixed in an ounce of lavender water or eau de Cologne. You may use it twice or thrice a day thus: Damp a tiny bit of the handkerchief with the lotion and wet the painful or red part with it. I must tell you it is poison, therefore should be labelled so. This is essentially necessary.

In conclusion, the one great lesson I wish you to learn from this paper is this: whenever your skin suffers, be sure your bodily health is below par, and needs immediate attention.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Miss Penwarden mentioned "Wheal Vivien," a smile crossed her cousin's face which she was quick to note. "Ah, Cousin Geoffrey," said she, "Wheal Vivien caused my father to smile on the wrong side the mouth for a long time, but things are different now. He hoped against hope for many a year, but success came too late for him to know of it, not too late for me to benefit by the correctness of his calculations. The outside world has heard little of the mine which was named after me. Being a private adventure, it gave no opening for bubble companies or greedy speculators, but Wheal Vivien has for several years added largely to my income, and is to-day a valuable property."

"I am delighted to know it," returned Geoffrey. "I have heard so often of the money which has gone down the Cornish mines without returning an equivalent,

much less a profit, that your tidings about Wheal Vivien are equally agreeable and unexpected. Your father's faith in its ultimate productiveness was almost a matter of amusement amongst his friends. My father used to say that it was the only thing associated with the name of Vivien that he would advise no one to meddle with."

"Then you remember the evil report which attached itself to my father's one speculation. Well, Cousin Geoffrey, I may now be pardoned for quoting the old proverb, 'He laughs best who laughs last,' with respect to Wheal Vivien."

It was in Miss Penwarden's special retreat—half library, half boudoir—that the old lady told her cousins all that was in her heart, as to the disposal of her wealth.

"Once," she said, "I meant to leave it for what I believed to be a good object. I have changed my mind and intend to give, instead of bequeathing it. Wheal Vivien has made me richer than you would guess me to be, Geoffrey, and I trust it will render me far richer still though not in money. Old as I am, I hope to know that many others are to be rendered the happier by that which is mere dross, except for one thing, the power of good doing conferred by its possession.

"Now let me tell you what I mean to do. I shall place so much," and Miss Vivien named a sum which startled her hearers it was so large, "in the hands of certain trustees. It will be fettered by no conditions, save that they shall use it exactly as if it had come into their absolute possession by inheritance, instead of by gift."

"They are persons in whom you have perfect confidence, I presume," said Geoffrey.

"Yes. I know them well. They have loving hearts and have suffered enough to have learned how to sympathise. They will be faithful stewards to me, because they own and feel their accountability to Him who has said, 'The silver and the gold are mine.'"

"It will be a great charge, Cousin Vivien, as yours will be a great trust."

"It will, but those whom I have chosen will justify my confidence. Cousin Geoffrey, Lydia, my dear, you two are the trustees I have chosen. It is into your hands that I desire to give this sum of money. You promised to help me in the distribution of it, and in this manner I hold you to your word. I have not finished yet; let me say all my say before you speak, for I have now to hand over my promised wedding-gift. I can only do it in a partial way to-day. You will enter into full possession of it when you have left me. Dear hearts, I give you back Treneweth."

The old lady paused, her bright eyes somewhat dimmed with glad tears, as she looked at her bewildered hearers, who could not, all at once, comprehend the meaning of the words which reached them.

"Cousin Vivien, I—we—do not understand. Only that you mean some great kindness, as well as to place in our hands this great and solemn charge."

"No, my dears, it is hardly likely you should, but I will make it all plain to you. I was at Treneweth, as Lydia knows, during your sweet mother's last days. How I grieved for her and her absent son no words can tell you, neither can I describe the contempt and anger I felt towards those who had first blindly condemned you and then spoiled you of your inheritance. We know now that they were not quite so much to blame, for your poor weak father told me all. You did not guess that the last lines traced by his dying hand were addressed to me to bespeak my good will for the son whom his weakness had ruined.

"There needed no mediator between you and me, Cousin Geoffrey, my mind had long been made up; but I bided my time. Even your father never guessed that I furnished the mortgage money when he was compelled to raise large sums on the Treneweth Estate. And now it is alike my pleasure and my privilege to give you back the home of your fathers."

It is impossible to describe the dignity of Miss Vivien's manner, or the feeling with which she spoke.

Equally impossible to repeat the broken words in which Geoffrey and his wife strove to express their gratitude; but Miss Vivien stopped them both, laying

"'NOW LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I MEAN TO DO.'"

a little white hand caressingly on each as if to impose silence. "Hush, my dears," she said. "Remember I, too, am obliged to you. By accepting the first trust, you have taken a load off my mind. The wealth which was rusting in the hands of the old woman of fourscore, and lying like a weight on her conscience, will be turned to good account in yours. Use it as in God's sight, and may He give His blessing with it.

"About Treneweth. You say the gift is too great; from another hand you might hesitate to accept it, but a Penwarden need have no painful sense of obligation in receiving any gift from a Penwarden."

"Cousin Vivien, what can I say? Unless you could read our very hearts you could form no idea of the feelings which we cannot express. I speak for my wife, who cannot speak at all."

"Do not say a word. My dears, did you imagine that I could let you go away to a distant land for years and years, whilst the money which was a burden to me could render the absence needless? Did you think these old eyes were too dim to note how cheerfully you took up your burden, faced the prospect of work, and talked as if it were nothing? I might listen and inquire, but no one could tell me that my young Cousin Geoffrey had been heard to utter a word of reproach against the memory of those who had entailed this need upon you. I saw all, understood all. Now, I rejoice that Wheal Vivien has given me the power to give back Treneweth to the best Penwarden I have known since my own dear father died."

The bright, enthusiastic old lady would hear no thanks. "I am more than repaid in the happiness I feel, to say nothing of my sympathy with yours," were her final words of protest, when Geoffrey and his wife once more attempted to express their gratitude.

"Cousin Vivien! Have you quite forgotten the young couple to whom my agent has agreed to lease Treneweth?" asked Geoffrey.

Miss Vivien broke into a merry laugh.

"Assuredly not. The young people will find their nest ready when they go to take possession of it."

Then the truth flashed across the minds of Geoffrey and his wife. The coming tenants were themselves, and the little story of the newly-married pair who were to occupy Treneweth was Miss Vivien's pleasant mode of mystifying them in the meanwhile.

"The agent's story was true in every detail. Only the names were left blank, and I now supply the omission by inserting Geoffrey and Lydia Penwarden," said Miss Vivien.

Probably the interruption which occurred at this moment had been contrived by the old lady herself. The housekeeper tapped at the door, and Miss Vivien found it absolutely necessary to leave her guests. They needed some quiet time to think and talk over the strange events of the morning before they could understand all their significance to themselves.

When Miss Vivien returned, she would allow no further thanks, but having placed in Geoffrey's hands everything that was necessary to give validity to her promises, she put aside the subject as one that was absolutely settled.

"Tell whom you please, now," she said. "I shall leave you to write letters, as you will want to tell the family at Brinnington all that has passed between us. Warm hearts are ever in haste to send good tidings. Those who can feel for others, whether in happiness or sorrow, cannot fully enjoy their own good fortune until they have the sympathy of those they love. They judge other hearts by their own."

So saying, Miss Penwarden left her guests alone.

Later in the day she spoke of her Cornish home.

"While I live," she said, "you two must visit me now and then. I do not wish to fix times and seasons. I will leave you as free in this as in all beside. You will not be unmindful of the old cousin in Cornwall. When I am gone, keep this place as it is, except so far as wear and tear may render renovation necessary. It is near the sea, and will be a quiet spot for you and yours to retreat to. Beside, Wheal Vivien will, I trust, be worth looking after for many a year to come."

Then Miss Vivien slipped a little packet into Geoffrey's hand and whispered, "If God should bless you with children, read the few words written herein. In the person of your firstborn you can fulfil the one wish of the old woman who loves you."

"Any wish of yours will be held sacred by Lydia and me," said Geoffrey. "But may I not hear from your own lips what it is?"

"No need, Cousin Geoffrey, no need. Your word is enough. Nay, my wish itself would be sufficient without your promise, as I know it would give you pleasure to think of carrying it out."

It was exceedingly touching to see how fully Miss Penwarden trusted her cousins, and they, it need hardly be said, felt all the greatness and importance of their charge, and resolved by God's help to use it well.

When the particulars of Miss Penwarden's wedding gift reached Brinnington, the tidings caused the greatest delight and excitement. It seemed almost inconceivable that through the magnificent liberality of this old kinswoman all Geoffrey's difficulties should have been swept away. Now he would be able to take possession of Treneweth, once more wholly his own, and to keep up the old Penwarden state within its walls, while dispensing for the good of others the abundant means placed in his hands.

"Aunt Lydia will be within reach, how delightful!" said the elder girls. "It seemed dreadful to think of losing her, though no one would have been selfish enough to wish that she and Geoffrey should be separated again."

Mrs. Oakley listened to the news as if she could scarcely believe it true, whilst Hilda declared that there never could be anything more like a fairy tale or any individual a more charming realisation of a fairy godmother than Miss Vivien Penwarden.

"And to think how you were all making game of the wedding present at which the old lady hinted when she wrote to invite Geoff. and Lydia. I trust you all feel properly ashamed of yourselves. Wheal Vivien is the most astonishing part of the story. Everyone predicted ruin to those who were concerned in that mine, the ill success of which was turned into a proverb."

Robert Brooke read his letter from Geoffrey with mingled feelings, pleasure first of all in his friend's good fortune, mixed with a little regret that his own affairs compelled a returned to Australia.

"So you will have to go back alone," said Hilda. "It is somewhat disappointing for you, is it not?"

"I should be selfish to think of that," said Mr. Brooke. "Who that has known Penwarden could help rejoicing in his good fortune? At the same time, who that has been his friend and companion could fail to feel the blank caused by his continued absence? Still, I shall not go quite alone; our party will be reduced to half its number as originally planned."

Hilda looked inquiringly, but did not put into words the question which trembled on her lips.

Mr. Brooke saw the look, and answered it.

"I am to have a companion, Miss Cranswick; this was settled when you were all at Fell Foot, but it was with the understanding that nothing was to be said just then. I am under a promise not to reveal the name, but I have no doubt Mr. Oakley will tell you, as the matter was not intended to be made a secret of. At the time there were two weddings in prospect, and with so many family changes approaching, we thought it better not to mention another until the family had shaken down a little and become accustomed to Frank's absence from the Hey."

Hilda's face flushed crimson, then became pale. She uttered some hasty unintelligible words, and was gone from the room before Mr. Brooke could add anything more. He was quite at a loss to understand this sudden disappearance, little guessing the construction which his hearer had put upon his words. He knew to whom he was alluding, and that it was upon Allan's companionship he was reckoning. In reviewing his words he could discover no expression which was likely to agitate Miss Cranswick, and could only conclude that her flight was due to sudden indisposition.

Yet it was quite easy for Hilda to put a construction on Mr. Brooke's communication foreign to its real meaning. If he had said "his" instead of "the" name, she would have known that he would have a male companion, and if it were a member of her uncle's family, it could only be Allan. Jack was out of the question.

Left in the dark about this, and hearing him speak of two weddings and family changes, she at once leaped to the conclusion that another was to follow in which Robert Brooke would figure as the bridegroom, and either Gladys or

Dorothy as the bride. Which, she could not tell, for she had seen nothing in his manner to indicate a preference for one above the other.

"But," thought she, "with such an understanding he would of course show none, but would be equally courteous to both. They might have told me, though it was not to be spoken of to those outside. I would have kept their secret, and been as a loving sister, if they would have treated me like one. But I am only the cousin, my uncle's ward, not a child of the house, as my father hoped and asked that I might be. If I were only not such a baby as to cry about these things, and let everyone, and especially Mr. Brooke, see how easy it is to wound me! I wonder if Aunt Lydia will have me with her for a while when she and her husband come to Treneweth. It would be a haven of rest—any place would until this is over and they are gone."

After a time the little storm of indignation had spent itself, and Hilda, instead of being angry at others, was displeased with her own want of self-command.

"A nice example of endurance I am," she thought. "I, that have talked so boldly about my wish to see something of hardship and trial. I profess to choose it, and then bend under the first contrary breath. I fancy myself an oak, and find myself agitated like the trembling grass in a meadow when the summer wind only sighs in its neighbourhood."

Hilda rose from her seat, determined to battle against the indignant feeling which possessed her. Having bathed her eyes, she resolutely occupied herself with a book until she heard the dinner bell, and then went downstairs gaily humming a tune. Mr. Brooke looked up as she entered, but Miss Cranswick met his glance with a smile which puzzled him as much as her rapid disappearance had done before.

Allan was absent, but was expected home in time for dinner. He, however, arrived too late, but said he had dined at Birmingham, as he could not complete his business so as to leave for Brinnington by the train originally fixed on.

Of course he had to hear the news which had produced so much surprise and excitement in the early part of the day, and he was no less delighted than the others had been.

"If ever a man deserved such a stroke of good fortune, Penwarden is the one," said he. "Now I trust this story which has such an unreal sound with it will close as all such stories ought to do, with, 'And they lived happily ever after.' It will make a considerable difference to two of this present company, will it not, Brooke?"

Mr. Brooke assented, and Allan continued, "I suppose we may as well tell them, unless you have already done so, father."

"I was going to reveal your secret this afternoon, but Hilda was missing, and I did not wish to tell the others without her. My dears, Allan has decided to try his fortune at the Antipodes. His adventurous spirit cannot content itself within the bounds of our little island, which he thinks can well spare a good many of her sons. It is a few weeks since he decided to return to Australia with Geoffrey, Lydia, and Mr. Brooke. Now these two young men will have to go together, without the others, unless Brooke has also changed his mind."

"Brooke wishes he were a free agent," was the instant response. "Unfortunately I must go back for eighteen months or two years. After that, I hope I may have the power to choose on which side of the globe I will live."

Again a bright flush suffused Hilda's face, but there was more of pleasure than pain in it, pleasure that she had not after all been treated as a child of the house. Some pain and self-reproach at finding how readily she had yielded to the temptation to judge and to condemn those whose thoughtful affection was so constantly manifested. And perhaps not a little gratification at finding that Robert Brooke's companion was to be one of her uncle's sons, rather than a daughter.

That warm-hearted Allan would be missed there was no doubt. But then no one had expected him to settle near Brinnington. To Allan the sight of Hilda's face as she heard the news was a sufficient assurance that, while regarding him as an adopted brother, he was quite right in thinking that she was, like the candle, in no danger—he, the moth, which might be singed when hovering round it.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

Weekes and Co.

School Series of Part Songs. Edited by Sydney Russell.—The six ballads before us are arranged for two voices, and include many well-known favourites:—*The Last Rose of Summer*, *Rose of Allandale*, *Trelawny*, and many others. They are arranged in a simple and easy style.

If ye love Me, keep My Commandments. Sacred song by Ernest Kiver.—The sympathetic music is quite in keeping with the words; it would be desirable if we had a few more such, as they are always welcome in the family circle.

Fireside Dreams. Words by Walter Spinney. Music by Conrad Sterling.—The words are poetical, and the music sympathetic. The changes from 3-4 to 6-8, and again the recitative in the last verse, give a variety that is pleasing.

Fond Memories. Song. Composed by Charlton T. Speer.—Considerable ability has been displayed in the composition of this song; the change from five flats to three sharps is most effective—

"Deathless dreams of fleeting gladness,
Mem'ries that can ne'er depart,
In a most harmonious sadness
Rest like music on my heart."

Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.

Twelve Songs and Romances for chorus of women's voices. English translation by Constance Backe. Music by Johannes Brahms.—These twelve part-songs for female voices are thoroughly characteristic; many of them are charming compositions. There are two books, six in each, for the small charge of one shilling.

Two Sketches for Pianoforte. By Dora E. Bright.—These compositions are both clever. No. 1, a slow movement, with sustained melody and flowing accompaniment, will require careful and smooth playing. No. 2, a movement in 6-8 time, must be well marked and briskly played. We would recommend both these pieces to our girls as good studies.

Frederick Pitman.

The following familiar old favourites are edited and fingered by Arthur H. Brown. They are good standard compositions, and will, we fancy, be welcomed by our young musical friends:—

Overtures.—*The Caliph of Bagdad*, by Boildieu. *Le Cheval de Bronze* and *Masaniello*, by Auber. *Zampa*, by Hérold. *The Harmonious Blacksmith*, Handel. *Invitation à la Valse*, Weber.

Fantaisie sur des Motifs et sur la Barcarolle de "Oberon" de Weber, pour Piano, par Réné Favarger.

Maiblume, by Theodore Oesten.

Caller Herring. Scotch melody, by P. Knapton.

La Pluie de Perles, par G. A. Osborne.

Une Petite Fleur, par Charles Voss.

La Gaetana, mazurka, par E. Ketterer.

Gavotte de la Cour, par H. Fleige.

Also part 1 of "The Pianist's Journal of Original Compositions":—

No. 1, *Chanson Joyeuse*, in A major, by Kate C. Field, R.A.M.

No. 2, *Impromptu in B Major*, by Ernest Shattock.

No. 3, *Mazurka in A Flat*, by Ernest Shattock.

Twenty-Six Songs of Ireland, with pianoforte accompaniments. Arranged by T. Crampton.—They are all well-known favourites, and will suit most voices.

Violoncello Album, containing twenty-three solos and duets for violoncello and piano. Arranged by T. Crampton.—These pieces are well selected and easy.

The Children's Orchestra. A novelty for the home circle. Six easy and original symphonies for the pianoforte, with toy accompaniments. Composed by George Asch.—These little symphonies will prove most attractive and useful to children, who will derive pleasure as well as instruction from them.

Two songs, *Loving and Hoping* and *The Mystic Chime*, words written by Ogilvie Mitchell, music composed by H. Round, are both worthy of recommendation. The verses descriptive of the chimes at midnight are pleasing, and the melody appropriate and agreeable.

C. B. Tree.

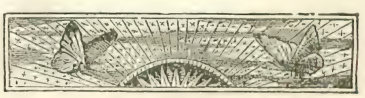
Love in Season. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—Lively and pleasing; sung with a little archness, would become a favourite in the drawing-room.

The Changeless Love. Also by the same composer. Words by Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, M.A.—An interesting song, and may be recommended.

Swiftly sailing o'er the sea. Words written and music composed by Robert Munro.

The Sailor's Joy. Words by Lord Lytton. Music by J. Horspool.

Two very agreeable songs for baritone of moderate compass. Will suit the brothers of some of our young friends.



"OH, MAIDEN FAIR, IN THY EARNEST YOUTH,
TAKE TO THY HEART THE WORD OF TRUTH;
CARRY THE MESSAGE OF LOVE TO ALL—
HEARTS WILL OPEN AT THAT SOFT CALL."

"NOTHING HID FROM THE HEAT THEREOF."

By CLARA THWAITES.

THE Lord of Day in the azure sky
Held on his way right royally;
He scattered the mists of the night away,
He pierced the shadows that thickest lay.
The silent depths of the greenwood shade
Smiled in the glory his presence made,
And the poorest herb at that touch of power
Thrilled to its root in the soft spring hour.
He called the hyacinths from their rest,
Daffodils sprang from the earth's chill breast,
And the wild flowers bloomed at his winning call,
For the Lord of Day is the lord of all—
"Nothing hid from the heat thereof."

The law of the Lord is pure and true,
Searching the spirit through and through;
Making the simple-hearted wise,
Pouring light on the blinded eyes.
Oh, maiden fair, in thy earnest youth,
Take to thy heart the word of truth;
Carry the message of love to all—
Hearts will open at that soft call,
Icy fetters and bands will break,
Peace and joy will awake—awake.
Its thrilling voice and constraining speech
Unto the uttermost thought will reach—
"Nothing hid from the heat thereof."

HARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

"WONDERFULLY generous people, those Fenwoods!"

Mrs. Otway did not reply; and, as her visitor was one of those people who seldom wait for an answer, her silence passed unnoticed.

"Well, I think you are quite right about our little Kate," he continued, pausing on his way to the door. "She must practise her scales and exercises a bit longer, and then come to you for finishing lessons. But I hardly believe that you will go on teaching when Major Otway returns. He will claim all your time and attention, will he not? Good morning."

Mr. Battersby's last words made Mrs. Otway forget all about the Fenwoods for a little while. She sat down in a low chair by the window, and gazed out absently upon the small square of the front garden, where clusters of hardy daffodils were braving the keen March wind.

But just for a moment or two she did not see the trim grass-plot and common English flowers. In fancy, she was back again in her dim room in India, and the punkah was swinging overhead with its dismal, creaking sound. Her husband's voice was ringing softly in her ears, preparing her for the inevitable parting—soothing her with the hope of a lasting reunion—and yet how hard it was to accept his comfort! Again she could feel his hand putting back the damp hair from her forehead, while he asked her to go to England, and save her life for his sake. And now the time of separation was nearly at an end. He was to come home to her at the close of the year. The very thought set her heart throbbing fast, and sent a bright flush to her cheek. For Florence Otway had married for love, and her husband was her lover still.

There had been many troubles in their wedded life, and not the least was a heavy money loss. It was this loss which had made it necessary for Mrs. Otway to live as cheaply as possible in a small cottage in Monkstone.

Her children, two little girls of six and four, were easily managed, and her own wants were few; there was a good deal of time hanging on her hands when all her daily duties were done, and she had resolved to do something to add to her means. Major Otway, having been assured that her health was perfectly restored, had consented to her plan; but not without some reluctance. He did not like his wife to give music lessons. Yet Florence had argued the point so wisely, and had so thoroughly convinced him that the lessons would afford her pleasure as well as profit, that she had succeeded in overcoming most of his objections.

She was such a brilliant instrumentalist that there was no difficulty in getting pupils. Her instructions were always attended with success; girls came to her to acquire style and finish; and not one of them had ever done her greater credit than Rosalie Fenwood.

It was not Mrs. Otway's habit to indulge too long in a reverie. Knowing that her thoughts would always be drifting away to India if she did not keep them under control, she was used to mounting guard over herself. The work of her life had to be done in Monkstone, although her heart was in another place. And so, after dreaming for a few moments, she rose and shook off the musing mood.

Why had she listened in silence to Mr. Battersby's laudatory remark about the Fenwoods? As her mind came slowly back to every-day things, she asked herself this question. No, she could not honestly say that the Fenwoods were generous people, and yet they made a greater show of liberality than any other family in Monkstone.

Mr. Battersby was a man who took care to save his own money while he loudly applauded others for spending theirs. In fact, he seldom gave anything beyond applause, but then he was so lavish with his praises that many were slow to notice the lack of more substantial help. And as Mr. Fenwood was always giving, his neighbour Battersby made it his special business to be always extolling his wonderful charity.

It was pretty well known that the Fenwoods had plenty of money to spend. Fenwood and Fenwood, the great brewers, had made a large fortune, and their business was as flourishing as it had ever been. Old Fenwood was dead, and his son and grandson carried on the concern with perfect success. The grandson lived on the business premises, and the son—the Fenwood of our story—had taken a house in Monkstone, and aspired to be the chief person in that fine old country town.

And nobody could say that he had not done some very good things. First of all, he had erected a drinking-fountain, secondly he had helped to repair and enlarge the almshouses, and thirdly he had given more than anyone else to the fund for restoring the church, and the new stained-glass window in the chancel was entirely his own gift. And yet, in Mrs. Otway's opinion, he was not truly a generous man.

She liked her pupil, Rosalie Fenwood, and felt a sincere interest in the girl's welfare. She saw that Rosalie believed in her father, and was prepared to follow, as far as possible, in his footprints; and she also saw that the Fenwood way was not a path of peace. Mrs. Otway was in the little world of Monkstone, and yet not of it. She used to feel always that she was outside the lives of all these people, and watched them (calmly and dispassionately) from her own standpoint; and her unprejudiced eyes saw more than others saw, detecting motives, distinguishing between the false and the true.

She knew that Mr. Fenwood's niece, Marion Wye, was living in a family in Monkstone as nursery governess. In their childhood Marion Wye and Rosalie Fenwood had been playmates and great friends; but the friendship did not survive the chances and changes of life. Marion was an orphan now, earning her bread among strangers, and although she was sometimes invited to Mr. Fenwood's house, her rich relations did not concern themselves much about her position. She had, they said, a good situation; it was an excellent thing for a young woman to support herself, and Marion had been fortunate in getting a place in an estimable household. No one had ever been heard to say a word against the Suttons; they were worthy people, and Miss Wye was always treated as if she really belonged to them.

Mrs. Sutton was a strong, healthy woman, the mother of eight children, all as strong and healthy as herself. The father was head clerk in a merchant's office, and it was a marvel to everyone that they could contrive to live so comfortably and thrive so well on a small income. They were closely packed into a little house in the middle of the town; they never had any seaside holidays, and they lived the same kind of life all the year round. Yet their faces were always rosy, their voices always loud, their laughter ready to break out over the smallest jest. A noisy, vigorous, jolly set they were, untroubled by headache and indigestion, and quite incapable of sympathising with those who were more delicately constituted than themselves.

Marion Wye was a tall, fragile girl, very quiet in all her words and ways. She loved teaching, and was a good governess; and she loved her pupils, too, but they had not much affection to give in return. Nobody was intentionally unkind to her in the Sutton household, and yet they all made undue demands upon her feeble strength.

When she needed fresh air and exercise she was set to work at the sewing machine; when she required rest she was hurried and bustled about the house. Yet, in their own superficial fashion, the Suttons liked her well enough, and frequently regretted that she was such a poor, spiritless creature. She never grumbled, but she sat silent while others laughed; and she did not eat enough to keep a sparrow alive. Mrs. Sutton, in her good-natured way, used to offer her a share of any of the rare dainties that came into the house, and often marvelled at her utter want of appetite.

For this girl, so evidently misplaced, Mrs. Otway could not help feeling a deep compassion. Chance had made her acquainted with Marion Wye, and the gentleness and refinement of the young governess had won her liking at once.

She saw that Marion's health was giving way under the strain of a hard life, and she wondered that the Fenwoods could be blind to her delicate looks. Once or twice she had mentioned Marion to Rosalie Fenwood.

"Don't you think your cousin is overworked at the Suttons'?" she had asked.

"Oh, she was always fond of teaching children," Rosalie had answered. "And I believe she is stronger than she seems. She is very happy with the Suttons; they are such a happy family, you know."

And then Mrs. Otway had thought that it is easy for some people to shut their eyes to the sufferings of others, and only open them when there is something pleasant to be seen.

CHAPTER II.

SOON after Mr. Battersby's departure Rosalie Fenwood came to the cottage to take her music lesson.

"We are very busy with a new plan," she said, as she seated herself at the piano, "and we want you to help us, dear Mrs. Otway, only I'm afraid you have already too much to do."

"What is the plan?" Mrs. Otway asked.

"We are going to get up a fancy fair to pay for the new pulpit. Papa has suggested that the fair shall be held in our own grounds, and I have proposed that the saleswomen shall wear fancy costumes. That will make the scene so much more brilliant and attractive, you see! I mean to be dressed as Lady Teazle."

Mrs. Otway placed herself in a chair by her pupil's side, and began to unroll a piece of music.

"I want all the selling ladies to wear powder and patches," Rosalie went on. "Oh, Mrs. Otway, I wish I could persuade you to sell! You have no idea how charming you would look in such a dress!"

Florence Otway quietly straightened out the music-roll, and there was a hardly perceptible smile on her lips.

She was silently amused at Rosalie's last words. All her life she had been accustomed to Society and its pleasures, and she knew exactly how much those pleasures are worth. She had been a beauty once, and was a pretty woman still. And while Rosalie spoke, she called up a vision of her old self, with dark, soft eyes shining under powdered hair, and listened once more to the flattering voices around her.

The vision faded as quickly as it came. In an instant she was Florence Otway again—the devoted wife, waiting for the reunion with her husband; the mother, giving lessons for the sake of her children.

"I am afraid I can't help you," she said, in her gentle voice. "I am too busy to sell, and too poor to buy."

"But, at any rate you will give me your advice?" cried Rosalie, eagerly. "Don't you think a quilted petticoat of ivory satin will look well? And ought not the upper dress to be of rich flowered silk? I shall get a silk that will cost a great deal of money, you know—thick and soft, just like those our great-great-grandmothers used to wear."

"Yes, it certainly will cost a great deal," Mrs. Otway replied. "But will all your fellow-workers be able to afford such a gown? If you must adopt fancy costumes, why not wear chintz? The effect would be very good, and nobody would find the cost too great."

Rosalie hesitated, and then shook her head.

"I shouldn't care to wear chintz," she confessed; "it is so dreadfully cheap, you see. I hardly think papa would approve of it; he likes me to be handsomely dressed. As to the others—well, I can't help it, can I, if they are not quite so rich as we are?"

"Shall we begin our lesson?" said Mrs. Otway, feeling that it was hopeless to continue the discussion. There are some girls to whom good taste comes by instinct; but Rosalie was not one of them. She could not refrain from outshining her neighbours; the tact that avoids display was utterly unknown to her.

The lesson came to an end. Mrs. Otway frankly praised her pupil's performance, and the girl was well pleased. In the beginning of their acquaintance with Florence Otway the Fenwoods had made a faint attempt at patronage; but they had found themselves so quietly yet firmly repulsed, that they had been a little disconcerted. Afterwards, having heard a good deal about her from Mr. Battersby, they pursued a different course, and treated her with marked deference. Rosalie really loved her, and set a high value on her good opinion.

"I am always happy when you praise me," she said, with perfect sincerity. "Have you *quite* decided not to help at our fancy fair? You need not do any hard work. You are not strong enough, I know, for the fuss of making people buy things."

"No, I am not strong enough for that," admitted Mrs. Otway. "But, only yesterday, I saw some one who is a great deal more delicate than I am. Such a young girl, too! My heart often aches for Marion Wye."

"Marion! Ah, she is so tall and thin that everyone thinks her fragile," said Rosalie. "And you are always so full of pity, dear Mrs. Otway."

"I am not easily deceived about a girl's health," remarked Florence Otway, gravely. "I have watched too many fade not to know the signs of decay. Don't you see, Rosalie, that your cousin needs a change of air? If she could be sent away soon, before the hot weather sets in, she might be restored."

"Papa has so many calls upon him." Rosalie coloured and looked uneasy.

"But you, dear Rosalie? Perhaps I have no right to speak on this matter, but—wouldn't it make you very happy to spend a few pounds on that poor, feeble girl?"

Rosalie's colour deepened.

"I have a great many expenses to meet," she said, after an awkward pause. "Later on I may be able to do something; I will see about it."

And with this vague promise she went her way.

Weeks went and came, bringing few changes to the quiet town of Monkstone; Mrs. Otway gave music lessons as usual; the Fenwoods were absorbed in their plans; and Marion Wye grew daily weaker and weaker. It grieved Florence Otway sorely to see the girl fading away, and all that she could do was done. She invited Marion to spend a Sunday afternoon at the cottage whenever she could be spared; but Mrs. Sutton was exacting even on Sundays. And poor Marion's hours of repose were very few.

The summer set in early that year; warm weather began with the first May days, and the Suttons' little house in the High-street was intolerably close and stuffy. To Marion, the small cottage in which Mrs. Otway lived was a delightful refuge from all the disagreeables of her life. It stood on the outskirts of the town; the doors and windows were open all day, and at the back there was a piece of soft turf, shaded by trees.

She liked better to come here than to go to her uncle's stately mansion, although Mr. Fenwood's grounds were the most extensive in the neighbourhood. But she was not often invited to Broadlands. The Fenwoods had almost forgotten her existence; even Rosalie—her old playmate—could scarcely spare a

thought from the grand schemes which constantly occupied her mind. She had taken upon her shoulders the whole responsibility of the fancy fair, and neither pains nor expense would be spared to ensure its success. There were to be seven stalls, and two young ladies were to preside over each stall. The Monkstone girls were good-natured and accommodating, and consented without a murmur to powder their hair, and wear the Lady Teazle costumes so strongly advocated by Miss Fenwood.

There were not many rich families in the town; not a single girl in the place could compete with Rosalie in profuse expenditure, and as she was an only daughter there were no sisters to thwart her whims. Her costume was ordered, and came down from town, composed of the best materials that money could buy. All her fellow-workers would appear in those chintz cambrics which Mrs. Otway had recommended; and Rosalie thought, with a thrill of pride, that she should quite eclipse them all.

The fancy fair was to be held on the first of June; and the day dawned clear and fair, but too warm (said many) for the time of year. It was like a day in July or August; and Rosalie, worn out with excitement a little and the anxiety of preparation, began to sigh for a breath of cool air.

"How does my dress look, mamma?" she asked, emerging from her room in all the glory of her splendid brocade and satin skirt. The gown was trimmed with fine old lace, and at her side hung an old gold *châtelaine* which had once belonged to a grand dame of other days, and had been purchased from a Bond-street jeweller at a high price. Mrs. Fenwood was a meek, timid woman, accustomed to submit to all the decrees of her husband and daughter; and, as a rule, she never expressed the slightest surprise at anything they said or did. But at the sight of Rosalie's costume, she actually ventured on a faint remonstrance.

"It is very magnificent," she remarked; "but, dear me, what will the others say? They will all wear cambrics, won't they? Do you think it will look well for Miss Stafford to be helping you at your stall in a linen gown, when you are so richly dressed?"

"Why should it not look well?" Rosalie inquired, with rather an offended air.

"Oh, you know best, my dear; I merely thought they might fancy you wanted to throw them all into the shade. And the *châtelaine*—it is so very costly, you see!"

"Of course it is very costly, mamma; and it has a history," said Rosalie, fingering her golden pendants with pride. "I don't think Jane Stafford will feel jealous. Besides, she is a clergyman's daughter, and everyone knows she is not very well off. The Staffords always dress plainly."

"You know best, of course," repeated Mrs. Fenwood, meekly.

"I hope everything will go off well," sighed Rosalie, in an anxious tone. "Did I tell you that the Earl of Drymoor is coming here to-day? It seems that Mr. Stafford was once his tutor. I daresay the Staffords will tell him how much we have done for the church."

And then, after a parting glance at herself in the pier-glass, she hastened across the lawn to the great tent which sheltered the stalls.

(*To be continued.*)

GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

by Dora Hope.

In the hot summer days a number of the classes were held in the shady nooks of the large old-fashioned garden of Spike House, and though the sights and sounds perhaps tempted the thoughts to wander, the girls worked their best at their lessons lest any inattention should be punished by banishment to the schoolroom.

Ruth and Minnie, bracketed together as usual, with one or two others were in charge of the house-linen one week when the weather was bright and warm, and having obtained permission to do the mending which their responsibility entailed, out of doors, they took up their position beneath the shade of the gnarled old apple-trees in the orchard, and worked away happily at the pile of napery in the basket between them.

"I cannot see the use of being so particular about using things in rotation," said one maiden, setting to work at a damask table-cloth. She had been told to darn it with flourishing thread with the utmost neatness, to prevent the graver task of mending a future hole. "Miss Down speaks as solemnly about it as though it were a matter of the greatest importance."

"Do you mean putting clean linen to the bottom of the heap, and always using from the top? Why, I think it is very easy to see the use of that. Don't you see, if you use all your stock by turns they all wear out slowly, and you get plenty of time to darn any doubtful ones, instead of having a few quite new while the rest are hopelessly far worn."

"But what a bother house-linen is! Every week there is mending to be done—sheets to be turned, or serviettes to darn, or new towels to mark; there is no peace in life," sighed Rosie.

"That is what Miss Gwen says is one of the things that taxes a woman's patience, that there is no end to the little worries and little duties," said thoughtful Ruth. "Men have some great piece of business occupying their minds for a time; they work hard at it, and then can honestly come home and rest, feeling that their day's work is done; but women never come to an end of their work, though their duties may be trifling in themselves."

"How unfair and horrid it is!" cried Rosie, petulantly. "But I am sure I will never darn tablecloths when I leave school."

"Perhaps not, because you will most likely always have plenty of servants; but it will be your duty to see that they darn them properly, and I have heard my mother say that is very often more trouble than doing the work one's self. And I don't see the unfairness either, Rosie. No doubt women have more little worries than men, but look at the responsibilities men have, and the risks they have to run, and the anxieties they have to endure. In different ways I think the trials in life are pretty equally divided; at least, Miss Gwen says so."

"Oh, dear! my trial just now is that Jim is gone," put in Minnie Selby at that moment. "I had always a feud with that boy when he was here—he was so mischievous. But now I feel I wronged the youth; I did not appreciate his rare faculty for keeping us alive, and also for running errands. As the poet says, 'We never praise the snowdrops till the lovely flowers are fled.'"

Minnie adroitly tipped herself backwards into a hammock which was swinging between two sturdy apple-trees, in a way which told of long practice and careful training in the difficult art of gracefully entering one of these luxurious lounges.

"Fancy comparing the dusky Jim to a snowdrop!" laughed Ruth. "But why do you want him, just now?"

"Oh, it is the salad, you know. I hate asking Green to cut me lettuces and things; he is always so surly to me since I dug up the artichokes to see if they were growing; but Jim always got me anything I wanted with the sweetest smile."

"We are going to have a cold collation to-day, then, are we?" asked Rosie.

"Yes," said Minnie, "and you may be thankful I suggested it this hot day; you might have been left to the mercy of some unimaginative soul like Ruth, for instance, and have been made to live upon hot soup and roast beef, whereas you are going to have a supper of—let me see, where is my menu? Oh, here!—well, fish salad; that is, if I ever succeed in getting the things for it."

"What do you mean, Minnie? I thought salad was lettuce and beetroot, and all that," chimed in the piping voice of a junior.

"Oh, hearken to that little innocent! I'll teach you better than that. You can have any and every sort of salad; but this one is an invention of my own, and if somebody will kindly pour me, or tip me, or roll me out of this net, I will just inform the company how it is done."

Having succeeded in alighting upon her feet, Minnie proceeded to expatiate on her last new salad.

"This dish, my dears, is a very indigestible one. I wish especially to impress this fact upon your minds, because there is unfortunately only a small quantity of it; so I hope most of you will make a point of not taking any. Well, you may perchance remember that we had fish for dinner yesterday, and that there was some left. Now that has to be cut up into elegant little pieces, with the addition of as much of a lobster as you think proper."

"My dear Minnie, where are you going to get your lobster from?"

"Ruth, I wonder at you betraying the secrets of our craft in that way. You compel me to confess that I get it out of a tin in the store-room. Then you mix them all up together with all the usual ingredients for a salad—which I need not enumerate—pour the salad mixture over all, and behold your fish salad. Then we are going to have a chicken mayonnaise, which in plain language means cold remains of fowl, with sauce over it."

"Do tell how you make mayonnaise," put in Rosie. "Miss Down is certain to ask me; she always does ask me things I don't know."

"My dear Rosie, your praiseworthy thirst for knowledge compels me to divulge another secret. The fact is, I found some cream this morning in the very act of turning sour. I was just going to weep over it, when Ruth murmured in my ear that it would do for mayonnaise, and nobody would be any the wiser. Honesty compels me to add that I had no idea how to make it, so I meekly followed Ruth's directions, which were to put the yolk of one egg into a bowl with a little white pepper and salt and about a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard. Then I got a quarter of a pint of salad oil——"

"You might have put more oil if you had wished, but you said you only wanted to make a small quantity."

"I was just about to observe, when I was so rudely interrupted," continued Minnie, in a severe tone, "that Ruth insisted upon my adding the oil one drop at a time, which I considered an absurd and unnecessary trouble; but as she assured me it would not be smooth otherwise, I did as I was told, and stirred it vigorously with a wooden spoon, which accounts for my present state of exhaustion. When I had put in about half the oil, and had just got into the way of doing it easily, she interrupted me to put in a little vinegar, plain and Tarragon mixed; then I had to go on with the oil, and then vinegar, until I had put in about two tablespoonfuls. By that time I was so exhausted that Ruth had to do the rest; but it was very easy; I had done all the difficult part; she had only to whip up a teacupful of cream and mix it up with the other things; and then the chicken will have to be arranged on a dish, and the sauce poured over, and it is done."

"He almost wished he could be picking
An unsophisticated chicken,"

sang one of the girls. "No offence intended, Minnie, but sauce made of sour cream sounds so nasty that it reminds me of my favourite poem."

"I must say," chimed in Ruth, laughing, "Minnie's *grand dishes* reminded me of Hannah More too; in fact, I was just going to quote from the same poem—

'Twas all so foreign and so fine,
'Twas easier to admire than dine.'

But I am responsible for the mayonnaise, Rosie, and I know it does not matter at all the cream being a little turned; it was not really sour. And the beauty of mayonnaise is that you can use up cold remains of almost anything, and make quite a handsome dish of it. But go on, Minnie, we are very much edified by your remarks, and we will take the edge off our appetites with something substantial before supper."

"I consider the remarks of the company to be distinctly impertinent," replied Minnie, in a would-be indignant tone; "but to show what a forgiving spirit I have, I will add that I have made you a junket."

"Oh, how do you make that, Minnie?" asked the inquiring junior again. "I have tasted that in Devonshire, but they told me the milk grew like that in the south."

"Oh, you baby!" cried Minnie, when the laughter of the others had subsided. "You get two teaspoonfuls of rennet, of which you have previously purchased a bottle at the chemist's, and you put it in the bottom of a glass dish which will hold about a pint, or rather more. But first you warm a pint of milk—it is not to boil on any account, remember, baby, but to get well warm; then pour it very slowly into the dish on to the rennet, stirring slowly and solemnly all the time, and go on stirring till it begins to set. Probably you will think it is not going to set at all, and will begin to add more rennet, and just at that instant it always begins to set. So the moral is 'have patience;' but if it really won't set you must add a drop or two more rennet."

"And then?"

"Oh then, that's all. Grate some nutmeg on the top, and most people like sugar also. But now I am not going to give you any more gratis cooking lessons, or you will get the marks for my work. I must go and cull 'the lively lettuce and the costly cress,' or you will get no supper to-night."

Narcissa's foreign experiences were brought into constant use. With some difficulty she persuaded the household to try the favourite German dish, sour milk. The preparation of this dish simply consists in putting milk out in pans for a week or more, according to the state of the weather, till it had first turned sour, and then become solid, like junket, when it is eaten with sugar. In this hot weather the idea of it was agreeable, and by degrees the girls began to think it a very cool and pleasant dish. To be eaten in the correct German way, it should have rye-bread crumbled over it; but as this is generally unattainable in England, the girls tried the nearest they could get to it—brown bread, but most of them preferred the dish with only sugar added.

Their meals at this time always included some dishes prepared from milk in various ways. There were the endless varieties of blancmanges and corn-flour moulds; some with small pieces, like dice, of preserved ginger in them; others with fresh strawberries or stoned cherries. Others, again, were made with half the usual quantity of corn-flour, and the remainder of sticks of chocolate, scraped and mixed smoothly with the corn-flour. Another favourite blancmange was made with a teacupful of arrowroot; twelve sweet almonds, chopped small, were boiled in a pint of milk, sweetened; six bitter almonds were boiled in it also, but in a muslin bag, so that they could be taken out when boiled. The hot milk was then poured slowly upon the arrowroot and mixed as smooth as possible, then poured back into the pan and boiled a few minutes, stirring all the while, and afterwards turned into a mould as usual. A substitute for custard or cream, for eating with fruit, was sometimes made of corn-flour. It was prepared, flavoured, and sweetened as for a mould, but with only half the quantity of corn-flour, so that after boiling it was still quite thin. When cold this was beaten up with an egg-whisk till quite light. If it had set too firmly to beat easily, a little cold milk was added. Sometimes, if other dishes had been prepared which required the yolks of eggs, the girls would whisk up the whites to a snow, and pile it on the beaten-up corn-flour, which made a very pretty dish.

(*To be continued.*)

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

A KINDRED FACE.

"I ASKED you that question," said Mr. William Thomson, "because the very moment that I met you driving with the Stewarts to Balacluva, your face seemed familiar to me; it is so like that of somebody whom I first met on a great estancia near Buenos Ayres. I never saw a more striking resemblance, but since you say you have no relatives abroad, of course it must be a mere coincidence."

May Castle's heart beat fast. Could it be possible that some kindred face thus loomed before her in this strange unexpected way? Suddenly herself and her past history and her present surroundings, the boat rocking up and down on the blue sea, the jagged picturesque rocks they were passing, the form of Mr. Thomson beside her, and the voices of Margaret and the minister behind, all lost reality and seemed changed into the phantasmagoria of a nightmare, among which she could scarcely breathe, still less think or speak. She felt like a drowning creature, who, just ere it loses consciousness, sees a floating rope which it has no longer strength nor sense to grasp. With a strong effort of will she threw off that horrible spell, partly physical, partly mental, and partly moral, under which the opportunities of so many lives pass away.

"Mr. Thomson," she said, in a low voice, "I should like you to tell me more about this person. I know of no relatives abroad, but I know I must have relatives somewhere, whom I do not know."

The young man recognised the flutter of strong emotion in the girl's voice, and though he could not imagine what caused it, with the fine tact of a sensitive nature he gave her time to recover herself, by seeming to have no extraordinary interest in the matter.

"I expect that is true of most of us," he said, "in such a wandering people as we British are. When I was once camping out in the Rocky Mountains, with a certain comrade thrown in my way by chance, on our getting into dreamy confidences over the camp fire, we presently discovered that we were connections by marriage, and had a family of cousins in common. But I must tell you all I can about my friend of the South American estancia. Only see, we have to land in that little bay, and as we are now so near, I had better not begin my story till I am likely to get it finished without interruption."

And then he pulled lustily at his oars. By the time the boat scraped upon the shingle, May was quite calm again, and could have even smiled at the strong storm of feeling which had swept over her.

Landing, they found themselves in a wild and lonely scene. Even on that calm and lovely day one's first thought was, "What must this coast be in winter

"EXTENDING HIS HAND FOR HER HELP."

time, when the tremendous power of the great Atlantic breaks full upon it?" High and rugged cliffs were piled along the shore with a weird regularity of form and position which easily roused the quaint fancy that they might well be the handiwork of some race of prehistoric giants. Two or three such great rocks suddenly rising far out at sea, their gloomy black bulks crowned with a summit of sunny green grass, seemed like the advanced sentinels of this island fortress, while farther out still lay a lovely little scrap of verdant land, which Mr. Thomson told May was alternately an island or a peninsula, according as the tide elevates or depresses a bar of sand between it and the mainland.

By Margaret Stewart's desire they had landed at that side of the little hoe farthest from the pirate's grave, because she wished May to take advantage of the clear morning hours to climb a steep hill rising from that shore, from the top of which she could command a view of all the Shetland Isles. It was an undertaking which required considerable strength and energy, and Margaret had arranged that May should make it under the care and guidance of William Thomson, while she herself would remain below with the elderly minister. The old gentleman gallantly repudiated this sacrifice; he would do his best to scramble up, he said, or he would contentedly remain alone below.

Mr. Thomson and May also protested against any such division of the little party; but Margaret was obdurate. "I have often seen that view before," she protested, though feeling well enough that this was no reason for not wishing to see it again, since beauty grown familiar is the dearest beauty of all. Nor could she silence a sad doubt in her heart. "Perhaps I shall never have a chance for seeing it again; or even so, will it look quite the same to the penniless child of an evicted father as it did to the daughter of the Stewarts of Balacluva?" And then another detail of possible woe struck her heart. If this story were true, her father and his family would lose their very name, and she would be no longer Margaret Stewart of the brave old legend "Aye speyk truth," but only Margaret Leask, of a house whose emblem was but an heraldic cat, and whose motto was "Subtlety is strength."

"I think I might easily have been a different woman had I grown up under that influence," she thought within herself. "But it ought not to matter now; it must not matter. Knowing the good, it must be henceforth mine, though its maxims and inspirations may sometimes call to my face the blush of family shame rather than the glow of family pride."

Margaret fixed her intention to remain below by declaring that it was her great wish to visit the fishing station, which was the only visible sign of human life. She was sure to find there some old humble friends from remote districts, and she reminded the minister of Sandy So-and-so and of Peter Such-an-one, whom they might reasonably expect to meet there. No choice remained for William Thomson and May but to take the upward path she pointed out to them.

The young man let his companion scramble on for some moments in silence, only now and then extending his hand for her help. But at last he said—

"Now I must tell you about my friend in South America, of whom your face reminded me. He was one of those men whom one does not meet every day, and whom, having met, one never forgets. Not because he was a good man, though he was one, and one of the truest friends I ever had—but not all good people leave a strong impression behind them. He was one of those one feels has had a history."

"Did you ever hear it?" faltered May.

William Thomson paused slightly.

"No," he said. "I think I might if I had wished. But I never felt I wanted to hear it. When one gets a piece of

true gold, why should one wish to hear what dross clung about it before it was passed through the cleansing fires?"

"He was called Charles Hunter," Mr. Thomson went on presently. He uttered this half-interrogatively, as if he thought the name might stir some family memory in the girl to whom he spoke. But May kept silence, still shrinking from making the confidence which she felt would be soon inevitable. So Mr. Thomson went on. "I scarcely expected you to know that name, even if he proved a relative, for I know it was not his own name, and I daresay none of his own people had ever heard it. To give up his own good name, he said, was part of his life punishment. He would, at least, do to himself in that matter what he had done to others. So he said. I never quite understood what that meant. But you cannot think what a man he was, Miss Castle. Whatever ought to be done, he did it: whatever ought to be said, he said it."

"You say what a man he was," said May, in a low voice. "Where is he now?"

"He is dead," replied William Thomson. "He died in one of those epidemics of yellow fever which occur from time to time in the ill-drained South American towns. He did not die of the fever: he worked with superhuman zeal and courage among the sick, and died himself of what seemed but sheer exhaustion, just as the disease was fading out. He and I had talked over everything under the sun—I might say over everything in the universe. He was a priceless friend for a lad to meet at that time of his life, when good old household habits are apt to be allowed to wither unless he is made to trace their roots down to deep and broad principles. As I said, Mr. Hunter never told me any detail of his past life, yet he never seemed to court concealment; for, after his most solemn warnings — warnings framed on the old Mosaic model, 'I set before you a blessing and a curse'—he always added, 'About these matters I do not say "I think," or "I believe," or "I fear;" I can say simply "I know."' Once he said that he had done more folly and evil in the first twenty years of his life than he could possibly do of good during the remainder. And once he said to me, 'The being against whom I sinned most bitterly is one I never saw, and never shall see on earth, and my strongest personal hope concerning the next life is, that we may meet there, and that I may discover that other hands have somehow unravelled the tangle I made, and which at last was snatched from my grasp.' Have you ever heard any family history of prodigal cousin or scapegrace uncle, whose facts would fit in with my friend's autobiographical fragments? For the likeness between you is wonderful. It is no mere fleeting resemblance—an illusion—a trick of the eye. It ever grows as your face grows more familiar to me. You were like him in repose; you are still more like him now his story has stirred your feelings as its memory always stirred himself. I never saw a stronger likeness between even a father and a daughter."

William Thomson said that to express the strength of his impression, never dreaming it possible that his chance phrase could touch the very quick of the girl's life.

She lifted her eyes to his face; they were brimful of tears, though the force of resolute habit checked their overflow.

"I said I knew of no relatives abroad," she faltered. "That is true—because I know of no relatives anywhere. I am a foundling, and nobody was able to discover who had deserted me."

They climbed on, side by side, in silence for some minutes.

"I shall never be able to think of you except as belonging to Charles Hunter," said William Thomson, in a quiet even voice; "and Charles Hunter was the best friend I ever had. Whatever I am, or become, is due to him. He took the wreck of his own life, and built it into a beacon to warn others off the rocks whereon he had split."

They had reached the top of the hill, and were standing under the shadow of a rude old watch tower, built of unhewn stone, piled into rough symmetry without the aid of cement. Before them stretched a wild panorama of sea and land, hill and island. They stood there and gazed in silence. May's nature was stirred to its deepest depth. Oh, how far away seemed the bleak fields of Fowlis, and the bitter thoughts and petty pains which had corroded her heart in the dull days there! A line from some minor poet ran in May's mind—

"The mountain-top feeling of generous souls."

For the first time she felt exactly what that means, and how different any fact of life looks, according as it is surveyed from the swamps of a mean disheartenment, or from the heights of a noble emotion. And she felt, too, that just as we cannot remain on the mountain-tops, but must go back to our daily labours in shady valley or darksome street, yet can take their memory with us, and live the healthier and the happier for having been on them and for knowing they are there; so, though the soul cannot keep ever at its highest pitch, but must adapt its heroic measures to the common language of men, still it may keep open the way to the spiritual heights, and keep its thoughts, like the angels in Jacob's dream, ever ascending and descending. May might still feel pangs of loneliness, she might still feel a starting blush at her very name; but if it might be—if it could be—that one of those who had sinned against her infant helplessness had repented as this Charles Hunter had done—had wailed like him, that his sorest sin had been against one he had never seen—then what a grand future that would be in which she could meet such a one and say, "God saved me from you, and even from myself. God has forgiven you, and I have nothing to forgive."

The words of Margaret Stewart, spoken in the "Ladye's Tower" at Fowlis Castle, had first awakened this sacred and dutiful ambition in her heart. The story of Charles Hunter had somehow given a human face and a human voice to the inspiring vision.

It was time to go down. May took one long, last look around, for the descent was so steep that, while they made it, they would have little attention to spare from their steps.

"I shall never forget this scene or this day," she said, with frank simplicity.

William Thomson bent down. He had noticed a little Alpine flower growing in a cleft of the rock. He gathered its blossoms carefully, and put them into May's hand.

"For my best friend's sake," he whispered. "You are so like him that I feel as if Charles Hunter himself was with me to-day."

May took the flowers, and, drawing a little Testament from her pocket, she laid them away between its leaves. They did not speak again till they were walking along the level shore towards the pirate's grave. There was no time for lingering. Margaret Stewart and the minister, having paid their visit to the fishing station, had now gone back to the boat to wait for the others, that they might resume their homeward journey.

"The natives still fancy," said William Thomson, as the little boat pushed away, while they looked back at the dreary scene of the pirate's dismal end, "that the ghost of Yacob Stays still haunts the place where he met his cruel yet not quite unmerited fate."

May shuddered. "How chill and gloomy it is in the shadows of these rocks," she said. "These are the conditions in which superstitions lurk. One does not hear much of ghosts on mountain tops."

"No, only of angels and of the glorified spirits of good men," observed the minister. "The very Apostles saw Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration; but they found the poor demon-hunted boy when they came down."

"And demons enough there will be in the ways of human life, so long as human life is what it is," said William Thomson—"demons of loss and change, of sin and cruelty, of pain and death."

"But if we have faith as a grain of mustard-seed," said Margaret Stewart, "we shall be able to cast out their terrors, like the Master did. They are only our Father's servants, after all."

Yet her face looked white and wan in the evening light; for she thought within herself, "The terror of some of the weakest among them is seizing my heart for the first time; and then is even the little strength I have the strength of faith in God, or but a mere clinging to my parents' protection and to Fowlis' love?"

None of them talked much during the voyage back to Balacluva, for the wind was freshening, and the rowers needed all their strength. At last, as they turned a sharp corner and came in sight of their destination, Margaret half rose up with a low exclamation—

"What has brought Barby to the water's edge in the cool evening air?" (Barby was an old and rheumatic re-

tainer at Balacluva.) "And the doctor, too! There must surely have been an accident!"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

"LOCHABER NO MORE!"

AN interesting example of the effect of the famous Scottish air, "Lochaber no more," is given by Robert Nicoll:—

"During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled them to lead, had resolved to settle and remain in South America.

"When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent he placed him by his side and sang him 'Lochaber no more!'

"The spell was on him, the tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, 'Lochaber nae mair! I maun gae back—Na!' The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where at the close of a life of toil and hardship he might lay his head in his mother's grave."

MUCH TOO POLITE.—Beware of the over-polite people. It was not a good sign when the fox walked into the hen-roost, and said, "Good-morning to you all, my very dear friends."

SUNDAYS AND WEEKDAYS.

Measure not men by Sundays without regarding what they do all the week after.

Fuller.

The appearance of religion only on Sundays proves that it is only an appearance.

I. Adam.

RAPID FLIGHT.

The flight of the common swallow has been computed at ninety miles, and that of the swift at nearly one hundred and eighty miles per hour. We can scarcely, indeed, calculate or limit the speed which can be produced by the effort of a wing's vibration. Truly may country people in many parts of England designate the

Martin and the swallow
God Almighty's bow and arrow.

Bishop Stanley.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.—*Shakespeare.*

KNIGHTING THE SIRLOIN.—It is said—but the truth of the story we do not guarantee—that the sirloin derived its name from having been knighted by an English king in a fit of good humour. "Pray, why is it called sirloin?" says Swift. "Why, you must know that our King James I., who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and, in a frolic, knighted it."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Three gallant Seamen, one near home was drown'd.
The next, a glorious death in vict'ry found.
The third escap'd both fates and was with honours crown'd.

1. An Office, formerly of high and grave intent,
   Now lightly undertaken as a compliment.
2. A King in Sicily, who measured strength with Rome,
   But by her mighty legions he was overcome.
3. A Virtue in our Books, our wine, our friends, our home,
   And what we hope ourselves may all, some day, become.
4. When narratives are told, they may be false or true;
   And Mine is good till we Another have from you.
5. Whether the strain be grave or gay, or short or long,
   This will be found the closing of a classic song.
6. A fam'd commercial Irish Town, in days of yore,
   An eight-months' siege, with fierce assaults, it firmly bore.

XIMENA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

INCONNU.—The Higher Local Examination at Cambridge is held in June. It is for "women" over eighteen.

CARA.—The old method is still taught in good schools. Do not trouble yourself about it; try and forget it.

MARGARET.—1. The real meaning of "rococo" is unknown. The term is applied to the florid ornamentation which prevailed, especially in France, at the close of the eighteenth century. As generally used, it is applied to what is *outré* or fantastic in decorative art. 2. We never heard that it was composed in that manner. It is generally considered that the sound of hammers on the anvil suggested to Handel the musical composition to which you allude, "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

A. V. M.—You will have to look for an advertisement in the *Times*, or else find what you require through an agency for foreign governesses. We are gratified by your opinion of our paper.

S. BONIFACE.—We think that the examinations of the College of Preceptors would prove more suitable to your requirements than those you propose. Your handwriting is not formed; it is that of a child of ten or twelve. You should learn to write and spell well before attempting the duties of a teacher.

WAR TRUMPET.—You had better procure a "key." We do not undertake to teach girls arithmetic!

FIRENZE.—With reference to Italian literature, you may read Manzoni's celebrated "I Promessi Sposi," Silvio Pellico's "Le mie Prigioni," Soave's "Novelli Morali," and Olivieri's "Select Italian Stories," with notes and glossary.

ASPHODEL.—1. You are not "accomplished in the art of letter-writing," as the composition is not grammatical, and you have made two mistakes in spelling. 2. The word "orchid" is pronounced as "or-kid."

WORK.

WEEDS.—There is a shilling manual on "Counterpanes, and How to Knit Them" to be found in all fancy work shops.

ANNIE LAURIE.—The spots would perhaps be improved by steaming the plush.

EGBERT.—You spell "macramé" with two a's.

PENNY WHISTLE.—No introduction is needed. Take some of your best work and carry it round yourself to the fancy shops. Personal exertion and determination is all that is needful.

BRUNETTE.—Brown, dark green, or claret are, any of them, good colours for the dress of a schoolgirl. Consult our dress articles for the style.

TOTS.—You must stretch the material on which you work the backs and seats of the folding chairs on something stronger, such as a stout canvas or linen ticking. You can choose any material when you do this, such as satin, velvet, or plush, or the Utrecht velvet you have on the other furniture. It is quite correct to have all your chairs different in the drawing-room; a set of furniture is rarely seen now.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We think the value of the system will depend much on the person who learns it. Personal instructions are the best, of course.

MY FANCY DUCKLING.—You should give the worked slippers as they are, without being made-up. You do not know the proper size, of course.

WHITE ROSE.—If you be very young you must have patience, and your wages will rise. You spell well, but your writing needs much improvement, and that may prevent your getting on. We could not say whether the advertisement be a *bonâ fide* one. Why not send the stamped envelope and see? The work is very much in fashion at present, and, we are told, meets with a good sale. The 15th April, 1876, was a Saturday.

MOLLY.—The making of silk and cotton flowers is a trade which requires to be learnt. Stiffening is used, as well as certain suitable tools and instruments.

GRACE B. and TRUTH B.—You had better select a green, rather than a grey, dress for spring and early summer. "G. B's" hand is the most regular and formed, but every "m" and "n" is made like a "u," and the writing wants grace and sloping from right to left.

ANXIOUS ONE.—There is no regular fixed price for modern homemade "point lace." Its value is simply what you can get for it.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—We cannot give a recipe for the *nettoyage à sec*, as the process is a secret confined to cleaners, and besides that, being a chemical one, it could not be performed in a private house.

MILLAY.—To take black spots out of silver spoons, steep them in soap and water, and leave them in it for four hours; then cover them with whitening wet with vinegar, and let this dry on them. After some hours rub off the whitening, and rub well with dry bran. 2. The decoration on the shoulder worn by certain Bluecoat School boys is a distinguishing mark having reference to their standing and position in that school. Your handwriting is not yet formed. It needs more regularity and delicacy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILY NETOT.—Perhaps the bird's cage is infested with insects, and they soon attack the birds. Look to this. A pinch of maw or poppy seed should be given, and a rusty nail or some shreds of saffron should be put into the water when the bird moults. Perhaps it has not had enough green food, which should be given three times a week at least—chickweed, groundsel, lettuce, and a scrap of mignonette. Your bird's case seems a bad one, and you should show it to some bird-fancier or seller.

E. L. A.—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is sent out from our publishing office to any part of the world, on application to Mr. Tarn. He will give you all information as to cost.

UNCLE'S LOVE.—By God's grace, sought for in prayer, with an earnest and honest resolution to make a never-ceasing effort on your own part, a temper, however disagreeable, cross, violent, sulky, or hasty, may be perfectly cured. You ought to have been cured of it by judicious treatment, commencing from the time you were two years old! You needed punishment, and it would have saved you much self-discipline now, and others continual annoyance.

BAD TEMPER.—1. Read what we have said to "Mona." 2. Ask someone to be so good as to waken you in the morning, and then at once get up. There is no scientific process requisite to be applied to lifting you out of bed. Never indulge yourself by turning round when called. Get out; that is all. Some children are so sleepy, or lazy, that all the bedclothes have to be removed from off them to make them rise at once.

A. M. J.—We cannot give such addresses. Inquire at any surgical instrument maker's.

W. B. MEREDITH.—You are quite right as to the figures you give. We are glad to find "our girls'" paper appreciated by "our boys," and that the "Answers to Correspondents" is such an attraction. Your handwriting is good for a man.

AN EXILE (Tamboff).—For the stings of gnats and mosquitoes the application of sal-ammoniac, we are told by some, is admirable. You should sponge with, or dip your hand into vinegar and water, as they do not like it. The application of sweet oil to the bites is likewise very beneficial. We rejoice to hear of the satisfaction with which our papers meet among foreigners as well as the English readers, and thank you for your kind expressions.

ALVIRA.—1. The chapter in St. Matthew to which you refer speaks of two very different events—in one part of the taking of Jerusalem, and in the other of the Second Advent. It seems likely some intermediate portion of our Lord's address was not recorded, or else was lost, so that the two events appear to be confounded. 2. We do not give private addresses. We thank you for your well-intended good wishes; but we trust that we and "all our staff" will not be "speared," as none of us anticipate an excursion in either the Soudan or Zululand.

SOLITUDE.—We should not advise you to make your mourning deeper now on any account; it would look absurd. Mourning is not as heavy as it was, and now for the first time we have a Court mourning ordered without crape. In making an alteration in your dress for the summer, instead of making a change, remain in the same degree (of depth of crape) you now wear. You will, of course, leave it off entirely in September.

TODDLES should consult our indexes, and she would find plenty of recipes for cleaning ivory.

SNOWDROP wants to know whether "Florence Nightingale and Madame Lind-Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) are one and the same person"! Is this meant for a joke? or have you been asleep from the time you were in longclothes? As to the political views originally held by the present Premier, he first sat as a Conservative, and everyone knows what he is now.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Do not forget the promise, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out;" and, "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him." Do not look on your Heavenly Father as an enemy, nor forget that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Continue to pray, rest your whole hope on your Saviour's death and merits, and a feeling of peace will come by degrees, which is unlikely to come at once. Confess your unworthiness, and endeavour to please God by showing an example of patience under your sickness.

DAYLIGHT.—The last of the "honour men" (of the Junior Optimës) in the Cambridge University are called wooden spoons; sometimes more than one are bracketed together, and the group is called the "spoon bracket." The origin dates back to the time when a gold or silver spoon was presented in lieu of a medal to honour-men, and these "last men" received a wooden one. Your handwriting is legible and fairly good, but not artistic and graceful.

VALENTINE.—See our answer to "Lily of the Valley." Many Christians have a constitutional fear of death. 2. You seem to have a glandular swelling, and it might do you good to take cod-liver oil, and to paint the swelling with iodine.

F. B. B.—The motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," "Evil (or shame) to him who evil thinks," was said to have been the indignant remonstrance of Edward III. when he saw a smile on the faces of some guests when the beautiful Countess of Salisbury dropped the blue ribbon that formed her garter. Tradition says that he tied it round his own knee, adding, "I will make the proudest noble in the land to think it an honour to wear this band," and he then instituted the "Order of the Garter."

SIXTEEN.—We are very sorry for your trouble. It is a pity that you forgot yourself, although so much provoked. You had better speak to your stepfather about your sister going out alone in the evening, and ask him to send her to a boarding school. If necessary for her to earn her own living, he might place her in some house of business. But it should be done at once, or your sister may get into mischief beyond the power of your stepfather to recover her. If you have an uncle, the two gentlemen might consult and agree together as to where to take her.

MINSTREL, MONA'S ISLE, and KERRY.—Many thanks; they arrived quite safely. Clytemnestra was the wife of Agamemnon, King of Argos. He went to the Trojan War, and when he returned she murdered him, as well as Cassandra, and would have murdered her son Orestes if he had not fled. Clytemnestra then married Ægisthus, and after seven years of absence Orestes returned and murdered them both to avenge the murder of his father, Agamemnon. In this he was assisted by his friend, Pylades, with whom he had been brought up at his uncle's court. The Greek tragedies are very grand in poetry, but the subjects are often repulsive.

ESAU.—Any contributions to the Girl's Own Home, however small, may be sent by post office order or note. When your health improves, your hair will most likely improve also.

A MAORI.—You will require two warm dresses, a serge and a cashmere, and two cotton ones, for your voyage to New Zealand, at least; and a broad-brimmed hat, with two or three *puggarees*, or scarfs of white muslin, to tie round it to protect both the neck and head. Plenty of cheap lace and frilling should be taken instead of collars, also.

ECILA.—We are glad to hear that you were so pleased with your prize, and think you intend using it very wisely.

PERPLEXED ONE.—It is "penny wise and pound foolish" not to go to a dentist when you require one. It is better to go without a new dress, and as it happens to be your front teeth, we do not advise you to delay.

A WOMAN OF TWENTY-EIGHT must apply to the various ship owners for the position of stewardess, and send references.

W. H.—The proper treatment of hysteria is to separate the patient for a time from her own family, or at least from her mother; lay a waterproof sheet on the floor, and on the first symptom of an attack lay her flat upon it, and pour a jug of cold water over her. Only a month ago a medical man of good position—and as kind a man as we ever knew—assured us that this was a certain remedy, if only employed in time. The will of the girl has more to do with the disease than people generally imagine; and it is wonderful to see how a fit may be at once prevented by making even the preparations prescribed. Perhaps some medical man would come in, and, with the aid of a respectable maid, might in this way bring her to her senses. But you must go out of the house, and rest satisfied that if the girl desist before the water touch her the doctor will not carry out the plan. One wetting, however, would probably suffice.

HYACINTH.—Read the articles now appearing on "Work for All." You had better ask your doctor. Flushing usually shows a disordered digestion.

ANNE MURRAY.—We should think, from your letter, that you were working too hard to attend to the proper hygienic rules of health. Exercise, bathing, and dress at your age all must be thought of, and you had better do less work until you attain the age of twenty, when you will be stronger, and your constitution become more formed.

BROIGHTER.—The application of mercurial ointment is said to destroy insects in wood. The best method of bleaching linen or calico is to lay it on the grass in the sun, and water it at intervals in the old-fashioned way.

SALERNO.—We do not think such an excursion would be safe unless you were accompanied by your father.

M. (Bloemhof).—The lines—

> "To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
> Makes up Life's tale to many a feeling heart,"

are by Coleridge.

AMBITION.—1. We must refer you to our indexes in reference to the care of the hair and all such personal matters. 2. The names you mention are surnames. "Grafton" is derived from a town, of which there are several, though unimportant. There is none so-called, that we are aware of, as regards the second.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.—1. The queries to be written after the names of the two persons are inscribed as to where they were, what they were doing, and the consequences to either or both. You might add how they looked and how dressed. 2. In substance, the story you tell is correct, but you omitted that a second condemned criminal was placed in a bed where a cholera patient had really died, but without being informed of the fact; and, more fortunate than his nervous companion, he escaped all infection, and his life was granted, after having unconsciously gone through the test.

SUNSHINE.—For your grateful letter, accept our thanks. We can only say to you, as we have to dozens of our girls, apply for index, title-page, and coloured picture to Mr. Tarn, who attends to the publishing department, with which an editor has nothing to do.

BESSIE.—The first mention of any Parliamentary security for a debt of the nation is dated in the time of Henry VI.; the present commenced in that of William III., 1689, the Government borrowing of the country at so much per cent. for their requirements, whether for the general benefit and service, or what the ruling party supposed would be so. In 1697 it amounted to about five millions, and in 1867 twenty-four millions of the debt were converted into terminable annuities. The paying off of this debt would throw the country (whose money was vested in the funds) into great difficulties, as it is so hard to find good and safe securities, bringing in an assured income to the lender; at the same time the interest, now fixed by Government at a reduced rate, is such as to make most people sell out whose money therein is not tied up in them by settlement. The "national debt" of France is next to ours in amount, and that of Italy follows in order, and Russia third. In 1882, March 31st, our own amounted to £762,832,684.

GUARDIAN.—The verses entitled "A Cry for Help," by G. Eva, aged twelve, do much credit to both her head and her heart, and give promise for the future.

WOULD-BE PHYSIOLOGIST.—We regret to say that we are unable to read your handwriting, as you do not make your letters as we or other English people form them.

LIGHT.—We regret that you have not repeated your former questions, as we have not the remotest idea what they were. Supposing, of course, that you want our opinion of your handwriting, we can at least have the pleasure of saying that it is a very pretty one.

GOLDFINCH will find the instructions for "Skeletonising Leaves" in the number for October 23rd, 1880, page 64, and the article at page 582, of vol. i., will be found in the monthly number for September 11th, 1880. The weekly numbers are not to be had, but the monthly ones can be had on application to Mr. Tarn.

ELSINO.—See our answer to the above. You must employ friction, and as the paper is so thin we have no recipe for you. The article about "Bible Reading and Marking," by Miss F. R. Havergal, will be found in the third volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

B. T. D.—We are much pleased to hear that you have so well succeeded in binding four such large volumes from the instructions we have given in the art; not having had any idea of how to accomplish it until you had read our articles. We fear you could not remove the stain of the iodine from the chintz, as it is a burning liquid. Wood could be scraped and repainted.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 238. JULY 19, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

BY RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW words will suffice to chronicle the events of the eighteen months which followed the return of the Penwardens to Treneweth. Geoffrey and his wife would have entered on their new duties and responsibilities in the quietest manner possible, but this did not accord with Miss Vivien's views.

She insisted that it was a fitting occasion for rejoicing, that the clouds had hung over the old place long enough, and that it was their present privilege to enjoy the sunshine, and let others do the like. So the tenants and neighbours were allowed to have their will, and give a very demonstrative

All rights reserved.]

"SHE LISTENED WITH A GLAD HEART."

welcome to the pair on their home-coming. Failing Penwardens, the Oakleys gathered in great force to receive them, and Geoffrey took care that in the homes of all who needed the aid of a kind hand there was substantial cause for rejoicing.

Hilda Cranswick and Robert Brooke were amongst the guests, and the young heiress received a welcome from the people about Silvermere only second to that given to the newly-married pair at Treneweth.

Then followed a scattering of the guests, and a settling down to work, with a solemn sense of the duties and responsibilities entailed by the possession of wealth. Day by day these duties were so performed by Geoffrey Penwarden and his wife, that if Miss Vivien could have asked those who knew and those who served her young cousins, she would have found their opinions in full accordance with her own. The universal verdict was "These are the best Penwardens that have owned Treneweth for many a year."

Robert Brooke and Allan Oakley did not stay to keep Christmas in England. Before that season came round they had completed their preparations, and were on their way to Australia, much missed by all at the Hey.

Jack and Janet were loud in their regrets at losing the friend who had so heartily entered into their pursuits, and begged him to finish up his work with all possible speed, and come back to England "for good."

"I shall come back as soon as I can, and, I hope, for good, in every sense," replied Mr. Brooke. But, while answering the twins, he looked at Hilda, as if he were speaking more to her than to them.

"He is sure to come. He always keeps his promises," said Jack, with a view of consoling Janet, and as the words reached Miss Cranswick's ears a brighter expression crossed the face which was looking sad and downcast.

Jack had more to say on the subject. He was a philosopher in his way, and found comfort even in the thought that, as Janet and he were now getting to an age when they would have more work and lessons and fewer holidays, there would, after all, have been less time for indulging in many of their favourite pursuits, and the enjoyment of their friend's society, had he remained in the neighbourhood.

"I am losing my favourite brother," said Hilda, as she bade farewell to Allan. And, as she dashed away the starting tears, she added, "When you are fairly settled down I shall propose a trip to Australia to pay you a visit in place of the oft-planned, never-to-be achieved Swiss tour."

But while every one tried to be cheerful, the parting was a sad one, and the household at the Hey was afterwards strangely quiet. It is natural for the young to go out into the world, but fathers, and perhaps still more, mothers, feel that when the links of the family chain are severed, and some carried away to so great a distance, they are hardly likely all to be joined again in this world.

It was a comfort to see Frank so often, and, knowing the blank made by Allan's departure, he and his fair young wife came the more frequently to try and fill up the gaps in the home circle.

The girls, too, tried to be more than usually tender and thoughtful, and, by degrees, the mother began to smile, and look forward hopefully for news from Allan.

The first cheery letter which came was addressed to Mrs. Oakley; but gathering tears would not let her read it. But she listened with a glad heart, and while the younger folk laughed over Allan's racy account of the voyage and the eccentricities of some of his fellow-passengers, Mrs. Oakley stole away to thank God for the safe arrival of her son.

Letters came by every mail after that, and it was remarked that whilst Mr. Brooke's were full of Allan's doings and his own pleasure at having such an associate, Allan's were no less occupied with the many excellences of his friend. He wrote enthusiastically of his work, surroundings, and prospects, and the hearts of those at home were set at rest on his account.

There was frequent intercourse between Treneweth and the Hey, the young people going, one or two at a time, to visit Aunt Lydia and Uncle Geoff, as they had learned to call Mr. Penwarden.

The day came, too, when Geoffrey, having looked upon the face of his first-born, opened Miss Vivien's little packet and found only a few words. What these were may be guessed from the message which the telegraph carried within an hour afterwards to the old lady in her Cornish home.

"Our baby boy, Philip Vivien Penwarden, is an hour old. All well. Letter to follow."

So Miss Vivien's wish was fulfilled, and the names of the two whose lives were to have been spent together were coupled in the person of Cousin Geoffrey's first-born child.

There was also yet another new arrival at Uncle Maurice's, but the father was strong and well, business prospering under his steady oversight, and Treneweth was a delightful place for small Oakleys from Sheffield to overflow into. Aunt Lydia might not be able to go to them, so they went to her and revelled in country pleasures under her gentle guardianship.

At Brinnington, Gladys and Dorothy continued their usual work, but they had now a companion and hearty helper in Hilda, who had succeeded in conquering her old antipathy to little "common" children. From the day of that terrible scene, when the angry mother, Susan Barton, loaded her with reproaches for having applied the expression to her little one, Miss Cranswick was never known to use it in the same sense. By degrees she won her way into the homes and hearts of the poor, hard-worked people in her neighbourhood. Then it became hard to choose which was the most welcome guest in the Brinnington cottages—sunny Gladys, gentle Dorothy, or Hilda, who carried with her into every place, not only substantial help, but bright spirits and cheery words.

Hilda was not likely to throw off her old reckless manner, or wholly to hide away her wit as a keen blade is sheathed and put out of reach. On the contrary, some racy expression would be the means of carrying home a lesson or effecting a domestic reform in a place where Gladys and Dorothy had failed. Perhaps Hilda's most notable triumph was achieved when she won over Susan Barton. How she pacified her no one could tell, for Hilda went alone to the cottage, and there were no witnesses of that first interview. Only money had no share in Hilda's success.

"I would not have affronted her by the offer of a penny, for the world," she said, when telling her cousins that Susan and she had made friends. "I had touched her in the tenderest part—a mother's love—and money cannot buy a salve to heal such a wound, or a plaster to cover it. But we are friends, for all that," said Hilda, with a little triumphant glance at her cousins; and they were too glad of the knowledge to care very much about the details as to how the reconciliation had been effected.

It should be told that Cousin Vivien actually held her baby namesake in her arms and presented him at his christening. Geoffrey and Lydia proposed a journey to Cornwall for this occasion, but Miss Penwarden would not hear of it, and wrote accordingly.

"It is not good for so young a child to travel such a distance. We must take care of Philip Vivien, whom I am eager to see. So, my dears, as the old proverb has it, since the 'Mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain.' And, truly, I should as soon have thought of St. Michael's Mount moving from its place and journeying northward, as of my planning to travel by rail to Treneweth, which I now purpose doing. A neighbour of mine, older than I am, lately took as long a journey, and returned in safety, even better in health than when she set out, as well as brighter in spirits. So, Cousin Geoffrey, I have come to the conclusion that it is my old-fashioned prejudices rather than my years which have kept me wholly at home, and that you must fetch me to pay you a visit at Treneweth, and be present at your boy's christening."

This Geoffrey did with all possible promptitude, and by the time Miss Vivien's month at Treneweth was over, her cousins, her infant namesake, and his personal attendant were able to return with her to Cornwall. It need only be added that, happily, Philip Vivien Penwarden was too young to comprehend all the praise that was lavished upon him by the old lady and her serving maidens, or his character for modesty would have been hopelessly ruined.

When Robert Brooke left England he spoke of returning in eighteen months, or two years at the latest. The former period had come and gone, and yet

there was no message to say when his arrival might be looked for. It was taken for granted that he would come to the Hey first of all, especially if Allan did not accompany him. This was scarcely likely, since all his letters told of increasing professional work, and a daily growing interest in it. He had also entered on certain business undertakings, impelled thereto by the shrewd advice of Robert Brooke, whose experience and ample means were cheerfully used to push the fortunes of his young friend.

So there seemed little chance of seeing Allan at Brinnington for years to come, but the next best thing would be to hear full details of his doings from Mr. Brooke.

While, however, waiting for a message, an unlooked-for cloud was gathering over Brinnington Works; and a second, only a little more distant, was nearing Silvermere.

The young Oakleys became conscious of frequent and serious conferences between their father and Frank, and an appearance of more than ordinary anxiety on each face.

Little business worries were never allowed to invade the brightness of the home circle at the Hey any more than petty domestic trials would have been carried to the works; but real anxieties were shared by all, and the divided burden was more easily borne.

Brinnington Works had known many years of almost uninterrupted prosperity, and the articles sent out from them enjoyed the highest repute. Consequently, when other firms began to complain of trade depression, that of the Oakleys remained unconscious of its existence, except through the complaints of outsiders—every department at Brinnington being kept fully at work.

Gradually, however, the tide of prosperity began to ebb a little, and, instead of being in a state of constant pressure for the fulfilment of contracts, there was a general slackening of work in every branch. Anxious to keep their workmen employed, Mr. Oakley and Frank used every effort to secure contracts, though to do this low prices had to be accepted.

It was a new experience for the famous Brinnington firm to be seeking orders and competing keenly for what had hitherto flowed in uninterruptedly and in almost too wide a stream.

When such seasons of depression come round, it would sometimes be a real gain for the masters were they to close their establishments and wait for the turn of the commercial tide; in other cases the balance hangs almost evenly between working and closing. The subject for consideration is not "What can be gained by pursuing a particular course"—for gain is impossible—but "shall we lose less by stopping than by carrying on our works?" Standing machinery gets out of order, and there are so many fixed expenses which cannot be reduced. Then, too, though work men and women are not always able to realise this, masters grieve at the thought of the strong hands that will be idle, of the feet that stepped so willingly to work driven to lounging at street corners, or tramping wearily from place to place in search of something to do; of wan-faced women, vainly waiting for wages on which depends the supply of bread for their children; of the gradual disappearance, first of the little household treasures in the shape of pictures and ornaments, and then of necessary furniture from the desolated homes—past experiences have made all these things familiar, and the masters' decision is almost certain to be in favour of working, for the sake of the hands, even though it may involve some loss to themselves.

There are many men now living who, if questioned on the subject, would each say, "Had I closed my factory when the bad times began, I should be a rich man to-day. I kept on for the sake of my workpeople, and have lost all by so doing."

Mr. Oakley and his son acted on this principle. Looking round amongst the hundreds of stalwart figures, many of whom had first gone to Brinnington Works as lads, and were now growing grey in their service, they resolved to do everything in their power to keep the men together.

Mr. Oakley spoke frankly to his workpeople on behalf of both, and carefully explained the position of affairs, and the efforts they had already made.

"And now, my men," said he, "we must try and pull together. I cannot keep all the hearths hot, for orders are difficult to get, and prices low. But you know that old saying, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread,' and I may give you work enough to keep your homes together, and save your families from want. I tell you honestly that it would be for our own benefit to stop entirely. Accumulated stock means our capital tied up, lying dead, and bringing in no interest or prospect of any. If we go on it will be for your sakes, not our own. At the same time, if any of you—even the oldest hands we have—can better yourselves by a change of place and employers, my son and I will not blame you for making it. Far from that, we shall say, 'God speed to you with all our hearts!'"

A moment's silence followed. Then there was a murmur of assent, and a look of relief on the faces of the men, followed by ringing cheers for the masters, old and young.

One man, acting as the representative of the rest, thanked Mr. Oakley in a few simple hearty words, and said they would "stick by Brinnington Works, and those that owned them, as long as there was a chance of getting the half loaf there, or even a bit less."

For some time after this explanation and resolution the men worked, on an average, four days a week, and, seeing the state of affairs all around them, they understood something of the self-devoting spirit shown by the Oakleys, and were thankful, whilst hoping for a favourable change.

But still the heavy stock accumulated, in spite of a further shortening of hours. The great warerooms became filled to repletion, and, of necessity, fire after fire was allowed to die out.

No need to tell the men why; they could see the reason for themselves. They knew that for their sakes their employers had changed their silver and gold into those vast piles of chains and other weighty articles of iron, so useful in one sense, yet now so useless to their owners, unless they could change them back again into current coin of the realm.

The men gathered in little groups during their too frequent idle hours, and looked sorrowfully at the results of their toil. So much made; so little carried away.

"They can't go on stocking for ever, and getting nothing back," said one.

"They've hundreds of thousands lying dead and useless in these works, and all they hold at this minute."

"They've made things worse for themselves, that it might be better for us. There's no fear of them being short of anything, because the mistress has money that is fastened on her and the children after her: and the same with Mr. Frank. Whatever wasn't tied came into the works when the young master got married."

Thus talked the men, as they discussed the present state of affairs, as well as probabilities and possibilities. It generally happens that the private concerns of masters are to some extent the subject of conversation amongst their workpeople, though these are not always correctly informed.

In this case the speakers were so. Nearly the whole available capital of the firm was sunk in the Brinnington Works, and the masters were now seriously considering whether, with all possible desire to carry them on, they would have the power to do so.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR MUSIC.

By CLARA ANGELA MACIRONE.

SEVENTH AND CONCLUDING LETTER.

SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF WOMAN.

"Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature. . . . . I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle! An admirable musician. Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention."—*Othello*, Act IV.

"Till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be—that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God."
Much Ado About Nothing.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I hope with this letter to finish a labour of love, which may no longer be allowed to withdraw me from the pressing duties of a very busy life; but I cannot without a few parting words take leave of the young readers whose interests have occupied my thoughts so pleasantly—perhaps, also, somewhat anxiously; for what Englishwoman can think without loving anxiety of the influences which mould the future of our young girls, who will be "ordered to the front" of the world's battle, and guard the colours of England, the purity and happiness of her hearths and homes when we are gone? I cannot but hope that as in cycles of years warm summers and rich harvests return, so also what we know of the music of our forbears, the grandmothers of the present generation may rise once more and become a bright reality to the dear children growing up now, and for whom we would fain make the world so peaceful and blessed.

But I must glance over the course of my slight remarks, to remind those who will have forgotten pages long since laid aside of what has been brought forward in them.

In my first letter the power and beneficence of the noble and divine art of music was shown by many examples in history, ancient and modern.

In my second I quoted opinions much more weighty than my own on the point that its power was as much, and even more, needed now than ever.

In my third letter I gave the experience of the head-masters of the greatest schools for boys in England, assembled at the Reading Conference, under Dr. Butler, of Harrow, upon the results of the organised and systematic culture of the highest music in their schools of Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Sherborne, Uppingham, etc., pointing out that Dr. Butler said he "could not speak too gratefully of what music had done for the school in the development of public spirit and the refinement of taste." The testimony of Mr. Thring, head-master of Uppingham, was equally strong. "Music has in no way hurt the main work of the school. It has reached with beneficent culture many who are reached in no other way. Nothing we do is so broad, deep, and effectual, taking the school boy by boy."

This and similar testimony, with no dissenting voice whatever, was the verdict of head-masters of the noblest schools in the world. In these schools the amount of culture given to music was considerable—school concerts (two or three in every term), sacred oratorios, weekly performances of classical chamber music by the best masters.

As specimens of the class of music performed:—The "Elijah," "St. Paul," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Acis and Galatea," Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" and "May Queen," etc., two movements from Beethoven's Symphony in C, excellently performed by the school orchestra, assisted by artists from London, etc.

This was the report of school work in music for boys, given by clergymen and men in authority of large and wide experience. Thus I reached at last the point on which I feel the greatest anxiety as a musician, and as one also to whom the future of our young girls is so dear. What is done for them? The answer reminded me of the curious definition of a mathematical point, a thing always rather difficult to grasp, as it has, they say, neither size, depth, nor existence, save in idea—just the definition of what is being done in organised and systematic culture of the finest music in girls' schools for general education. What *should* be done is quite another matter.

Then came the fourth letter, with its foreshadowing of the probable reply from the heads of girls' schools. Our girls have no leisure for such culture of music; "it is incompatible with the successful pursuit of the exact sciences we are expected to teach."

It was interesting upon that head to think over the lives of the great women whose names enrich our country; and by a peculiar irony of fate it turned out that they were, "not to a man, but to a woman," distinguished for their excellence in musical studies and in their love for the finest music. So that upon that point also still our banner flew on, and our great standard of English music, its rights and privileges, stood firm in the entrenchments of stern fact.

Then came in the fifth letter the discovery of an old book, out of print now, with the warm, glowing words of exhortation on this very point, on the foundation of the first college for the higher culture of women; and those two voices, so well known and loved, so keenly remembered by many of us, only lately silenced and gone, took up the battle when I had well-nigh ended, with a most earnest and loving admonition on this very point—the musical education of women of the better classes, and Dr. Hullah concluded his advice with a very grave warning that if thorough musical culture were not given as an essential part of woman's education, "our footmen and chambermaids would in a few years have a finer taste in music than their masters and mistresses."

Forty years have gone by since then, and I was able to quote in my sixth letter, again from much higher authority than my own, the fulfilment of this prophecy, as to the sort of thing paid expensively for by the many who like it, and who, having much money and little taste or education in art, are incapable of liking what is really good.

And, on the other hand, of the sort of

music—Beethoven, Handel, etc.—pleaded for and liked by the working classes, who are so little able to join in expensive entertainments that those who care for them, and are glad to give time and trouble to brighten exhausted and impoverished lives, are giving these concerts free, the programmes one halfpenny. I was forced to point out (also from much better authority than my own) that this poverty in an art capable of making time so rich and memory so beautiful, was working unspeakable harm to our homes, unspeakable dreariness to the lives both of our young men and women.

The want of a central point of interest in the home evenings destroys society as it should be—sociable, inexpensive, easy, and interesting—an easy and informal meeting-place for people of various ages, interests, and pursuits; and makes it, on the contrary, consist of dinners which are expensive and exclusive, given back as a debt, and borne as a dull duty, and to which the young who need society most have little claim, and which they could scarcely enjoy if they were admitted guests. Is there a more delightful meeting-place than the bright home concerts in which every talent has a career of pleasure and usefulness open to it; every voice, however limited in power or capacity as a solo, can play a beneficent and useful part in swelling a chorus, choruses and great sacred works giving a glow of fervent devotion even to Sunday evenings, often so dull and unemployed? The lords and ladies of an elder generation will tell you that in their time the fine old four-part music, ecclesiastical and secular, glees and madrigals, with their quaint beauty and cheerful heartiness, would fill with excitement and interest their sociable home evenings.

Shall I tell of one beautiful home, so familiar to us and to so many who remember those bright old days, where such evenings were the rule, and not the exception?

The mother was one of those real women, gracious and noble, who ruled her house and home so well that even now her name is spoken with a faltering voice and loving sadness. She was so exquisite a worker with her needle that her drawing-rooms were bright under foot with the flowers woven by her on the soft border round her rooms; her daughters' adornments were embroideries which grew under her fingers as she sat listening to the wonderful beauty of the music which in that little inner drawing-room went on and on, while the most gifted artists, literary men, scientific guns, and foreign celebrities would seek the quiet cordiality of that simple, well-ordered home, where her tact and grace gave dignity to the simplicity and economy entailed by a moderate income and a large family. The whole commissariat department of those evenings, brilliant with the most intellectual and charming society of London, consisted in "the cup which cheers," etc.—the sort of primitive supper Bach would have given to his guests; but then it is difficult to conjure back now the excitement of such society and such music. Evening after evening some new treasure from the mines of rare old MSS. was brought forward, now published and open to the million by his means (the master of that house), whose name is still a household word for music of the highest class, opened to the world at large—the name of Vincent Novello.

Think of such home evenings, and you will say, "No wonder that the children of such a household grew up all eminent in various ways, each carrying on into a career of usefulness the fine and rich mental life such times and people would foster.

And then think of the home evenings of young people nowadays! Think even of the society evenings, when one young person after another is asked to play or sing, because she is on her promotion, and mothers and aunts expect that some opportunity for display shall be given her; and so, to the unutterable weariness of those who wish for real music or real conversation (such as you may hear in any *salon* in France, and used to hear years since in many bright circles of English society, from Miss Berry's delightful evenings downwards), one performer after another fulfils their sublime destiny, and the end—personal display—is gained.

But that is not music, and it is not, in any real sense of the word, enjoyment. No wonder that that sort of art does not commend itself to thinking people, whether educators or not, or seems to deserve the time it devours, while, like Egypt's lean kine, it remains ever painfully meagre and unsatisfactory.

Music is too noble to accept such service or own such servitors. She might say, in Lord Macaulay's words:—

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.
To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown.
But thou, through good and evil, praise or blame,
Wilt thou not love me for myself alone?
Yes, thou wilt love me with exceeding love,
And I will tenfold all that love repay,
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray."

And of the faithfulness and tender helpfulness of music to those who study her in unselfish devotion, her sympathy in bright hours or in sad ones, her power of cementing kindly intercourse and of cheering dull and grinding times, I have already spoken; but it is very evident that such music, like the real French of Paris to the gentle Prioress in Chaucer, is very much "unknowe" at present.

The fact is that the real glory and joy of music is in what the Germans call "musiciren," and for which, strangely enough, we have no word in English. It means "making music," as contrasted with having it made for you.

Listening to great artists, such as Joachim or Mendelssohn, one gains an insight into heights of glorious thought and feeling whose remembrance lives on for ever, like the first sight of the Jungfrau or the afterglow on the Alps; but such glories are rare, even to highly-favoured lives—to the many they never occur at all. But wherever young and old meet in social intercourse, they may call in the master spirits of the noble and divine art of music, and enjoy that greatest of all artistic delights, the participating in the creation of a great work; for, remember, a great musical work to the many starts into perceptible life when it is performed out of its dull prison of boards and paper. It rises, like the Genius of the Arabian Nights, when the poor fisherman opens the jar which he has fished up from the bottom of the sea, and breaks the magic seal of the great Solomon, who had imprisoned him. Do you remember the story? how, to his surprise, like a black mist the cloudy mass rises, which resolves itself slowly into the dark form of the revolted giant? Even so the mighty creations of the masters of music are evolved from the silent papers, and assume their grand forms and true proportions when they are performed. They become powerful living things, to memory living evermore, and accompanying us down the busy—it may be the sad or weary—paths of life with haunting remembrances of a higher world of thought and feeling.

And we need this consolation—sorely need it. The only wonder is how it has been suffered to die down out of the everyday life which needs it so terribly and which used to be so full of it. Refer to the books, the pictures, of olden times. Read of the friendly gatherings where everyone in his place played or sung concerted music, and where it was considered a mark of *neglected education* to be unable to do this *at sight*. See the pictures of the same period, where on a long table with slight stands for the music, the table, edged with a little border, that the music may not slip, sit men in the rich habits of those days playing violins, violoncellos, and such other instruments as they had; while the lady of the house is making tea near the mantel-shelf on a quaint little table, also edged with a rim to prevent the dainty cups from falling. See other pictures (and how many!), *in* which both men and ladies are joining in the music, and the scene looks so pleasantly busy and genuine.

Even now up in the Swiss mountains one hears the holiday folks singing as they go in troops to enjoy their *festtag*. You can trace them by the bright clanging music, as we did when wandering in the Alps. One band of holiday-makers would pass us up the mountain, singing as they went those stirring national four-part choruses they know so well by heart. It was weary work to think of our own people at home—the well-to-do who had no higher conception of a holiday than of some railway trip, and loitering about the inn till time to return, and the poor filling the taverns nearer town, and disturbing the quiet summer's night with Caliban-like noises on their way home to their dens. When will our enjoyment of national art and sober recreation become, as it once was, a feature of Merry England? When it is, the dear old name will revive in full force, and music will bring to the aid of that noble army who are fighting the battle of wholesome amusement and recreation against dulness and dreariness and vice—a help whose strength it is difficult to rate too highly.

There is a beautiful old legend in Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art"—though it is hard to say how many beautiful legends of old times there are there, and how lovely their character and influence—I would fain quote; for it has often recurred to me with its parable of the heavenly blessing on the noble household occupations of women.

The legend tells of a noble Italian lady, to whose heavenly-mindedness her hours of devotion became so dear that it was with pain and reluctance she ever saw any of the time she had so devoted claimed for other duties. But on one day everything had seemed against her, she was summoned from her prayers so wearily often. Her husband wanted her to see him prove a newly-bought war-horse; her steward needed her guidance in some household details; her kinsfolk arrived from a distant province, and she had to receive and welcome them; and after all these things the sun was setting as she returned to finish the happy prayers she had begun at dawn, and left with so much regret; and, lo! as she entered the darkening oratory it was all resplendent from the figure of an angel who was kneeling in her place, and the prayers she had so desired to repeat were radiant in golden letters; for the angel's voice had sounded over them while she was away doing her duty to her home.

Can we imagine an angel taking the place and irradiating the oratories of those who neglect their religious and their home duties for statics and dynamics and geometrical conics? As the *Quarterly* observes:—"Real education in itself is the firm and hearty supporter of duty, never its usurper, meant as a resource for leisure hours and old age, as an additional

bond between husband and wife, father and daughter, and only affecting the duties of either in the shape of better sense in their exercise."

And now I have pleaded my cause and said my rede. It is a great and noble cause, and should be taken in hand by a stronger hand and a firmer advocate; but as Ion says, in Talfourd's beautiful tragedy of that name—

"The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus."

The harbour bar which has sheltered beloved lives in the storms of a dangerous coast was once only a few grains of sand; the great Sacred Harmonic Society, which has stamped its mark on the national love for Handel, was once a little knot of friends at a shoemaker's; and the Sunday-schools which have been a blessing to millions of teachers and taught was once a little group of children in the poor attic of a Bristol cobbler. To stronger hands and wiser heads I would commend the question—is it reasonable and right, taking into consideration the testimony I have brought forward and the opinions I have quoted, that *that* art should be practically ignored in the education of English girls which has proved so useful to boys—that art which of all others binds society most together, unites its members in the expression of the most divine thoughts, softens divisions, kindles sympathies, and exorcises weariness and care by a reviving and ennobling recreation; while it so exerts its power that poor and rich, young and old, can join in praising their Divine Father and the works of His blessed hands in a holy fire of enthusiasm which can make the dull ore of this work-a-day world to glow into a white heat of devotion, and burn up the dross of lower desires, as the sacred floor of the cave in Scott's "Monastery" shrivelled up all dead and ignoble things. Surely it is not fit that an art which can do this should be trampled down and stifled amidst the rising womanhood of the country, contrary to all precedent among the wisest nations, contrary to all practice in the most remarkable era of our own nation, contrary to all wisdom, human and divine.

Noisy honours and public displays are not the real attributes of that sex which was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. They are utterly abhorrent to the ideal of that womanhood at whose head the Virgin Mother stands, the blessed of all generations for evermore in her heavenly purity and stillness, or of that lesser Mary (also loved of her and our dear Master), whose haunting image, sitting quietly at her Lord's feet, has been dear to all Christendom through the long ages. Even the Greeks knew better, for Thucydides singles out as the crowning grace of woman fidelity to her own sex and nature and the being as little as possible the subject of men's remarks, whether in praise or dispraise.

I would, in conclusion, appeal to those fathers and mothers in whose hands practically is vested the power of influencing education, to remedy the evils I have pointed out, and powerfully to take up this matter. To those stronger hands, with, possibly, a keener personal interest than my own, and probably a much larger and more accurate knowledge than my own, I commit this cause, with an earnest appeal not to let the subject rest till they have considered it well and done what could be done to carry it out to a perfect end.

Dante calls the angels "birds of God," and I would fain hope some slight seeds of future thought and action might be wafted across seas to the far lands where plans for education are yet to be formed and colleges yet to be founded, and, like the down the soft winds float along, take with them some germs of thought whence may arise fair endowments for the future education and perfection of Englishwomen; remembering that an old writer, describing the highest education, says:—"The universities *par excellence* were those where learned men studied and taught the seven liberal arts or sciences, viz., grammar, rhetoric, logic, *music*, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy."

WORK FOR ALL.

Miscellaneous Callings and a few Statistics.

Having now enumerated the principal callings open to girls who desire to live intellectual lives, we may in conclusion say a few words of other very honourable and necessary callings, which, perhaps, should have had an earlier place in our catalogue.

The selection and preparation of food is a duty of paramount importance to the health and prosperity of the family, and no house-mother can properly fulfil her function of provider who does not give much and daily consideration to the food supply of the household; this is now so generally acknowledged that a course of lessons in cookery is considered of as much importance to a girl, who is "finishing" her education, as riding lessons or calisthenics.

At the National Training School for Cookery in Exhibition-road, South Kensington, a full course of twenty weeks is given in the practice and teaching of cookery; the fee for the course is £20. Teachers of plain cookery can pass through a course of ten weeks for a fee of £8 8s.

The conditions of admission are as follows: (*a*) The student agrees to obey all the rules of the school laid down by the executive committee. (*b*) For any infraction of the rules the student may be discharged at a day's notice without having a claim of any kind on the school. (*c*) If after training the student proves competent (of which the committee are sole judges) and her services be required, she will be prepared to accept an engagement on the staff of the school at a salary ranging from £1 to £2 weekly; but it is to be clearly understood that the committee are not responsible for finding any paid employment for the student while in the school or afterwards.

Students in training are expected to attend evening classes held by staff-teachers once a week. A student in training for a teacher first passes as a pupil through the scullery and demonstration classes, which occupies one month, working from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an interval of from 12 to 2 for luncheon. At the end of that month her notebooks are examined and corrected; she then spends one month in the plain cookery practice kitchen, and a fortnight in teaching what she has learnt.

During the course of training the student may dine with the other pupils at the cost of one shilling, or she may purchase at a nominal charge any little dish that has been cooked. Staff-teachers receive £2 a week all the year round, and their dinner; if they are sent to live out of London, they receive a further sum of 30s. a week for board and lodging, with all their travelling expenses.

The School Board employs a considerable number of teachers of cookery, paying them at the rate of £60 a year, and courses of demonstration lessons at the Quebec Institute, 18, Baker-street, W., and other similar societies, are well attended and remunerative.

For really clever visiting cooks there is ample employment. We know two excellent middle-aged women who earn more than a livelihood by cooking dinners or suppers for people "on hospitable thoughts intent," who do not venture to commit themselves to the tender mercies of the confectioner, and who are thus enabled to furnish their boards with food solid and light, pleasant to the taste and grateful to the eye; and in such request are these economical and skilled cooks, that the first point to be ascertained when a festival is in contemplation is on what day the cook will be able to render her services. But while persons with special faculties for cooking must always be held in high esteem, it would surely be a great gain to the family life if a general knowledge of the art of selecting and preparing food were considered an essential part of a woman's education, be she gentle or simple; such a knowledge would render impossible the tyranny of the extravagant, uncleanly "cook," who often rules supreme in the basement, and is regarded with anxiety and alarm by her so-called mistress.

Dressmaking and upholstery are also arts which should be familiar to house-mistresses, and which, as occupations, may profitably occupy the attention of young women. The dress of women has, indeed, in late years become so complex that the draping of the female figure has grown almost as difficult as the costuming of men, and the sewing machine far from simplifying work, as it was supposed it would do, has introduced an elaboration of ornament which would have made our mothers open their eyes and shake their heads in dismay. Dressmaking is consequently now much executed in detail, and instead of dressmakers we have skirt hands, bodice hands, etc., who by necessity work in connection with each other, and principally in the establishments of drapers, who find it to their advantage to manufacture the "costume" of which they supply the numerous materials.

A large number of young women are employed in the manufacture of dresses as well as in the sale of dress materials; these, who are called the "young ladies" of the establishment, are frequently the daughters of clerks, farmers, or even of professional men, who prefer to maintain themselves by such work to becoming governesses; and, if the calling be lower from a moral and intellectual point of view, the wear to the spirits is certainly less, the responsibility not so heavy, and the periods of leisure more definite and more to be relied on.

The "young ladies" resident in the houses of the higher firms, such as Messrs. Howell and James, Regent-street, Messrs. Lewes and Allenby, &c., are thoroughly well cared for, the salaries varying, according to capability, from £20 to £200 a year. The hours of opening business in the higher class houses vary from 8 to 10 A.M. In large cheap business houses, such as that of Messrs. Spencer and Boldero, Lisson Grove, and Messrs. Venables, High-street, Whitechapel, the hours are longer, but the assistants are equally well cared for.

Some houses receive apprentices. At Messrs. Howell and James's apprenticeship is for three years. The apprentice pays a premium of £40, but she resides in the house. Cheaper shops require little or no premium.

There is at present a great dearth of visiting dressmakers—a very respectable and useful class of young women. A girl who understands her business, is modest and of an obliging disposition, is a most welcome help to the overtasked housemother, and she may earn for herself a very good living, but to undertake this work she must be trained to dressmaking in all its branches. Unfortunately in the great houses a girl at the end of her apprenticeship does not turn out a skilled dressmaker; all the time has been spent in making her perfect in one part only, so that at the end of her time she is only a skirt hand, or a bodice hand, and thus her mind is dwarfed, and rapid and skilled fingers, obeying the motion of another mind, are all that result, instead of an artist, knowing her work in every detail, able to devise and to execute. A visiting dressmaker receives from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a day, and her principal meals are provided for her.

Hair-dressing is an art in every respect suitable to women. For some years the great Bond-street hairdressers, Messrs. Trufitt and Douglas, have been in the habit of taking apprentices, and in their rooms ladies can always be attended by women. A moderately clever girl is ready to give help in the hair-dressing saloon in six or nine months, and the wages are from 32s. to 35s. a week.

It would be a great advantage if ladies would prefer for themselves and their young children the services of women to those of men. A few girls earn a respectable living as visiting hairdressers, but it must be much less fatiguing and more profitable to work in a shop, especially if the girl understands the preparation of supplementary hair, and the making of hair chains, brooches and ornaments, which would employ her leisure time.

There are various other trades in which girls can earn a living. Mr. Eugene Rimmel, 96, Strand, employs girls in the details of his perfumery business, whose wages begin at 8s. and rise to 21s. The work is light, the hours from 8 to 1 and 2 to 7.30. Besides these, he employs others at rather higher wages to serve in his shops.

In conclusion, we must say a word to the largest class of our girls, who, however, have the power of self-maintenance so completely in their hands, who are so numerous and so indispensable to the well-being of the community, that they hardly want sign-posts to tell them what to do or where to go; we mean our household servants, the girls who dress our food, clean our houses, go on our errands, and minister to us in the thousand ways which our present complex mode of life renders almost necessary.

These girls come to us for the most part from poor and overcrowded homes; they have had little experience of dwellings in which there has been even free space to breathe, much less the opportunity of growing familiar with orderly and easy life. Is it not rather a marvel that they are often good, honest, and kind than that they are sometimes heedless, flippant, and unteachable? The extravagance and wastefulness of large houses cause incalculable mischief; bread and meat, the sacred gifts of God, by which the life of man is maintained, and no fragment of which can be wilfully wasted or misused without sin, are often treated as a means of adding to the already too large wages of the cook, and the younger servants, catching the spirit of their superiors, quickly grow dainty, selfish, and unbearable. What a change there would be if every housemistress made it her duty to superintend the expenses of her own household, and to know exactly what was required for its supply!

Even young women of liberal education do not always escape mistakes, if they are left in early youth to their own guidance; is it, then, fair to expect all the cardinal virtues from the daughters of the people, whose utmost learning has been gained from the parish or board schools? We believe that the present class of our servants would contrast very favourably with their ancestresses three generations ago; clean faces, well kept hair, and tidy clothes are the rule, not the exceptions nowadays, and it is only fair to hope that, with all the encouragement held out to them to be thrifty and self-respecting by the Girls' Friendly Society and others, they will become continually more prudent and reliable.

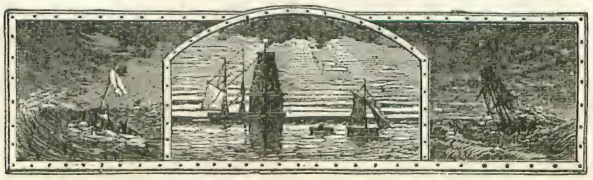
A girl who has had a dozen years' training in a well-managed family is likely to make an infinitely better wife to a small tradesman or mechanic than a girl who rushes into matrimony from an overcrowded home, before she is a woman, having spent her girlhood in one of the small trades, such as artificial flower making, feather making, etc. She knows what a home may be and ought to be; she can value order, cleanliness, and gentleness of speech, and, if she has any aptitude, will have learnt how to supply her household with nutritious and palatable food, a matter of paramount importance to the family health and good spirits. But while we commend the influence on a girl of a few years' service in a well-regulated family, where a wise economy is the order of the day, we are well aware of the injurious influence on the character and mind of a young woman who becomes a member of a staff of servants, where the mistress deputes her work to a housekeeper, and where in some departments the servants have not enough to do to keep them out of mischief; while in others, especially in those that fall to the lot of young women, the unripe energies are overtasked, as by carrying scuttles of coals from the bottom to the top of high London houses, by the filling and emptying of baths, etc., offices in France for the most part assigned to men, but which in England generally fall to the lot of the under-housemaid, schoolroom, or nursery-maid.

In favourable circumstances, we repeat, there is no condition so conducive to health and comfort as that of the house servant; she is not exposed to inclement weather, she sees at once the fruit of her labour, she is well fed, well clothed, and works for those whom she loves and honours. Free from wearing responsibilities, with frequent opportunities of seeing her friends, and of giving them timely help occasionally, it is hardly possible to imagine why maid servants should not be happy, and happy they are for the most part, likely to become happier, let us hope, as better opportunities of early education shall teach them to understand better what is meant by duty, and to live more intelligent and pious lives.

It will perhaps be interesting to close this little series of articles with a few quotations from the census of 1881, which will show the number of women entered as engaged in the occupations we have described, and will relieve any nervous girl from the apprehension of doing anything strange or new if she should undertake to maintain herself in one or other of them.

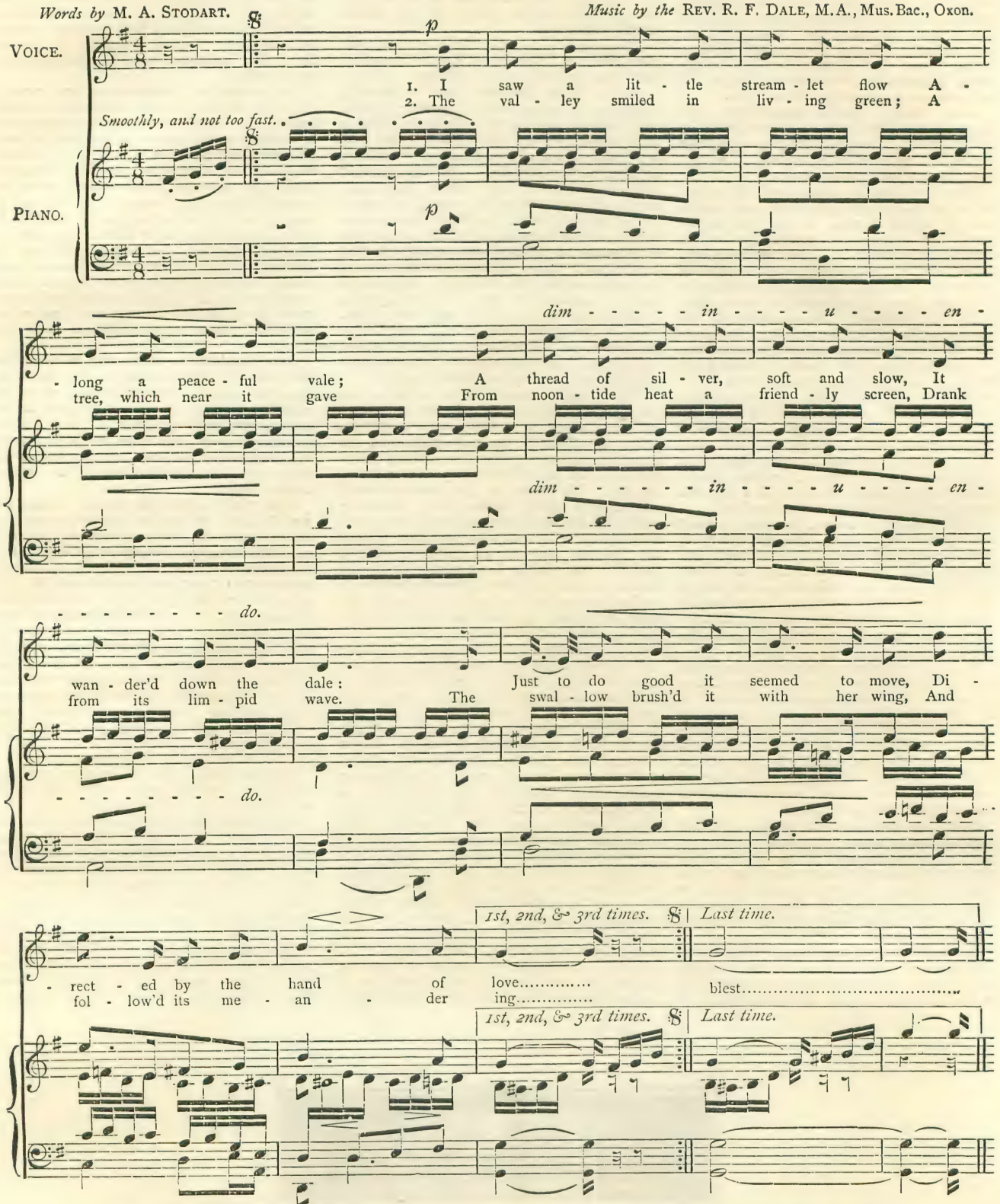
The total number of females in England and Wales is 13,334,537, giving a surplus of 694,635 over the male population; the total number of women registered as engaged in remunerative work is 3,403,918. Teachers amount to 123,995; teachers of music, 11,376; chemists and druggists, 631; medical practitioners, 25; medical students and assistants, 64; midwives, 2,646; sick nurses, 35,175; painters and artists, 1,880; art students, 1,059; wood carvers, 28; engravers, 64; photographers and photographic assistants, 1,309; lithographers and lithographic printers, 135; printers, 2,202; law stationers, 100; commercial clerks, accountants, and others, 6,414; while those engaged in the Civil Service mount to the high number of 7,370.

Besides those above enumerated, large numbers of women work with their fathers and husbands as tailors, watchmakers, etc.; but these are close trades, and offer little encouragement to outsiders. It should be remembered that the work of girls is, as it were, on its trial. If it be found to be inferior to that of men it is but just that it should be paid for at a lower rate, but if equal or superior, surely it should stand upon its intrinsic worth, and be paid for accordingly. Every woman who does what she undertakes to do in the spirit of the true workman, rejoicing in it and doing it to the very best of her ability, is a benefactor to her sex—nay, more, a true patriot.



THE STREAMLET.

Words by M. A. STODART. *Music by the* REV. R. F. DALE, M.A., Mus.Bac., Oxon.



3. But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known;
Its gentle murmur far was heard—
A friend's familiar tone:
It glided by the cotter's door;
It blessed the labour of the poor.

4. And would that I could thus be found,
While travelling life's brief way,
A humble friend to all around,
Where'er my footsteps stray:
Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
Like it still blessing, and still blest.

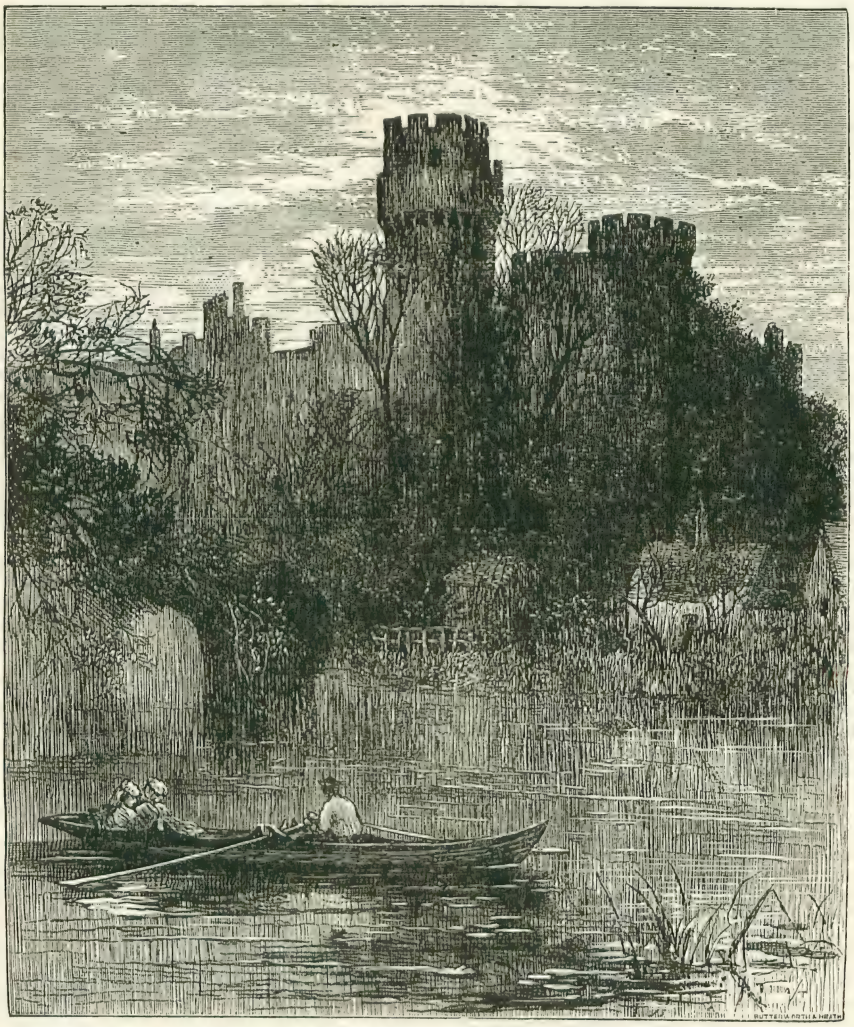
THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

III. Anne of Warwick, Wife of Prince Edward and of Richard III.

"Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine."

—*Shakespeare.*

Richard Neville was the most powerful baron of his time. Old John Rows, who was his contemporary and knew him well, did not exaggerate in describing him as "a famous knight and excellent greatly spoken of through the most part of Christendom." His family were the Peacocks of the North. They had at last outstripped the proud Percies, their neighbours and rivals; and Sir Richard, son and heir of the Earl of Salisbury, had laid the copestone on their greatness by his wisdom, prowess, and unscrupulous craft, and quite as much by his marriage with Anne Beauchamp, Countess of Warwick in her own right. Her immense estates became his, and he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Warwick. The marriage of the pious, benevolent, and gentle countess with the restless, treacherous, brave, and ambitious baron was fraught only with feverish anxiety and misery for her; now rising with her husband to the highest pinnacle of power; now a weary, tempest-tossed exile; at last reduced to solitude and poverty in her old age, confined in abbey and castle, and robbed of all the wealth she had derived from a long line of illustrious ancestors by the greedy hands of her sons-in-law.



WARWICK CASTLE

Thousands of stalwart retainers, who wore the badge of bear and ragged staff on the front and back of their red jackets, were ready to march at any moment to the battlefield in whatever cause he listed. A huge cauldron always hung over the blazing logs in his kitchen at Kenilworth, and any person might walk into the great mansion and lift out of the boiling pot a goodly piece of solid flesh. When he lived at Warwick House, near Fleet-street in London, six hundred of his red-coated braves stalked about the City, six oxen were consumed every morning at breakfast, and all the taverns about St. Paul's and Newgate-street were filled with meat from the bounteous table, for anyone who claimed the slightest acquaintance with Warwick's men were allowed to make free with the fleshpots and carry off as much as stuck upon his long dagger.

He is known in history and romance as the kingmaker and the last of the barons. He played as lightly with the Sovereigns of England as if he were merely engaged in a game of nine-pins. He drove Henry the Sixth from the throne into the Tower of London; he set up in his stead his own cousin, Edward the Fourth, the handsome White Rose of Rouen; and, turning once again, he restored Henry as his puppet. But one blessing was denied by heaven to the doughty warrior—the possession of a son who should carry down his name and greatness to future generations. He had only two daughters by his gentle Countess. The elder was named Isabella; the younger, Anne, a fair-haired child who bore her mother's gracious name, was born at Warwick Castle amid the songs of the nightingale in June, 1456, and was christened there with due solemnity, in the Chapel of Our Lady.

Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, was the favourite residence of the earl and his family when he was not abroad with them at Calais, where he held the post of governor, and had the English navy under his command. The windows of the castle afforded a magnificent view of the fertile and picturesque valley, through which the river Yore ran like a silver streak. Cattle now graze peacefully round the wreck of the majestic mansion of the Nevilles, but its grim ruins still attest that it was a place of great extent and strength in the rough times of Earl Richard.

According to a tradition of the village of Middleham, over which the old castle frowns, little Anne and her cousin Richard, King Edward's youngest brother, were playmates in childhood, and the precocious boy was then struck with a passion which, though not returned at the time, kept a firm seat in his breast until he grew up to manhood, and eventually led her to the altar at Westminster. The fact is that the maiden was of too tender an age to be afflicted with the tender passion. If she had been of riper years, there is every likelihood that Richard, who was her senior by four years, would have been an acceptable suitor, for he was a clever, pretty, brave, and bright-eyed youth. His only defects were a weakness of the left arm and a slight elevation of the right shoulder, so slight, indeed, as to be scarcely noticeable. I must ask you, therefore, to dismiss entirely from your minds the common calumny against Richard Crouchback as it has been set forth by Shakespeare:—

"Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

When one of Anne's uncles was raised to the Archbishopric of York, a splendid feast was given at York Palace, on the occasion of his enthronement. Richard, who was then probably living at Middleham to be trained as a true knight under the earl's care, was present to grace the ceremony, and occupied the place of honour in the chief banqueting room, seated under a canopy of state. A duchess sat on his right and a countess on his left, while his two cousins, Isabel and Anne Neville, were placed opposite him to keep him company during the entertainment.

In a very few years a wide and seemingly impassable barrier was fixed between Anne and the young Duke of Gloucester. Her father, jealously embittered against King Edward, who had married a pretty widow out of love, and had raised her kinsfolk to high honours, formed an alliance with George, Duke of Clarence, brother of the king and of Richard, by bestowing on him the hand of his daughter Isabel, at Calais, and promising to set him on the throne of England. Warwick was for once unfortunate in his game of king-making. Having invaded England, he was quickly forced to take refuge on board his fleet, along with his entire family, including Anne, who was then thirteen years of age. With the exception of the ship that had the Nevilles on board, nearly all the others were captured, and even this was almost overwhelmed by a dreadful tempest in the Channel, the poor ladies suffering sadly from sea-sickness and the horror of shipwreck. At last their vessel ran safely into Calais harbour, but the new governor refused them entrance into the town, although a feeling of pity for the wretched condition of the ladies led him to send a couple of flagons of wine on board. In the course of May, 1470, the exiles landed at Dieppe, afterwards travelling across France to the court of Louis XI. at Amboise.

Anne's father now turned his shifty mind to the opposite pole of the compass. Although he had driven King Henry from the throne, and had been the main cause of the deep poverty, long perilous wanderings, and terrible sufferings which Henry's brave wife, Margaret of Anjou, had endured for years, he now proposed to her without the least scruple that her only son Edward, Prince of Wales, who was then nineteen, and had a pretty girlish face, should be contracted in marriage to his daughter Anne.

Margaret had a deep and just hatred of the unscrupulous and treacherous earl. At first she resented his proposal. "He has pierced my heart," she cried, "with wounds that can never be healed. They will bleed to the day of judgment. Through him, I, and the prince my son, have been driven out of England to beg our bread in foreign lands."

But the hope of winning back the kingdom led her finally to yield, and at Angers, on the thirtieth of July, the two enemies entered into a contract in King Louis's presence, in terms of which Warwick was to recover the throne for Prince Edward, and Anne of Warwick was to remain with Margaret and the Prince until the greater part of England was at the earl's feet, after which the marriage was to take place. Immediately on this arrangement there were merry doings at the court of Amboise. Edward, Prince of Wales, stood as sponsor at the christening of the infant Dauphin, and then plighted his troth to Anne before the brilliant assemblage, which embraced King Louis, Queen Margaret, her father Réné, the Earl and Countess of Warwick, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and the faithful adherents of the Red Rose, who had followed Margaret in her exile. It is usually stated that the Prince and Anne were married during that summer (1470), but the matter is not absolutely certain.

The name of Warwick acted like a charm in England, as that of Napoleon did in France after his escape from Elba. In a few days he was at the head of 60,000 men. King Edward fled in precipitous haste; and in a fortnight poor old crazy Henry the Sixth was brought out from his state of filth and squalor in the Tower, and conveyed to Westminster Palace amid great rejoicing.

In the following spring, Anne and the rest of the noble band of exiles passed in triumph through the streets of Paris, and set sail in the highest hopes from France on the 24th of March. Heavy storms, however, swept over the Channel, so that the Prince of Wales and his young bride, along with Queen Margaret and the Countess of Warwick, did not reach Weymouth harbour until Easter eve, the 14th of April. On that very day a fatal battle was fought at Barnet; Warwick's army melted like snow beneath the "sun of York," mainly through the treachery of "false, perjured, fleeting Clarence."

Warwick himself fell upon the field. The disastrous news was conveyed to the prince and Anne on the following day, and the whole party fled in panic to the sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire. The supporters of the Red Rose gathered round Prince Edward and persuaded him to renew the conflict. The girlish youth died on the battlefield of Tewkesbury, on the 4th of May, fighting like a hero. Several discordant stories have been handed down regarding the way in which he met his death. One of these asserts that on his capture he vainly cried to Clarence for succour; while another affirms that he was brought alive before King Edward, retorted manfully, was struck by the King, and was therefore slain by Gloucester and other nobles. Yet another writer declares that Gloucester was the only person who did not draw his sword upon the royal captive, and that his generous conduct was due to his respect for the Princess Anne, who was his near relative, and the dear object of a long affection. We should hope so, although Richard, who was then but nineteen years of age, showed in later life that he was capable of perpetrating far worse atrocities. However this may be, Queen Margaret, who was struck with horror at the loss of her only son, was borne from the scene of conflict in a state of exhaustion to a small religious house where Anne had already taken refuge.

Anne of Warwick was now a captive. Within a single fortnight she had lost her father, her handsome young husband, the title of Princess of Wales, and all hope of becoming Queen of England. And she had not yet completed her fifteenth year! No fate could seem more gloomy than was hers at that moment—orphaned, widowed, penniless. Her youthful husband was laid to rest in the stately abbey near the spot where he had fallen, and a marble tablet was placed over his remains by some pious hand—perhaps that of his forlorn widow.

Immediately after the catastrophe, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, petitioned his brother, King Edward, for the hand of the child-widow, who had fallen into the clutches of Clarence, the husband of her sister Isabel. George, however, spirited her away, so as to prevent anyone from sharing with himself the estates of Warwick. Had she been concealed in some nunnery away from Richard and the world for ever? Had Clarence secretly put her out of existence? Had she the slightest inkling that Richard was eager to make her his bride? Richard was determined. His keen eyes were restless in their search, and he was rewarded by at last discovering her. Where? In the crowded streets of London. The beautiful princess, Anne Neville, turned up before the eyes of Richard Plantagenet in the dress of a humble kitchen-maid! He at once carried off his Cinderella to a safe retreat where no one might dare to touch her except at the risk of sacrilege. This was the sanctuary of St. Martin's, on the site of which now stands the busiest building on earth—the General Post Office. The little widow was next placed under the care of her uncle George, Archbishop of York, and in the course of the year 1473 was joined in holy wedlock at Westminster to Richard Plantagenet.

"Richard may have Anne, but they shall part no livelihood," was the resolute determination of George; and the strife about the lands of Warwick went on for years, at last waxing so hot that open warfare was expected between the two brothers. Richard had outwitted his elder brother. The countess, mother of Isabel and Anne, seems to have had a greater liking for the little duke than for Clarence, and in the summer of 1473 she had actually left the sanctuary of Beaulieu, where she was living desolate and destitute, and fled to the north under the guidance of Richard's confidant, Sir James Tyrell—the very miscreant who was his agent in the murder of the two princes in the Tower ten years later! Once in his hands, Richard obtained from her a resignation of all her wealth in his favour, and then shut her up in some castle or other, where she remained until his death. A decision of Parliament in 1475 finally divided the estates of Warwick between these two amiable sons-in-law, the innocent countess being left out in the cold without a single acre she could call her own.

And now, after many years of wandering and sorrow, Anne returned to Middleham Castle as the spouse of that boy with whom she had played there in boyhood and who had sat opposite her at the grand banquet in York Palace. During the ten years between her marriage and King Edward's death, she and Richard lived mostly in the old feudal castle, gaining for themselves the affection of the north-country folks. York was only a day's journey distant; he took a warm interest in its welfare; he was always certain of a cordial welcome, and if he paid a visit at the Christmas season, was sure of a "box" of swans and pikes; the people were thankful for his "great labour" in their behalf, and called him a "benevolent, good, and gracious lord to the city." King Edward sent Clarence to the Tower, where he was drowned in a butt of malmsey; while fresh honours were awarded to Richard. The latter was generous to the Church, and converted the Scottish border from a den of thieves into a model of good government. So far as outward conduct went, Anne had good reason to be proud of her wise and brave husband; he was doubtless superior in that respect to both his brothers. The thin, passionless, reflective face of the little duke contrasted with the gaiety which sent the tall and handsome king into an early grave; and his sad, gentle look formed an equally strong contrast to the vanity and treachery of Clarence. A little son, Edward, was born to them about 1476.

Richard became protector of the realm in 1483, during the minority of his nephew Edward V. On the 25th of June the crown was offered to him and he accepted it. Anne and her little son hastened south from Middleham Castle to be present at the coronation on the 6th of July. The crown at last she wins—but how ingloriously! "The most noble lady and princess," said John Rows, "born of the royal blood of divers realms, lineally descended from princes, kings, emperors, and many glorious saints, Dame Anne, by the great provision of God Queen of England and of France and lady of Ireland, wife first of Prince Edward, son and heir of King Henry the Sixth, and after his decease marvellously conveyed by all the corners and parties of the wheel of fortune, and eftsoon exalted again higher than ever she was to the most high throne of honour over all other ladies of this noble realm, anointed and crowned Queen of England, wife unto the most victorious prince, King Richard the Third."

Thus wrote the old historian of the House of Warwick, and he has left us a picture of her in a beautiful roll prepared by him. Her long hair flows free down to her slender waist; on her head she wears a crown; she holds a sceptre in her right hand, the mound and cross in her left; at her feet the white bear of Warwick lies muzzled; above her, on either

side, hands issue from the clouds, proffering the rival diadems of Lancaster and York. She was shorn of the former on the field of Tewkesbury; the latter now came to her by her marriage with Richard.

When she reached London she had no dress suitable for so high an occasion, and, accordingly, just two days before the coronation four and a half yards of cloth of gold were purchased for her. On Saturday she, her husband, and their son passed in sumptuous state down the river to the Tower, the two princes (so soon to be secretly and cruelly despatched there) being shifted from their apartments for the accommodation of the royal party. The coronation took place on Sunday. I should have liked to give a full account of the splendid ceremonies, but I have already trespassed too far on the space allowed me. Suffice it to mention a few facts.

Red cloth was spread for the royal feet all the way from Whitehall to Westminster Hall. The king and queen passed along it, and then walked barefooted to St. Edward's shrine, each under a canopy of state, preceded and followed by nobles, bishops, and abbots. They stripped off their upper garments, and were crowned and touched with the sacred oil by Cardinal Bouchier. Organs sounded, and the *Te Deum* was sung with "great royalty." Then came the great dinner in the hall, when Richard sat in the middle of the board, with Anne upon his left, two noble ladies holding the canopy of state over her while she ate and drank. A couple of squires lay like dogs under the table at the King's feet.

Immediately after the coronation their boy, Edward, was sent north to his books and sports at Middleham, and shortly after his return the mayor and aldermen of York, knowing how wise a thing it is to worship the rising sun, rode out to the castle with a gift of two dozen rabbits, two barrels of wine, and sundry other luxuries for the prince. In the course of the summer the King and Queen made a grand and slow procession to the north. On the 8th of September Edward was invested at York as Prince of Wales, with the garland, ring, and golden rod. In a gorgeous procession through that city Richard wore his crown and sceptre, followed by Anne, who led her boy by the left hand. The hospitable city made the King and Queen a present, the value of which was equal to £2,000 of money at the present day.

The insurrection that followed on the murder of the princes in the Tower caused Richard and Anne to hasten south, leaving their only child behind them. They never saw his face again. After a short illness, he died on the 9th of April, 1484. He was the second Edward, Prince of Wales, that Anne had lost.

After this terrible blow, Anne of Warwick pined away, and her last days were saddened by the knowledge that her husband had grown weary of her. A report went abroad that she was dead—that she was slain—and this was carried to the sick chamber, where the Queen sat in her incurable sorrow with her hair dishevelled. Alarmed at the thought that a violent death was impending over her, she rushed into the presence of her lord.

"What have I done to deserve death?" she exclaimed, amid sobs and tears.

"Be of good cheer," said Richard, trying to soothe her; "you have no cause for aught else."

But her days were numbered. She expired at Westminster Palace on the 16th of March, 1485; the sun's face was hidden by an eclipse during the burial, and no memorial marks the last resting-place of the unhappy Anne of Warwick.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of 'Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.

A QUIET ENDING.

BEFORE the boat had grazed the shore, Margaret knew what had happened; she read it in the faces of those waiting to receive her; she heard it in the cry of her own foreboding heart.

"My mother!"

"Eh, it's true that God aye breaks the worst news Himself," wailed the old servant Barby. "But we mustn't rebel against losing what heaven wins, and what more can any of us have than a sunny life and a pleasant passing away like hers? Till all's over, none of us know what may be before us. But think o' your father, Miss Margaret, dearie, an' of what it will be to him to miss the one who has sat by his side for more than thirty years."

That was how they told her the tidings. They left Margaret herself to sum them up, in the terrible sentence—

"My mother is dead!"

She stood still for one minute. Then she moved forward, pale as death, but still swift and sure of foot. The old instinct of her heart went on unreasoning in its old groove. She would not ask questions about her mother; she would go straight to her mother herself.

The doctor stepped to her side. He was an old man, who had burried his wife and all his children. As the islanders always said, "he knew what trouble was," which meant that he did not break bruised reeds nor quench smoking flax by hard dogmas or scientific stoicism or chill droppings of glib sentiment. He knew what he had wanted, and what had done him good, in his own dark days.

"Mrs. Stewart spent the morning lying on her sofa, just as usual," he said, quietly. "There was a book found lying beside her, and writing paper was put out in reach of her hand, because she told the maid she was going to write a letter to the laird. The maid found out what had happened when she carried in her lunch. Mrs. Stewart was lying with her face towards the window, a usual attitude with her. The servant says it was only when her mistress did not respond to some remark about what a fine day you were enjoying that she knew something was amiss. It was an awful shock for poor Jane, but the good girl's second thought was, that it was well it was she who went in and not you. You have had a little more preparation, at least."

"Poor Jane!" murmured Margaret. "Mamma was so fond of her, and Jane was so good to mamma."

"Jane has had many shocks in her short life," said the doctor. "You remember she was the only one of her family who was at home when her father and brother were brought in drowned."

He understood of what mettle Margaret was made, and he knew that nothing would so brace her and heal her under her own blow as the thought of the sufferings of another, who was now in some sense a fellow-sufferer. He was right.

As she walked along, stunned as she was, Margaret yet realised that all this agony is but the stuff of which life is really made, and by which alone hearts can be tested. A half-forgotten verse chimed in her memory—

"O love and loss, O change and time,
O grave, where all things flow;
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe!"

Next there came into her mind a confused sense of thankfulness that they had not revealed the impending family storm to Mrs. Stewart, or they might have thought the anxiety had snapped her frail thread of life. But hard on this feeling came the bitter pang that now the sweet mother would never be told their secret, and that they had let her go away with all the counsel and cheer which she could have given, unuttered for evermore!

But with all this suddenly-raised conflict of emotion seething within her, Margaret Stewart walked straight on to the house, silent and dry-eyed. Sad and tearful faces met her there, and followed her to the door of her mother's room, but not further. She went in alone. There was not one among those simple people who did not instinctively feel that the mute meeting of the dead and the living must be no more intruded on than should be the meeting between the living mother and daughter after any great life-crisis.

Kind and tender hands had already been busy. The dead lady lay, as she might have done in life, on her bed, in her soft white dressing-gown. Somebody had put a basin of flowers and moss on a little stand beside her pillow. There lingered over the marble face that shadowy smile we so often see on the countenances of the dead, and which is all the answer they can ever give to our yearning towards the great secret, whose possession has suddenly set our nearest and dearest so strangely afar.

Margaret stood there with uplifted clasped hands. For the first time in all

her life she looked in her mother's face and saw there a smile which was not for her! Then, indeed, and not before, she knew what it all meant, and then there was wrung from her one exceeding bitter cry—

"Oh, mother—mother, darling! Can't you take us with you? Without you to help us, how can we bear on and be good?"

There followed a brief silence, and then Margaret came out with a soft mist gathered over her noble beauty, to make gentle inquiry about aged servants to whom their mistress's sudden death must have been a cruel blow, to speak soothing words to Mrs. Stewart's own maid, the weeping Jane, and to break her visitors' hearts by her touching solicitude for their reassurance and comfort. "And I had wanted to give you such a happy holiday," she said to May. She found that a telegram had been immediately despatched to her absent father, but as the laird could not yet have reached his destination in the Southern port, it would have to await him at the lawyer's office there, and no answer could be expected for a while.

Margaret took up her duties resolutely, not shrinking back from entering into arrangements which could ill brook delay. "The less my father finds to trouble him when he returns, the better," she said. "I know what are my parent's wishes in most matters, and I can carry them out. The laird can be scarcely at home again before the funeral. He must find all in order and readiness."

No message had been sent to Lord Fowlis. Everybody had felt that that must be left to Margaret herself. It was the first thing she did. "There is no need to write a letter," she said, quietly. She knew that the Marquis would have started from Fowlis towards Balacluva before any post from Shetland could reach him.

Sorrow has its duties and its rights. Margaret accepted all help, and sought all counsel. But the grief was hers, and she never dreamed of delegating its sacred responsibilities. She did not throw their burden upon others, only she thanked them for sharing it with her.

There is always leisure enough for sorrow. When the messages were all sent, the letters all written, the directions all issued, then the strong light faded from Margaret's eyes, and the resolute lips quivered.

"Let me alone now, dear," she said to May; "I don't think I can bear anybody but God to be near me." And so she went away to her own room, and tried to survey her life with this new shadow resting on it, and found that all was changed, and that neither joy nor sorrow could ever be again as she had looked forward to them. And only the silent stars watched the convulsive struggle with which every soul starts back when first Nature brings it face to face with her stern decrees, with her unrelenting "Never more."

"And this is what must happen again and again in most lives," wailed poor Margaret. "And does one go on suffering like this? Ah, I remember once hearing it said of an old woman, 'That she was used to sorrow.'"

But her voice suddenly died down as her inner eye saw a vision of her mother coming towards her with a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, as Margaret had once seen her come to her bedside in the time of some childish ailment. How uttrely she had forgotten that! Yet now how clearly the memory rose. Her wail was hushed. A strange sweet calm fell on her, and she was suddenly asleep!

Downstairs in the big drawing-room, where hung that significant case of family miniatures, William Thomson and May Castle sat together, talking in low voices. The

"'AND I HAD WANTED TO GIVE YOU SUCH A HAPPY HOLIDAY.'"

young man had sent word to his mother in Lerwick not to expect him home that night: he would stay in the neighbourhood of Balacluva to render any service that he could. The minister was still going in and out, carrying forward some of Margaret's wishes. When these were all despatched, he would take William away with him to the Manse.

The young man and the girl felt already like old friends. Together they had been through those deep and real experiences which easily do the work of years in breaking down reserve and revealing the real self. From talking of the dead lady and of all her daughter's devotion, William had gone on to tell May all his own family history—all about the staunch, kindly captain father who had sailed away with the whaling fleet, and had never come back again, and how his mother and he had waited and waited, until fear grew into sad certainty, and how his mother had worked and watched in her boy's interests, and had borne to see him go off, too, on his travels, knowing that the home islands offered no fit sphere for his life. "But I always come back to her," narrated William Thomson, "and her house is getting quite full of all sorts of things from all sorts of places, and whenever I turn homesick while I'm away, it's the pink geraniums in her little glazed porch which rise before my eyes, and next I seem to smell the peat fire, and then as soon as I may I set my thoughts homeward. I should like you to see mother, Miss Castle. I'm sure she would like you so much, for your own sake, as well as for my telling her that you are the very image of Charles Hunter, whose name she says she blesses every day, because she knows he was my best friend at a turning-point of my life. For mothers get strange confidences, Miss Castle. Do you know, it has often seemed to me that if all the middle-aged women could be made to reveal all of the life histories which have been poured into their ears and hearts, we might learn wisdom to think very differently about many things. We might discover that a great many sermons and philosophies are addressed to the wrong people and begin at the wrong end."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

MOZART'S OBSERVATIONS ON A LADY'S PIANOFORTE PLAYING.—"She places herself, not in the middle of the instrument, but towards the treble, she raises her arm when she has a passage to play, and should it require emphasis it comes from the arm, not from the finger, and in the heaviest and worst possible manner; when a passage should flow smoothly like oil, requiring of course change of fingers, she does not in the least concern herself about the matter, but at the proper time lifts up her hands, and begins again quite at her ease. The most important, most difficult, and principal thing connected with music, viz., the time, she will never attain, if accustomed from her infancy to playing out of time." He goes on to say, "They cannot understand the way in which the left hand is kept independent in the *tempo rubato* of an adagio; for they are in the habit of letting the left follow the right hand."—*Life and Works of Mozart, by A. Whittingham.*

INGRATITUDE.—An ungrateful woman is detested by all; everyone feels hurt by her conduct because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and she is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.—*Cicero.*

GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.—We are apt to ascribe our good or bad fortune only to our last action, and not to the many preceding; and we hear, when we inquire of ourselves, as when we ask echo, only the last words repeated.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE.—A young lady used to think it was all right for her lover to go over to the next town because he admired the beauty of the place. But when she learned that the beauty of the place was a rival she underwent a change of mind.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first affrights us, for its gloomy face,
Forbidding in its aspect, makes us dread the worst;
But taking strength and courage, in a little space
My second often bravely overcomes my first.

1. An ancient Colony was made by conq'ring Rome
To form a haven, when her soldiers cross'd the foam
Of stormy seas. High o'er the modern, well-known Town,
A fortress, girt by masonry, looks frowning down;
And in those precincts still a ruin'd lighthouse stands,
The work, indisputably, of Italian hands.

2. The subtle Essence of those graceful plants, that lie
Beneath the rolling waves; unseen, they live and die.

3. *Here* in a northern kingdom, in a barb'rous age,
A palace stood (oft on the histrionic stage
The tale is told); here dwelt the o'er-indulgent king,
Who show'r'd on his successful general ev'ry thing
That could bespeak his gratitude. Large grants of land
And rank were lavish'd by the royal hand.
Alas, frail human nature! *Much* seeks ever *more*.
The soldier, who had proved himself so true before,
Offers the hospitality his towers afford,
And murders, during sleep, his too-confiding lord;
Seizes upon the crown, and keeps it by his sword.

4. Under the tender skies of Italy, we find
A Painting for arcades and open courts design'd;
The artist on new walls his brilliant colouring threw,
Which, as the humid plaster stiffen'd, harden'd too.

5. A tender, simple Poem, set sometimes in prose,
And breathing innocence, pure thought and calm repose.

6. A lovely, fertile Island in a southern clime,
Fam'd for its royal gardens in Homeric time.
No more a king reigns there, his love of flow'rs t' evince,
His place is taken by some modern merchant prince,
Who, shrewdly noting how the markets fall or rise,
Raisins and currants for our Christmas fare supplies.

7. Another Island, in a stormy ocean plac'd,
Stands like a sentinel, to front the watery waste;
And near its rocky coast, in summer's sultry hour,
Our British hearts of oak broke the usurper's pow'r.

8. Do you possess a fine mosaic work from Rome?
Among the blocks My brilliant blue is sure to come.

9. By Celt and Roman, Goth and Arab built, I grew
To be the city that Gil Blas' readers knew,
Although not now so famous as I once have been,
For exquisite inlaying and for sword-blades keen.

10. The Country that Hernando Cortes first explor'd.
His hardy soldiers hew'd a road with axe and sword
Through tangled forests chok'd by densest underwood,
Till in amazement and surprise they wond'ring stood
Among colossal ruins, built of sculptured stone,
Whose builders were forgotten and their very names unknown. XIMENA.

ANSWER TO TRIPLE ACROSTIC (p. 655).

S p o N s o R
H i E r O
O L D
V e r S i o N
E p O d E
L o n d o N d e r r Y

Shovel (*a*). Nelson. Rodney.

CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

"I AM very happy to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Mrs. Lake; I have unfortunately to introduce myself. I am Alexander Romaine."

"You are very welcome, Mr. Romaine; we have been expecting to see you; do be seated. I must introduce you to one of my girls—my eldest daughter, Celia."

Celia had got the scissors in one hand and an empty pin-box in the other; she advanced with her head erect and her lips tightly shut, with the very air that the landlady stigmatised as "high."

"We have just had a catastrophe and upset mamma's treasures, as you see, Mr. Romaine. How do you—?" She smiled in spite of herself. "I think I have met Mr. Romaine before. Did you succeed in finding your way through the fog?"

"My dearest Celia!" exclaimed Mrs. Lake.

"Well, mamma, I assure you that I met Mr. Romaine at the greengrocer's one day last week."

"Indeed! I wish I had known the name of my kind guide at the time. It was very good of you to take compassion upon me, Miss Lake. I might have been sent a mile out of my way."

"I think it is very probable," observed Celia; "you were going to start off entirely in the

(*a*) Sir Cloudesley Shovel was drowned off the Scilly Islands, October 22nd, 1707.

wrong direction. But do sit down; mamma is beginning to look quite distressed. Please do not trouble yourself about the things," for Lex had stooped to pick up a thimble and a Tunbridge Wells silk-winder, which he had been trampling under foot for some seconds.

He returned them to Mrs. Lake with a smile, saying how anyone coming from a colony was inwardly struck with the number of pretty knick-knacks to be seen in London. "The shops are still a great amusement to me."

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Lake, becoming interested all at once; "they are to me when I am able to get out."

"I am sorry to hear from Mr. Greenleigh that you are obliged to keep in the house during the winter."

"Yes. I have not been out of doors since—when was it, Celia?"

"The 22nd of October, mamma."

Involuntarily Lex Romaine looked up. Celia was dropping the pins one by one into a box; she had seated herself at the end of the sofa; her voice had suddenly softened.

"And have you had no mild days since then?" he asked, astonished. "The English climate must be worse than I imagined."

"It has been occasionally bright and sunny, but I am not able to walk fast enough in the winter months. I must wait for the spring."

"A cab makes mother's head ache, and we cannot afford to have a fly," said Celia, gravely.

"My dear, I get a drive now and then. You forget that Mr. Hewing lends me his carriage. Mr. Hewing (turning to Mr. Romaine) is a neighbour of ours. I hope to make you acquainted with each other."

"I shall be only too glad," replied Lex, who had been wondering how he could arrange to send a carriage from the hotel the first fine day, and whether Celia would receive the offer in her stately fashion, and look at him—when he proposed it—as if he were a being from another sphere. "I am very lonely in London. You can't think how it feels to be suddenly thrown into this great city without any particular work to do, and without any home. I have been so looking forward to coming to see you."

(He tried to come once before, and changed his mind, thought Celia); but Mrs. Lake's heart was touched at once.

"It must be dull for you," she said. "I trust that you will come and see us frequently, though we live a very quiet life—too quiet for the girls, I think, but they are so good and considerate."

"We live the life we like. Mamma, Janie, and I are born Londoners, and we are proud of it."

"I believe there is a certain fascination in London life that outsiders cannot quite understand," said Lex, with difficulty repressing a shudder as he looked across the misty street.

"It's my home, and I love it; but I don't know that it is the best place for mamma to live in."

Celia sighed. She shall not stay here another winter, she thought, if I can only get my legacy. He is not so uncivilised as I expected, so I suppose it will be easy enough to get rid of him.

"I daresay you are longing to get back to Victoria, Mr. Romaine. It is a pity that you came just at the darkest time of year. I always find that strangers attach so much importance to the weather."

"I came now because it was necessary for me to do so," replied Lex, "but I have been in town before, in the season, and I liked it then immensely. You must not imagine that all my interests are in Youngsport, Miss Lake."

"For my part," answered Celia, ignoring the last part of his speech, "I like the winter best, and after all, we are in the heart of everything. I should be moped to death in the country. It requires a person of a singularly feminine and placid frame of mind to be happy miles away from her fellow-creatures."

Mrs. Lake, who had taken refuge in her crewel work, looked up at Celia a little anxiously. It was rather an unprovoked attack, for Mr. Romaine had expressed no preference for a country life; and, had her ears deceived her, or was Celia hinting that she was unwomanly in her tastes?

"I hope you will like a little house that I am thinking of repairing in Hampshire. It belonged to my—to Mr. Lake. Perhaps, Mrs. Lake, I might persuade you to pay me a visit when I get things comfortably settled."

(He is appropriating us already, thought Celia; I hope mamma will refuse.) But Mrs. Lake was pleased with the invitation, and graciously accepted it.

"You must allow me to tell you," continued Lex, speaking quickly, as if the subject were a disagreeable one, "that I quite feel how erroneous my position must seem to you, and I am painfully conscious that the terms of Mr. Lake's will must appear very incomprehensible to you. You did not know him, I believe?"

"No; Mr. Lake went abroad very soon after our marriage."

"After refusing to see mamma," said Celia.

Mr. Romaine just glanced at her, and went on.

"I should like to explain, if you will forgive me for mentioning what is past and gone, that I never heard of your existence till the reading of the will, and that I am anxious to meet your wishes on every point. And now I have only to say that I hope you will let me be of use to you in any possible way that I can. We are not really related."

"No," said Celia, and Lex blundered on with the rest of his little speech, addressing himself exclusively to Mrs. Lake. "I hope you will understand I have nothing whatever to do at present, and, in short, do make use of me as if I were—your son," he was going to say, but stopped in time and finished off lamely enough with—"as if I were really a relation."

As it happened, he could not have hit upon a better method of putting his hostess at her ease than by stumbling in this awkward manner. Mrs. Lake's embarrassment decreased perceptibly as his increased, and she accepted his proffered homage with such goodwill that Celia listened in astonishment. "Mamma has gone over to the enemy," she commented, rather bitterly. "I wish somebody would pass an Act of Parliament to prevent imbecile old gentlemen from making wills according to their fancy. I think, mamma," she said, "I ought to go and fetch Janie; it is getting late."

At this Mr. Romaine jumped up from his seat and asked if Miss Lake would allow him to be the bearer of a note or message to Miss Janie?

"Thank you, it is not far, and I think Janie would be ashamed if I sent a message."

"Does she look upon me as a kind of savage?"

Celia reddened in spite of herself. "You are very good, but I always fetch Janie home. The Hewings are neighbours, as mamma said, and I wish to see Mr. Hewing on business."

"I beg your pardon; I must hope to see Miss Janie another day."

"She is our genius, you know," put in Mrs. Lake. "You must hear her play, Mr. Romaine, if you care for music, though our instrument is not what I could wish."

Mr. Romaine did care for music, and said so. "Did Miss Lake sing?"

"Not particularly well," answered Celia, "but Janie has a good deal of talent. Her master thinks very highly of her. I should like you to hear her."

Celia paused abruptly; she had been on the verge of suggesting that Mr. Romaine should stay till Janie came in; that would never do. She put a stiff hand into his friendly one, as he opened the door for her.

"Good-bye for the present, mamma."

What changes there were in her young voice! "She shows her feelings like a child," thought Lex, and though it was not flattering to his vanity, he could not but admire the distant grace with which she bowed to him and ran up the dusky staircase. It was the very same gesture with which she dismissed the wandering stranger at the greengrocer's shop.

(To be continued.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TROUBLED ONE.—You are too young yet to go into a hospital as a lady probationer with a view to being a "sister." Of course, as an ordinary nurse, you could do so. In any case, so long as your parents "will not hear of it" it would be a violation of your obvious duty to leave home for such a calling. At present you have to "requite your parents" and to "show piety at home." At twenty-five you will be eligible as a probationer, and you have seven years to occupy otherwise, God sparing your life. Meantime you could join the Ambulance Classes, which are most useful, and study the little manual on "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., price 1s. 6d.), so as to make a good beginning and render yourself useful wherever you may be.

J. S. (Aberdeen).—There are several institutions in London where women are trained as missionaries. The Deaconesses Training Institution is at Mildmay Park, London, N.; the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, at 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W.—secretary, Miss Webb.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—See our article on "Infant-class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii. There will be found some hints in it that will apply to Sunday-school teaching also. Much depends on whether you belong to the Established Church or Nonconformist body. In the former, the creeds, collects, and catechism, and Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments have all to be learnt, little by little; a verse of Scripture, and one of a hymn. The age and capacity of each child individually should guide you as to the selection you make of the two latter and the amount to be learnt of any of the former, beginning with the Lord's Prayer. Do not give much to be learnt, nor too many at a time. Let them read the Holy Gospels and Book of Acts, verse by verse, and provide some nice little story to read aloud to them at the conclusion of their lessons.

CASSILLIS.—You are too young to expect a salary of £50 per annum at eighteen, whatever your accomplishments. Experience in teaching and in training children in matters of conduct and manners, and the weight and authority of an older woman are taken into account in the salary given. The address of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews is 96, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

WORK.

A MOTHER AND LILY OF AUSTRALIA.—1. The "Dictionary of Needlework" to which we referred (published by Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) is a large and very comprehensive work, price one guinea. 2. "Starch glaze" for shirt fronts may be had at any grocer's; and glazing-irons should be used.

LEILA.—You might make nightdress "sachets;" brush and comb and shoe bags; crochet purses, long ones, such as men sometimes like to use.

STEPHANOTIS.—Your impertinent observation respecting a "made up" correspondence nearly caused your letter to be consigned to the waste-paper basket. It is not worth the loss of our time to correspond with ill-bred girls. If you wish to make your own and your sister's dresses it might be a good plan to learn the method of the Scientific Dress Association. As to re-making them, you could obtain all the instructions necessary by studying the monthly articles on "Seasonable Dress."

HAZEL.—All mourning is lighter in character and shorter in duration than it was but a few years ago. The great depth of the black edge on some paper which is sold is exceedingly vulgar and ostentatious. The use of hot curling-irons makes the hair brittle.

SPRING FLOWERS.—You will require about five yards of cashmere to add to each dress, leaving seven yards of the silk apiece.

LUCILE.—Refer to our articles on scholastic and ecclesiastical hoods, etc., and likewise an exhaustive article on the same subject in "Whitaker's Almanack." Masters of Arts of Cambridge University

wear hoods of white and black silk; those of Oxford, red and black; of Dublin, blue and black; and Doctors of Divinity scarlet.

PICCIOLA.—Shot-silks and nun's-cloth will be the most generally worn this summer.

ADELINA.—We regret that your letter did not come in for an earlier answer. For any excursion, a serge, tweed, or thin woollen material would be the most suitable-looking and satisfactory in wear.

SYLVIA.—We think you might make a bodice and trimming at the back of the cream-coloured sateen skirt, or a polonaise, to wear over the latter, of a figured sateen, either with a blue or cream-coloured ground. The hair so worn suits a high forehead. As to the invitation to join the meetings conducted by these thirteen women, they may be good as well as they are well-intentioned; but they may be unsatisfactory as to the sentiments promulgated. Besides, you should not attend them without the full approval of your parents, after they have been to them and been able to judge of them for themselves.

LITTLE MARY.—Yes, Judson's dyes will prove suitable for colouring your gloves.

COOKERY.

MAURITIA.—It is pleasant to hear of the favour with which our paper is regarded in the Mauritius. Our Colonial competitors have sufficient time allowed them for writing and sending in their papers. No competition has yet been advertised. We thank you for your nice recipe, a dessert dish, which we now give under the name of "Mauritia Cream." Take about a soup-plateful of rather firm curds, hang them in a cloth until most of the whey has run off, but not till very dry. Turn it into a bowl, and beat it until quite smooth. Then add two tablespoonfuls of raspberry or strawberry jam, and a few drops of essence of lemon, and beat the whole mixture together till it be thoroughly blended. Turn it then into a glass dish.

A VIGORIAN.—We have given a recipe for making dough nuts; see the monthly number for April, 1881. We thank you for suggesting a new competition, but cannot make any promises.

KATHIE.—To ice a cake, use four eggs and one pound of fine starch to every pound of white sugar. Beat the eggs to a froth, and gradually sprinkle in the finely-sifted sugar. Beat all well together until smooth, and lay the icing evenly over the cake; then place the latter in a very cool oven. The icing may be coloured with currant or strawberry juice, or with prepared cochineal, and put on immediately on the removal of the cake from the oven, and left to cool and harden. You may lay a coat of almond icing over the ordinary icing described, if you please.

MIDDLEMARCH.—We regret to say that the "Summer numbers" are out of print, but you can get the index, frontispiece, and title-page you require from Mr. Tarn.

DOUGH NUTS.—See page 494, vol. ii., for your namesakes. They are not given in English cookery books, because the recipe is American, although they may possess it in the Isle of Wight.

BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS (Paris).—We are much pleased when our paper is valued by our foreign correspondents. You write English very well, and your handwriting is very pretty, but rather too small, as some eyes could not read it. To make "English Pickles," see page *662*, vol. iv. Cauliflower is included amongst them.

LADY GLADYS.—We must refer you to our indexes for all advice respecting the complexion, as we have ceased repeating our prescriptions in reference to personal defects and the requisites of the toilet. "Medicus" gives all such advice as you desire.

JOAN.—The nearest school of cookery to you would be that at Leamington—secretary, Miss Galton, 5, Burton-terrace. The school is in connection with the "Northern Union of Training School of Cookery." We are glad that you have found our recipes satisfactory.

MUSIC.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.—There is no way of learning to read music save by constant practice.

INQUISITIVE MOUSE.—1. The first mention of an organ that we can find, as used in church, is dated 787, when King Pepin of France placed one in the church of St. Corneille, at Compiegne. 2. The only origin for potatoes being called "murphies" is that they are the chief food of the Irish.

WHITE VIOLET.—We are much gratified by your kind note. The verses you enclose are excellent in sentiment, but lack originality.

BERENGARIA PERROT.—1. It is not "rude" to decline playing if you have a good excuse; but it would be more polite and gracious to do the best in your power to oblige those who asked such a favour. If they applauded you, of course you ought to bow or curtsey, and smile your acknowledgments. 2. From what you say, we think you are not likely to grow any more, or not much.

L. W.—We cannot give promises of future articles or stories.

WHITE CORAL.—1. See "How to Play the Violin," page 232, vol. i., and be guided by the advice therein given. 2. The bird's new feathers are never exactly of the same colour as they afterwards become. Do not feel uneasy about them. Did you give him a tonic while moulting, such as a shred of saffron or a rusty nail, in his drinking water?

A. P.—Apply to the secretary, Mr. John Gill, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., for all information connected with examinations held by the Royal Academy of Music. The fee for the admission examination is one guinea, which is remitted on the admission of the candidate.

K. E. W.—We cannot give our opinion on the advertisement you enclose, for we know nothing about it, and we advise you to write for the prospectus and find out for yourself what equivalent is required for the boon of free tuition. Your spelling and writing are both very bad.

NORA ALVESCOTT.—You are not too old to learn singing at nineteen years of age. The voice remains beautiful for many years. All our great *prima donnas* are more than "five-and-twenty." February 27th, 1866, was a Monday; February 5th, 1857, was a Thursday.

KATE GREENAWAY.—About two octaves, from A to A, perhaps, would be the ordinary compass. The title of "madame" is an assumed one, and is generally adopted by artists when they marry, and yet still retain their maiden names in public life.

OLD HAG.—You are not too young to begin learning to sing at sixteen, but must be careful not to exercise your voice too long at a time nor to over-strain it. Keep to scales and exercises mainly, and do not waste time over poor songs.

IGNORAMUS.—You would play one note and sustain it. Your constant suffering from bilious headaches shows you are outraging the laws of health in some way. Change your diet, take more exercise, and consult a doctor.

VIOLETTA.—Bow to the audience, of course. Never mind what people tell you. There are always, alas! those who go about saying foolish things and talking of "matters too high for them." Keep on your own quiet, industrious way, and pray for God's blessing and guidance.

FRANCES C.—The names of the music publishers are always given in each "New Music" article as a heading to the songs they publish. We are much obliged by your offer, but we are in no need of such contributions.

BETH.—1. We pity you if "getting old" at nineteen. Are you a dwarf or midget? They age so much earlier than other people. The tone of the voice, rather than its compass, decides the class to which it belongs. Beware of over-straining your voice. 2. We should recommend you to let your hair grow. Short hair looks so unfeminine and vulgar.

PATIENCE.—Inform the music-seller of the quality as well as of the compass of your voice, tell him where it breaks and your best notes, and he will be able to judge of the kind of songs to send you.

MENDELSSOHN.—The fee for the whole course of instruction at the Royal Conservatoire of Music at Leipsic is 300 marks a year, to be paid in advance as follows:—100 marks at Michaelmas, 100 at Christmas, and 100 at Easter. There is also an entrance fee of nine marks and three marks per annum to the servant of the college. A full account of the internal arrangements of the institution and all necessary particulars will be found in the prospectus, which can be obtained from any English music-seller.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVA MARY.—If your mother cannot give you a simple but effectual remedy, you had better ask a doctor, or any good apothecary, to give you a little course of treatment. Attend to your digestion.

AMELIA ANNE.—Do not feel uneasy; you have done no harm. We commend your candour.

URGENT.—The phrase employed in the marriage service of the "Church of England,"—"With my body I thee worship," is an old-fashioned and almost obsolete one, as regards the word "worship." Thus when you bow your head to anyone, you "worship" in this sense "with your body." You will scarcely charge our Lord with teaching you to break His own commandments, when He uses the same term in St. Luke xiv. 10: "Then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee." 2. See St. Matthew xxvii. 18, 19, and reflect seriously upon the Holy Trinity of persons, their equality of honour, and our dedication to all alike. Then turn to 1st Cor. vi. 19; "What! Know ye not that your body is the temple (or place of worship) of the Holy Ghost?" Do not be so ready to form and express your own opinions; be more ready to learn in all humility from those who are "over you in the Lord."

JET.—Watercress is exceedingly wholesome. Steep them in salt and water, so that any insects may fall off; then wash them in fresh water, look carefully over them, and remove faded or worm-eaten leaves.

A. L. B.—The Pelasgi cannot be traced further back than to their coming from Tyre and Sidon. They are believed to be the ancient Canaanites, and with the Etruscans, Dorians, and Phœnicians, are believed to be all one and the same people. Our authority is the learned Geoffrey Heggins. 2. The language spoken by Adam and Eve is a matter of very vague speculation, we think. The original languages in use immediately after the Deluge are considered (by the above-quoted authority) to have been the ancient Arabian and Celtic; the former is "the mother," he says, "of all Western languages, and own sister to the Celtic."

TOM.—The word "miscellaneous" is pronounced just as it is spelt, or, as it might be written, "miss-sel-lay-nee-us." 2. What led you to imagine that *visiting* cards had "gone out of fashion?" You must have "evolved it out of your inner consciousness!" No one else has done it.

NELLIE BAILY.—"That Aggravating School-girl" is not published separately.

TRISSIE.—Put the address at the top of your letter, and under it the date, on the first page, and continue to write on each page in regular order.

ESPERANCE.—You are quite right that "the keynote of all our advice is, 'God helps those who help themselves.'" You will have found all our questions already answered in our paper. The notice is a mistake; the article on the study of medicine is at page 119, vol. v., not vol. ii. We are surprised you did nor see it when it came out.

LORNA DOONE.—You will find plenty of dogs advertised in any number of the *Exchange and Mart*, published three times a week. So many of our girls write to us on the subject of distilled waters, and making them at home, that it is as well to say, once for all, that a "still" is not cheap, and Government requires a fee of ten shillings for the annual licence on them.

PENELOPE.—We are much obliged for the card of pressed flowers, which you have learned to do so well, from following our directions.

IGNORAMUS.—There is nothing special and particular to say, that we know of, when you are introduced to anyone. If the person be older than yourself, she or he will possibly make some remark first, seeing you "very red and confused." You had better ask your mother about the young man in question.

MIDSUMMER EVE CHILD.—We have pleasure in hearing from you again, and once more must give you credit for your English. Your little poem in our language is wonderfully written, and many English girls could not write as correctly. It is possible that your heart may be in an unsatisfactory state, but it is also quite as possible that you may suffer from indigestion, and that the stomach may be the original cause of the heart troubles. The intermittent beating of the heart is not at all a dangerous symptom. It will occur when the digestion is out of order; and when the latter has undergone judicious treatment, the heart, in these cases, will recover of itself. Your clothing should not press you anywhere, as your circulation must not be impeded; tight-lacing and hard steels and whalebones should be dispensed with as much as possible. Indeed, if your gowns be fitted on over stays, and supplied with a few delicate steels, the stays need not be worn at all. A dose of sal volatile, one teaspoonful, in a small wineglass of water, would do your nerves and indigestion good, when agitated and suffering. We thank you for your gracious letter, and wish you better health, and if you would be so good as to send us an article on how to play that charming instrument, the "zither," we should be very much obliged to you.

LADY CASSANDRA.—If you have a garden, or a window receptacle, or pots for flowers, lay the moss sprinkled with water upon it, and it will last a long time, and may be used several times.

PROCRASTINATOR.—Of course we are happy to hear from you, and to give any useful information or advice you need. The "gift of the gab" is not altogether an advantage, as much good sense is requisite, and plenty of tact and prudence, to save the possessor from getting into mischief, and from annoying others by over-much talking. By kindness, thoughtfulness, and unselfishness you will win your way to the respect and goodwill of those around you far more surely than by fluency of speech or quickness of wit. You need not send us a postage stamp when you write.

NANETTE.—No, it is not your place to give invitations to gentlemen. That is your mother's prerogative. It would be unsuitable on your part, and if really "gentlemen," they would only think you did not know what was proper if you invited them to the house.

M. A. P.—Put something bitter on your fingers to remind you not to put them to your mouth.

RUBY LANE.—Hard water is bad for the skin. If you cannot get rain water, put some bran in the water, or use a little glycerine on your hands before drying them.

A RECENT READER had better refer to our indexes, as we do not repeat our recipes. A weak solution of vinegar and water, used cold, is strengthening to the eyes.

TWO INSEPARABLES.—The meaning of the Italian phrase, *Dolce far niente*, is "Sweet to do nothing." It is no longer usual to send wedding cake.

CONFUSED ONE.—Your "feeling ill-tempered and disagreeable" certainly is not breaking the law against murder. Sometimes it arises from indigestion, or may be constitutional; but all the same it should be conquered by prayer and personal effort. We are tempted to evil by unseen evil influences. We warn you of repeating to us the silly suppositions of persons evidently altogether lacking in powers of discernment, when they venture to say that our correspondence is "made up." Letters containing such insinuations, tending to destroy the confidence of those who look to us for counsel, we shall henceforth destroy unanswered.

KATHLEEN.—"She looked very nicely" is a very vulgar phrase. She "looked" is not an active verb, and "nice" is used adjectively, not as an adverb. Your handwriting is too large.

THE IRIS.

By CLARA THWAITES.

THE Iris bloomed amid her peers,
A glory through the passing years,
A chalice for the summer's tears.

And there in stately grace she grew,
An oriflamme of gorgeous hue,
Beneath the skies of tender blue.

And none would dream that on her breast
She bore the symbol closely prest,
Which wins a weary world to rest.

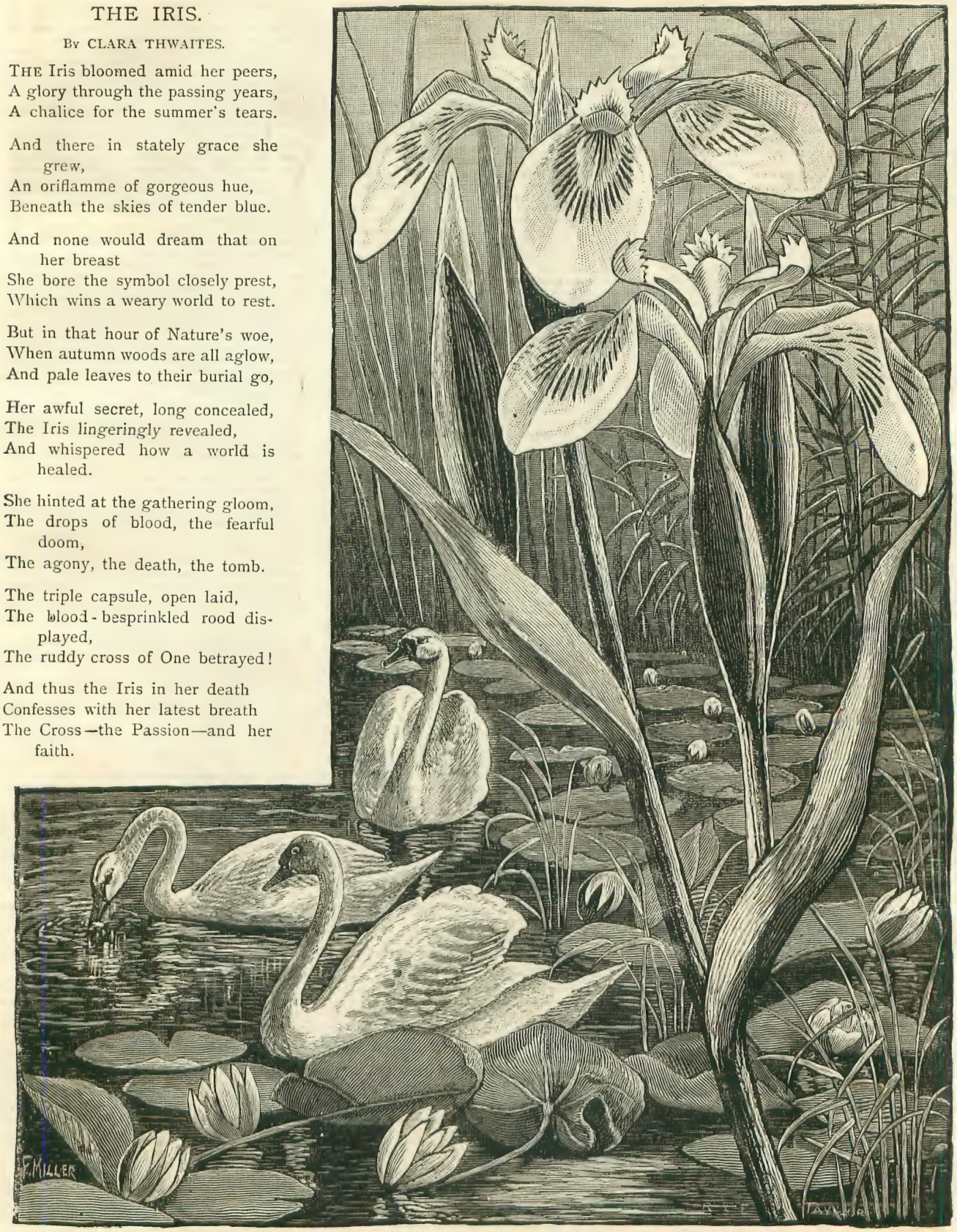
But in that hour of Nature's woe,
When autumn woods are all aglow,
And pale leaves to their burial go,

Her awful secret, long concealed,
The Iris lingeringly revealed,
And whispered how a world is healed.

She hinted at the gathering gloom,
The drops of blood, the fearful doom,
The agony, the death, the tomb.

The triple capsule, open laid,
The blood-besprinkled rood displayed,
The ruddy cross of One betrayed!

And thus the Iris in her death
Confesses with her latest breath
The Cross—the Passion—and her faith.



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 239. JULY 26, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

BY RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE efforts of Mr. Oakley and his eldest son on behalf of their workpeople were heartily seconded by wives and daughters at home. The private incomes already alluded to, and which were entirely independent of anything the works might produce, were sufficient for more than comfort, both at the Hey and for the younger couple in their more modest establishment.

Had the wives and daughters been selfish, their chief thought would have been, "How can we best arrange to maintain the same style of living as we have been accustomed to?"

Had they been hard or unsympathetic, they would probably have elected to leave Brinnington for a time, and by spending a winter in the sunny South, enjoy their ample means far out of reach of unemployed workmen, wan-faced wives, and half-fed children.

Such a course would not have been in accordance with the feelings of any member of the Oakley family. The great desire of all was to assist their poorer neighbours to obtain necessaries by giving up many of the luxuries to which they had been long accustomed. Carriages were put aside, horses sold, fewer servants kept, and expenses reduced in every possible way.

The very considerable sum which Mr. Oakley received to cover the cost of his niece's maintenance made him feel that Hilda ought still to enjoy all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed from her very birth. On her account there was some hesitation about dispensing with one of the carriages. As a matter of mere justice it was resolved that the economy and self-denial practised by other members of the family must not extend to Hilda.

"The sum left by her father pays for all these things. They are only what her means entitle her to have," said Mr. Oakley, and he made arrangements accordingly.

The girl, however, indignantly refused to have a difference made between herself and her cousins, or to enjoy any luxury which was not shared by all.

"Surely," she said, "you do not think that I am still unable to feel for these poor people, or that I have lived so long at Brinnington without understanding something of what they are called on to endure. Have I not been going in and out amongst them, and learning lessons from them, since I came to the Hey, which a whole lifetime of selfish ease at Silvermere would never have taught me?"

"I am sure of that, my dear Hilda," said her uncle; "but I feel it is a mere matter of right to provide you with all the surroundings which your father intended you to enjoy when he left so considerable an allowance for the purpose. I have to look at the business side, as well as the sentimental one, and to take care that you receive the proper pennyworth for your penny."

Mr. Oakley spoke in a half-jesting way, in order to bring to Hilda's mind

"SHE RETURNED HILDA'S GOOD-NIGHT KISS."

All rights reserved.]

a fact which he feared she might overlook, namely, that the income left for her use and benefit was a trust, in regard to which he must be a faithful steward.

"You know, my dear child," he added, "my own conscience would not let me rest were I to be otherwise than true in carrying out your father's will."

The girl sprang from her seat, and, resting her hand on her uncle's shoulder, looked appealingly in his face as she answered—

"Uncle Edward, am I always to be the ward, never as a daughter to you? You know what my father wished, and I know it, too, and can never forget his very words to myself. I was not a child in years when I lost him, and I can better understand the spirit of the trust you speak of now than I could at the time of his death, nearly three years ago. He wished, above all things, that when I came under your roof, fatherless and motherless, without brother or sister of my own, I might be taken in amongst your children and be treated exactly in the same way as the rest. And now you talk of keeping one carriage for me—me, a young, strong girl, while my aunt is contented to do without one—not because her means would not allow her such a luxury, but because in her tender sympathy for the poor people around her, she could not use it with pleasure whilst they are wanting necessaries."

"My dear Hilda," began Mrs. Oakley.

"Dear aunt, do let me finish, please. I must tell you all that is in my mind, or"—she said it with a comical grimace—"something dreadful will happen. I learned some time ago what might be the result of shutting the safety-valve at the works. If you silence me now, it will be an experiment of the same kind on a human subject. You all know how often I need to open my mental safety-valve, and, to save a worse explosion, let off my ill-temper—high spirits, or, perhaps, as the case is now, my grievances, by means of my tongue."

There was an expression of deep pain in the girl's beautiful face as she continued, in an earnest voice—

"Do you think I cannot understand all that is involved in this question of keeping on the carriage for my sake? Does it not mean that you consider me capable of enjoying the luxuries which are still at my disposal, whilst you all find pleasure in denying yourselves for the sake of others? Oh, Uncle Edward, it is evident that you still think me the same selfish creature that I was when I first came to Brinnington!"

The tears rolled rapidly down Hilda's cheeks, but, mastering her emotion by a determined effort, she continued—

"I know the feelings I brought with me to the Hey, and I lived as though the whole world were made for me to enjoy, without a bit of consideration for others. In spite of all that had been given me, I murmured at the very abundance of the good things I possessed, and did not even take the trouble to thank God for having bestowed them upon me. I had wealth and kind friends, and my dear father's loving foresight had striven so to hedge me round with temporal blessings that anxiety might be unknown and sorrow and trouble touch any and everyone but myself. How did I show my gratitude? I grumbled because my path was smooth and my lot cast in pleasant places. I scorned the flower-strewn way and asked for more rugged roads to travel upon during my life's journey. Do you not remember, aunt, how I talked to you when we waited together under the shed by the smithy, after the breakdown of the carriage, on our way to Fell Foot?"

"Yes, my dear, I have a very vivid recollection of that evening. So many after events seemed to have hung upon what appeared at the time such a trifling matter. We little thought how the happiness of two lives would be so immediately furthered by that apparently accidental meeting, the result of a mischance by the way."

"I often think of that time, and see how wonderfully the disappointment caused by Uncle Maurice's illness and the change of plans that followed were made to work for the real good and enjoyment of so many. I was hatefully selfish about that affair, and did little else but grumble and make other people uncomfortable. When I think of Uncle Geoff and Aunt Lydia having been brought together as they were, when his uncertain fortunes might have made him hesitate to see her before returning to Australia, I am filled with astonishment, and, I hope, thankfulness for their sakes."

"Indeed, we have all cause to feel that, my dear," said Mrs. Oakley.

"But now, to come back to the carriage question: If I have learned to care more about others or less about myself, I am just as wilful as ever. It will be perfectly useless for you to keep a carriage for me, as I am quite determined nothing but main force should make me take a seat in it."

Who could help laughing as Hilda held up her head with an air of saucy triumph, and added—

"Am I to be your child at last, or only an outsider?"

"Our dear child, certainly, Hilda," replied both uncle and aunt; and Mr. Oakley drew her towards him, and with a fatherly kiss ratified the bargain.

Hilda went from him to her aunt, and, holding up a bright face, said, "Seal my adoption, mother, dear."

Mrs. Oakley clasped the girl to her heart and kissed her tenderly, but she could not utter a word. Her tears alone showed how much Hilda's conduct had touched her, and how truly she rejoiced in the change which had taken place in her during her residence at the Hey.

Perhaps Hilda was more gratified by her uncle's next remark than by anything which preceded it.

"I believe," said Mr. Oakley, "that were your father living now, he would tell you that you had more truly interpreted his will by giving up certain accustomed luxuries than I should have done by retaining them for your special use."

"You are the very dearest of uncles—for I must always call you Uncle Edward, though I am your adopted daughter. Because I knew him, and we were always together till I was a grown-up girl. I remember nothing of my mother, and never used that name to anyone before, so it will be delightful to call my aunt by it.

"But there is something else I want to say. You tell me that I have proved the best interpreter of my father's will in one respect. I think I could interpret another portion of it also, though you may not have thought of this part in the same way as myself.

"You know that £20,000 left in your hands, and which must have already increased to some extent by means of untouched interest—could you not make use of it to keep the works going? In the meanwhile, you know—'until trade revives' is, I believe, the correct expression. You see, contact with Brinnington has made me quite business-like in my mode of speaking."

"My dear child, it is impossible. You do not know what you ask," replied her uncle, his manner betraying an unusual amount of agitation.

"But the money is doing no good where it is in comparison to what it might do if used at the works. I know your capital is all locked up in them, and in the goods they contain. Every place is filled to overflowing. Could you not sell some of the stock at low prices, even at a little loss, and take this useless money which is only just growing, and so keep the poor people at work? There is not a thing or a person to hinder you, for I know that my father trusted it absolutely in your hands. If you turn it to account in this time of need, the money will not be lost. It will be in your hands all the time, and could be invested again, interest and all, when times mend."

The girl spoke in a coaxing way, and looked so sweet and earnest that her uncle felt all the power of the temptation thus placed before him. In her innocent girlish way, and without at all comprehending the full significance of what she was doing, Hilda was trying to persuade her uncle that it would be right to betray the trust placed in him by her dead father.

Ah, the same suggestions had already been breathed into his mind, again and again, by a more subtle tempter! Often during the last few months had the master of Brinnington been harassed by the idea which his niece had just put into words, and uttered with such sweet entreaty.

The tempter had whispered, "That large sum of money is lying comparatively useless. It may never be needed for the purpose your brother-in-law set it aside. Were it in your own disposal, what a blessing it would be made to hundreds of your poor workmen! What strength might be utilised by its circulation! What precious time and talents saved from utter loss! What cottage hearths would be warmed, what tables spread with plenty, what famishing children fed, what motherly tears wiped away, if you were to turn it to useful account! And in what consists the hindrance? A mere phantom of Mr.

Cranswick's imagination. A something which probably no longer exists, or, if it does, which may never appear in your presence."

It is hard to be tempted from without, but harder still when inclination seconds the arguments brought to bear by the tempter. Not inclination in one sense, for Mr. Oakley never for a moment entertained the desire to touch a penny of this money for any selfish purpose. He only thought of the sufferers around him, and grieved that he no longer possessed the power to relieve their need by his own unassisted efforts.

Mr. Oakley had already received a substantial loan from Geoffrey Penwarden, and more would have been forthcoming from the same quarter had he been willing to receive it. But this he positively refused, because, had he accepted a further sum, it would have prevented Geoffrey from assisting his brother Maurice, who was even in greater need of help to carry him safely over the "bad times" than himself.

He knew that, at the very worst, he was still a wealthy man, and Geoffrey's money amply secured; but without an immediate supply of ready cash the works must come to an absolute standstill, and the distress around them still increase.

Hitherto, though the tempting voice had been heard, Mr. Oakley's resistance had always succeeded in silencing it. True, it had spoken again, but temptation successfully resisted in God's strength means temptation weakened. Now, when Hilda's voice was heard on the same side, and she pleaded with her uncle on behalf of those whose sorrows were ever uppermost in his thoughts, the trial came upon him with double force. His niece asked him plainly, "Were my father living, would he not press this useless money upon you, and urge you to turn it to account for so good a purpose?"

With perfect truth the tempted man could answer, "I am sure he would."

"Then why not use it?" persisted Hilda.

There were evidences of a terrible struggle in Mr. Oakley's face, and great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. The girl little knew the absolute torture her uncle was enduring, and how hard it was for him to summon courage to answer, "Because it would be a breach of trust."

"Uncle, answer me just one question. Suppose that every penny of the money were lost, would any person beside myself be affected by this?"

Mr. Oakley hesitated. "My dear child, your father revealed to me, and to me only, the purpose for which this sum was to be set aside. I cannot, at present, tell you."

"But you could answer my question, dear," persisted the girl, who, on this occasion, manifested that whatever change had taken place in Hilda Cranswick, she could be as pertinacious as ever, when her mind was set upon gaining any object.

"Yes," said Mr. Oakley; "I think I may tell you so much. No person would be affected by the total loss of the twenty thousand pounds and the interest which has been added thereto, except yourself. Your father placed it in my hands to meet a certain emergency which may never arise, but it was done solely for your benefit and comfort in case it did."

"Then, Uncle Edward, you need have no scruple. I, the only living person interested in the safety of that money, beg of you to use it. You cannot say me 'No,' you ought not to do it when you consider all that depends on the keeping the men at work, even a short time."

Then the girl, with much of her old wilful manner, clapped her hands, and cried out in a tone of delight, "How charming it will be to think of the works being kept going with that money! When I first saw them, and the articles made there, how I used to turn my nose and talk contemptuously about the whole concern! And, now, it is the very dearest wish of my heart to see the hearths ablaze, and the men going in and out amid the strange lights and shadows as they used to do. There is no music that could sound so sweetly in my ears as the roar of the great fan, and the clink of hammers."

She waited, but Mr. Oakley did not speak or respond to her enthusiasm. At last a few rather tremulous words came:

"You must leave the matter for the present, Hilda, dear. I cannot answer you just now. I must have time to think over all we have been talking about."

"I will wait, dear Uncle Edward, all the more willingly because I feel sure you will come round to my way of thinking. You look very tired, and well you may, with so much to harass you; but the trouble will all go if you adopt my plan. I shall say good night to you now, and good night, dear mother!"

The girl kissed Mr. and Mrs. Oakley; but after the loving words she whispered to the latter—

"You must persuade Uncle Edward. If you take the same side, he will say 'Yes.' And he cannot long bear the weight that he is carrying—it would be quite wicked to let him, when it could all be lifted from his shoulders at a stroke."

Mrs. Oakley made no answer to these last words. She returned Hilda's good-night kiss, and the girl ran off to join her cousins for a little while, before retiring to her room, feeling very bright and cheerful at the thought that she had shown how to solve the difficult problem which had been puzzling everybody around her.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

Hutchings and Romer.

My Woodland Prize. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A song charming in its simplicity both as regards poetry and music. We are pleased to recommend it to the notice of our girls.

My Child. Song, from *Within and Without.* By George MacDonald, LL.D. Composed by C. A. Macirone.—The charming melody to these words is imbued with true pathos, characteristic of this composer's style.

The Harp Unstrung. Words by Dr. Charles Mackay. Music by Charles Stiebler Cook.—A pretty and agreeable song, easy, and the effect good.

Will o' the Wisp. Duet. Words by George Meredith. Music by Florence Gilbert.—An appropriate setting of lively verses for two equal voices, written in the composer's happiest manner.

Peace I leave with you. Sacred Song. Composed by V. H. Zavertal.—An able setting of these comforting words.

Romance and Scherzo. For the pianoforte. Composed by Charles Stiebler Cook.

Murmurs Harmonieux. Pour le piano. Par L. M. Kerr.

We most cordially recommend these solos to the notice of our young musical friends. The Romance and Scherzo demands some skill on the part of the executant; the latter, being a presto movement, requires a clear and light touch.

Amos and Shuttleworth.

Romance. Sans Paroles. Etude pour le piano. Par H. E. Warner.—A useful study for youthful aspirants.

Miniatures. By the same composer.—Is a pleasing gavotte of the old dance rhythm; having reached its third edition, speaks well for the merits of the composition.

Edwin Ashdown.

At the Stepping Stones. Words by Beatrice Abercrombie. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A very pretty ballad. The name of this favourite composer will ensure its success.

The Weaver's Daughter. Words Anonymous. Music by Annie E. Armstrong.—The sentiment of the words is most fully expressed in the quaint and melodious style of the music; the change from the minor to the major at the end of each verse is most pleasing. We recommend it to our young vocal friends.

Loving Hands. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Seymour Smith.

An Autumn Wind. Words by Dr. George MacDonald. Music by W. A. C. Cruikshank.

Both these songs deserve honourable mention; the music is tuneful, varied, and expressive.

Gavotte in C, by Ed. Reyloff, is an agreeable illustration of this style of composition which has become so popular the last few years. We recommend it to our young friends.

Pictures of Youth. Twelve progressive and melodious pieces for the pianoforte. By Heinrich Lichner.—These short pieces are particularly well adapted to juvenile aspirants. They are all extremely interesting, and made easy to the performer by being fingered.

Pur et Simple. Mélodie pour piano. Par Sydney Smith.—A bright and pleasing melody, with accompaniment working above the principal theme. The piece presents no difficulty of execution, but requires a clear and light touch to produce the effect intended by the composer.

VIRGIN AND CHILD. *After Marco Basaiti.*

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE LATER ITALIAN PICTURES—SCHOOLS OF PADUA, VENICE, BOLOGNA.

In our last article on the pictures in the National Gallery we limited our attention entirely to the early Italian painters at Florence, who were at first distinguished for their elevated religious sentiment; and later for religious sentiment accompanied by highly developed powers of drawing.

About the same time as the Florentine artists were painting, another set of great artists arose. This was in Venice. The Venetians were more particularly characterised by the great beauty and richness of their colouring. In this glorious quality they far surpassed all other painters, both their contemporaries and those of subsequent ages. They revelled in the most harmonious, glowing, and lovely combinations that the imagination can conceive. Even at the present time we can give a work of art no greater praise than to say that it resembles in tone the great Venetian colourists.

We have then to bear in mind that the two chief schools, or styles, of painting of the great time in Italy are known as the *Florentine* and the *Venetian;* taking their names from the two important cities where they chiefly flourished. The first named, the Florentine, was distinguished for *form* and *sentiment;* the other, the Venetian, for *harmonious colouring*.

Writers on art reckon many sub-divisions; such as the schools of Umbria, of Padua, of Ferrara, of Bologna, and of Rome. But these may all be considered, to a certain extent, as offshoots from the great Florentine school, in so far that they are all distinguished by a similar aim—that aim being excellence of form and expression of devotional sentiment; while, on the other hand, the schools of Verona and Parma may be considered as allied to the school of Venice, their aim being chiefly beauty of colour.

As the different towns of Italy became free and prosperous, the arts flourished and great painters seemed to spring up out of the soil. The early Italians, like the early Germans, had at first used tempera painting (colours mixed with size), and, like them, had found the method a laborious and ineffective one. A Neapolitan artist, Antonello of Messina by name, saw at the Court of the King of Naples a picture of an "Annunciation" painted by John van Eyck, the Flemish painter, the discoverer of oil painting, of whom I spoke in my second article. The picture had not long been painted. The richness of its colouring, and the masterly manner in which the colours were laid on, appeared so wonderful, so different, and so far superior to the best that tempera work could produce, that Antonello determined to acquire the secrets of this manner of work for himself. He accordingly set off for Bruges without delay, and lost no time in becoming a pupil of the Van Eycks. After a time he returned to Italy, and took up his abode at Venice in or about the year 1470. He had many scholars, and thus spread a general knowledge of painting in oils. As Vasari, the historian, observed, "the new method was what all the painters of the world had sought for," and, once found, it was everywhere adopted. The National Gallery has lately purchased a picture by this same Antonello of Messina, a painter who is especially interesting as standing at the meeting-point of many roads. Flemish and Venetian art in him for a moment join hands. And through his introduction into Italy of the great modern medium of oil painting, with all its technical possibilities, ancient and modern art may be said to part company. The picture itself (No. 1,141) is a small but striking portrait of a sturdy, independent-looking young man, supposed to be Antonello himself. He wears a red cap on his head, and has on a chocolate-coloured dress with a bit of white showing round the throat, the effect well set off by a dark background. The rich and quiet colouring altogether reminds us of the work of the Van Eycks. This was probably painted either while he was actually their pupil or immediately after his arrival in Venice. There Giovanni Bellini (afterwards the master of Titian) soon acquired his method, as did Marco Basaiti (a rival of Bellini) and many others. I give a copy of a lovely little picture by Marco Basaiti, which well represents a very favourite Italian subject, "A Virgin and Child," No. 599 in our National Gallery. The Virgin Mary, seated in the midst of a meadow, is adoring the Divine Infant, who lies sleeping peacefully on her knees. The tender blue of the sky, where fleecy white clouds hang motionless, the darker blue of the folds of the Virgin's dress, the warm sunlight on the brown fields, the husbandman following his cattle in the slow and stately manner of the Eastern people—all combine to shed a charm of ideal feeling over this sweet little picture that is very soothing. A charm peculiar to Italian art, a quality quite different from the elaborate detail of every-day

life with which the German or Flemish artist delighted to excite our wonder at his lifelike naturalness.

At the University town of Padua a famous academy for teaching the art of painting was established by Francesco Squarcione in or about 1450. Squarcione had travelled much, not only in Italy, but also all over Greece, and had brought back from his travels numerous beautiful antique statues and bas-reliefs of Greek art which he had succeeded in collecting, with casts and copies of many more. With these he enriched his studios. The young men who studied with him were so proud of their master and all the artistic advantages he had given them, that they often, in after life, in signing their pictures, added "pupil of Squarcione" to their own name. Squarcione had as many as 137 scholars, and his house, with all its treasures of antique art, was considered one of the attractions of Padua. Amongst his pupils may be named Jacopo Bellini, of Venice, Marco Zoppa, of Bologna, and Andrea Mantegna, of Mantua. The latter was the most distinguished. A similar story is told of him to that told of Giotto; that Squarcione had found him a poor shepherd boy, and was so struck with his talent that he had adopted him. Mantegna must have studied the Greek sculptures and bas-reliefs that his master had collected until he became very deeply imbued with their feeling. We see this not only in the beauty and power of his drawing—for in freedom and originality his work is a great advance on that of all previous painters—but also in the kind of subjects that he chose. They are often processions, and free imitations of Greek bas-reliefs. One very noted one represents the triumphal procession of Julius Cæsar *after* his conquest of Gaul. It was painted in the year 1476, for the Marquis of Mantua, who was so delighted with it, that besides rewarding Mantegna for the work, he conferred on him the honour of knighthood. The procession occupied nine compartments. These were placed all round the upper part of a great hall in the duke's palace at Mantua.

An apparently endless stream of trophies of all kinds, victorious soldiers, heaps of armour, vases filled with gold, battering rams, wild beasts led by dusky slaves, elephants bearing spoil, captives young and old, men, women, and children, the statues of the gods from the temples of the conquered foe, follow each other with a wonderful variety of action and sentiment; then come oxen wreathed with garlands of flowers for the sacrifice, singers, musicians, trumpeters; the whole ending with the mighty conqueror himself, crowned with laurel, in a sumptuous chariot, a youth bearing aloft before him a standard inscribed with the memorable words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici"—I came, I saw, I conquered.

This interesting picture, or rather series of pictures, is all the more

THE VISION OF ST. HELENA. *After Paul Veronese.*

interesting to us, because we have the good fortune to possess it. After the sack and pillage of Mantua in 1629, it was bought by our King Charles I., who was a great lover of art. The nine pictures, in which this gorgeous procession is depicted, now hang in a long gallery in Hampton Court Palace, and we can see them in a somewhat similar position to that for which they were originally designed. They well deserve a more careful attention than they often obtain from the holiday visitors, who hurry through the long galleries of this fine old palace, and seldom pause to observe any work of art that is as these, alas! are, somewhat dilapidated from age and neglect. They were painted in distemper on linen, and certainly, in colour, have a somewhat faded air. To Andrea Mantegna also belongs the credit of the invention of copperplate engraving. As we owe the discovery of wood engraving to the Germans, so to Italy do we owe that of engraving on steel and copper.

The National Gallery possesses several pictures by Mantegna, painted in black and white only, to imitate bas-reliefs, a favourite manner with him. They are noteworthy and learned works. No. 209, "The Triumph of Scipio," is a good specimen. Mantegna is considered to be the chief of the school of Padua. He belongs to those who made form, rather than colour, their chief aim. He is believed to have married the daughter of Jacopo Bellini, who studied drawing with him in the Academy of Squarcione at Padua. If it was so, as is sometimes doubted, he exercised little or no influence on the style of the Bellini, nor they on his: for Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, the sons of Jacopo, were essentially Venetian in their style, by which I mean they were great colourists; while he (Mantegna) was decidedly deficient in feeling for colour, but excelled in knowledge of form.

In the Venetian Room in our Gallery we have but few specimens of those noble painters, the three Bellini, and the authorship of some of these are doubtful. There is a beautiful little picture, No. 281, "St. Jerome in his study, reading," which was attributed at one time to Giovanni Bellini. St. Jerome, dressed in rich dull crimson and blue, is seated at a desk reading intently. His books, flask, and candlestick are seen in a cupboard behind, and through the open window the hills and distant convent walls suggest the quiet life of an Italian monastery. A sleeping lion on the floor near St. Jerome is introduced with the intention of identifying him with his known legend—as we need not imagine that monks, or even saints, actually kept tame lions in the room with them when studying! This charming little picture, so fresh and delicate in colour, if not by Bellini, is now supposed to be by his rival, Marco Basaiti, the painter of the lovely "Virgin and Child," a sketch of which heads our article.

The earlier works of the Bellini were painted in tempera, like all the early work, whether German or Italian; but when Antonello of Messina established himself at Venice, Giovanni Bellini lost no time in acquiring the new method. Vasari says that he went to Antonello's studio, disguised as a grand cavalier, and commissioned him to take his portrait; that during the sittings he carefully watched all his processes, which at first Antonello was not willing to divulge; and that thus he discovered the secrets of the new method.

Although we cannot boast of possessing many of the lovely and refined pictures of these early colourists, yet we may well console ourselves with the reflection that our gallery is unusually rich in those of the great pupil of Gio. Bellini, Titian—or properly, Tiziano Veccellio. His name should be written in letters of gold, so far does he excel all other painters. Titian, the one perfect painter! So glorious is his colouring, that one forgets to praise his drawing; so poetical is his rendering of his subject, that one forgets to praise his composition! His sacred subjects are rivalled by his classical subjects, and these again by his portraits; and had he never painted either subject pictures or portraits, his few landscapes would have been enough to ensure the fame of any one man. The most lovely and gracious women, the most dignified and noble men of that stately Republic of Venice look out upon us from his canvases. He lived to the great age of 99, painting with no loss of power to the very last—from 1477 to 1576. He was then carried off by the plague which ravaged Venice. He had lived his long life full of love at home and honour abroad; and when he died, although the terrible pestilence was raging, and no burials were allowed within the city for fear of infection, an exception was made for the honoured painter. His remains were laid in the church of Santa Maria dei Frari, for which he had painted one of his most famous pictures. A simple black marble slab covers his grave, inscribed with the name Tiziano Veccellio. And immediately above was the fanciful picture of the Virgin risen from the tomb, and borne aloft into glory; the group of Apostles, left standing below, crowded together looking up wistfully and stretching farewell hands towards the receding figure, that is wafted away from their gaze. This picture (by Titian) is known as the "Assumption." It has now been placed in the Academy of Venice.

We, in our National Gallery, possess at least half-a-dozen of his masterpieces. No. 34, "Venus and Adonis," a marvel of warm and glowing tints; No. 635, "The Madonna and Child, with St. John the Baptist and St. Catherine." St. Catherine, with her golden hair and creamy white dress, leans over the Infant, reverently caressing Him as He lies in His virgin mother's lap. In Titian's sacred pictures everything is depicted in a natural, and yet in a poetical, manner. He throws the golden glow of Italian light, the charm of a high and dignified sentiment, over his figures; yet it is done with the surroundings of Nature. One fancies that the people he painted must have been the grandest and noblest that ever lived; but they all appear to live: they are natural: the atmosphere is not that of a strained, impossible asceticism, or even of a state of excited sentiment too high strung to be maintained for more than a very short time. To continue the list, we have No. 270, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene in the garden," called "Noli me tangere;" No. 224, "The Tribute Money;" No. 4, "A Holy Family," a brown young shepherd lad adoring the Infant Christ, with a rich landscape background; No. 636, "Portrait of Ariosto" the poet, the friend of Titian. Ariosto looks dreamily out of the picture at the spectator; the background a mass of laurel, the poet's tree. These are only some among our treasures, while I believe that the classical picture, No. 35, "Bacchus and Ariadne," is by the best connoisseurs considered to be the "pride of our National Collection."

Contemporaneous with Titian, and like him supreme in colour, and large and noble treatment of their subjects, are Giorgione, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto; also in portraiture, Moroni, and Paris Bordone.

In the large, well-arranged room, No. XIV. in our gallery, these masters are excellently represented. We pause before one rich and gorgeous picture after another, to which no mere word-painting can do justice. We may now say that the masters have perfectly learned their art; the times in which they painted were prosperous, the ruling powers of the time had patronage to give, and gave it freely. Pictures were wanted for ducal palaces, for council chambers, and public halls, as well as for churches. The pictures now painted were worthy of these vast and various requirements.

I give a sketch of a picture by Paul Veronese, No. 1,041, "St. Helena," the mother of Constantine the Great, who was converted to Christianity. She is represented as a noble and stately lady such as the Venetian painters loved to depict. Mrs. Jameson, in her work, "Sacred and Legendary Art," gives the following account of St. Helena, which is interesting, though perhaps not strictly historical:—"The early ecclesiastical writers fondly claim her as one of our native saints; all the best authorities are agreed that she was born in England," according to Gibbon at York, according to others at Colchester. "Some say she was the daughter of a mighty British prince, King Coilus, or Coel (I suppose the old King Cole of our ballads), and that in marrying Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine, she brought him a kingdom for a dowry. From remote antiquity, the English have claimed her as their own, and held her in especial honour; witness the number of our old churches dedicated to her, and the popularity of her classical Greek name in all its various forms. In her old age she became a Christian; and her enthusiastic zeal for her new religion, and the influence she exercised over the mind of her son, no doubt contributed to the extension of Christianity throughout the empire. About the year 325 she set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine, and having explored the site of Jerusalem, she believed that she had discovered the sepulchre of Our Lord, and also the very cross on which He died."

In the picture I have copied, the true cross borne by angels is revealed to her in a vision. The colouring of the picture is subdued and quiet, rich and low in tone, the upper part all warm greys. The dress of St. Helena grey, shot with yellow in the lights, and with tints of dull crimson in the shadows; giving a pleasant warm twilight feeling suitable to a vision of so sacred a subject—a kind of illusive variety of tints combining to form a vague delicious effect such as Veronese loved to render. Veronese was contemporary with Titian. His colouring was equally harmonious with that of the latter great master, but had qualities of its own so different that it is impossible, having once noted these varied characteristics, to mistake work of the one for that of the other master. Titian revels in rich and warm colours; crimsons, dark blues, and browns prevail in his pictures, while a golden glow pervades the whole. Veronese delights in pearly greys and tints (ladies will understand the expression), such as we see in shot or watered silks, or brocaded satins. But the different manner of treating their subject is far greater even than the different hues and tones of general colouring. To Titian's pictures we apply the epithets noble, dignified, elevated, poetical! To Veronese, we step just one step over the line of perfection in art, and must apply the mitigated praise of luxuriant, gorgeous, ostentatious, and worldly! Indeed, in him we find everything that can lend itself to a display of pomp and power, of wealth and space. We have, by Veronese, "A Nativity," No. 268 in our Gallery; it nearly fills one side of a large room. The manger occupies part of a ruined palace; the three Kings make their offering on bended knee; the rich offerings, the golden vases, the resplendent dresses of the Kings and their attendants, the camels and horses of their equipage, attract far more attention than the lowly manger. The walls of the palace rise high in the air, and the lines of its columns serve to carry the eye up towards the ray of light on which angels (who, I must say, resemble Cupids more than angels) float downwards. Although a fine work of art, we are constrained to admit that in feeling

it is by no means in harmony with the sacred subject.

No. 294, "The Captive Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander, after the Battle of Issus," is another large picture we possess by this same fine colourist. In this instance we gladly admit that display really is suitable to the subject. Here we cannot but admire the gorgeous dresses, the shining armour, the trophies of all kinds—horses, monkeys, dwarfs, etc.—that swell the retinue of the conqueror, and the noble architecture of the background, on the topmost distant balconies of which are crowded troups of spectators; all tend to enhance the feeling of victory and grandeur in which Veronese so delighted. All this is characteristic of the place and time in which this artist lived. He was a complete representation of the Venice of his time—a time of lavish magnificence, and I might say of almost vulgar ostentation. Venice was then the Queen of the Adriatic, the home of wealth and commerce; when, according to an old Italian saying, "the magnificoes of the Republic plated their ceilings with their ducats." We seem to have come a long, long way from the simplicity and religious enthusiasm of the times of Giotto in Italy, or of Master William and Master Stephen of Cologne. We may liken them to the early dawn. The suns of Religion and her handmaid, Art, have risen, and have warmed the earth, and been received into the hearts of men with fructifying power. But Art has run her course of greatness, and *her* sun is setting, setting in glorious colours it may be, but still setting. And much as we may admire the works of Paul Veronese, we are fain to admit with an able art critic* that "his magic creations only dazzle the mind by their splendour, and leave no other impression than that of a gorgeous dream." After this great time of Venice, which was co-incident with that of Raphael and Michelangelo in Florence and Rome (of whom I have yet to speak) there was a last short afterglow.

In Bologna, in the next century, the three Carracci established a school, the object of which was by careful study to endeavour to re-unite the best qualities of all the previous great men. Their ambitious motto was "the colouring of Titian with the design of Michelangelo." Technical excellence was their chief aim. Their one consideration, not what, but how they painted. They are called, variously, the Eclectic school, or the school of the Academics. Their chief followers were Domenichino, Guido, and Guercino. They drew well; they painted many clever pictures, sometimes for churches, sometimes for palaces. But in all their work we feel that they cared but little for their subject, whatever it may be. They were chiefly intent on showing their knowledge of composition, or their manner of arranging the groups on the canvas, their immense facility in throwing the figures into difficult positions; and they succeed in making us exclaim, "How difficult that must have been to draw! How clever the artist was to do it so well!" But the subject never touches us. The saints appear to be very muscular, the Magdalenes very sentimental. The want of earnestness in the artist leaves the spectator as uninterested in the work as the artist evidently was himself. Specimens of their work are to be seen in our gallery. I must add that the principle of the Carracci has been (with but few exceptions) the principle of all the modern schools which have succeeded them. The how, and not the what, the technique and not the subject-matter has been the first thought of all modern painters.

With the early work—the thought—the subject was all-important; but the power of expression was weak. We do not, perhaps, always sympathise with the subject chosen by the painter, or by his treatment of it, but we are touched by the deep earnestness which we feel inspired the painter. Now, the power of expressing on canvas is perfected; but where is the inspiration to worthily use so great a power? We spend our strength on picturesque details of daily domestic life, or on ordinary scenes of the passing hour. I do not say such things are not worth doing, and doing well. I only wish to point out that the early painters strove to give expression to the highest thoughts and devoutest feelings, and were, in fact, teachers and preachers in their way. Modern art has rarely a higher aim than the amusement of our leisure hours.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

* Symonds' Renaissance in Italy.

THE OBSERVER.

FOR holiday-makers at the seaside there are objects innumerable to observe. In rocky pools — "the water-babies' gardens," that Kingsley tells of—along the sandy or rocky beach, on the walls of sea-caves, there are interesting and wonderful things, for those who know how to look for them. One of the commonest objects, either alive or dead, the jelly fish, has a most wonderful life-history. They go through the same number of changes as a butterfly, and for a long time naturalists thought they were distinct creatures, and gave them different names in their various stages; but at last their history has been traced from beginning to end.

The jelly fish makes its first appearance as an egg, which, however, remains connected with the parent until it is hatched, when it immediately swims away and begins life on its own account. In this second stage it is entirely unlike the parent. It is oval in shape, and has no mouth, and is covered with *cilia* (strong hairs), with which it swims about. Soon, one end fixes itself to a stone, or weed, and at the other end a mouth is developed, which at once begins to make up for lost time by eating voraciously. At this stage numbers of little buds shoot out from the sides, which grow, and in time become perfect creatures, just like the one they have sprung from, till a whole colony is settled on the one stone, where they remain sometimes for months, in some cases even for years. But another change comes; the original stock from which these buds have sprung grows larger, and looks as if threads had been tied tightly round it all the way down. The threads gradually tighten, till the animal looks like a pile of tiny cups or saucers, one on the top of another. This goes on till the topmost little cup breaks off and swims away, turning over with its mouth downwards —a perfect jelly fish at last.

They are of many different kinds and sizes, from the tiny globules of jelly, hardly bigger than a pin's head, to giants a foot and more across.

It is very interesting to watch the seagulls, with their wonderfully powerful wings, flying frequently right into the teeth of a strong wind, or allowing themselves to be driven along before it, and now and again darting suddenly down to the crest of a wave which has brought up a fish within their reach, for they are unable to dive, and have to depend upon any food which comes to the surface, or is left along the shore at low tide. They have wonderfully sharp sight. Girls who have the opportunity of yachting can test this, especially on a calm day, when food is scarce, by throwing out pieces of bread or fish from the stern of the yacht. The gulls may be far away, soaring so far aloft as to be almost out of sight, but they never fail to see the offered food; and frequently one or two will dart together at the tempting morsel, and then a sort of free-fight ensues, with a great splashing of the water and flapping of wings, till at length one flies off victorious. They are more timid near the shore, and will not often come for food, except on very unfrequented coasts. There are three species of gulls common along our shores, but several other varieties are occasionally seen.

Amongst the most interesting natural objects to be found at this time of year are the different kinds of luminous insects and plants, which girls, spending their holidays in the country, should not fail to look out for.

The commonest of these, in England, is the glow-worm, but in many other parts of Europe and America, the best known is the fire-fly; which, however, is of the same family as our glow-worm. Both are beetles, but the glow-worm (or rather the female, which is the chief light-bearer) has no wings, and is soft bodied, looking more like a caterpillar than an ordinary beetle, while the fire-fly has long wings, and flits through the air like a tiny meteor. The male glow-worm has wings, and has the same four tiny points of light as the female, but they are much fainter. Both can extinguish and re-light them at will.

The glow-worm is not the only insect that is luminous in England. There is a kind of centipede (not strictly an insect), *Scolopendra electrica*, which is frequently to be found, and which shows a light all along its body; if you touch it, a light, apparently phosphorescent, is left on your fingers. Besides this, earthworms, caterpillars, and beetles, in a diseased state, sometimes throw out a faint light.

Certain flowers, too, chiefly yellow or white, are sometimes faintly luminous, after a dry, warm day. Amongst those which have been noticed to occasionally emit a light are the evening primrose, nasturtium, sunflower, and marigold. The subject of luminous plants and insects has not been much studied till lately, and comparatively little is known on the subject. Could not the readers of this paper send notes of any cases they meet with for the benefit of the other girls?

On the night of August 10th great numbers of shooting stars are usually seen, and continue to fall, to a smaller extent, for several nights afterwards. They come from the constellation Perseus, and are consequently spoken of as Perseides. As August 10th is St. Lawrence's day, it is said that, amongst the early Christians, this annual fall of meteors was spoken of as the *fiery tears of that saint*.

DORA HOPE.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Miss F. E. Farley, 2s.; Amea, 5s.; My Sister and Myself, 2s. 6d.; The Ratcatcher, 5s.; A Paisley Lass, 1s.; H. I. M. J. M., 1s. 6d.; Miss Florence Van Dyck, 4s.; Mellicent, 11d.; H. J., 1s. 4d.; Collected in Malta, £5; A Reader of the G. O. P., £1; Collected by Miss J. Carstairs, £1; A. M. S., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss C. Boorer, 2s.; Francesca, 2s. 6d.; Maria, 3s.; Lochsbrook, 1s.; W. M., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Ellen Nisbet, £2 1s. 6d; Betty, 1s.; Collected by Miss F. M. Cox, 9s.; Collected by Miss Humphries, £1; Reader of the G. O. P., 5s.; Collected by Miss Katie Connell, £1; Collected by the Misses Connell, 13s. 2d.; C. A. W., 2s. 6d.: Collected by Mrs. Feast, £1 10s.; A Yorkshire Farmer's Daughter, 10s.; Collected by Miss Netta H. Stewart, 12s.; Collected by Miss E. E. Stokes, 12s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. Backhouse, 13s.; Collected by Miss P. M. Legge, 10s. 7d.; Collected by Miss Lila H. Reid, 13s.; Miss M. A. Elder, 1s.; Miss E. A. Hinton, 2s. 3d. Total amount received to April 30, 1884, £836 2s. 10d. Collecting cards for the "Girl's Own Home" are supplied by John Shrimpton, Esq., Honorary Director of the Homes for Working Girls in London, 38, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, London, W.C.

ON THE CRICKET FIELD.—SUMMER OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUMES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

FRONT OF FRENCH DUST CLOAK.

"Then came the jolly sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light."
SPENSER'S "Faerie Queene."

ONE thing about the costumes of the present moment is decidedly encouraging in its character, and that is, that they grow simpler as to style and manufacture, and are more within the scope of the home milliner and dressmaker's powers. The plain skirts, trimmed with flat bias bands, tucks, or rows of braid, are easy to plan and make; and the overskirts are not too intricate for the most stupid person to put on and drape, and, provided that they be observant, they will need no pattern for them. As far as the bodices are concerned, I think too much difficulty has been made about them, for a paper pattern can be purchased by measurement at any of the American paper-pattern shops; and in order to make assurance doubly sure, an old bodice can be unpicked, and the lining, when pasted on a sheet of stiff brown paper, and cut out, will be found a reliable and constant guide to the inexperienced dressmaker, who is so frequently at a loss in the progress of her work. On this pattern the turning should be marked, so as to form a guide, and the darts should be traced with ink.

Bonnets and hats too are both easy of manufacture at home; for the new straws need little but the velvet border and strings; and even the tulle and gauze ones are easy to make, when once the shape is purchased, and the style required has been studied. The straw hats are not bound. They have a velvet band, and either feathers or flowers; and those covered with lace require nothing but a deft and careful hand.

As summer advances, the skirts are more and more trimmed, and the plain ones appear likely to be laid aside till winter, when rich materials are more in vogue—for it is decidedly not suited to washing or cheap materials. Pleated skirts look well in woollen, silk, and cotton stuffs; and they suit even washing dresses. The horizontally tucked skirts seem to have increased in favour within the last few months. They are easy to make at home, for they need not be gored, on account of the tucking. One rule appears to be followed for every skirt, and that is to show as much of it as possible. For this reason the long tunics have gone out, and have been succeeded by the bunched-up ones. No doubt there are many stout people who are unable to follow this fashion, and who must perforce stick to the long and pointed tunic, which however is draped very high on one side.

There are several new ideas in polonaises, one of which is shown in the large illustration, on the figure at the back, directly facing us. It is open in the front like a coat, and has only one button at the neck, the lining turning back, with a row of buttons on each side. The under-part is like a bodice, with a belt below the waist. The next figure shows a new method of draping the overskirt at the back with velvet revers, the bodice and the bands of the dress being of velvet and the dress of nun's-cloth. The same mixture may be seen on the left-hand figure in the foreground, the nun's-cloth being of a pale shade of grey and the bands of velvet a dark red. The next figure wears one of the striped zephyrs, of which the skirts can be procured ready prepared. The hat is of velvet, with an edge of white lace. The front figure is a fair example of the most elegant garden-party and *fête* dresses worn this season. It is of lace, and soft washing silk or an Indian Corah silk. The lace is partly

BACK OF DUST CLOAK.

piece lace, the draperies of the front being silk; of the back, lace.

Amongst the new but really old-fashioned materials I must mention the return of the ancient challis, which is now called a woollen taffetas. It is much after the style of the old examples we have left to us, of a yellowish creamy hue, with silk intermixed sometimes in stripes, and bunches of dainty flowers, generally roses or forget-me-nots, with green leaves. They are made up into costumes, but are untrimmed with anything save themselves. Sateens are very much changed this year, the floral designs having given way to spots and stripes, the former being most worn. Zephyrs, or ginghams, follow in the same styles, and when with the favourite écru grounds, they are lavishly trimmed with écru lace. The shot zephyrs are not so pretty, I think, the best being those shot with white, and not those shot with two different colours. Quantities of cottons, chintzes, and percales are to be seen in the shops, in preparation for a hot summer, and on them we may see a revival of the old-fashioned chintz patterns of flowers and ribbons. A crêpe washing material of cotton has been much liked, the crinkly appearance of its surface not being removed by washing, nor the most violent exercise of the washer-woman's iron.

Both in Paris and in London, alpaca and mohair seem to be obtaining a certain amount of popularity, but both are mostly used as travelling and seaside dresses, to stand some rough wear. Tucking is considered very suitable to them, as the stiffness of the material makes the tucks sit well in the skirt. Grey and light brown with a yellowish shade are those chiefly used, and in Paris the shot alpacas are used for dust cloaks. In this article the front and back view of a Parisian dust cloak is illustrated, of a simple but stylish description. It has no trimming, the sole attempt at ornament being the pleats at the back and the longitudinal tucks in front, with a small velvet stand-up collar at the throat.

This figure wears one of the wide-brimmed hats, with a lace cover, which are so popular. Although but slightly bent in our model, it may take any shape in reality, according to the milliner's fancy and the wearer's ideas of what is becoming. Many garden and country hats are of batiste, or coloured muslin, gathered on cords, the crown being high, the trimming of ribbon rosettes, or a bouquet of grasses and fern-leaves. The crowns of all straw hats seem to be covered with either figured lace or net. Most of them have hardly any brims at the back, and the brim in front so closely resembles a bonnet, even in its trimming, that it needs close observation to distinguish between them. These are put on like a bonnet, too, rather back on the head; but, as a rule, all hats are now worn straight over the brows and forehead. I have tried to illustrate, as far as possible, all the shapes of hats worn.

In bonnets there is not so much variety, and the square-crowned, flat-topped kind illustrated is more worn than anything else. The top of the crown is of straw, lace, gauze, or net, or is embroidered with beads in all colours and sizes. The front of the brim is filled up with quilled lace or puffed velvet, and rests on the hair. Transparent bonnets are made on gold wire or net frames. In the first case they are not lined at all, the whole effect being so very airy that they look like caps, and sit as lightly on the head.

Flowers are less seen than they were, and even natural ones are less used. Grasses, oats, and wheat, thistles and dandelions, are all more used than cultivated flowers for hats and bonnets, while the climbing sorts of the latter are put on as borders to parasols: such as lilac, barberry, wisteria, &c.

The Health Exhibition has gone largely into the different varieties of women's dresses, both of ancient times and of to-day; and anyone may study with much advantage the various materials recommended as healthful or the reverse. One firm shows some beautiful twilled silk, for underclothing of all kinds; and it seems, indeed, to combine every good quality, especially in softness and that smoothness of texture so needful in all materials worn next the skin.

The divided skirt, the Greek style, and various costumes invented solely for shooting, fishing, mountain-climbing, and travelling in foreign countries, may all be seen, and ordered. Amongst these latter, I found the costume worn by Miss Isabella Bishop (Mrs. Bird), the brave female traveller, in her different adventurous journeys to the Far West, the Rocky Mountains, in Japan, and the "Golden Chersonese." It is made of light cloth or tweed, and has a petticoat which takes off, leaving the wearer free to ride or walk with less constraint and fatigue. All these costumes are essentially useful, but not ornamental; and it strikes one very forcibly that that and the artistic point of view ought to be considered a little, even when one is knocking about in "forring parts."

The 'cycling costumes will, no doubt, be of much interest. They are, some of them, pretty, and generally consist of a short skirt with little fulness, and a bodice, which may be a jacket, or a Norfolk bodice with tucks. The greatest absurdity that I think I saw was the last fashionable freak—a shooting costume for ladies. It was a mixture of male and female costume. The short skirt was kilted from the waist over the knickerbocker trousers, which latter were full and fastened at the ankles. Then there was a tightly-fitting bodice with points at the front and back. The whole was made of a light tweed or cloth.

The divided skirts are mostly shown by the Rational Dress Society, and one of the specimens of evening dress was said to be the property of a lady of rank. I do not think the divided skirt either needful or pretty, and though I could quite understand that a traveller, like Mrs. Bishop, would need some costume suitable for both riding and walking, when there was no possibility of changing when required, I confess that I do not see why we need any such change in our dress in England.

Judging from what we see around us, there has been a great change for the better in the fashions which govern shoes and boots this year. The toes are decidedly less pointed, and are rather more like the shape of the natural foot, and the bright patent leather is not so much worn. But really well-shaped boots and shoes are only to be had by ordering them, and at the Health Exhibition one is struck by the crowds that surround the stalls where boots and shoes of a hygienic pattern are shown, which proves that our girls are not all of them desirous of following foolish and hurtful fashions, but have some sensible ideas of their very own. The following, quoted from the *Lancet*, shows what harm may be done in such things:—

"Several months ago we pointed out some of the injuries caused by the use of high-heeled boots and shoes. It is not at all difficult to understand on anatomical grounds why this fashion should have resulted in so much injury to health as it undoubtedly has. It is extremely difficult to imagine why the very ungainly gait which is thus acquired should remain in fashion for a single week in a civilised country. Nature has intended that the foot in standing should bear the weight of the body chiefly through the heel, and that this position should imply but little or no voluntary strain of the trunk or limbs. It is so when one stands on the naked foot. The arch of the instep has merely a steadying influence. The latter comes into play in walking, when, the heel being raised by the muscles of the calf, it acts as a lever to raise the body and bear it forward, while the contraction of the muscles of the sole completes the same movement in the backward pressure of the toes. In natural progression, therefore, the joints and muscles are exercised in turn, and pressure falls where it can be borne. With the high heel, on the other hand, the posterior part of the instep is continually the seat of pressure; the wearer stands, and also walks, or rather stumps, upon its arch. The plantar muscles atrophy from pressure, the centre of gravity is moved forward from the heel, the foot itself is weakened, and the muscles of the leg strained. As well stated by Dr. Busey, of Washington, these evils are not all. Changes in the spinal curves follow, and give rise to the deep depression at the loin and prominence of hips, with associated mincing gait, which are so commonly seen on every promenade. Fortunately, many of those who adhere to the use of this fashionable foot-gear do not wear it constantly, and, therefore, do not experience its worst effects. Of late it is pleasant to note a tendency to adopt newer styles, which are not only much more elegant than that which we have been criticising, but which allow of free movement without the risk of after ill effects. No human foot should be allowed to rest within a boot whose heel does not fall evenly below its own, and does not afford in its moderate height and width a guarantee for ease and security in walking."

VARIETIES.

THE AFFECTATION OF LEARNING.—It is not a good quality in a woman to be learned, and it is a very bad one for her to have the affectation of learning.—*La Fontaine.*

PRUDENT CONDUCT.

Discreetly yield, and patiently endure
Such common evils as admit no cure.
Somerville.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—Woman has this in common with the angels, that suffering beings are her special care.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF TIME.—It is a common complaint with those of us who are in pursuit of learning that time is too short. It is we ourselves that make time short. How much time do we seriously devote to study? The empty ceremony of paying visits steals away some of our hours, others are wasted in idle conversation, others in public spectacles and entertainments. If all the hours we give to frivolity were allotted to study, our life would be long enough, and our time amply sufficient for learning, even if we take into account only our days; while our nights, of which a part is more than enough for all necessary sleep, would add to our improvement.

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.—A Mohammedan woman is not allowed to show her face to any man excepting certain near relations and others whom the law prohibits her from marrying. Respectable women consider it a great disgrace to be seen unveiled by any men but those above alluded to.—*Lane.*

MIND AND MATTER.—The study of mind is necessary to counterbalance and correct the influence of the study of nature.—*Sir William Hamilton.*

POLITE PEOPLE.—In general the politeness of man is more officious; that of woman more caressing.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER III.

"RONALD," said Mrs. Otway, "there is something that I want you to do for a young friend of mine."

"Let me know what it is," was the eager answer, "and you may be sure that I will do it at any cost."

The fancy fair was nearly over; the warm day was fast nearing its close; and Mrs. Otway, having just put her children to bed, was standing at the cottage door to enjoy the coolness of the coming night. The young man addressed as "Ronald" was the Earl of Drymoor, who had hurried away from the Rectory to see the wife of his best and dearest friend—Major Otway.

"It has often pained me," he went on, "to think how little I have ever done for you and Gilbert. You know that I owe my very life to you both, and yet you will never accept the least proof of gratitude. When I heard that you were living here, and actually giving music lessons——"

"The very best thing I can do," she interrupted, with a smile. "If it had not been for these lessons, I should have fretted myself ill. Do you suppose that I can sit down tamely and count the hours till I see my husband again?"

"No, Florence," he said, with deep feeling in his tone. "Without work of some kind, you could not have borne the separation. But tell me what it is that I am to do?"

"Help me to send an ailing girl to the Home for Invalids at T——. She needs change of air, change of scene, plenty of nourishment, and perfect rest. Oh, Ronald, it is a good thing to be rich! You cannot realise, as I do,

'The terrible heart-thrill,
When you have no power of giving.'"

"Why don't you make more use of me?" he cried, almost indignantly. "I am one of the patrons of that Home. I will write to-night to the superintendent. And as to the trifling expenses, Florence, you know how happy it will make me to defray them all."

"I know," she said quietly. "And now, before you go, just tell me something about the fancy fair. Did it go off well?"

"Very well, I believe. There were several pretty girls at the stalls, but Jane Stafford was the belle. Her costume was charming; her dark eyes and soft brunette complexion looked beautiful under the powdered hair. Altogether there is a witchery about her, a *piquante* style, that harmonised perfectly with the jaunty little cap and quaint gown."

"And the girl who was with Jane—what did you think of her?"

"She did not please me. A Miss Mammon, evidently; and self-conscious to a painful degree. Why does not someone give her lessons in good taste? She was bent upon outdressing all the others, and her appearance was a decided failure."

"A failure, was it?"

"I thought so. Her costume was far too gorgeous for the occasion; she moved stiffly, and looked flushed, while the other girls were cool. Good night, Florence. You may rely on my services, so make every arrangement for your young friend's departure for T——. I shall write to Gilbert, and say that I found you looking well."

He went away into the soft, summer dusk, and Mrs. Otway still lingered at her door, looking up at the evening sky. The lilac bushes rustled gently in a breath of wind, and the air was full of the scent of flowers. Florence felt all the sweetness of the time stealing into her heart, and filling her with thoughts of thankfulness and peace.

The three years of separation, so nearly ended now, had not been such very bitter years, after all. There had been many moments of intense pain, many passionate yearnings, many sorrowful tears—but she had never lost sight of the light of hope. And then the music lessons had helped her to take an interest in other lives.

She was sorry for Rosalie. Her knowledge of the girl's nature convinced her that there was a heart beating somewhere under Rosalie's foolish pomp and love of display. And she believed that a day would come when all the vanity and self-esteem would be roughly torn away.

Shutting the house-door at last, she went softly upstairs to the room where her children were asleep. An elderly woman was there, moving about with noiseless steps and putting things in order for the night.

"Nurse," said Mrs. Otway, quietly, "will you be ready to undertake a journey to T—— with poor Miss Wye? Lord Drymoor has promised to get her admitted into the Home for Invalids there; but I think she is too weak to travel alone."

Nurse was a soldier's widow, always prepared for any emergency. She had lived with the Otways from the very beginning of their married life, and perfectly understood her mistress. To her, Florence was accustomed to talk without reserve of all that interested her, and often had the two discussed poor Marion's sad case.

"I will be quite ready to go, ma'am, if you can spare me," replied Nurse, in a low voice. "It will be a great blessing for the poor young lady to get into the Home; she will have all that she needs there. And I think, ma'am, that no time should be lost."

"I am afraid you think that too much time has been lost already," said Mrs. Otway with a sigh. "I know it, Nurse, but I could do nothing. It was a surprise to see Lord Drymoor to-day. I had thought he was gone abroad, and there was no one else I could apply to."

"It has always been your way, ma'am, to take up the duties that others let alone. The Fenwoods might have remembered that charity begins at home, and blood is thicker than water. I don't deny that they have been very useful in the town, but they might have done all these good things without leaving other things undone."

"We cannot make them see with our eyes, Nurse. I like that idea of yours about picking up neglected duties. I hope I shall always have leisure for that kind of work; it suits me exactly."

"You won't have so much leisure, ma'am, when the Major comes home," said Nurse, with a smile.

And Florence, as she bent lovingly over her sleeping children, thanked God in her heart that their father would soon be restored to them.

Early on the following morning Mrs. Otway took her way to the Suttons' house in the High-street, and had a confidential talk with Mrs. Sutton. She did not find that Mrs. Sutton was difficult to deal with; the good-natured woman was really sorry for her poor young governess, and quite aware of Marion's failing health and strength.

"I did not believe in her illness at first, Mrs. Otway," she confessed frankly. "I thought her just a little lackadaisical, you know. We are always so healthy, that perhaps we are too slow to see the signs of sickness in others. Miss Wye is not strong enough for a family like mine; but if she gets better at T—— I will gladly take her back."

"And do you think you can manage to spare her at once?" Mrs. Otway asked.

"Indeed, I will manage. It would be cruel to keep her here, when there is a place ready for her in the Home. I wish her well, poor child, and I am sorry I could not make her more comfortable. But we are not rich people, and we have a hard matter to keep ourselves clothed and fed. Life is a struggle, Mrs. Otway; but, being strong and cheerful, we don't mind struggling, you see."

In the course of the afternoon, Marion arrived at Mrs. Otway's cottage. She was to start with Nurse on the next day; but Florence felt it would be good for her to have a little time of perfect rest before the journey; and rest in Mrs. Sutton's house was not to be had. The cool, shady quiet of the cottage was refreshing to body and mind. Wherever Florence Otway came to live, she made a home, and invested all her surroundings with the delicate charm that belonged to herself. By Marion this charm was quickly perceived and appreciated. She felt a gentle scorn of the Fenwoods' vulgar splendour; and in the Sutton household there were many things that offended her refinement, but here there was a delightful sense of repose.

After tea she sat in a low chair by the open window, and Florence talked with her in a quiet voice. There was a resignation in Marion's tone which spoke volumes to Mrs. Otway. The girl seemed thankful and happy at the thought of the coming change, but she never said much about her complete restoration to health, and it was noticeable that she was making no plans for the future. Mrs. Sutton had spoken many kind words at parting; her little pupils had gathered round her, with noisy entreaties that she would soon return, but, although she was evidently grateful for their goodwill, she did not speak of coming back to Monkstone.

"There is no time to take leave of Rosalie," she said, musingly. "Dear Mrs. Otway, will you say good-bye to her for me? Her heart is asleep now; but it will wake up some day, and then she will remember our old affection.

Dear Rosalie, I have loved her always, ever since we were little children together. And, I think—yes, I am certain—that she will have to be first sadder, and then happier, than she has ever been before."

"You are right, Marion," Mrs. Otway answered, with a perfect comprehension of her meaning. "Until we have drained the bitter draught we never know what sweetness is."

"There is a great deal of sweetness in store for you," said Marion, with a sudden bright look. "Something tells me that you will tread a path of peace to the end of your days. You have spoken sometimes of your early troubles. Well, there are only the green pastures and still waters to come."

"Dear Marion, what makes you talk so?" Mrs. Otway asked.

"*Because I have had* revelations. You may smile at me; but it is not mere fancy. The good measure that you have meted to me shall be poured into your own bosom. Oh, I know that it shall be so—the giver shall receive, the light-bearer shall have light in his dwelling—they that sow for others shall reap a harvest of blessings for themselves. One day, dear, kind friend, you will think of these words of mine, and find that they are true."

CHAPTER IV.

THE fuss and excitement of the fancy fair proved to be too much for Rosalie Fenwood. Moreover, she had an intolerable consciousness of having done the wrong thing. The Monkstone girls were as civil to her as ever; yet she knew that they, one and all, secretly despised her for wearing that gorgeous costume of silk brocade. Their pretty linen gowns had been much admired, and they were well satisfied with their share of the day's doings; but they had all seen that Miss Fenwood had tried to make them feel smaller than herself.

As to Rosalie, she heartily wished that it were possible to go through the day again, and act differently. There was something covertly sarcastic, she thought, in the courtesy of all her neighbours, and their congratulations on the success of the fancy fair. She brooded and worried herself until she grew quite morbid; and even her music afforded her less pleasure than usual. Almost with indifference she heard that Marion Wye had gone away to recover her health; and Mrs. Otway, seeing her so preoccupied, did not say much about the poor young governess.

And yet, as the summer days drifted away, the sleeping heart of Rosalie Fenwood began to be restless at last. She found herself lonely in the midst of her splendour. The young ladies of the neighbourhood were always kind and attentive; she was asked to all their parties, they never left her out of anything, in all their charitable schemes they consulted her, and seemed quite willing that she should take the lead. But they never talked to her of any matter that lay near their hearts, and never reposed in her any of those little confidences that serve to draw young people near together.

Among themselves they had established a pleasant kind of freemasonry. Jane Stafford had a perfect understanding with all her companions; they treated her with a sort of affectionate freedom, which seemed to Rosalie a very delightful thing. They jested with Jane, and sometimes scolded her playfully; they even found fault with her in earnest sometimes, but it was always lovingly done. But there were neither jest nor scoldings for Rosalie; with her they never ventured on any girlish familiarities. She was placed at the head of everything—the best seat, the most prominent posts were invariably accorded to her. And yet she was beginning to feel exceedingly dissatisfied.

And then her thoughts turned back to Marion, the favourite associate of her childhood, the cousin who had been neglected, yet never entirely unloved. July had come to an end, and August had set in; but Marion had not returned to her situation, and Mrs. Sutton was thinking about engaging another governess.

After some reflection, Rosalie made up her mind that Marion never ought to go back to that house in the High-street. It was too close and stuffy for a delicate girl, and the work there had been too hard. Mrs. Otway was quite right in getting Marion sent away. She would ask her father to let her cousin come to Broadlands for a long visit, and then she would write to Marion at T—— and tell her that there would be no need to seek another situation for a long time to come.

Then, indeed, a friend and companion would not be wanting in her daily life. Marion had always loved her, and had never resented her neglect. Yes, she had been neglectful; she had not interested herself in the least about her cousin's concerns; she had never done anything to add to her comforts and lighten her burdens. A sudden pain smote her when she remembered all the opportunities that she had let slip. It was Mrs. Otway, a stranger, who had given Marion the help and sympathy which a kinswoman had been too much preoccupied to bestow. Ah, it is often so in our everyday lives! The Good Samaritan who binds up our wounds, and pays for our lodging, is frequently some wayfarer whose face is new to us. But Rosalie could comfort herself with the thought that she would amply atone for all her shortcomings.

Her mind was busy with these thoughts while her ponies trotted along the road leading to Mrs. Otway's cottage. When the chaise stopped at the garden gate, she told the groom that he was to drive back to Broadlands, and she would walk home.

The cottage sitting-room was a shady nook on a sultry day. The light was subdued by the masses of ivy that clustered round the window; and Florence seemed to understand the art of keeping her house fresh and cool. As Rosalie entered, it struck her that Mrs. Otway looked graver and paler than usual; but then she was always pale. Her face, calm, and delicately moulded, reminded one of an ivory cameo; but there was an intensity of expression in the dark grey eyes. And something in that glance, sad and earnest, made Rosalie's heart beat faster as she crossed the room.

"How delightfully cool and still this room is!" said the girl, taking off her hat, and pushing the hair away from her forehead. "The drive from Broadlands has seemed twice as long as usual; I am glad to rest here. Dear Mrs. Otway, will you give me some tea before I go home?"

"Yes, my child," Florence answered, drawing out a chair for her pupil. "Just sit down and rest for a few minutes; I have something to say to you."

"Then pray say it quickly; I have heard very little good news lately," said Rosalie, sinking into her seat.

"This is not good news, my dear," replied Mrs. Otway, with a sigh. "And yet, perhaps I ought not to say that it is not good. A soul, very tired of earth, has entered into rest."

Rosalie looked at her inquiringly, and then stretched out her hands with a quick imploring gesture, as if she began to realise her own need of help and consolation. Mrs. Otway paused a moment before she took an open letter from her blotting-book. Rosalie's face told her that the blow would fall more heavily than she had thought.

"This letter is from the matron of the Home at T——," she said gently. "It tells me that Marion has passed away, very quietly and peacefully, in her sleep. I did not think the end would come so soon, although I knew that she was very ill. She was most happy in the Home, but she did not recover her strength. Dear Rosalie, she used to talk so lovingly of you!"

"And I—I was so cold—so heartless!"

Rosalie's head sunk on Mrs. Otway's breast, and for a little while there was a deep silence. And then, in her quiet voice, Florence began to speak of those old hopes which have comforted thousands of mourners; and of the gift of God, which is eternal life.

"I know—I know that she is at peace," the girl sobbed out at last. "But she does not need me now—she will never need me again; and I have missed the chance of being kind. Oh, do you think that I shall ever meet her face to face once more, and tell her that I am sorry?"

"Yes, Rosalie," Florence answered hopefully. "But I think she knew, even here, just how you would feel. And she believed, as I do, dear Rosalie, that by-and-by you will be all the happier for the sorrow you are suffering now."

* * * *

The summer waned and died, and yet it seemed to Rosalie Fenwood that it lingered about Mrs. Otway's cottage when autumn had set in elsewhere. At all seasons the ivy was faithful to the place, and when flowers withered and leaves fell, it covered the walls with a mantle of living green. And, on a certain November afternoon, as Rosalia approached the little house, she thought that it had never seemed more peaceful and homelike. The day was calm and bright, with a sober radiance, and a robin was singing cheerily in the stillness. Nurse was slowly pacing the garden path, and the two little girls were hanging on to her gown.

"Good-day, miss," said Nurse, advancing to meet Miss Fenwood. "This is beautiful weather for November, isn't it? I'm truly glad to see the sunshine, for the Major's sake."

"Has Major Otway returned?" Rosalie asked.

"Yes, miss; he came last night at half-past ten. It was a joyful surprise for my mistress. We did not expect him till the end of this week."

"I am glad he is safe at home," said Rosalie, heartily. "But, Nurse, I will not come in to-day. Give my love to Mrs. Otway, and say that I rejoice in her happiness."

Not for the world would she have intruded on her friend just then; and yet, as she walked away into the quiet sunshine, she felt (as we all feel sometimes) that she was left out in the cold, while another was sitting in the sun. She was alone, poor child; and she had begun to realise her loneliness. She had wished that every one should pay due deference to her wealth and splendour, and they did pay it; but she had learnt that it is better to be loved than envied or admired.

And she might have had sisterly love and faithful companionship! Well, she is not the first who has neglected a blessing just because it looked like a troublesome duty; but God has great patience, even with our worst mistakes, and there was much joy in store for Rosalie. She did not know, as she turned away from the cottage, that she was to be very happy one day. She only felt that she was solitary and sad.

This is merely a page or two taken out of a girl's life. Have you never read such pages in your own lives, and the lives of those around you? They are to be found everywhere, these leaves filled with records of shortcomings, of good deeds left undone, of opportunities lost for ever. Selfishness, vanity, worldliness, —who knows how many of our so-called charities owe their origin to such sources as these?

"'AND I—I WAS SO COLD AND HEARTLESS!'"

See "Charity Begins at Home," p. 684.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

BEFORE noon next day two telegrams had been received at Balacluva.

The first was from Lord Fowlis. It only said, "I am coming to you at once."

The second was from the laird himself. "Coming back immediately. She is saved from the evil day. It is all too true. God help us."

Margaret knew the full significance of those words. But she felt she must preserve a strict silence until her father came. She thought that very likely he and Lord Fowlis would arrive together, joining each other somewhere on their northward journey.

Margaret felt at once what her father would do. He would not attempt to defend himself or his property against truth. He would not rebut facts with legal quibbles. He would atone to the very uttermost farthing for the wrong into which he had been drawn, and would zealously perform his one remaining filial duty, that of joining heartily in his father's too tardy restitution, and of not being partner in his father's sin.

It was a strange experience for the girl, yet one which, in some form, comes into most lives at some time, that of standing in the midst of a home which was no longer hers, and of giving instructions concerning matters which in a few weeks must concern her no more. She had not forgotten the looks and manners of those Orion-Stewarts, and their image became ever present with her when she issued her simple household directions. How would they get on with this old servant, whose crankiness was never heeded by those who knew how to value her honest zeal, or with

"'HOW IS MRS. THOMSON?' ASKED MARGARET."

that old retainer, whose weaknesses manifold were still held to be atoned for by long intervals of penitence and self-control? Would those Orion-Stewarts care to keep that case of old miniatures on the big drawing-room wall? for, of course, it clearly belonged to them, and not to her and her father. They might only carry away a black silhouette of Adam Leask, which had never attained to the honour of being regarded as a family portrait, but had lurked alone in dusky corners, whence Margaret herself had often pitifully wiped the dust which slovenly handmaidens had allowed to gather over the dark profile of his hawk-nose and bull-dog jaw.

She could not help feeling sorry for those Orion-Stewarts, coming as strangers to the house which should have been their home, and entering on a future for which their past had not prepared them. She knew that the Orion-Stewarts were not gaining all that she lost. That which had been already taken from them no power could fully restore. At best they would have to work and to wait for all that should have been theirs by the happy rights of nature. And she was not quite sure whether they had in them this working or waiting power. And if not, then the ancient wrong must still go on, even increasing as it descended.

Were these strange thoughts to enter the mind of one whose mother lay in peaceful death in her sunny chamber, and whose father and lover were still parted from her side? No, they were natural to one who was not accustomed to limit her consideration to her own interests.

Margaret was not thrown out of her moral position by her great grief. All of life must be affected by it; all of life, except the stringent necessity of doing the duties and thinking the thoughts which each day required, these must receive but the more earnest effort now that the gentle guardian and monitor was withdrawn into the invisible.

What would become of her and her father? Well, Margaret did not think too much of that. Poor old men and penniless girls were not so uncommon that, if they became such, they need cry out as if any rare fate had befallen them. But they would not be such. Margaret felt that Lord Fowlis would be only glad that his love would come to her and hers as a very refuge and shelter from the storms of life. She knew there had been no worldly consideration in it from the first. The marquisate might not be what it had once been, but it could certainly have found no attraction in the succession to a few barren rocks and moorlands, nor looked for any fresh lustre from the calm and homely dignity of the Stewart pedigree. If Lord Fowlis had sought for added power or wealth, he would never have wooed Margaret Stewart, and yet she felt that her loss of even what she had would give her a tenderer and more sacred claim upon him.

"As for my father," she thought, "I know how Lord Fowlis will delight to do him honour. I shall have only to take care that he does not spoil him altogether, partly because he will see in him a representative of all paternal right and dignity, and partly because I feel that as it must always be more blessed to give than to receive, it will be a little hard for the poor papa to live in a house where another man is master. So that he may be more touchy and tenacious over his rights and his dignity than he would be in his own place."

No, there seemed in Margaret no power of thinking and feeling only for her father, her mother, and herself. Amid all these terrible changes, even facing the great final end, the best part of all their life and relationship seemed to her so utterly secure. The mere shaking of the family roots was to her an exquisite agony, too deep for words or for tears. "Supremest silence fits supremest woe." But the roots could not be uprooted. They three would never love each other less, never fade in each other's minds, never lose place in each other's hearts. Wherever any of them went, be it to the other side of the world or out of it altogether, love would keep a straight and open track between them. Love may suffer intensely; but its immortal vitality can exhaust suffering and absorb it into its own immortal joy. It is in our hour of change and anguish that we are always given to realise most vividly that the things of the spirit are for ever safe. As the American philosopher has it:—

> "What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent:
> Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
> Hearts' love will meet thee again."

But what about the birds' nests under the eaves of Balacluva, at which the servants have so often grumbled, and which new masters may so ruthlessly sweep away? What about the window-plants, every one a personal pet, which may be allowed to wither? What about the dear old furniture—dearest of all that, shabbiest and most worm-eaten—which is most likely to be condemned into firewood? What of the kindly old neighbours, with whom no constant communication can be kept up, and who will go this way and that way, and get finally lost in the outer darkness of the big world? Lord Fowlis might take the old ponies to his stables, and Margaret's beautiful collie would go with her, of course; but what about the old house-dog, whose temper could scarcely be trusted even by those who knew him best?

These reflections were not morbid nor sentimental. They only showed that Margaret had her full share of the wide and tender sympathy of that Divine Spirit, which could adduce the presence there of "much cattle" as a reason—almost as gentle excuse—for abundant mercy showed to Nineveh. And Margaret found comfort and strength in the further reflection that all which troubled her heart—the little birds and the tender plants and the infirm animals—lay also on the heart of this Divine Spirit and belonged to it, even as her own near kin belonged to her, and that it could bear them triumphantly through and over every calamity because it suffered in and with them. It is a comfort on which we all retire at last—that when our sparrows fall they only fall from the Father's tree into the hollow of the Father's hand—that a calm sea of strong love lies beneath our little waves of yearning effort and clinging, that everlasting arms take up what mortal powers must drop.

But this is a faith on whose peace only those who are ever stretching out as far as they can and upholding all that they may, can ever take real hold. Margaret Stewart was one of those who are never quite satisfied that they have done all they can. She was quite sure that her power did not stop short of any duty she could discern.

What was it which, on the very morning of the day when she could hope ere night to give her sad welcome to her father and to Lord Fowlis, made Margaret realise her changed position more vividly than anything else had done? It was not her mother's coffin, with the wild wreaths that were beginning to accumulate upon it. It was not the poor servant Jane's fervently-expressed hope that though her immediate duty as Mrs. Stewart's maid had ended, she might still find some post in the Balacluva household. It was not even the sight of a conveyance driven slowly down a cross-road, commanding a view of Balacluva, and which equipage Margaret could not help suspecting to be occupied by the Orion-Stewarts.

It was none of these. It was only the sight of May Castle's cat, Jock, quite at home on the doorstep, sunning himself and contentedly licking his paws. Alas! the hospitality on which he rested in unconscious security must soon fail him and his mistress too!

What would become of all Margaret Stewart's kind intentions towards May Castle, and of all her ambitions for her? True, there might be but postponement; but in such cases postponement may involve the change of a life's current.

It was by what she could no longer give that Margaret first really measured what she had lost. She sat down on the doorstep, buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. Jock gravely crept into her lap. The hot tears falling on his soft fur did not disturb him.

She heard a footfall on the gravel, and hastily looked up. It was only Mr. William Thomson. Evidently he had been coming towards the house, but he had rightly interpreted her attitude, and had turned aside.

A sudden thought flashed into Margaret's mind. She rose at once, the tears still wet on her face, and advanced towards the young man, carrying the cat nestled in her arms.

William Thomson paused when he saw her movement. He had returned to his mother's house in Lerwick the evening before, and had only just ridden hence back to Balacluva.

"How is Mrs. Thomson?" asked Margaret, holding out one hand, while she supported Jock with the other.

"Very well indeed, thank you," said the son; "only she is very sad for all the sorrow here. A Lerwick neighbour who has business at Colabister is going

to drive her out there this afternoon, and he will put her down here on the way. She must have a last look on Mrs. Stewart's face."

Margaret knew that this meant that Mrs. Thomson had made up her mind to take a twenty-miles drive, and to spend the night in Mrs. Sand's very limited hostelry, which now must surely be filled to overflowing by the Orion-Stewarts. This must not be.

"Your mother must stay at Balacluva till after the funeral," she said. "Once she comes so far we cannot let her go again. There is nobody whom I would prefer to have beside me. And my father has such an admiration for her! And mamma was so fond of her!"

"I am sure she will be thankful to be of any service," returned the young man, "but I fear she will be more inclined to think she is in the way."

"That could never be," said Margaret; "and as it is, I was about to ask a favour from her and from you, though the idea came into my head so suddenly that I did not quite see how it was to be brought about. But this plan will smooth away every difficulty." Unconsciously to herself, her voice went down as she proceeded. "I think papa and I will leave Balacluva almost immediately after the funeral. Miss Castle has only had time yet to make one sketch, and it is so beautiful! It seems such a pity to take her away from such a chance of distinguishing herself. Do you think, Mr. Thomson, that I might ask your mother if she could receive her into her house for a while?"

"I am sure my mother will be absolutely delighted!" cried William Thomson, with a ready enthusiasm which almost startled Margaret. "I have been telling her all about Miss Castle, and how much she resembles one whose memory my mother values, though she never saw him. Miss Castle will see grand views round Lerwick, to say nothing of quaint bits in the town itself. Perhaps she might spend next winter there, and work up her sketches and catch wild effects of storm and mist. I should go on my next voyage more happily if mother was not left quite alone."

"Now, you see, if your mother comes here, and stays here a few days," explained Margaret, "she will make Miss Castle's acquaintance, and it will be quite natural and pleasant for them to return to Lerwick together, and so we shall have the comfort of knowing that May is delightfully settled before we go away ourselves."

"Of course, it will be quite natural and pleasant," said Mr. Thomson. Only he was secretly puzzled why Margaret was so sure that she and the laird would go away from Balacluva so promptly. They were not the kind of people to seek mere "distraction" from sorrow, rather those who find comfort in steady duty and simple neighbourly sympathy. He could not imagine that this movement was likely to have much to do with Lord Fowlis, since Margaret's marriage, now openly spoken of, was little likely to be hastened by her mother's death. It was true that he had heard a whisper in Lerwick that "foreign" Stewarts had arrived in the island, and there was a vague rumour of a possible lawsuit of some kind. But that any lawsuit of any sort could be likely to have a seriously unsettling effect on the Balacluva household, seemed as unlikely to the Shetland mind as that some modern improvement should disestablish Fitful Head. And though William Thomson was a travelled and an educated man, who knew the ways of the world, and what strange things happen therein, yet the influence of early ideas was strong enough to give an atmosphere of fixity to Shetland matters, and it seemed to him that all things there must naturally remain as they had always been—though elsewhere it was quite likely that empires should fall and national frontiers be readjusted.

"And your mother will take Jock, too, won't she?" asked Margaret, with a pathetic affectation of lightness. "Miss Castle won't go anywhere without him. Is he not a fortunate cat?"

"He is, indeed," said William Thomson. They paused, on a slightly rising ground, from whence they had a wide view of bright sea. A white-winged vessel, very different from the familiar fishing craft, was gaily flying before the breeze, towards a little harbour, which such a one could venture to enter during the smoother weather of the summer months.

"I thought we had seen the last of the yachts for this season," said William Thomson.

"I should almost say I knew that yacht," observed Margaret. But she did not add that either it, or one singularly like it, was the property of an old college friend of Lord Fowlis. Her heart beat fast. Could it be bringing the marquis himself?

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SURREY LASS.—Consult our indexes for the answers you need as to female clerkships. If you write to the Civil Service Commissioners, at their office in Cannon-row, S.W., you will obtain the printed prospectuses and any further information you need. The competition is so great that we cannot encourage you to hope for success.

NERO (?).—The Society for the Employment of Women has its office at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Write to the secretaries, the Misses Lewin and King. Your writing is not sufficiently good for the work you seek.

A CIVILIAN.—1. Why does our little friend think it necessary to inform us that she is not "military?" A pretty Italian story suitable for you to read may be found in a book called "Picciola"—the "prison flower." See our answer to "Firenze." 2. A dark blue cloth would probably wear well in a riding habit. "Riding to the meet" is not dangerous for ladies, but hunting as hunters often do—leaping over hedges and ditches and through streams—is not at all desirable for them.

ROB ROY.—Mrs. Markham's History of France would suit you very well. We should send a little girl of twelve to bed at eight o'clock, and she should get up at seven. But your right time for both is that preferred by your mother.

R. N. JONES.—There are schools and colleges in and near London for training young women for missionary work; but we are not acquainted with any at Liverpool. There is a college for girls in Grove-street, on Church of England principles, conducted by a Miss Milward. The year is divided into four quarters, and the charges amount to four and ten guineas per annum. You had better call there and make inquiries.

WORK.

FLOSSIE H. LEWIS.—Try juice of sorrel, or lemon, or vinegar. Just wet the spot with it, and then rub with the best hard soap. If this treatment should prove ineffectual in removing *inkspots from leather*, we have no recipe at present which we could recommend for that purpose. We thank you for your kind, appreciative letter.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P." (Oswestry).—To preserve fur from moth in the summer, it should be well-beaten and thoroughly brushed and sheets of brown-paper laid over it damped with turpentine. Pepper might be shaken over the fur likewise, and the trunk locked. Every month they ought to be taken out, hung in the air, and the same process again gone through. We are very glad that our dress articles are so helpful to you in making all your own and your sister's also.

BRUGIMS.—Consult the clergyman of your church and be guided by his wishes, or ascertain what the majority of your companions on the occasion, and of your own position in life, are to wear. The more simple the better. *Any attempt at display would* be very unsuitable. If you wrote more carefully your hand would be good.

MUSIC.

CARACAS COCOA.—1. If you practise carefully for one hour or an hour and a half daily you will play sufficiently well to please those who hear you have any musical taste. 2. Editors do not give their names. We regret that you should be disappointed.

INKBOTTLE (New Zealand).—You will obtain assistance in making music lessons agreeable to children by ordering a little book (included in our series entitled "The Girl's Own Bookshelf") by Lady Benedict, Arabella Goddard, Clara Macirone, Lindsay Sloper, and Charles Peters. It is called "How to Play the Pianoforte," price 1s. 6d. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Were your writing reduced in size, it would be good.

VIOLET.—We were pleased to hear again from you. The climate disagrees with you; but it is a cross which, you are right in thinking, you must endeavour for the present to bear for your family's sake, as well as the lack of companions of your own age. On your return home to your native country you can join "correspondence classes," which will serve to finish your education at home, and even better than going to school. "Esther Cameron" is an ideal character, but it is possible that the author of the story may have had some friend in view.

PEX.—See page 335, vol. i. (May 22nd, 1880), for directions respecting the making of an Æolian harp. You write a pretty hand. If you have not got the entire volume, write to Mr. Tarn for the monthly number containing the date we have given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONELY CISS.—The ordinary treatment for comedones, by which medical men designate the little black ticks in the face so much complained of by many girls, is rubbing well first with soap then with a rough towel twice a day; the use of the bath every day with soap and sea salt in water and rough towel rubbing afterwards, plenty of exercise, and from five to ten drops of tincture of steel in water thrice daily after food.

IRENE.—The obelisk called "Cleopatra's Needle" was once, with its fellow, standing before the Temple of the Priest of On, prior to the time of Moses, and seen by him. It was presented to England in the last century, and was lying half buried in the sand at Alexandria for more than 100 years before it was removed, and brought over by Sir Erasmus Wilson. The "Coronation Stone" in Westminster Abbey is reported to be that on which the Patriarch Jacob laid his head in the Plain of Luz; that it was brought to Spain by Gathelus, the supposed founder of the Scottish Nation, transported to Ireland by Simon Breeh, who was crowned upon it about 700 B.C., thence taken to Scotland by King Fergus, 330 B.C. It was placed in the Abbey Church of Scone in 850 A.D., and the Scottish kings were crowned upon it until 1206, when Edward I. brought it to England. It is called "The Stone of Destiny," and is fixed under the seat of the coronation chair, which is of oak.

"AN IMPATIENT SIXTEEN" has been already referred to a work on English surnames by the late Mark Anthony Lower. The origin of many of our family names is very obvious, but it is not always possible to account for others.

ETHEL.—We suppose you mean the St. John's Ambulance Association, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. We agree with you about the tea, but think it was probably a mistake.

LINA L.—We think your idea of treating the term "Selah," as you describe, in the Psalms, is at least a great aid to their devotional reading, namely, as a pause in which to rest the thoughts more especially on God's attributes, as, for instance, "I stretch forth my hands to thee, my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land. Selah." One's thoughts are instantly taken to "Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters," etc., and "He that believeth on Me shall never thirst." The term is, however, supposed to have reference to the music.

TOTSY TAT, VIGILO ET SPERO.—*Pessimus* means the worst; "pessimist," one who believes in the worst, a doctrine in opposition to "optimism" (from *optimus*, the best), that everything which happens is for the best. The germ of optimism is found in Plato and in St. Augustin, and other fathers of the early Church. It has also been propounded by Malebranche and Leibnitz, and adopted by Pope, Bolingbroke, Rousseau, and others.

EUGENIE.—Try using oatmeal and water, which is a most soothing wash for an irritable skin.

GRATEFUL.—"The exile of Culloden" was the Young Pretender, who was finally defeated at the battle of that name, 16th April, 1746, and sought safety by flight. Your little note does you infinite credit, and shows a kind heart and much good feeling.

JANEY.—We never encourage anyone to think that lucrative home employment can be obtained, nor do we think that you need any; nor that you need feel "dependent" when your mother requires you and you are helping your brother in business. Such a feeling shows something wrong in your own heart, does it not?

X. Y. Z.—Select one of the best of Shakespeare's plays for reading aloud in a mixed company. Let each reader select a particular character and study the part, so as to read without hesitation, also the various intonations of the voice suitable for expressing the idea to be conveyed—the rapid changes of thought that so often occur. The right places for the emphasis to be laid must be carefully decided, as it is too commonly misplaced. Have tea served for your guests before the reading begins, and, when it is concluded, some light refreshment before the party breaks up.

P. J. H.—Tea-leaves and raw potato peelings are both used to take out the stains in water bottles. Whichever you use, they must remain soaking in the bottles for some time.

ÆSTHETIC.—Pronounce "patent" as "pay-tent," not as 'pat-tent."

BETA.—You may be sure the digestion is at fault in some way.

ANNE should refer to the indexes for answers already given to both her queries. See pages 415 and 707, vol. iv., in reference to moths, and page 259, vol. iv., for the cleaning of marble.

ANNIE H. H.—A proper powder for cleaning steel ornaments is sold at any ironmonger's. We are pleased to hear that your father reads, and so much approves of, our paper. It is much to say that "it is worth its weight in gold."

MARTHA PRICE.—Galvanic baths are admirable for paralytic affections. We have seen proofs of their efficacy. But you could not venture to give nor take them with safety, even if you could "produce them" without the direction of a good electrician, who would regulate the power and the length of time devoted to its application according to the condition and strength of the patient.

HARRY.—Would it not be more honourable and upright to make a confidant of your father or mother? At your age (sixteen) you are no fit judge of such things, and should be in subjection to them in all things. We could not judge of the matter.

WAITING.—There is no such rule that we know of. The "h" is sounded, of course, in both "humble" and "holy." The science of fishes is called "Ichthyology."

BIRDIE.—The Girl's Own Home is yet in prospect. The article proposing it, by the Countess of Aberdeen, will be found at page 6, vol. iv.

FADED VERBRUS LEAVES had better be patient and perfect her education, and as there is less and less opening for what is called "unskilled labour" every day, she had better study our articles on "Work for All," and make up her mind to become skilled in some way in order to earn a living.

G. O. N.—Change of air and a tonic are sometimes of great service in cases of neuralgia, also cod-liver oil taken for some time, beginning with small doses.

BIRDIE.—We regret to say that the funds for establishing the projected home for our girls have come in so slowly and scantily that we have as yet been unable to carry out our intentions. We are not, therefore, able to give you any information as to what, as yet, does not exist.

GIPSY VERE.—The chief thing in keeping lapdogs is to avoid over-feeding, once a day being thought sufficient to give a good meal. We have no doubt the article will appear if promised. You had better ask some friendly groom or coachman about the keep of a pony where you live, as we do not know how you are circumstanced.

AURORA LEIGH, ELFRIDA, and LENT LILY.—All three hands are good and legible, but not pretty. The name "Hawarden" is pronounced "Harden."

H. H. S.—We do not know which specimens of writing are those of your two sisters, but as a general rule we recommend young people to procure small round-hand copies sloping from right to left, not backwards, as such a type is easily converted into a graceful and artistic hand. Your "s" and "w" need alteration, and you slope the letters the wrong way. Also your spelling needs attention—little hints which we hope you will take in good part.

"A WISE LITTLE GIRL"—self-styled—informs us three times that this correspondence is "all made up." She also wants to know at what o'clock she should go to bed, and what hour she should get up in the morning. Alas! poor little girl! Can it be that she has no mother, governess, nor even a nurse to send her to bed when they deem best, nor make her get up in proper time? Were we in their position of authority we should not allow her to appeal to any other person against our private home regulations. As to her height for her age there is nothing remarkable about it. Her writing needs much improvement, and her grammar likewise; and as she means to "waste no more pennies on us," we recommend her to pay the extra penny for learning good manners.

METH.—The Vikings were Scandinavian chiefs—Norsemen, Swedes, and Danes—who emigrated in the fourth century, eastward, to the countries beyond the Baltic; westward and southward, chiefly to the British Isles. Berserker, in the Scandinavian mythology, was grandson of the eight-handed Starkader and the beautiful Alfhildë. He was so named because he always went into battle without defensive armour (Berserker meaning "bare of mail"). He married the daughter of Swafurlam, and had twelve sons.

M. B.—Lammas Day, August 1st, is the Feast of St. Peter *ad vincula*, instituted A.D. 317, and, according to some authorities, originated in the divine command to that Apostle, "Feed my Lambs."

PRIMROSE.—1. The receipt is legal, so far as we see, with the addition of a stamp. 2. Our Lord meant that the Sabbath was made for the use and benefit of man, and he was not to be oppressed by it nor sacrificed to its requirements. Being Himself its institutor, He could enforce or abolish it. He cites instances of its being set aside for man's sake. See St. Mark ii. 25, and St. Matt. xii. 1-8.

A LITTLE DEMON.—We will hope that your letter was written for the sake of "shocking" us, and that its unmaidenly revelations are not true. If you do not respect yourself you cannot expect others to respect you. You cannot outrage the rules and conveniences of society with impunity.

CURIOSITY.—It is "said" to be a good plan to cut the tips of the eyelashes. The 23rd of June, 1868, was a Tuesday.

LUCRETIA.—The origin of the institution of Godparents may be traced to those times of persecution when children might be prematurely deprived of their natural guides and teachers, and much need the good offices of those Christian friends of their deceased parents who were selected by them for that purpose. So long as either of the parents live the duties of the sponsors are not brought into requisition, and a good example and their prayers for the children is all that is required of them. Slope your writing a little more, and change the shape of the "t" at the beginning of words. Your writing is not bad, however.

PEG THE PIPER.—We should hold the hands in hot water till warm, and also consult a doctor.

LILLIE D.—The word "Camellia" is spelt with two "l's." It is derived from Camelli, the name of the Jesuit priest who brought it from the East.

AUNTIE H.—You should have consulted a lawyer before now, and have had guardians appointed for your brother's children. Your brother's wife would have had the absolute right to administer to her husband's estate; but as she is insane, the right will probably be given to the next of kin. The widow of an intestate is entitled to one-third, and the remainder would be divided equally amongst the children. The eldest son would have no claim beyond his brothers and sisters. We think you should take the accounts to some respectable solicitor and get the matter settled. Who has supported mother and children since the death of your brother?

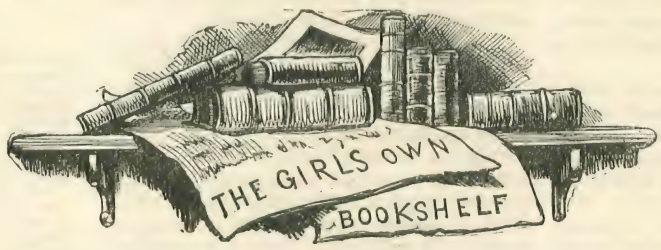
LILLIAN LAYTON.—Wash in cold or tepid water in the morning. See the article on "Christmas Cards," in the Christmas Number, *Winter Leaves*.

PATIENCE.—Your letter amused us, and your fining yourself a penny for getting up late, to benefit the Girl's Own Home, turning into such a gratification that you had to fine yourself for every time you got up early instead! We give our young sisters this statement of your charitable devices that as many as may fancy the idea may do likewise. If unable to be in bed till midnight, you certainly should not get up till 8 a.m.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—The advice respecting freckles will be found in the number for June 12th, 1880, page 383. We are glad that your eyes have been strengthened by the weak solution of cold vinegar and water.

DAFFODIL.—Your writing is perfectly legible, and your letter is well expressed. It is very gratifying to us to hear that we have helped you in so many ways.

SCENTED GERANIUM.—We have answered both your questions many times, and regret that we are obliged to decline making repetitions in reference to a certain number of them.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles, taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers:—*

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE. Containing: "Pianoforte Playing for Beginners," by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. "The Art of Practising," by Lady BENEDICT. "Thoughts on Practising," by Lady LINDSAY (OF BALCARRES). "Method of Study," by C. A. MACIRONE, late Professor at the Royal Academy of Music. "How to Accompany a Song," by LINDSAY SLOPER. "How to Play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'" "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas," by Lady BENEDICT. "Sunday Evening Music," by CHARLES PETERS. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

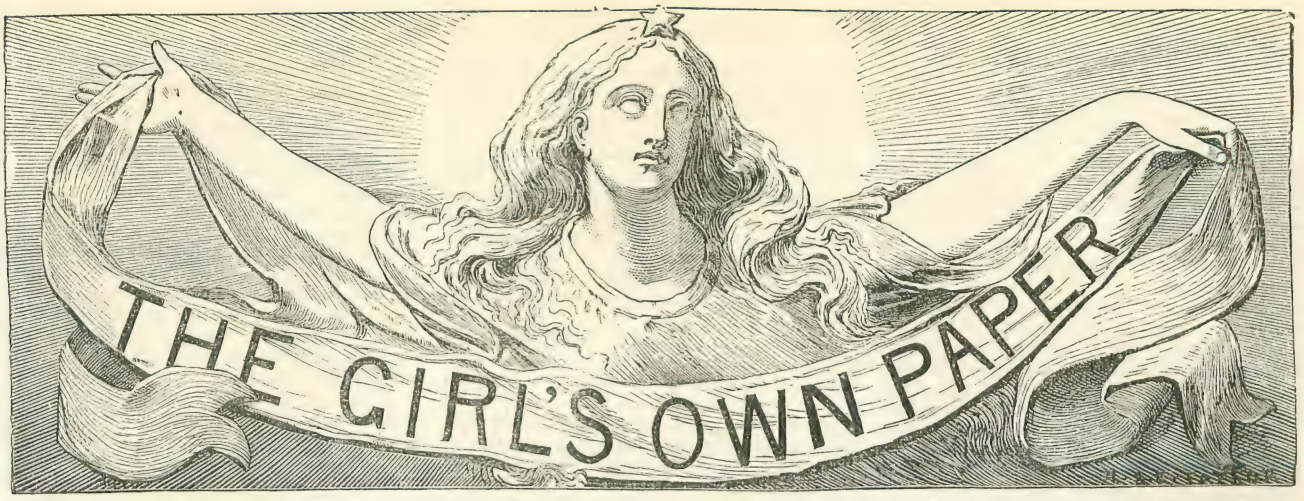
CORA: or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. With numerous Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE GIRL'S OWN COOKERY BOOK. By PHILLIS BROWNE. With Prefatory Note by Sir RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S. Price One Shilling.—This book is not simply a collection of cookery recipes, although a number of recipes are to be found in it. It is intended rather to fill the place of a guide or key to Cookery. The object which the Author has had before her in writing it is to inform those girls who wish to acquire skill in the art of preparing food, concerning the method to be employed, with the why and the wherefore thereof.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY. A Story. By ANNE BEALE. Price Half-a-Crown. Reprinted by special request.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. Including chapters on—What Our Girls May Do; My District, and How I Visit It; About Bible Classes; How to Make Poor Children's Clothing; Ladies' Work among Sailors and Soldiers; Savings Banks and Clothing Clubs; Our Bazaar; Rest and Country Air for the Wearied and Ailing; The "Girl's Own" Club; Sunday School Work for Teachers; Sunday School Work for Scholars; Our Sunday Scholars Out of School; Sunday School Treats; Our Winter Treat to the Poor; About Mothers' Meetings; Girls' Work in the Mission Fields of India, China, and on the Continent.—By Lady BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Price Half-a-Crown.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE. A Story. By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.



VOL. V.—NO. 240. AUGUST 2, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LOVE'S SUNSHINE.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"THE CHOICE PERPLEXES."

"COME, Gerald, let us go to our leafy temple. Perhaps we shall get a clearer vision out there."

"My vision is clear enough, Nellie; it is only in your eyes the mist exists, I believe. However, I shall be glad enough to get a breath of fresh air, if it is to be had this stifling evening." So saying. the young man addressed arose from the embrace of a huge and rather shabby leather chair, where for the last five minutes he had been most vigorously twisting a small tuft of his thick brown hair, until it now stood stiff and erect.

"You dear old unicorn," cried Nellie Beecher, as she smoothed the defiant lock, and then, putting a hand on each side of the young, manly face, she drew it down to receive a kiss, which was accepted with an air of quiet resignation becoming in a brother!

Certainly there was something now very like a mist in those dark grey eyes of Nellie's as she picked up a garden hat that had been flung down on a chair by the window, and, putting it on, stepped out on the grass plot, followed by her brother. But whatever may have been the cause of the rather troubled

All rights reserved.] "GERALD LIES ON THE GRASS AT HIS SISTER'S FEET."

expression worn by both the pleasing young faces, the one with just a touch of annoyance, the other perplexed, there seemed no want of love between the brother and sister, as, with his hand resting on her shoulder, they walked slowly down a gravel path which divided a flower garden on the one side from a kitchen garden on the other. Opening a gate at the farther end, they emerged on the extreme corner of a wide common, with picturesque undulations, over which the bracken and lilac heather mingled in wild profusion, though, here and there, there were almost park-like spots, where, beneath the shadow of a cluster of old trees, or of one grand old monarch standing alone, the grass kept its fresh green tint even in the hottest months. Nellie, first stooping to pick up a white kitten that had frisked down the path by her side, sat down on a garden seat, placed under the rich spreading branches of one of these trees, within a few yards of the gate, and fell into a reverie, to which pussy's sleepy purring song seemed a soothing accompaniment.

This had been always a favourite resort for Nellie when she wanted to "think." Her brother had often laughingly told her it was rather awkward to be able only to "think" "weather permitting." Perhaps there are not a few of us who are alike fettered! But that association which rendered this spot more sacredly dear than any other was the fact that here, during the last summer, the mother so dearly loved had frequently come and rested when too weak to walk farther; and many a wise and gentle counsel had been given here to her children, who now sorely missed her loving words, for they had lost her two months before. Neither Nellie nor Gerald seem inclined to impart their thoughts very quickly this sultry July evening; Gerald lies on the grass at his sister's feet, watching, in a mechanical, dreamy way, the heavily-laden waggon winding along the distant road, the smock-frocked waggoner walking beside, in a stolid, leisurely fashion. Over all there seems a stillness as of waiting—the leaves waiting for some kindly little breeze to arouse them from their unwonted rest, only one here and there daring to give an impatient little flutter, now and again a bird venturing on a soft "tweet, tweet," by way of "Good-night," but even he seems half fearful of his own sweet voice! Let us not disturb them with our whispers, for this is, perhaps, some preparation-quiet for more earnest life. We will turn aside to learn a little of the history of our two young friends.

Their father, Edward Beecher, was the youngest son of a solicitor, in Upperfield, who, after remaining a widower for several years, had married a second wife, when Edward was about sixteen years of age. Within two years she was left a widow with a little daughter, and, having but a small income, she at once left Upperfield, and, returning to town, took apartments near her only brother, a rising physician, and a married man. Mr. Beecher's elder son succeeded his father, but the younger, having no predilection for legal pursuits, but a great *penchant* for natural science, no sooner found himself possessor of a small estate, left him by his godfather, than he sold it, all but a cottage on Heather-side Common—occupied by an old servant of the family—and started on his travels. Until he arrived at the age of five-and-thirty he seemed to have little inclination to settle, but having suffered in health somewhat, through a prolonged stay in an unhealthy climate, he took up his abode with his brother, who had never married. He had not been there quite a year, however, when he became acquainted, by what appeared a mere chance, with the only child of a large draper in the neighbouring town of Lowdale, and, finding her to be not only a girl of cultivated mind, but of gentle, womanly character, considered himself the happiest of men when he succeeded in gaining her consent to be his wife. But, to his brother, it caused the greatest annoyance; that a Beecher should, even in the remotest way, be connected with trade was an unheard-of thing; that one of them should marry the daughter of a tradesman in a neighbouring town, moreover one who, though formerly wealthy, had just been brought to the verge of ruin by an unfortunate speculation, appeared something of a disgrace.

All this, however, had little effect on the cosmopolitan Edward Beecher, and so soon as he had enlarged and altered his cottage on the common, he took his young wife to it. Here, for a time, scarcely a cloud arose to mar the brightness of this happy home; but at the end of five years death entered, taking first the old father, who had always been carefully tended, and, a few months later, the husband so truly loved, leaving two little children, the Nellie and Gerald to whom we have already been introduced.

Being a philanthropist at heart, Edward Beecher had, during the last few years, devoted not only much of his time, but not a little of his money, in working out a scientific discovery which, if carried to a successful issue, would be of untold benefit to thousands. But, alas! this dream was not to be realised by him. He to whom the idea had first been presented, who had patiently surmounted one difficulty after another, undaunted by failure, was taken away before the final difficulty was overcome, and it remained for another to complete the work, gain wealth by it, and win renown as the benefactor of his fellow-men.

The widow had, therefore, been left with a very modest income, and it was only by living very economically she found it possible to keep herself and her children and educate them as she would wish to do.

Gerald pursued his studies at the Grammar School of Upperfield, whilst Nellie had been taught chiefly by her mother, who was a woman of considerable ability. The general school examinations had been fairly passed, but Gerald at seventeen showed no special bent for anything in particular but natural history generally. This was, as it may be imagined, a matter of some anxiety to his mother; but not doubting that the instinctive desire to devote himself to such studies must have been permitted by God either as a test of that faith which can give up a chosen path in life in obedience to His will, or as pointing to that path as the right one to be followed, she could pray and trust without over-anxiety. Happily, a way was opened in which Gerald was able to commence a career in accordance with his wishes. A very fine museum had lately been completed in Upperfield through the princely beneficence of a wealthy manufacturer, and to this a curator was appointed who had several times met Gerald when out on his expeditions, and being himself a naturalist, he had taken a great interest in the young enthusiast. He was a married man and without family; he therefore proposed to Mrs. Beecher that she should allow her son to come and live with him and his wife, taking up a systematic course of study for a time so as to prove whether he was likely to make a success. To this arrangement Mrs. Beecher gratefully consented, and had every reason to believe it a wise one, for Gerald had not only shown decided talent but steady perseverance, without which the former is rather apt to bring disappointment; and at the end of three years he was earning a small sum in work for the museum, still continuing to reside with his good friends Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

On the death of the mother, it had been thought desirable for Nellie to join her brother and take apartments in the house of an old servant living in Upperfield, as with her careful training she had learned the art of making a little money go a long way. This pleasant plan, however, had to be abandoned, for on going through the affairs it was found that the principal part of the income resulted from two or three leasehold houses, the leases of which were nearly out, and that five and twenty pounds per annum would shortly represent all that was left. Hence Nellie was obliged to relinquish the idea so delightful to her of setting up housekeeping with her brother. At this juncture an offer had been made, which, next to that which had presented so happy a prospect, seemed the most delightful alternative.

A well-to-do farmer and his family, who resided in a farm adjoining the cottage, had been amongst Mrs. Beecher's most intimate friends, their children had grown up together, and Ruth Grainger and Nellie were like sisters. When Mr. and Mrs. Grainger saw the position of affairs, they at once wished Nellie to be as a daughter in their home, leaving her the use of her little income for her dress and personal expenses: and to prevent her feeling under the least obligation, she was to give instruction daily for an hour or two to the twins, little girls of seven. But this had not been settled a day before a letter was received from Miss Beecher, the aunt, who was only known by name to her niece and nephew. On her way home from the South of France she had read of the death of Mrs. Beecher in the obituary of an English paper; and, being anxious to know whether this was the widow of her stepbrother, she wrote after her return to England to the executors, addressing her letter to the cottage.

By Mr. Grainger, as sole executor, this letter had been opened, and he immediately answered it, giving full particulars. A second letter was then sent by Miss Beecher, saying that she would be glad to be of any help she could to the young people; that, as Gerald was apparently well placed, she thought a present with which he could purchase books, or in any other way help forward his studies, would be the most useful; but her own wish was that Nellie should make her home with her. There would be educational advantages for her in London which she could not procure in the country, and perhaps the fact of knowing that she might help to cheer a rather lonesome life might add an inducement to her to accede to this proposition. However, should she not be willing to agree to this, Miss Beecher hoped she would not refuse accepting a small sum yearly, by way of augmenting her pocket-money. Thus, we see, it was a matter of no slight importance Nellie and Gerald were discussing.

"Well, Nellie, when am I to hear the result of your meditations?" asked her brother, at length, growing impatient at the long silence.

"Oh, Gerald, dear, I don't know how to decide. The more I think, the more it seems to me that it is my duty to fall in with Miss Beecher's wishes," replied Nellie, with a sigh.

"Then pray don't think any more," Gerald cried, jumping up and standing in front of his sister. "What stuff! to talk about 'owing duty' to a woman who has never cared enough about us in our mother's lifetime, or about her, to inquire after us. I suppose she wants to make a companion drudge of you."

"Gerald! it is not right to say so. I'm sure she writes most kindly; and see what she offers in case I wish to stay here!"

"Oh, yes, all very fine; but of course she knows you could not accept it without going first to see if you could live with her; then, most likely, you would have a regular split, and part, and she would have no more to do with you."

"Gerald, you are in a nasty humour."

"Well, surely the Graingers have far more claim upon you than she has. It does not seem good form, to me, for you to throw them up. Besides, you don't seem to care the least about me."

Hereupon the young man began striding backwards and forwards so as not to be obliged to see the flushed face and glistening eyes turned towards him.

"If it were a question of staying with you, Gerald, you know I should not hesitate a moment, but our two grand incomes put together would not keep us as you would like to be kept. I don't mean that you are extravagant, dear," continued Nellie, going to her brother's side, and slipping her hand through his arm, and beginning to pace up and down with him. "You must meet people, and go to the conversaziones, and dress respectably, and all that sort of thing. As for 'good form,' I really think the Jacksons were quite miserable when you thought of leaving, and certainly you owe them something. I love the Graingers dearly, but, of course, they don't really need me, nor do I know where they would put me when Flo and the three boys are home from school." Gerald made no remark, and the pair continued their walk in silence.

"You see," Nellie resumed, "I am not clever enough to be a regular governess, or we might manage."

"Mr. Jackson says you are far better educated than half the girls who get crammed at college with a lot of things they can't digest."

"Very good of Mr. Jackson, I'm sure" rejoined Nellie, laughing; "but, after all, I can't talk about things like girls who have attended classes under grand professors and all the rest of it. Look at Ruth, how much sparkle she has since she came back from that High School."

"Sparkle, yes—but she is naturally——"

"No, now we are not keeping to the point. I can't be a governess, that is settled. And dressmaking—well, I can just manage to make a decent dress for myself; still, I——"

"Nonsense, Nellie! Do you think I am wretch enough to let you work to help to keep me!" exclaimed Gerald. Then, with a softened look, he put his arm round her and drew her to him. "You dear little sis!"

"Halloa! what couple of young lovers have strayed this way?" cried a strong, cheery voice, and, looking round, the so-called lovers confronted their neighbour, Mr. Grainger, and his daughter Ruth.

"We were just coming to see you, Nellie," she said, as she kissed her friend; then looking up at Gerald with a pair of mischievous brown eyes, added, "I am so sorry to have interrupted such a pretty domestic drama!"

Gerald flushed to the roots of his hair at being caught in an act so inconsistent with his notion of manly stoicism, for he, in common with most young men of his age, was apt to consider such demonstrations of affection as only fit for the feebler sex.

The kind-hearted farmer, taking Nellie's hand, looked at her thoughtful young face, saying—

"Cheer up, my child; we shall find the right way, depend upon it. You and Gerald come home and have a bit of supper with us, and we'll talk matters over."

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO TO HUSH "THE BITTER CRY."*

By Mrs. S. A. Barnett, of Whitechapel.

The instinct of helpfulness is strong in us all, but hardly stronger anywhere than in the hearts of girls. Girls between eighteen and twenty-one, full of health, fresh from school, with minds alive by effort, interests undulled by experience, they are ready to enter life—life in the full acceptance of the word—and they are, as a rule, offered only one side of the great ball, and that the part which cannot be taken alone—namely, pleasure. "They are young; let them enjoy themselves," say the loving mothers and indulgent elders; but to many a girl her own enjoyment is but a poor substitute for what she feels might be her better life, and so she sometimes takes to pleasure recklessly and in undue proportion; or else she frets against her lot, often refusing—because she cannot have her share of the more earnest side of life—the wholesome enjoyment which follows its pleasures.

On the other hand, and who, knowing the ugly pains and sins in the world, can wonder, the careful mother spares no pains to protect and guard her child from contact with such things. Over and over again one hears a parent say, "My daughter wanted to take a district, but I could not let her face the things she might meet there." And with these tender mothers I heartily sympathise, but none the less so with the would-be helpful daughters.

It is about the work which can be done by girls without running the risks of meeting harmful wrong that I am going to speak.

For simplicity's sake, let me divide it into two groups—work which can be done at home, and work which can be done outside.

For home work there is sewing; and lately there has been set going in East London a clothing club on rather a new plan. Instead of meeting for an afternoon's needlework, the workers agree to make two, three, four, or six garments in a month, according to the time, capacity, etc., at their disposal. The clothes, already cut out, are sent to each worker, who makes them at her leisure and returns them to the secretary at the end of the month. Any girl can do this. It is dull, but helpful—distinctly helpful, as those of us who come face to face with the poor know; helpful to the pinched mother, who, no less careful of her daughter than the wealthy parent, finds "no clothes" an insufferable barrier to getting her girl into "good service;" helpful to the girl who does not want to be bad "and mix with the rough 'uns," but who, unhelped almost, must, so long as social conditions, rate of wages, and the estimate of women is what it is.

Then there is painting. What shoals of Christmas cards we all get, and what becomes of them? They might be made into dadoes for the wards of workhouse schools. Those places are, as a rule, drear and barren. The children have nothing to look at, and the pause-time of illness loses half its value because the well-known walls have no bright ideas to give the empty brains; no grand thoughts taught through mottoes or texts to sink in and arise as watchwords in the future battle of life.

Any girl can arrange Christmas cards, either in scrapbooks for the bed-ridden babes, or, if pasted on calico, and connected with painted flowers and sprays or quaint wood-work drawing, they make admirable screens, or wall decoration as dadoes. They must be varnished if so used; but that need present no difficulty. The carpenter at the schools for which the gift is purposed will do that bit of technical work, and the same holds good for mottoes. They can be put up if cut out and coloured, and it must be acknowledged that in all senses it is helpful work to make *permanent and beautiful* the grand words of the greatest minds for the poverty-dulled brain of the orphan or deserted child—the "nobody's bairn."

As to doll-dressing, ball and toy making, they hardly need mentioning, except, perhaps, to say that the supply is not nearly equal to the demand, and that the thousands of children hidden behind the tall even walls of our pauper-schools have, in spite of discipline, a most hungry love for dolls and toys, which loving hunger cannot be satisfied unless the lady girls will be more industriously helpful at home.

But there is yet another way in which girls can help the poor from the home precincts, and inasmuch as it is to do direct with people and not things, it stands on a higher level than what has been before suggested. It is to welcome and entertain as friendship dictates one, two, or more friendless girls. What is a little scrub-er-drub-drub-maid-of-all-work to do with her holidays; not too frequent, it is certain, coming as they do, once in three months?

"Why, Jane, it must be more than two months since you came to see me, isn't it?" I said to such a girl yesterday.

"Yes, mum, it's five months since I had a holiday; but then I've nowhere else to go to, only to come and see you, and I didn't like to trouble you so often, so I haven't asked for a holiday."

That remark made me feel ashamed. Five months since she had a holiday; and then what a one it was! to spend a day in Whitechapel, with its noise and bustle, dependent on what I could hastily plan on such short notice for her pleasure.

Girls in the country easily, girls in the town helped by the Zoological Gardens, the parks, and the shops, could make such holidays glad, golden, growing days for their humbler sisters. Poor children! and how helpful they, too, would be. This same Jane brought me a little bundle of children's clothes which she had made "In the evening, when I've done the work, out of my old things and some the missus gave me to cut up." They were rather worn, she explained, but she thought they might be nice for some poor little child.

But if I begin on how to help our children-servants I shall never stop, so I had better go back at once to what helpful girls can safely do outside their homes.

They can do quantities of handwork. Cover books. One afternoon a week would keep a parish library tidy, and so by its neatness and order teach other lessons than the books themselves convey Mend maternity bags. The baby clothes soon get out of order; two or three pairs of hands could keep them straight; and during the few weeks of such enforced rest there is time for the mother to note the needlework done by the unknown friends, and maybe get her standard raised thereby, though I fear that the old days, when "to look at a lady's needlework did one good," are gone for ever.

Then they can play; play in the playgrounds of the National or Board schools; teach games—games of skill, and not chance.

* A paper read at a meeting summoned by the Metropolitan Society of Voluntary Workers—secretary, Miss A. R. Marten, 4, Vanburgh Terrace, Blackheath.

If you watch the children in the streets, you will nearly always find that they are playing games of chance, fostering the gambling spirit which does so much to wreck patient work and well-ordered character. The lady-girls can teach games which, played under rule, become masters for the lesson of self-control. They might, by regular, hearty work, turn the London play-yards into what the playing fields of Eton and Harrow are—the places where the best seeds of character take root and sprout.

These playmates are drearily needed in the pauper schools; and here girls living in the suburbs (whose mothers are fearful of the perils of a short railway journey) can be specially useful, for the workhouse schools are nearly all in the suburbs. It is a little difficult to obtain admittance, for the guardians are apt to look askance at "ladies' interference," as I am afraid they often and erroneously term our kindly efforts; but still the Society,* in response to whose request I am speaking to-day, might get over that barrier if they had a sufficient number of offers in this direction. Half-holidays are generally on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and any girl would (I should judge from my experience) be able to declare, after the first shyness had worn off, that they were really "good times." The children in their bare yards, with little or nothing to play with, heartily welcome a live, grown-up plaything, and the small lessons in fairness, unselfishness, good temper, and tenderness for the weaker or younger, come forcibly, and are received graciously, from "their dear lady, who makes such fun."

Among the poor and sad there is such a dearth of pleasure and play that a whole army of pleasure-creators and play-makers could not meet all their needs. There are entertainers wanted at parish and congregational parties—not people to necessarily sing, play, and perform, but those who, in bright gowns and with the halo which rest and refinement give in the eyes of the work-worn and rough-living, will mix among them, making the picture-book interesting with gay chat, and the game of some importance, because played against such a keen opponent.

Then concerts can be got up, music can be given, and if the performers will not require a giant hall and a crowded audience, they will be able, perhaps, to give more pleasure, as they gladden the mothers at their weekly meeting, or amuse the men, resting after the day's labour, in the tobacco-charged atmosphere of the Penny Club room.

Then there is teaching to be done, and this would specially interest those girls, who, having left school, still go on with their education. There are pupil teachers to be read with, and elder girls to instruct.

The pupil teachers, in little groups belonging to each school, varying from three to ten in number, could be invited after their work is over, once a week for an hour or so, to read books such as Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," or Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," to learn French, or to be initiated into the mysteries of the microscope. The routine work of a pupil teacher is in itself dull, hard, and apt to crush out originality, but it is really they who hold the future of the working classes in their hands; and to elevate the hopes, widen the interests, and raise the standard of our people's teachers is surely no mean task to offer to girls waiting to be helpful. The elder girls, too, repay teaching in extra and outside subjects, and it can be given at noon, if the teacher can make her lesson attractive enough to compete with the play hour, not an impossible feat, so eagerly do children devour news about their bodies, scientific cookery, and star-gazing stories; or it can be carried on in club rooms and night schools. The former, perhaps, opens out the largest field for varied accomplishments, ranging as it does from stocking-mending and hat-trimming to letter writing and Bible philosophy.

But I will not weary you with more details. The things I have suggested may seem unimportant; they are not really so in their results. The young seedling is helped by many influences, some of them apparently insignificant, before it grows straight, and the girl who will give her time to forming some of the influencing surroundings of her younger and but little known relations, need not be surprised if in after life she finds such work blessed in the way she least expects but perhaps would most value—namely, in preventing vice and serving as barriers against impurity.

Help-willing girls will know that they can help. Hand-work, head-work, heart-work, all are in demand if given simply and unaffectedly. Mothers will know that there is work which their girls can do without running unwise risks, work which will give their children a greater right to the enjoyment which they so lavishly (and rightly so) provide for them, work which, apart from the satisfaction and fulness that comes by it into their own personal lives, will make them more able to call themselves followers of Him who has said, "I am among you as one who serves."

* Metropolitan Society of Voluntary Workers.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

ASPIRATIONS.

MARGARET STEWART was not mistaken. Lord Fowlis had really come to Shetland in his friend's yacht. When her telegram had reached Fowlis its master had been staying there, having left his vessel at the nearest seaport—that at which May Castle had spent the lonely first holiday of her life. He had put it instantly at the marquis's service, being himself a good-hearted, enthusiastic youth, and only too glad to make his love of adventure and variety do service to the wishes or needs of his friends. Fleet horses had been swiftly in readiness to bear them to the coast. Loyal service, large resource, and favouring winds had out-run the giants of rail and steam; for by their utmost aid—it being, of course, interrupted by the exigencies of public service—Mr. Stewart himself could not reach Balacluva for some hours later.

When, by the help of William Thomson's glass, Margaret saw the marquis spring on shore, she turned and went back to her house. It occurred to her at once that Lord Fowlis would do exactly what he did—namely, go up to the manse before coming to Balacluva. He would spare her from reciting such details as he could hear equally well from the good old minister.

But in less than an hour afterwards he stood with her beside her mother's coffin. Lord Fowlis was deeply touched. In his earlier visits to the island he had learned to know and love Mrs. Stewart. She had stirred the chord of his love for his own mother dead in her young widowhood. He had thought that if she had lived she would have been an elderly lady like this; he had even fancied some resemblance between her and Mrs. Stewart (Margaret knew how frequently people had said to her that her mamma reminded them of their mother, or grandmother, or aunt, or whatever relative or friend was the saint of their life-calendar, and she knew what a tribute this was, though in some cases it had been hard to suppress a smile at the bare thought of any possible resemblance); and now Lord Fowlis's new regret for the sweet woman on whose calm dead face he gazed, touched to the quick the life-long sense of loss his mother's departure had left upon him. It always must be so. Every new joy or pain opens the accounts thereof already set down in our histories, that the new item may be added thereto. Those who have wept for their own dead weep for them again whenever sorrow, however remote, stirs the waters of life about them. We do not forget aught which has once really entered our lives. In the clinging loyalty of love we are apt to start and shrink when we hear our own first laughter, or first realise "a thoroughly happy time," after some great change or loss. We need not. Pain changes into wisdom, sorrow into tenderness, wild yearning into tranquil hope, but they never cease to be, any more than a seed ceases to be when it grows into plant and flower. There are chords in our soul, motionless before, which now respond to any touch. There are many sides of truth in the simple verses of a sweet thinker of our own day:—

"The waters are rising and flowing
Over the weedy stone—
Over it, over it going:
It is never gone.
So joy after joy may go sweeping
Over the ancient pain:
Drowned in waves and waves of weeping—
It will rise again."

"Well, I think she would have trusted me to take care of you. You will have all my life's love; but where hers was, Margaret, you will always feel a blank." So spoke Lord Fowlis, as he led Margaret from her mother's coffin.

Margaret looked up at him quickly. He did not quite understand her glance.

"I do wish I had written to her very self about you," he said. "I only delayed because I meant to come down so soon. I spoke to your father, Margaret, before he left Fowlis. I asked him if I might come here to speak to him about you. He said I might. He was not to mention it to you till I came."

Certainly, Margaret thought to herself,

"'I SPOKE TO YOUR FATHER.'"

the laird had preserved a perfect silence. Hitherto she scarcely knew what her father had realised concerning the attachment between the marquis and herself. Meaning glances, and even whispers, had revealed to her that others were not blind. She knew her high-hearted old father too well to have been surprised that he sought no solace from any such mere prospect under the blow which had befallen them. But now that she found the marquis had made his purpose so clear to him, she wondered a little. And then the first doubt fell on her heart. Not doubt of Lord Fowlis, no. Not doubt of her own present duty. She must defend the man who loved her from himself. She must make him realise her changed position as the world would realise it. He was not only a man—a simple lover, whose one ideal was to be tender and true—he was a great noble, who had a distinct duty in the maintenance of social honour and purity, whose distinction gave grace and dignity where it was conferred, and who had power to mould public opinion by his own conduct.

"Would it be well for such an one—would it be an influence for good—if he married the granddaughter of a coiner or a forger, who owed the very position in which she met Lord Fowlis to the advantages won by her ancestor's crime? And what better than such coiner or forger is Adam Leask, my grandfather?" Margaret asked herself. "I am really in quite a different situation from May Castle. At least she knows no ancestors. She starts from a blank—from the bare ground, as it were—and whatever she wins, and wherever she mounts, it is in her own right, not in the right of something inherited from fraud and force."

Walking up and down on the little terrace at the back of Balacluva, Margaret Stewart told Lord Fowlis all. She felt it was his right to hear it, and that they were confronted by great principles and duties which dwarfed all considerations of mere etiquette and custom. To allow undue weight to these when one is caught in the storm of life is as puerile as it would be to consider questions of precedence in manning the lifeboat. If it was right that Lord Fowlis should go free, then let him never be bound. She made no show of vainglorious magnanimity. She wanted him to convince her that she was wrong. She was only too anxious to be convinced, but it must be honestly and completely. She did not assure him that she could bear the worst with courage and dignity. What did it matter how she bore it? Those considerations must come after. If it was right, then it must be done, though it killed her, or, far worse, though it reduced her to that state of nervous inaptitude and inaction which she had sometimes heard called "broken-hearted."

The marquis heard her story without any sign of shock or astonishment.

Little as Margaret dreamed it, a garbled account of the matter had already appeared in the southern papers, and the garbage-eating world was eagerly expecting the sensational trial, of which old Mr. Stewart's prompt and resolute action would disappoint them.

"Margaret," said Lord Fowlis, gravely, when she had finished her narrative, and had fully stated her case, "Margaret, if we look into the history of the Lords of Fowlis I fear we shall find that the rank and the acres I asked you to share were in the main acquired by acts of violence and treachery so bloody and so deep and wide in their ramifications that they make the evil deed of Adam Leask shrink pale and small beside them. Our house has not been founded, as some great houses are, on loyalty to authority or on great gifts greatly used in the public service. We were ennobled for betraying a patriot to a tyrant, and we further enriched ourselves by cruelty and extortion in the foreign countries where we sold our military services. These are matters over which I have pondered much, and I have wondered often whether it is the highest path for a Christian man to take to enjoy the dignities and the luxuries which have come to him through the wrong-doings of others. My only plea is that I don't enjoy the dignities—they trouble me—and I could do without the luxuries. I think I might be more sure of the duty of surrendering them if I did not find them a cross to bear."

"But you could not extinguish the marquisate, if you tried," said Margaret, quickly. "It could but pass from your branch of the family to another, and if you put away wealth, how could you be sure that it would be as well employed as you employ it now?"

Lord Fowlis smiled sadly. "Thus, you see how the sins of the fathers will descend upon the children, to the third and fourth generation," he said. "Yet is God's mercy always ready for any who love Him, and keep His commandments. I have had dreams, Margaret! It could not be my duty to relinquish my forefather's ill-got wealth, regardless of what becomes of it. But it may be my duty to devote every farthing of it to the public good, and to no private use at all. It might help men to see what honour really is, and how poor a thing mere rank must be, if one who is entitled to write himself James Balliol, Marquis of Fowlis, prefers to be plain James Balliol, because he repudiates the deeds which gave him rank. Margaret, you cannot think how often my forefathers' sins have risen up to smite their descendant, who has entered into their fruits! I have felt as if they had sold their souls for my sake, and I was accepting the bargain. I would never think of repudiating any of the duties which cling to and clothe the possessions which my forefathers seized by deceit and violence, even as nature herself delights to veil the ravages of fire and sword with soft mosses and creeper. No, it is my duty—my duty even to them—to try to undo the evil they did. All this came into my mind first, when I was a boy at school, and read a story of the slave-holding times in England. There was one heroic slave-owner, a woman, who set free all her slaves, refusing to touch the wealth which had come to her through wrong. Yet she did not leave her poor negroes to go to ruin unfriended and unadvised, but stayed among them, counselling them, and subsisting on such humble pittance as they could spare her for teaching their children and nursing their sick."

The two had paused in their walk on the little esplanade. The sun was going down, not in golden and ruddy glory, but in tender tints of grey. Below lay the sea, like a sheet of shimmery silver. The whole scene seemed more of the spirit-world than of the earthy-earth; and Margaret seemed to herself like a disembodied soul.

"Margaret," said the marquis, again, breaking their rapt silence so suddenly that the girl started; "Margaret, can you understand a wild craving to stand somewhat even with one's fellow men, and to run the race of life fairly, without the start of rank and riches, or the being handicapped by them, whichever it may be? I have often wondered how food tastes which one has earned, and how praise sounds if one gets it freely given to him. I have felt these cravings—I have longed to run away to the great American ranches and build my own shanty and kill my own sheep; and I think nothing has kept me from it except the fear that even there some rumour of my 'nobility' should follow me, and I should get but a spurious frankness, indulgently doled out to my 'eccentricity.'"

"I remember dear mamma telling me about a little French prince who left his costly toys lying on the palace floor and sat at the window, wishing he could join the little gutter boys in making 'delightful mud-pies,'" said Margaret.

"Of course we must do our duty in that station of life where it has pleased God to place us," said Lord Fowlis. "But that very duty may be to give it up. The Master told the rich young man to sell all he had and to follow Him. I have often wondered whether there may not have been something about his possessions which made his keeping them a barrier to his perfect following of Christ."

Again there was silence. Then he went on—

"Margaret, we will do nothing rashly; we will not be selfish in our self-sacrifice; we will seek the best counsel which we can find—not the counsel of worldly people, or courtly people, but the counsel of those whom these profess to honour but do not obey—those whom they call 'great geniuses,' or 'modern prophets,' while they decide rashly and without just experiment that what they say is 'unpractical.' Margaret, your sensitive conscience concerning your own changed position and its influence on others has brought to a climax my own vacillating meditations on the same matter. We will seek out what is the right of this position of ours, never shrinking from what it may bid us do when we have found it. But, Margaret, we will seek this out together. It is truly the Divine will or kingdom, and if now we are each seeking this first, how can we part? It shall not be anything of the world worldly that shall part us. There is no parting possible for pure love founded on the love of God. Death does not divide souls, Margaret. I think it may let them nearer to each other in God Himself. Does your mother seem far away now, my Margaret?"

His voice was very low and tender. They were standing, in the gloaming, hand in hand. The marquis went on—

"What if we find—I do not yet say that we shall—that our duty will bring us out among the common people, as they are called? What then? Surely you and I can 'fend' for each other, as they call it in Fowlis, and fence the corner of a hearth for your father to sit in peace and honour—the true honour of a honourable man, who would not do a moment's battle for a lie, as soon as he proved it to be one. Margaret, I think it is possible that we may pass out from rank and wealth with a sense of actual relief and enjoyment, such as we find when we step from a heated saloon into the pure open air! Only we must not seek even such enjoyment unless we are quite sure it is right! And surely you and I will not shrink from hardnesses which those who have been ill-fed and ill-taught for generations are yet able to bear. It would be a terrible satire on what the world considers its 'advantages,' if we succumb where these succeed! Oh, how that would prove that we have been indeed, as the Pharisees, binding hard burdens on others, which we did not touch with our little finger! But you would never fail, Margaret; you are cast in an heroic mould! Only we will make quest for the right, and we will fight its battle together, Margaret," he repeated.

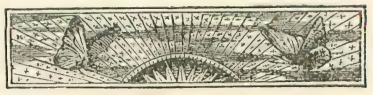
And Margaret looked in his kind eyes, and gave him her promise. And the thought of her dead mother was in her heart as she did so. But her love was as sacred and as solemn as her sorrow. Purest joy and deepest grief strike no discord.

So they stood on their lives' mount of transfiguration, and had that mysterious vision of the mingling—the intimate union—of the visible and the invisible, the real and the ideal, which comes to most of us at some supreme moment of our history. But we cannot stay on mounts of transfiguration; even temples must not be built there, much less homely dwellings. What has been revealed to us at such seasons must be shut in our hearts, and carried therein down into the valley, where we shall find service we can render, and evil we must contend with.

There was a sound of rapid wheels.

"That is my father, who has returned," said Margaret.

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATION FOR WOMEN AT OXFORD.

MANY of those whose schooldays have long since passed away, and whose leisure for study and self-improvement is limited by many demands of a practical nature upon their time, are inclined to envy those of the rising generation the many educational advantages they enjoy. This has been forcibly impressed upon me during a short visit to Oxford, where the thoughts of many are devoted, not only to the education of undergraduates, but to that of girl students also. In the first place, there is the beautiful new building erected some years ago for the accommodation of the High School for Girls. This now numbers over two hundred pupils, and when by the kind permission of Miss Bishop, the head mistress, I spent several mornings in the school, I could only wish that I had been born rather later in the century, that I might have shared its advantages and pleasures; for that the girls take great pleasure in their studies cannot be doubted by anyone who sees them at their classes. High schools are, however, becoming so numerous now that I need hardly dwell on the sound education given in them, on the large well-ventilated class-rooms, the nice little desk with seat attached supplied to each girl, the small platform from which the mistress teaches her class, often illustrating her lecture on a black-board. These and other details are probably well known to many of our readers. But perhaps a visit to Somerville Hall, one of the colleges for women, lately established in Oxford, may be more of a novelty to them. Let them, then, come with me a little way along the Woodstock-road till we reach the old gateway of Somerville Hall.

Passing up the drive on the right are some small old-fashioned buildings, in which some of the students, for whom there is not room in the larger house, reside. We then reach a large, old-looking white house, to which a new wing on the left has been added. Entering the hall, we are ushered into the drawing-room. This is the general sitting-room for the students, and each, in turn, undertakes for a few days to keep it neat and decorated with flowers. Opposite is the dining-hall, with shelves at one end, filled with a good and ever increasing library for the use of the inmates. Here all take their meals; breakfast at eight, luncheon when they like between one and half-past, dinner at seven o'clock. Afternoon tea, that essential of modern life, is provided in the drawing-room, but the students may have it in their own rooms if they prefer it, and many a snug little tea-party goes on upstairs. Let us go up and see their rooms. As we are ushered from one to another, we feel inclined to ask, "Where do the students sleep? or do they work so hard they do not give time to sleep, as we ordinary mortals do?" Each room looks like a pretty sitting-room. Most are of medium size, some smaller, some larger. During the day the beds are hidden by chintz covers, which transform them into sofas! Wash-hand stands are concealed with equal cleverness, and each student finds herself in possession of a nice study for the day, in which she takes great pride. Pictures, photographs, brackets, book-shelves adorn the walls, and in most of the rooms we observe flowers in pots or vases. As our visit is paid in the morning, the writing-tables are covered with books and papers betokening hard work. The house is surrounded by a nice garden, in which are two lawn-tennis courts, where many a good game is played in the course of the afternoons, for the students know that really hard brain work should be accompanied by plenty of exercise in the open air.

This, then, is the home provided in Somerville Hall, under the kind and able care and superintendence of Miss Shaw Lefevre, for girls and women who wish for a course of study after they have left school; and that there are many only too glad to avail themselves of it is proved by the fact that it is quite full—indeed, it has needed some contrivance this term to take in all who wished to come. No one is admitted under the age of 17, and, in the usual course of events, a girl should remain three years at the Hall. The wish of the promoters is that all should remain at least two years, but exceptions are made to this rule. No instruction or lectures are provided at the Hall itself, but the "Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women" in Oxford makes arrangements for lectures and private tuition for the students. These are given by men and women, the former being lecturers attached to the University.

And now we come to the burning question of the day. Hitherto examination papers have been set, corresponding closely to those given to the undergraduates; but women have not been admitted, as at Cambridge, to the University examinations, and the certificates given to them have had no recognised value. It has long been felt that this placed the women of the Oxford Halls at a disadvantage, as compared with those of Girton and Newnham, at Cambridge, whose names appear in the class lists of the University. The advocates of the higher education of women have therefore for some time tried to bring about a change in this respect. The question has been repeatedly brought before the Council of the University, and the arguments in favour of granting to women at Oxford the same privileges as they enjoy at Cambridge have gradually influenced many minds. At length it was proposed in "Congregation"—that is, at a meeting of Masters of Arts residing in Oxford—that women should be admitted to the University examinations. Twice was the question discussed at length, and finally the statute was passed by Congregation. But this was not enough. Every statute must also be passed by "Convocation"—*i.e.*, a meeting to which any Master of Arts who is a member of the University, whether resident or not, may come and record his vote in favour of, or in opposition to it. Great was the hue and cry that arose when the new proposal became known. Many conservative minds were sadly upset! Here was an innovation indeed. Was this ancient University founded for the sole benefit of men to invite the women to compete with their lords and masters? Surely they were meant to sit on a pedestal high above all the strife and competition of the world. If this step were taken the women would be "unsexed," there would be no more good wives and mothers for England! Would they not begin to "swagger" and vie with the other sex in more ways than one? Then, too, did not everyone know that women were incapable mentally and physically of bearing such a strain? So spoke the opposition. But the advocates of the scheme replied that many women had long ago been compelled to come down from this imaginary pedestal and to join in the strife and competition for bread, and that every possible advantage should be given to them in that strife. That there was no swagger or masculineness in the modest demeanour and quiet ways of the students of Somerville and Lady Margaret's Halls, and that it still had to be proved that they could not bear the strain of examination. That if they were not admitted to them here, they would go elsewhere to obtain the proofs that they were fitted to go forth into the world as teachers, and they pointed out that those who have taken the ordinary degrees in London or the certificates of Cambridge are much more readily accepted as teachers by head-mistresses than those who have either no certificate or one given exclusively to women. For example, two girls, daughters of a widowed mother in straitened circumstances, have both won distinction in a Cambridge Tripos. This at once secured them educational openings with an income 40 or 50 per cent. higher than anything they could have obtained without it. Thus they have been enabled to provide a young brother with a good education, and their mother with a home free from care.

So the arguments raged in the London papers, in the Oxford papers, and on the lips of all those interested in the matter. Each side made strenuous efforts to secure a majority of votes at the meeting of the Convocation. At length the momentous day arrived, Tuesday, April 29th. Nothing more could be done. The result only could be eagerly awaited. A special train was chartered to bring from London all those who would vote in favour of the ladies. Many came from Liverpool, Manchester, and other distant places. Deans and canons, schoolmasters and authors, members of Parliament and country clergymen assembled in great numbers. By a quarter to two the place was swarming with dignitaries of all kinds in caps and gowns. With some difficulty we secured seats in one of the lower galleries of the Sheldonian Theatre. This is one of the University buildings, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and built at the expense of Archbishop Sheldon in 1669. There "Commemoration" is held every year.

The upper gallery was crowded with undergraduates, prepared to be facetious on the smallest provocation; the area was crowded with Masters of Arts in their gowns, caps in hand. And when the result of the voting was announced it was found that 464 votes had been recorded in favour of, 321 against, admitting women to the University examinations. Great was the triumph of the successful party, loud the congratulations, hearty the handshaking over the victory, and enthusiastically was the news received by the girl-students at the Halls who had not been present in the theatre.

Thus a further advantage has been conferred on the girls of the present day by Oxford, as well as the sister University. This will not, however, lead to any great changes in the career of the students at the Halls; the subjects for examination and the course of study will remain practically the same—there will be no increase in the number of the examinations, in their difficulty, or in their details. The girls will be examined in a room apart, and their names will be published, as before, in the *University Gazette*. But, and herein lies the great difference, their certificate when gained, instead of being useless to them, as it is now, will be generally appreciated at its proper value. Oxford will now give to young women endowed with unusual abilities a recognised certificate which may alter all their prospects in life; for not the most ardent advocates of education would recommend all girls to go in for a University education; but for those of ability, and those who are obliged to earn their own living, they consider it a great advantage. Some of these may say, "I can never afford three years' residence at Oxford or Cambridge;" but this is not necessary, the work may be done at home, or elsewhere, it being only obligatory to go to Oxford for the examinations.

So this great crisis in the history of the education of women at Oxford has passed. Some twenty years hence, when it has become a commonplace event for women to enter for these examinations, we shall look back with interest and amusement on the great struggle and the triumphant victory of the champions for the Higher Education of Women.

TO THE SEA.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

WHY do we make our plaint, oh, sea!
Of thy melancholy moan?
Of the dirge-like winds that harp to thee,
From thy shores so bleak and lone?
Of the ghastly forms that silent stalk
O'er oozy bed or rocky walk?

Thou hast a bounding heart of joy,
Oh, solemn sounding sea!
Thou smilest like a maiden coy,
Clapping white hands in glee.
Anon thou comest shouting forth,
Scattering the crystals of the north.

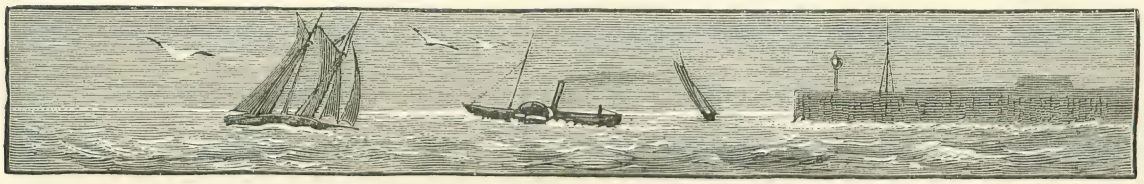
Thou leapest at thy barrier walls
Like a young thing at play,
Deep unto deep triumphant calls,
To fling its bars away;
Too strong—thou wind'st thy Triton horn,
Foaming with mad yet joyous scorn.

And the defiant wall that vexed,
With beautiful sea flowers,
With moss, and fern, and shell thou deck'st
Brought from thy hidden bowers;
Strands of dead gold and autumn leaf,
Blending rich hues in strange relief.

So, truly, thou art glad, oh, sea!
  Yes, infinitely glad;
Mirth is the mood that moveth thee
  To freaks that make us sad.
Didst thou not own a mightier power,
Well might we dread thy merriest hour.

And so the human tides that seem
  Still in their come and go,
To move like one in troubled dream,
  With sullen moan of woe,
May prove to have a heart of joy,
Bounding beneath the dull annoy.

A heart, that like the swash and wash
  Of thy blue waves still tells,
If somewhere there be storm and crash,
  Somewhere ring marriage bells;
If o'er our heads the night grows dark,
Others are listening to the lark.



CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

CHAPTER III.

CELIA and Janie were alone in their dingy sitting-room. Janie was pretending to copy a piece of music, but the pen in her listless fingers traversed slowly over the paper, while her attention was in reality given to Celia, who, in an apron and bib, was engaged in cleaning the lamp. Celia was orderly; she had spread a newspaper on the table, upon which were arrayed her various implements of work—such as the lamp, scissors, oil-can, &c. The apron, which was scrupulously plain and unpretending, was pinned over her dark brown dress, and a spray of geranium and maidenhair had been stuck into the top of the bib, giving just the touch of colour that was wanted.

"It's a pity to wear that flower in the morning," observed Janie in her musing way. "Why don't you keep it in water till the evening, Celia?"

"I don't mean to wear it this evening. I'm getting a great deal of pleasure out of it now, and I shall put it back into the vase by-and-by."

"It must be very nice to have as many flowers as you want, and never think of the expense. Do you suppose Mr. Romaine bought those at Covent Garden?"

"I daresay he did; and mamma was so pleased with them that I hadn't the heart to wish they had never come."

"But they were sent to *you*, Celia."

Celia nodded. "That's just the worst of it, and I had to thank him for them; and I hate having his presents."

"I heard you tell him that you thought the gardenias smelt too strong; and a gentleman may always present flowers to a lady, Mr. Hewing says."

"You talk like a guide to genteel society, Janie," laughed Celia.

"But really," remonstrated Janie, "Mr. Romaine is a nice man; he was very kind to me the day we went to the Crystal Palace. I shall be sorry when he goes away."

"I am very glad that you enjoyed it, dear," said Celia, kindly. "But I *was* astonished when mamma told me where you had gone to; you used to be so shy."

"I don't feel shy with Mr. Romaine, and I had plenty to say."

"What did you talk about, I wonder?" asked Celia, as she rammed her duster into the lamp glass.

"First there was the train, and it was too noisy to talk; then there was the concert. Oh, Celia! I should like to go to a concert every afternoon. Then Mr. Romaine told me a great deal about Australia, and I told him some of our adventures."

"What were they?"

"Oh, all about the lodgings we had where the landlady was so rude to mother, and you went and fetched Mr. Hewing; and about when I was ill and you nursed me, and saved the money to take me for a drive."

"My dearest Jamie, that sort of thing would not interest a stranger; and you are not getting on with your copying."

"No, I'm too tired, Celia. It did interest him immensely. So I told him how I cried because I couldn't have a new piece of music, and how you did a long strip of embroidery, and took it to a shop and sold it, though you detested needlework; and Mr. Romaine said he was sure that you could do anything that you wanted to, because you had such clever hands. They are very pretty, too, like mamma's."

"Janie!" With a crash Celia's brush went through the lamp glass. "How unfortunate I am! Everything goes wrong this week, just when I want to be most economical. This is the second accident I have had."

"Never mind, we needn't have a cab home from the Hewings to-night," said Janie, sympathetically. "Mr. Romaine will walk back with us; he asked mamma if he might."

"I'm tired to death of the very sound of Mr. Romaine's name," exclaimed Celia, impetuously. "I wish I had never heard it at all! I wish——"

Here she stopped. Rebecca was knocking at the door.

"The gentleman for you, miss," announced the incorrigible Rebecca, regardless of three distinct smudges that her fingers had made on the paint. Before Celia could recover herself or snatch off her lamp-cleaning gloves, Alexander Romaine stood by her side.

Janie rose with a little exclamation of pleasure, and Celia blushed crimson. Had he heard her unfortunate remark? How much had he heard of Janie's chatter? He was in one of his imperturbably good-humoured moods, she felt sure, so that it would be impossible to find out, unless she made a direct apology, and that was a course that she did not contemplate for a second.

"It is too bad of me to disturb you at this early hour of the day," said Mr. Romaine, as amiably as if he had received the most rapturous greeting. "I am anxious to know how Mrs. Lake is; you gave a wretched account of her yesterday."

"We hope she is a little better, thank you," replied Celia, first remembering that she was still wearing the geraniums out of his bouquet. She felt inclined to take it off on the spot, only that would be *too undignified* a proceeding. Janie embarked on a lengthy description of what the doctor had said, and how mamma had sent a message to Mr. Romaine, to thank him for the Tangerine oranges; she had liked them so much. In the meantime Celia had got rid of her gloves, and had taken a seat at some distance from the table. It never occurred to her to make any excuses for being found in such a muddle; if he *chose* to call in the morning, he must take things as he found them; and with a grim sense of satisfaction, she reflected that the room did not look very comfortable, certainly. Perhaps he had come to luncheon—she hoped he liked cold mutton. She was bent, nevertheless, upon being civil, in order to cover her confusion. For the hundredth time she wished that Mr. Romaine had been more like her imaginary colonist, with the rough ways and the irritable temper; like anybody, in fact, except himself. It was becoming difficult to be invariably icily distant towards a person who was so persistent in his friendliness and so courteous in his behaviour to her mother and Janie. Now and then Celia forgot all about Mr. Lake's will, and the part she had marked out for herself; but she always strove to make up for it afterwards by being preternaturally stiff and formal. She had seen a good deal of Mr. Romaine the last few weeks; he came very often to George-place, and he had struck up an acquaintance with Mr. Hewing, who occasionally invited the young folks to meet at his house. Celia kept out of it as much as she could, but she was beginning to weary of making perpetual excuses, and of living in a state of contradiction. It couldn't last much longer, that was the only comfort; if she could only prevent him from approaching the forbidden subject till April (and it did not appear, so far, that he entertained the project seriously) the legacy was hers. Then she might put aside all thought of how she ought to behave, and be as friendly as possible. It was remarkable how well Janie got on with him. "What a pity," reflected Celia, as she watched her trying to make a round minim after his pattern—"what a pity that she is not the eldest girl!"

"Shall we see you to-night at the Hewings', Mr. Romaine? I suppose you know that Janie is going to play?"

"Yes, miss. Janie told me about it some

days ago. I am anxious to be present at her first performance. By the way, I am conceited enough to think that you might care to know that I have had rather important letters from Youngsport this mail. It appears that I'm wanted out there, so I shall be obliged to set off again very shortly."

"Going so soon!" cried Janie, reproachfully, and Celia vainly struggled to conceal her satisfaction as she said—

"That is unexpected. I daresay you will be glad to get back again?"

"No; on the contrary, I particularly wanted to stay till the summer."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I have taken a fancy to the little house in Hampshire, and I am disappointed not to be there at all this year. I wanted to make some alterations in the garden; and there are other reasons, too."

"I really think," said Celia, looking towards her sister, "that it must be time to see about mamma's beef-tea."

"Let me go, Celia. I'll get it at once. Do let me go!"

Janie flung her pen on the table and ran out of the room.

"Don't go till I come back," she said, nodding to Mr. Romaine; "I shan't be long."

"Do you take any interest in gardening, Miss Lake?" inquired Lex, after a pause.

"I don't know anything about it. I like a flower in a pot that I've had trouble to make grow; but that you would naturally regard as a cockney mania."

"I thought you were fond of flowers ("he is looking at his horrid geranium," said Celia, to herself). "I should very much like to have consulted you about the garden. I wish I could persuade you to come down and see the place. The clergyman's wife is a delightful person, and she would be so pleased to see you—you and your sister."

This was added as an obvious afterthought.

"Thank you, you are very kind. It is quite impossible for me to leave my mother."

"I had thought of Mrs. Lake, too. When she is strong enough to travel, we could easily get a few rooms ready. I would do my best to make you comfortable."

"Thank you," murmured Celia again; "I do not think that mamma could be moved at present."

"It is a great pity; the improvements must be begun at once if I want to live there at all this winter."

"Why, you are going to Victoria!"

(At last, thought Lex, she is going to take a shade of interest in what I am saying.)

"Yes, but I do not intend to stay longer than I can help."

"You don't seem to mind the voyage?"

"Not in the least; I am a very good sailor."

"I should detest a long sea voyage; it must be so unspeakably dull."

"It is dull, but one gets accustomed to it, and there are so many more miseries in life that one has to get accustomed to. It's good practice."

"That's quite true, and the worst of it is that you have to bear the miseries that other people bring upon you."

Lex shook his head. "That's a very youthful remark, Miss Celia, if you will allow me to say so. The burthen of other people's mistakes can't be as heavy as one's own; 'no ill-luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders,'" he added, musingly; "but it would be sad to suppose that you could feel that at your age."

"Do you feel it at yours?" Celia longed to ask. It struck her, for the first time, that Mr. Romaine looked very sad, as if life had not gone so smoothly with him in spite of his good fortune. Perhaps he was ashamed of the hard-hearted old man who had left him his money! This was a new light to her.

"We don't often agree about anything, do we?" she remarked, striving, not with complete success, to turn the conversation without hurting his feelings.

"No, unfortunately we do not."

"Why 'unfortunately?'"

"I could have wished it had been otherwise."

"I'm afraid I am too old to change," said Celia, with a gleam of fun in her blue eyes, "in spite of my youthfulness."

"I would not have you changed in the slightest degree. Pray don't misunderstand me. It was a most uncalled-for remark of mine; I was really only referring to circumstances. It does seem to me that if I had had the arranging of things for the last few years of my life, that they would have been very different."

("This is pure affectation," thought Celia, "but I suppose he thinks that as everything has happened to his advantage that he can afford to be magnanimous. Well, I can't.")

"I think you might be very well satisfied as you are, Mr. Romaine; and you will feel as cheerful as possible when you have turned your back on smoky old London. And just imagine the advantages that you will derive from contemplating the miseries of life (your own and other people's) undisturbed for six weeks together!"

Mr. Romaine did not look as if he anticipated unmixed pleasure from this method of spending his time; he sat pulling the ends of his moustache, and staring into the fire.

"Miss Lake!"

"Yes." Celia had got hold of her mother's embroidery, and was working a grass-green eye to the centre daisy.

"You know, don't you, that I had hoped to stay here till April—till the middle of April?"

Celia laughed; it was rather a forced little laugh, and the very sound of it made her feel vexed with herself. Mr. Romaine was perpetually putting her into ridiculous and impossible situations. It was really too bad! She was beginning to get angry with him in good earnest. Why did not Janie come back?

"I am not a conjuror; how should I attempt to fathom your plans? I only know that they are remarkable for being unsettled and changeable."

"But Mr. Greenleigh assures me——"

"Have you been talking to Mr. Greenleigh about me?" asked Celia, indignantly.

"It was impossible, even had I wished it, to avoid mentioning your name in connection with your uncle's will; and Mr. Greenleigh, I understand, is a friend of your own; he speaks of you with great affection."

"He is our oldest friend, and we are very fond of him," exclaimed Celia, horrified at the implication that she had spoken unkindly of Mr. Greenleigh. "I don't know what mamma would have done without him."

"I guessed as much from one or two business matters that he happened to mention, Miss Celia. I know it is difficult for you to believe it, but I wish I could persuade you to realise that there is someone else who is longing to befriend you, to——"

A large lump of coal fell out of the fire, and Celia seized the singularly convenient opportunity of jumping up and attacking it with the poker.

"It is one of the great advantages of living in an old house like this that the chimneys never smoke. I'm sure they understood chimneys much better at the beginning of the century than they do now. Of course, we have drawbacks too. Now, the landlady says she is being worn out by the mice—there are armies of them in the kitchen. Do you have any mice in Victoria, Mr. Romaine?"

Lex had risen from his chair, and was standing behind Celia; he could see her reflection in the dim glass over the mantelpiece. Her head was thrown back, and her eyes were full of fire.

"She is treating me very badly," thought Lex, the colour flushing into his face; "the icicle mood is easier to meet than this. I'd better go away before I make a greater goose of myself."

"Let me help you with the coals, Miss Lake," he said, stiffly. Then, determined not to show his vexation, he went on: "What were you asking me? Mice—yes, there are plenty of them in our part, though I don't know if they are native to the country; I suppose not."

"You ought to get up the subject thoroughly, Mr. Romaine, and write a pamphlet—now do, on the manners and customs of Anglican and Australian mice; it would amuse you on your voyage. Do you mind fetching another shovel of coals—they are just behind the table? and, if you will excuse me, I must go and see after mamma. I will send Janie."

"Do not trouble Miss Janie. I will not hinder either of you any longer. Good-bye."

He certainly had a kind, nice face, as Janie said. Celia was more than half repentant as she put her hand into his; he was not, on the whole, so imperturbable as she supposed.

"I will tell mother of your invitation; it will please her very much."

"Do you think there is any chance of your coming?"

He looked quite eager.

"No, oh no! I don't think there is, but it is very kind of you, all the same. I daresay we shall meet to-night. It's very provoking that I am obliged to leave mamma, but she wishes me to go, and so does Janie. Good-bye."

He was gone, and Celia flung herself into an arm-chair, exclaiming, half aloud, "I'm perfectly worn out with this perpetual game of battledore and shuttlecock. I won't be persuaded to realise anything except that we ought to get the legacy. It's dreadful to think how fond he must be of his money, that he don't like to spare that little bit of it! And in the meantime we are to be patronised about country houses—" here Celia's heart smote her; "well, I did thank him for being attentive to mamma, and he didn't seem to like that either!"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

HOUSEHOLD IGNORANCE.—Nothing is well done in a small household if the master and mistress are ignorant of the mode in which it ought to be done.—*Sydney Smith.*

HARDNESS OF CHARACTER.—Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others; it does not proceed from malignity, or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks she has done enough if she does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then with the greatest good humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of her hoof upon your heart.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.—The oriental writers represent the nightingale as sighing for the love of the rose. In a curious fragment, by the Persian poet Attar, entitled "Bulbul Nameh" (the Book of the Nightingale), all the birds appear before Solomon and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive strains

which she warbles forth all the night, in a sort of frenzy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned and acquitted by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.—It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of life who think people can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

JUDGING CHARACTER.—Friends and enemies are many-sided, and, while we may correctly see parts of their character, other parts are veiled from us. Everyone has her virtues and vices, her excellences and shortcomings, and while much we see in her may be actually there, there is much more of which we never dream.

HOPE AND SLEEP.—Take from man hope and sleep, and you will make him the most wretched being upon earth.—*Kant.*

WOMAN'S COUNSEL.—In allusion to women, an Eastern author says, "Consult them, and do the contrary of what they advise." But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them, nor when other advice can be had. "It is desirable for a man," says a learned Arab writer, "before he enters upon any important undertaking to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice; or, if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times at ten different visits; if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife and consult her; and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary; so shall he proceed rightly in his affairs and attain his object."

KINDNESS REPAID. — She who acteth kindly amongst her fellows will be requited for it. Kindness is not lost with God nor with man.

LEARNING BY HEART.—The best way to commit to memory anything of any length is to divide it into small parts, and to learn each part thoroughly before going on to that which succeeds it. Of course, it will be seen that a logical arrangement of the matter is of great assistance to the recollection. The best time for learning by heart is at night before retiring to rest (provided no heavy supper has been taken). On rising the following morning the memory should be called to account.

EASY TALKING.—To talk without effort is after all the great charm of talking.

A WORD TO CRITICS.—Coleridge's golden rule "until you understand an author's ignorance presume yourself ignorant of his understanding"—should be borne in mind by all writers who feel an itching in their forefinger and thumb to be carping at their wisers and betters.

COCOA AS FOOD.—As an article of food cocoa differs essentially from both tea and coffee. While only an infusion of those substances is used, leaving a large proportion of their total weight unconsumed, the entire substance of the cocoa seeds is prepared as an emulsion for drinking, and the whole is thus utilised within the system. While the contents of a cup of tea or coffee can only be regarded as stimulant in its effect, and almost entirely destitute of essential nutritive properties, a cup of prepared cocoa is really a most nourishing article of diet, as, in addition to the value of the theobromine it contains, it introduces into the system no inconsiderable proportion of valuable nitrogenous and oleaginous elements. — *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

WOMAN'S JUDGMENT.—Take the first advice of a woman and not the second; women judge better by instinct than by reflection.—*Bescherelle aîné.*

PASSING AWAY.

All things we mortals call our own
Are mortal too, and quickly flown;
But could they all for ever stay,
We soon from them must pass away.
From the Greek.

NOT AT ALL MUSICAL.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
Shakespeare: "Merchant of Venice."

HUMAN NATURE.—A word which would irritate a princess would not in the least shock a shepherdess. But once angry, the passion of the princess and that of the shepherdess would be much the same.

MEN AND WOMEN.—If men have more prudence than women, women have less egotism than men.

GIRLS AND BOYS.—As regards the general number of the sexes born, the average for Europe gives a hundred and six boys for every hundred girls.

NOT WANTED.—A king of Persia sent to a tribe of Bedouins the caliph Mustapha, a very celebrated physician, who inquired on his arrival how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, and then not to repletion," was the answer. "I may retire then," said the doctor; "I have no business here."

A LADY-IN-WAITING IN AN IMPERIAL PALACE.

By NANETTE MASON.

AMONGST the many interesting characters connected with the fortunes of the Great Napoleon, not the least interesting to us, girls, is Madame de Rémusat, one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to the Empress Josephine. I do not call her a genius, but she was an able woman, enthusiastic and romantic, of sterling principle and elevated sentiments, and in her "Memoirs" and "Letters," which have been published, there are so many shrewd observations and, indirectly, so many wholesome lessons, that we may well talk for a little about who she was and about what she saw of the inner life of an Imperial Court.

Madame de Rémusat came of an aristocratic family—a family which, during the terrible years of the French Revolution, shared in the common lot and was involved in great anxiety and misfortune. She was born in 1780, and when barely sixteen years of age married M. de Rémusat, who belonged to the legal profession, a man twice her age. It was a happy marriage, blessed with two children, and for some years she led a quiet and enviable life, full of home affection.

From pleasant retirement she and her husband were at last drawn, and willingly enough it appears, for what with the confiscation of the property of Madame de Rémusat's father and the loss of a place in the magistracy held by M. de Rémusat, they had been reduced to rather narrow circumstances. It happened that they had grown intimate with Madame de Beauharnais, who, in 1796, became the wife of Bonaparte, and was afterwards known in history as the Empress Josephine. This led, in 1802, when Bonaparte was First Consul, to M. de Rémusat being appointed Prefect of the Palace and his wife Lady-in-Waiting to Madame Bonaparte.

The two were more Royalist than Republican in sympathies, and it at first seems odd that they should have readily cast in their lot with the new *régime*. But the clearest heads will be led astray sometimes; it was the case with the heads of most people in those exciting times. Both husband and wife were dazzled by the splendid achievements of Bonaparte. Madame de Rémusat records that she was deceived as to his character, and very happy to be deceived. Her youthful imagination—she was then only twenty-two—arrayed him in those qualities which she desired him to possess: we all, indeed, do the same with our own heroes.

She was a little flattered, too, by the attention paid to her by the First Consul. Being a good listener—a quality much admired by a man who was not given to pausing for a reply—he proclaimed her a woman of intellect before she had addressed to him two consecutive sentences, and she was almost the only lady at Court with whom he really took the trouble to converse.

Here is her portrait drawn by herself:—"I was twenty-two when I first came to Court; not pretty, yet not altogether unattractive, and I looked well in full dress. My eyes were fine, my hair was black, and I had good teeth; my nose and face were too large in proportion to my figure, which was good, but small. I had the reputation of being a clever woman, which was almost a reproach at Court. In point of fact, I wanted neither wit nor sense, but my warmth of feeling and of thought leads me to speak and act impulsively, and makes me commit errors which a cooler, even though less wise person would avoid."

The Court of the First Consul was not a numerous one, but little by little it grew in numbers and importance, Bonaparte gradually introducing novelties into his way of life that made his abode at last resemble the palace of a sovereign.

With these changes a change came over Madame de Rémusat's sentiments. She recovered the balance of her judgment and soon ceased to be satisfied with her lot. One thing after another occurred to disgust her with Court life, and it was impossible, she found, to take an interest in the trifles of what is called the great world.

After the death of the Duc d'Enghien—of which everyone has read—she first began to blush in secret at the chain she wore, and a little more experience landed her in weariness and disgust. "The older I grow," she wrote

to her husband, "the more I lean to a simple and quiet life," and she looked back with regret to the delights which had been showered by heaven on her early days. "Oh, happy, happy time of our youth," she exclaimed, "that flies so fast and that we waste so recklessly."

Her husband felt with her the sharp pain of vanishing illusions. He was a quiet man, slightly indolent, devoid of ambition, and free from any disposition to intrigue—a defect, says his wife, in every man who lives at Court.

Madame de Rémusat remained at Court till the divorce of the Empress, when she cast in her lot with Josephine, and accompanied her into her retirement. She rarely saw the Emperor after the divorce. The Empress died in 1814, and Madame de Rémusat survived her for seven years. She died on the 16th of December, 1821.

So long as the character and career of Bonaparte are of interest to the human race, Madame de Rémusat is likely to be remembered for her "Memoirs" and "Letters." To speak first of the "Letters;" these were mostly all written to her husband when, in the train of the Emperor, he was absent from Paris.

They are characterised by deep affection; indeed, expressions of tenderness are perhaps too frequent to please the ordinary reader. But we must always remember the relation of the writer to her correspondent, and the circumstances in which they were written, and that we ourselves are never wearied of either hearing or of saying, "I love you" over and over again.

A greater objection to the letters is that, so far as the doings of the world were concerned, they were written under reserve. Circumstances are suppressed, and a gloss is sometimes put upon them which they are hardly entitled to bear. This arose from the fact that, under the Emperor, letters were tacitly considered to be sent open. People in those days were obliged to be almost unbearably discreet, and none dared to write freely lest their epistles should fall into the hands of the authorities and so land them in trouble.

The letters show us the capital in the absence of Bonaparte. We see Paris in low spirits and financial difficulties. The city is dull and unoccupied. The conscription has proved a source of irritation, and all are alarmed for the future. Then there are special and personal cares. People with sons in the army tremble for the fate of those dear to them. Wives are anxious for their husbands. "Glory," writes Madame de Rémusat, "is a poor solace for heartache, and the tears of women record the triumphs of masculine pride."

The war makes a rise in prices, and money is hard to get. "I don't know," she writes, "how I shall pay my debts." In 1805 she has to pay ninety francs to obtain gold for a thousand franc banknote. The great Court officials have their salaries paid with irregularity and delay almost incredible: they alternate beween splendour and poverty. Every day seems to increase the general reserve and suspicion. In the history of the campaigns of Bonaparte we have glory enough; in the "Letters" of Madame de Rémusat we see the price that was paid for it.

Madame de Rémusat's "Memoirs" are of a more plain-spoken order than her "Letters." With her woman's pen she had been in the habit of taking notes at Court of all that was going on, and these notes might have been published for the benefit of posterity, but, unfortunately, after the return of the Emperor from Elba, in a moment of fear lest the manuscript should be discovered and used to the disadvantage of her husband and herself, she destroyed it.

In 1818, however, a strong desire took hold of her to record her impressions again, and she set about the composition of her "Memoirs." In writing these she says, "I am like a person who having spent ten years at the galleys is asked to write an account of how he passed his time." The "Memoirs" were published a few years ago, edited by her grandson. It is a pity that she was prevented by death from continuing them beyond 1808, for one would have liked much to have had from her at least the narrative of the divorce of Josephine. As it is, they are full of piquant revelations, and of these we shall try to give the reader some idea in the following paragraphs.

The central figure naturally is Bonaparte, the necessary man of his time, and one of the most remarkable characters who ever played a part on the stage of the world.

Madame de Rémusat does justice to his strength of will, his art of management, his vast mental capacity, but makes it quite clear that as regards true greatness and nobility of soul he was mean and contemptible. "I have never known him," she says, "to admire, I have never known him to comprehend a fine action. He always regarded every indication of a good feeling with suspicion, and did not hesitate to say that he recognised the superiority of a man by the greater or less dexterity with which he practised the art of lying." To goodness he paid very little attention, his firm conviction being that to take advantage of the evil in the world is by far the best way to get on. In his contemptuous view of humanity he held that there are only two springs of action—vanity and self-interest—higher motives he could not understand.

Selfishness was at the bottom of his character. Everything had to give way to his will, and with the words "My policy," he crushed the thoughts, feelings, and inclinations of all about him. "I am not an ordinary man," he used to say, "and the laws of morals and of custom were not made for me." "I am a person apart: I will not be dictated to by any one."

When she comes to speak of his heart, Madame de Rémusat says she almost imagines that in his case the heart was left out. Perhaps, the truth was that he succeeded in suppressing it completely. He was always too much taken up with himself to be influenced by sentiments of affection, no matter of what kind. "What is love?" he said one day. "A passion which sets all the universe on one side, and on the other the beloved object. I certainly am not of a nature to give myself up to anything so exclusive."

The Emperor despised women, and beginning with contempt one very seldom ends with love. Measuring everything by brute force, he regarded the weakness of women as an unanswerable proof of their inferiority, and the power they have acquired in society he held to be an intolerable usurpation. He was convinced that their influence had been harmful to the Kings of France, and made up his mind that at his Court they should be strictly ornamental. No women ever ruled there.

Often he was very rude to the ladies of his Court, saying things in the worst possible taste, and in the most offensive manner. Madame de Chévreuse, one of the ladies-in-waiting, for example, was rudely taunted by him with having red hair.

"Very likely," she answered, "but no man ever complained of it before."

His personal habits were peculiar. When dressing, if a garment did not please him, he would sometimes throw it into the fire. He never made use of any perfume except Eau de Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles a month. To sprinkle himself thoroughly with Eau de Cologne he thought a very healthy practice. At dinner he had all the courses placed before him at once, and ate paying no attention to his food, but helping himself to whatever was at hand, sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more substantial dishes.

Of the Empress Josephine, Madame de Rémusat says that, without being precisely pretty, she possessed many personal charms, and to these were united extreme kindness of heart, a remarkably even temper, and great readiness to forget any injury that had been done to her. She was not a person of remarkable intelligence, and her education had been a good deal neglected, but she possessed true natural tact and readily found pleasant things to say, and her memory was good—"a useful quality for those in high station."

"Unhappily," says Madame de Rémusat, "she was deficient in depth of feeling and education of mind. She was fickle, easy to move and easy to appease, incapable of lasting feeling, of sustained attention, and although her greatness did not turn her head, neither did it educate her. Bonaparte exercised an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion, and he taught her the art of lying, which they both practised with skill and effect."

Her time was passed with great regularity. Dulness seemed unknown to her, and yet she never opened a book, never took up a pen, and hardly worked at anything. Love of dress in her case might almost be called a passion, and a great deal of time was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint.

She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. Of shawls she possessed three or four hundred, keeping one round her shoulders all the morning, and "wearing it," says Madame de Rémusat, "with a grace I have never seen equalled." The quietest party, the smallest dance, furnished an excuse for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces, for she had a mania for hoarding.

This devotion to the toilet one might have expected would have died out after the divorce, but it lasted to the end. "On the day of her death, thinking that the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant mourning gown. She breathed her last sigh arrayed in pink satin and with ribbons of the same colour."

The insight we obtain, both in Madame de Rémusat's "Memoirs" and "Letters," into the life of the Imperial Court, is most interesting. It was a troublesome, restless, not to say ridiculous, existence, and she came, as we have seen, to be very wearied of it.

She was an observant spectator, and had no sort of sympathy with those who were most successful as courtiers—those who had studied the art of making themselves necessary, and never suffered any feeling to divert their attention from the minutiæ which constituted their duties. "Anyone," she says, "who dwelling in a palace wishes to exercise her faculties of thinking or feeling must be unhappy. Nothing is so fatal to success there as being actuated by conscientious scruples which one takes no trouble to conceal."

The intrigue of the Court saddened her; so did the jealousy, the longing to supplant others, the fear of being stopped on the road, or of finding others preferred to oneself. She was shocked, as every sensible woman would have been, at the heartlessness, the skilful and unskilful adulation, the flattery, the dissimula-

tion, the vindictiveness, the self-seeking, the ingratitude, the suspicions, the disputes abou precedence, and the falsehoods on a gigantic scale which marked this little world. No action was supposed by anyone belonging to it to be without a motive, and the worst motives were the most firmly believed in.

Things were not so bad before Bonaparte became Emperor, but after that event one could see to perfection the effect which a sudden rise produces on minds of a certain class. Vanity, then, became the ruling passion of everyone belonging to the Court, of both sexes and all ages. Everyone hoped to rise still higher, and was in good or bad spirits according as his or her newborn projects of ambition were fulfilled or disappointed.

A fever of etiquette seized on all in the Imperial Palace. This was a pleasing subject with the Emperor, especially when he invented the etiquette himself. A code was drawn up for the use of the new Court, and that code was enforced with the strictness of martial law. "Ceremonies," says Madame de Rémusat, "were gone through as 'by beat of drum; everything was done at double-quick time; and the perpetual hurry, the constant fear that Bonaparte inspired, added to the unfamiliarity of a good half of his courtiers with formalities of the kind, rendered the Court dull rather than dignified."

No one found the routine of the palace at all diverting. On one occasion, during a residence at Fontainebleau—one of the most interesting episodes of Court life under the Empire—all seemed to suffer from *ennui*. The Emperor did so himself, and often complained of the fact, resenting the dull and constrained silence, which, in reality, no other than he had imposed. Madame de Rémusat heard him say, "It is very odd; I have brought together a lot of people at Fontainebleau; I wanted them to amuse themselves. I arranged every sort of pleasure for them, and here they are with long faces, all looking dull and tired."

"That," replied M. de Talleyrand, who was present, "is because pleasure cannot be summoned by beat of drum, and here, just as you are with the army, you always seem to be saying, 'Come! ladies and gentlemen! Forward! march!'"

The idleness of their existence made every day seem a hundred hours long, as it would to any of us if we had nothing to do but wait till it should please a great man to come in or go out. Nothing tires like waiting, and the patience of the energetic is soon exhausted. The more energy, the less patience, as a rule.

No wonder Madame de Rémusat looked on the restraints of Court life as a sad infliction. She saw clearly enough that happiness is to be found only in a position which allows of the complete development of one's feelings and in the freedom of all one's thoughts.

She had a fine position. "The gifts of the Emperor," she says, "which were sold rather than freely bestowed, had surrounded us with luxury on which he insisted. I was still young, and I found myself able to gratify the tastes of youth, and to enjoy the pleasures of a brilliant station. I had a beautiful house; I had fine diamonds; every day I might vary my elegant dress; a chosen circle of friends dined at my table, and every theatre was open to me; there was no *fête* given in Paris to which I was not invited, and yet even then an inexplicable cloud hung over me."

When the great catastrophe came, she and her husband were in a sense ruined, but it set their hearts and minds at liberty. They could think as they pleased, and act as they pleased, and that, girls, is more often the privilege of the obscure than of those who make a great show, and are reckoned among the favoured ones of the earth.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XX.

DURING the conversation between Hilda and her uncle on the subject of using the trust money to keep the Brinnington workpeople employed, Mrs. Oakley had remained silent. She was no uninterested listener. On the contrary, her ears were strained to catch every word, her thoughts wholly occupied with the discussion. She knew, even far better than did Hilda, how great a trial the present state of business was to her husband. She could estimate, as no other person could, the strength of the temptation presented to him by the girl from without, and seconded from within by the pleadings of his own kindly heart.

The silence was broken

VISITING THE HOMES OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

by the entrance of Gladys and Dorothy, who came to say good-night before retiring to rest. Both noticed the preoccupied expression on their father's face, and ventured to beg that he and Mrs. Oakley would soon follow their own example.

"We shall not be long after you, dears," said Mr. Oakley; "but your mother and I want half an hour's chat over the fire first."

The girls went away satisfied, and when the sound of their retreating footsteps had ceased, Mr. Oakley rose from his chair, went to the door, and, having ascertained that he and his wife were the only members of the household left downstairs, closed it again carefully and resumed his seat. He took a chair close beside hers, and after a moment's pause he took her hand in his, and said, "You heard Hilda's request, did you not?"

Mrs. Oakley assented, and her husband continued, "What shall I do? There was so much truth and force in her arguments. She only is interested in the disposal of that large sum of money, and the good it would do at this time is simply incalculable."

During the interval of silence Mrs. Oakley had been thinking, sadly enough, both about the aspect of affairs and the effect produced upon her husband. Her attention being specially called to his altered appearance by Hilda's whispered remark, she could not but own its truth.

Mr. Oakley had already become much thinner, and was ageing faster than the mere flight of time could account for. His hair, which a few months before was only iron-grey, was rapidly silvering, whilst the loose fashion in which his coat hung about him, made the shrinking of the figure within it painfully apparent.

Then the mother's thoughts wandered to her eldest son, and she recalled to mind how the fine, bright young fellow had become unnaturally grave and silent. She knew why. The hearts of both father and son had gone with their work, and were full of manly sympathy for those around them. How could they laugh and jest when absolute want was threatening so many homes?

"It is all for others, not for themselves," thought the mother, and she esteemed and loved husband and son the more, because of their willingness to carry out the Divine command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Until, however, she heard this last question of Mr. Oakley's, she never supposed that he could seriously entertain the proposal made by his niece, much less that he could bear to act upon it. A look of terror crossed her face as she answered him.

"Edward, my darling husband!" she cried. "You cannot be in earnest in asking 'What shall I do?' in reference to that trust money. You have surely never thought of yielding to Hilda's entreaties. Poor girl! We all know the generosity of her warm, kind heart. She can only see the good which would result from the spending of this money in employing the workpeople. You and I know that there must be no hesitation in a matter of right and wrong."

"But would it be wrong?" asked Mr. Oakley, more as if he were speaking to himself than his wife. "Would it be wrong to save so much sorrow and suffering? Do I not know how Hilda's father would act were he here? And the girl herself, the only one concerned, urges me to use it. She is no longer a child, and it seemed to me as if she were speaking with authority on her father's behalf, and interpreting his wishes. The money would not be lost——"

Mrs. Oakley could bear to listen no longer.

"Edward, you frighten me," she said, and her husband could feel the hand he held trembling in his clasp. Looking up inquiringly, he saw that the colour had forsaken his wife's face, and that his words had shocked and terrified her beyond expression.

But the true wife fought bravely against the effects of the misery and fear engendered in her mind by the mere thought of her husband pandering to evil, and allowing himself to be persuaded that a right end could possibly justify the use of wrong means.

"You are not in earnest, Edward," she said, in a clear, calm voice. "You have only spoken in this way to try whether that dear girl's words had touched me as they have done you."

"I can hardly say so much," was the hesitating reply which fell slowly from Mr. Oakley's lips. "I have been sorely tried, and long before Hilda spoke on the subject the thought came to me, 'What good that idle money would do at this crisis!' And no risk, absolutely no risk of loss. You cannot suppose that I would use any portion of it in the carrying on of the works if I were not quite certain that it would be safe. And Hilda is nearly of age in the eye of the law, though not so by her father's will. It seems to me that she speaks with equal authority and good sense."

"Dearest Edward, we must put aside, once and for all, every argument and temptation which your desire to help others and Hilda's words have suggested, in favour of such a course. Think of the unbounded confidence placed in you by Mr. Cranswick. Think that, with regard to the management and application of this money, he left you unfettered by a single line of writing. He considered the word of Edward Oakley as equal in value to the bond of any man living, and better than all the securities that could be drawn up by the ingenuity of lawyers. There is one plain course before us—one Guide which cannot err. We must not be of those who say, 'Let us do evil that good may come.' The trial of seeing the works closed and the people unemployed is hard to bear. But it is our cross, and we must ask for strength to endure it as long as He sees fit. At the same time we will use every effort to lighten the trouble of our neighbours, only the means used must be right ones."

"My dear wife, you have already shown your willingness to help. Have I not seen with true thankfulness and pleasure the brave, patient, self-devoting spirit manifested by you and the children? But I have looked in every direction, and can see no ray of light amidst the commercial gloom which surrounds us, no sign of improved trade. The people have behaved admirably so far, but they are beginning to lose hope and patience."

"In what way is this shown, Edward?"

"Whilst I was from home to-day, I heard that within only a few miles of us, tumultuous crowds had gathered, and were going to the doors of the various employers, clamouring for work, bread, or relief in some shape Some little damage was done, though not by the steady, better class of men, but by a few roughs who had joined with them. If we masters can devise no plan to help these poor folk open rioting will follow, and then there will be violence and probably loss of life."

"There will be no rioting amongst our Brinnington men," said Mrs. Oakley, in a calm tone, which showed that she, at least, entertained no fear on the subject. "I dare assert that no harm will reach us or ours through the misconduct of our own people; and more than this, I am convinced that outsiders would only reach us when they could no longer stand between us and harm."

"And is not the noble spirit shown by our people another reason why I should strive to keep want from their homes and families, at any cost to myself, Mary?"

"Put in the words, 'that does not involve any wrong-doing,' and then I will say yes with all my heart. But to think of using that trust money to ward off the evil day is to forget that God rules. Would the cross be rendered lighter by adding to present anxiety the weight of a guilty conscience? Oh, my dear, my dear, I implore you give up the thought, turn your back on the temptation. Let us go on, patiently walking in the light of God's word, doing our best, and leaving the rest in His hands."

Mrs. Oakley had risen from her seat, and stood by her husband with her arm round his neck as she thus pleaded with him. Now, overcome with emotion, she dropped back into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, wept silently. She was a woman of a gentle temperament, whose rule was one of love. But her lightest word was respected by her children, who well knew that their mother's gentleness was no mark of indecision. Her commands might be expressed in the shape of a request, but they were none the less a law to them all, and must be obeyed. Slow to promise or to threaten, the promise once made was sure to be kept, the threat to be carried out.

Most people in looking at Mr. and Mrs. Oakley would have said that strength of body and of character were all on his side. Those who had the best opportunity of judging knew that the somewhat frail-looking, sweet-voiced, and thoroughly feminine mistress of the Hey afforded no small amount of moral support to her husband It was of the kind that may be typified by the skilfully-placed prop to which the gardener

tles a cherished plant. The stick is carefully hidden amongst the spreading foliage, but it is as effectual as if it were visible to all eyes.

Such, too, was Mrs. Oakley's. She never obtruded her influence or even allowed it to be noticed by ordinary observers. But, just as the prop is revealed when the plant is rudely shaken by a boisterous wind, so Mrs. Oakley's power of influencing her husband in the right direction, and her firm determination not for a moment to give place to wrong-doing, were manifested during this fireside conference.

Having finished her appeal, the tender, loving woman broke down and melted into tears; but this outward emotion was no sign of moral wavering, and none could understand this better than did her husband.

Perhaps he had never until now realised all the support he had derived from his wife during their long married life. Certainly her face had never seemed fairer in his eyes than it did when turned towards him with that wistful, yearning look, as she besought him not to yield to that impulse which, if followed, would bring nothing but after regret.

"Dry your tears, Mary, my darling wife. I cannot bear to see them," said Mr. Oakley, tenderly. "You need have no further anxiety about the trust money. Come what may it shall be held sacred as before. I will not apply a farthing of it to my own business."

A brief expression, a glad look on her face, and then Mrs. Oakley, clasped in her husband's arms, was sobbing out her thankfulness for deliverance from this threatened trouble, in comparison with which the real trials which surrounded them sank into insignificance.

She had been grieving for the work-people, harassed with anxiety about her absent son, and longing for the merest scrap of news from Allan. But though all these things remained the same, the weary woman that night sank into a peaceful sleep, soothed to rest by the precious thought, "Edward never broke his word when once given. He will be true to his trust."

It was Mrs. Oakley who, on the following morning, quietly explained to Hilda how impossible it would be for her uncle to make use of the money, or even of a part of it.

The girl's face fell as she listened, but there was no misunderstanding her aunt's words.

"I knew you would go against me, mother, dear," said Hilda. "I saw it in your face last night as you sat so quietly listening, without speaking or even seeming to hear what I urged upon my uncle. It is a great pity the thing cannot be done. I hardly know, though, whether I am most sorry or glad at this moment."

"Then you had your doubts, Hilda, though you spoke so strongly on one side of the question?"

"Yes. They came to me last night in the quiet of my own room, after I left you and my uncle together. I knew you would be talking about that money and all I had said to induce him to use it. I went from you hoping that he would yield, and feeling that I should rejoice over the loss of every penny of the money, if by its means Uncle Edward were saved from premature old age. My heart ached as I looked at him, so changed in a short time, and all through worrying over these dreadful business troubles. I was ready to pray that he might take that money."

Hilda felt her aunt shudder at these words, and she replied, gravely, "Be thankful, dear child, as I am, that your prayer is not likely to be answered."

"I never offered it. After all, I could not ask that Uncle Edward should do what my conscience insisted was wrong. I suppose one's conscience always has most to say when other voices are silent. At any rate it has the best chance of being heard. I thought I had silenced Uncle Edward's opposition to my plan, but I was compelled to listen to this inner voice, which made me feel very guilty. I saw that I had been doing all I could to tempt him to do wrong."

"Well, dear, what then?"

"I asked, instead, that I might be forgiven, and my foolish words have no power for evil, but that some better and wiser plan might be devised to get us all out of this present trouble. When I rose from my knees I was nearly coming downstairs again to tell you what was in my mind. But I considered that you were with my uncle, and there was nothing I could say which you would not say far better."

"I am so glad of this confidence, dear Hilda. You speak like a child to a mother whom she loves and trusts."

"Because I do love and trust you. You have been a true mother to me ever since I came to live here."

"And you, Hilda, who have often been ready to say that we did not allow you to be a member of the family, have made yourself one in the fullest sense, for our joys and sorrows are yours also."

Hilda blushed and smiled as if rejoicing in her success. Then with a merry ripple on her face, she said, "I have not quite finished my confession. There was another horrid, selfish feeling which helped to keep me in my own room last night. I thought to myself, 'If I go downstairs and begin to plead with Uncle Edward on the opposite side to that which I took an hour or two ago, it would seem as if I regretted my former words, and were afraid the money might be lost.' I should not have liked him to think that."

The idea was too absurd, and provoked a smile on Mrs. Oakley's face as she replied, "You might have felt quite easy on that score, my dear. No one who knows Hilda Cranswick will ever suspect her of being too anxious about the safety of anything belonging to herself."

"I believe you are right, dear," returned the girl, reflectively. "My selfishness has been manifested in so many forms, that I have to think a little before I dare assent to your remarks. I do not remember that I ever cared much about keeping money for my own exclusive use, certainly not lately. But I understand now that it is possible to be very selfish in the way one spends it upon other people. On looking into the motives which have induced me to do certain acts called generous, I find they have involved a large share of self-pleasing."

Without giving Mrs. Oakley time to answer this grave speech, Hilda's thoughts went off in another direction. "I do wish I knew why all that money was set aside by my father."

No answer.

"Do you know?" was the direct question which followed.

"My dear!" replied her aunt, "I never asked your uncle. He alone received verbal instructions from your father and he never repeated them to me."

"But have you not the least little bit of a notion?" persisted Hilda, in her most insinuating tones.

"Perhaps I have, but I did not get it from anything connected with your father's trust, but by associating it in my mind with a circumstance I heard of long ago. As it is only a notion, I must not put it into words, and if the secret were entrusted to me I should try very hard to keep it."

"I do hate mysteries, most of all when they have reference to myself," said Hilda, with a little of her old petulance.

"And so do I, my dear, but in this case my own great desire is that it may remain one, and the time and the person never arrive to render an explanation necessary. Do not look hurt, Hilda; it is only my true affection for you which makes me say this."

Here the conversation was interrupted, and the girl went to her room, feeling that her attempt to obtain information had left her only just a little less satisfied than before.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LANKY and HARRY.—1. We think you should apply to the Society for the Employment of Women, addressing the secretaries, the Misses King and Lewin. The office hours are from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. A reference from two householders will be required. You must remember that age and experience, such as to be safely entrusted with responsibility, constitutes a large item in the consideration of salary. Your being able to teach this accomplishment or that does not qualify you to be entrusted with the moral training and physical treatment of children. How many a child is thought by incompetent teachers to be either wilful or lazy, when really dull on that point, tired, dazed with too long a tension of the mind over one subject, headache, or having the digestion out of order? What experience have you had on this point alone, and what careful studies of a variety of characters have you made? Take what salary you can get, and begin, if need be, with £20 per annum. 2. Supposing that any silly young man or girl propose in haste to repent at leisure, before old enough to know their own mind, all that either could then do would be to make a free and humble confession of the change of feeling, at the same time acknowledge their obligation to fulfil their engagement faithfully, and to endeavour to make up for the wrong done to the other by striving to make them as happy as might be possible under such painful circumstances, supposing that a release were not accorded before marriage.

LIZZIE.—We should think you required a holiday. Try to secure a few weeks in the country this summer. Do not give up your chosen profession, for which you have qualified, for a little discouragement. Private teaching is difficult to obtain, and more open to discouragement still.

A WOULD-BE CHRISTIAN.—1. The Church founded throughout the world by Christ and His apostles. 2. In heart and mind we must have the simplicity and faith of children. You must remember that our Lord said, "I and My Father are one."

ETHEL B.—Read "How to Improve the Education," pages 537, 794, vol. ii., and "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7, 122, vol. ii. These articles will supply you with much you desire to know.

MUSIC.

MAJOR.—We should say that of the two, Mozart's were the more difficult sonatas; but so much depends on the capabilities of the learner, of course. Shoulder-straps can be purchased now so cheaply it is useless to make them; but will and determination to conquer are better than any shoulder-straps. You should not practise two hours and a half at one time, but divide it into three periods, and you should lie on your back half an hour a day.

MAMIE.—We must remind you that your little daughter's handwriting is not formed at eleven years old, and she has neither power nor length of stretch in her hands to enable her to accomplish any difficult passages. To attain any proficiency in playing "six quavers with the left hand and four with the right," we know of no method but patient practice, and we should consider it likely to weary, dishearten a child, and give her a distaste for music to give such passages for her learning. We thank you for your kind letter and special approval of our articles on "Good Breeding and Propriety," which you are right in thinking "much needed."

ROMAN is recommended to obtain a few lessons in singing, if only a dozen, or half that number, from a good Italian singing master; or she may have to unlearn what she has been practising, and find it difficult to break herself of tricks. Besides which, she may overstrain her voice, and attempt to sing songs unsuitable for her voice.

WORK.

NEGLECTED has a felt hat which, she says, "has gone very limp." We advise her to substitute the word "become" for "gone." Send your hat to be re-blocked; you could not do it yourself.

J. A.—1. The term "gown," which has returned to use in substitution for the general and non-descriptive term "dress," is an ancient one derived from the British name of that article "gwn," of which the Norman was *gunna*. In those early times, and still later, men wore them as well as women. At present the name "costume" is only a shop term, and "frock" for an ordinary mourning dress is now employed. 2. The "fairy rings," about which you inquire, or green circles seen on downs, are produced by mushrooms or other *fungi*, the spawn spreading outwards in a circle, and the decaying *fungi* leave a rich supply of manure, giving the grass a finer hue of green.

A LOWLY PILGRIM.—You must pounce the design on the velvet by pricking little holes in the paper and rubbing chalk through; but if you are a very unskilled worker you had better get it done for you. We should advise you to inquire into the system.

COOKERY.

DAISY.—The rest prescribed for after dinner does not entail "lying on a sofa," but the setting aside of books, of painting and writing, of anything that demands close attention and brain work, as well as of stooping the head, and allowing an extra allowance of blood to run into and stagnate in the nose. The brain and the stomach should not be set to work simultaneously; neither performance would then be effectually accomplished. Invalids should not even be allowed to speak for the space of an hour after dinner, and elderly or weakly persons would do well to lie down and to have a ten minutes' nap. 2. "Parliament" (a crisp, thin kind of gingerbread) is to be had in many places in London. We have seen it in Piccadilly, but cannot give addresses. The composition of the dough is the same as that used for gingerbread; see page 439, vol. ii. Roll it into very thin cakes, cut into squares of about three inches in length and two in breadth, place on tins, brush them over with water, and allow them to dry before baking in a slow oven. When taken from the oven, pile the cakes on each other, and put a weight on them till cold, to keep them flat. The edges are cut with a paste-cutter like points of one corner of a square, resembling "pinking."

AN UNKNOWN.—Duck, if wild, and accounted as "game," should be served before the sweet course—puddings, etc., together with all the game. 2. We must refer you to our monthly articles on "Dress."

NO NAME is thanked for her recipe for making "green gooseberry jelly." Put any quantity of green gooseberries into an enamelled saucepan, and cover them with cold water, but not sufficient to float them. Simmer them until reduced to a pulp, and then strain them through a jelly-bag. To every pint of the liquid add one pound of loaf sugar, and boil it as you would other jelly. You may add five drops of essence of lemons or of almonds to each pint of the jelly, if approved.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ETUDE.—You ought to write roundhand copies. We are glad you like our cookery recipes—and your own.

TRESSIDA.—A hurricane is usually preceded by lurid darkness, which is very alarming. By a poetical licence Campbell calls it an "eclipse of the sun." 2. The dizziness may proceed from weakness or over-long fasting. The article in which tonics are mentioned is at page 275, vol. v.

JACKDAW.—Beatrice was a real person, and Dante fell in love with her when she was eight years old and he was nine. She married, and died at twenty-four years old. Dante's love for her was purely spiritual. In the "Divina Commedia," Virgil represents human reason, Beatrice divine wisdom and faith in revelation.

ABACUS.—1. Never mind: nothing can be done. 2. The persecution of Diocletian, A.D. 302, was the tenth and final persecution of Christians, when the emperor of that name ruled in Rome. It was also called the "Era of Martyrs," and was used by Christian writers till the introduction of the Christian era in the sixth century. The Copts and Abyssinians use it still. The persecution lasted ten years.

MATTY.—The Welsh peasants in some places still wear their national dress, high-crowned pointed black hat, etc. In temper they are hot and hasty, and are courageous. But as to expecting us to give you an account of their "ways and habits," you must not look for such an amount of space in our correspondence columns. 2. If your intended husband be estranged from you through a mere misunderstanding, either give him an explanation, or employ a friend to do so for you.

A FOREIGN BIRD.—In singing, the ordinary and privileged clipping of certain words is not admissible. It is more elegant, as well as sometimes essential (when there are two distinct notes), to pronounce such words as garden, burden, as "gar-den" and "bur-den;" the accent is on the first syllable, the "d," in each distinctly sounded. The word "pleasure" is pronounced as "plea-shur."

FAIRPLAY.—There is too great a tendency to explain away the miracles related in the Holy Scriptures. The great Creator who could make "the dumb ass to speak" (a miracle confirmed in its literal sense by St. Peter, chapter ii., of 1st epistle, 16th verse) could make use of the ravens for the feeding of Elijah, and provide the fish for Jonah, a miracle likewise attested to in its literal sense by our Lord himself.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Our Divine Master has given us each a moral guide called a "conscience," and that conscience should make us consult His Holy Scriptures to guide us in all difficulties where that conscience was an insufficient monitor. For what reason does your friend imagine that the invaluable gift of a conscience was granted to us? Take a concordance and look out all the passages in the Bible having reference to it.

LULIE.—We do not answer you because, as you are pleased to say, you are offended, nor did we omit answering your previous letter because you inadvertently wrote on both sides of the paper. The mass of correspondence from all parts of the world supplies in itself alone an amply sufficient cause for such delays and omissions. The continual repetition of old questions, and the character of some of the letters, supply two more reasons. The word "algebra" should be pronounced "all-ge-bra," the accent laid on the first syllable, and each "a" sounded as in "Adam." The word "Turquoise" (which you mis-spell) as in French.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We must refer you to the directions given in the series called "The Fairy of the Family." Your writing is rather too angular; round the letters rather more. It gratifies us to hear that your parents, sisters, and brothers unite with you in considering our stories "most interesting," and approve so warmly of our paper in general. Accept our thanks and best wishes.

IRENE.—Elijah is called the "Tishbite" (1 Kings xxii. 1), but whether it denoted the place of his nativity or his residence, or whether it simply described his office as a reprover and reformer, is equally uncertain.

W. K.—It would be better to consult a doctor. We should advise you, as we have advised others, to go to a good Indian outfitter and purchase a certain amount of things for patterns, taking their advice in their selection; you can then make the rest at home. A large outfit is not usual now. Two dozen—half thin, half thick—of underclothing, six under-vests (Indian gauze), six flannel petticoats, two dozen stockings, white and coloured, two white washing dresses, two costumes, one black silk, two habits, morning wrappers, etc.

AGNES.—You will find much about the teeth if you refer to the index of our first volume, see page 390. See also in the same volume advice respecting the hands and feet, pages 319 and 348. To enjoy a hope of everlasting life you must trust only to the merits of your Saviour, believing Him to have purchased your life by His death. Secondly, you must daily endeavour to please Him by a faithful and loving obedience and fulfilment of every-day duties, as in His sight. Read what the "Fruits of the Spirit" are said to be, and strive, prayerfully, to improve, and to set a good example to your brothers and sisters. Inconsistencies and careless living must cloud the hope and mar the happiness of life, over and above the injury done to others and the ingratitude shown to God. Why do you write backwards?

ADMIRER OF THE G.O.P.—There is no fixed rule for the pronunciation of "Evelyn." It is both a family surname and a woman's Christian name, derived from "Eve." The pronunciation of vase has changed. It used to be "vawse," it is now "vase," as in the interjection "ah," not "vaise." A great change has taken place within the last century in reference to many other words.

M. S.—The supper described is what is usually provided at present at such small and early parties. You must remember that dinner in London is very late indeed. "Mead," "metheglin," and "hydromel" were three distinct drinks made of honey; all of them were known to the ancients. Mead was made from the comb of honey after the draining; metheglin from the fresh honey.

WAHINE KARETI.—The author of "Little Women" was Louisa M. Alcott. Her father is A. Bronson Alcott. The story of "Little Women" (and its successors) is that of the family of Alcott. The other authoress you name is alive, but we do not think ourselves entitled to give private addresses under any circumstances. The quotation "A perfect woman nobly planned," is taken from "She was a Phantom of Delight?"

CLYTIE I.—Humboldt witnessed a starshower, Nov. 12th, 1799. Ohnsted also the 13th November, 1833. The magnificent one of 14th November, 1866, was the next, and there was another wonderful display 27th November, 1872. The following are remarkable epochs for their annual return—2nd January, 29th July, 3rd, 9th, 12th August, 8th, 14th November, 11th December.

CHRISTINE.—Your question is one of those which we have at last ceased to answer. See the index of vol. 1 also that of vol. 2. For the second query, at page 525 the recipe for macaroni-cheese will be found. Your writing is very much cramped; it is not sufficiently free.

READER OF THE G. O. P.—You are mistaken as to the age fixed for reception of incurables at the British Home, Clapham Rise. It is twenty years, not upwards of thirty-five. Herbert Fry's "Guide to the London Charities" (David Bogue, 3, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.) would tell of every such charitable institution—price 1s. 6d.

PAR FAS ET NEFAS.—Unless we knew more of the quotation, we could not find nor even recognise it.

MOOROOPOONA.—We regret we not able to make use of your design, though we quite saw its usefulness, and we are sorry to hear that you have been such a sufferer, and should be glad to learn that you felt some improvement. Your letter shows a most uncomplaining and patient spirit, anxious to help others in suffering. We copy your description of the pads for bed-ridden invalids, and have no doubt some will profit by it. Cut out two disks of calico, six inches in diameter, with a two-inch circle cut out of the centre of each; lay them together and sew them round, and fill loosely with bran. Pads like these may be placed at the knee, hips, or heels. For the lower part of the backbone, two pads shaped like two roly-poly puddings are best, the spine resting between them. They may be twelve inches long and four inches round.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—Your father appears to be a man respected by all who know him; and as to his business, or profession, that is no business of yours. You owe deference to your father's opinion of what is right, and confine your scruples to your own conduct. As to your having given up your intimate friends and associates, because you fancied your position in life (owing to your father's business) was inferior to theirs, was well meant, but morbid. Let them judge for themselves. If they value your friendship for what they know of you personally, why deprive them of it?

L. H. MARIAN.—You will probably obtain them in Covent Garden Market. Writing too irregular.

IGNORANT EMERALD.—"*Bonâ fide*," literally "In good faith," a phrase employed to convey the idea, "you may believe me; I act in good faith," or in all honesty and honour. Pronounced "Bo-na (as in natural) fy-dee."

POLLY PERKINS.—Read our article on "Dinners in Society," part for February, 1881. In the private home circle more licence is allowed, and men are conceded more even in society than women, and avail themselves of it, however well-bred, and many little matters.

A. B. C.—We think that our little friend is trying to "hoax" us—on the contrary—by excusing her writing on account of her neighbour's "kicking her so much," being "under the influence of a violent temper." Her mother should have cured her of making such exhibitions by the time she was three years old. Pray to God every day to help you to be sweet tempered from religious principle, as well as because ill-temper is so disagreeable to others, and very ill-bred.

BROWN EYES.—"Oakapple Day" always occurs on the 29th day of May, being the birthday of Charles II. His escape is commemorated on that day, instead of on the 3rd of September, when (in 1651) he hid in the branches of a large oak in the gardens of Boscobel House with Colonel William Careless, when search was being made for him after his defeat at the battle of Worcester. Have you not read English history? 2. The word "Faliere" is pronounced "Fa-le-air-e." We cannot give the pronunciation of French words by means of the English alphabetical sounds; it should be orally taught. The syllables "en" and "ment" are pronounced with a nasal sound.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 241. AUGUST 9, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

All rights reserved.] "HE HEARD HER EXTENDING MAY A CORDIAL INVITATION TO LERWICK."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ABDICATION."

RS. THOMSON had slipped into Balacluva quietly and unnoticed, between the time of the marquis's arrival and the laird's home-coming. Her son had been on the watch for her, and had led her into the house and found her a safe retreat there in May Castle's apartment. For good Mrs. Thomson, who would have carried on a composed conversation with a king himself, had the most sensitive reverence for sorrow.

"Sad eyes don't want to see strangers," she said, when she and May were sitting together. "When I meet those who are mourning their dead I always feel ready to ask them to forgive me for being left alive! There's nobody knows what death is but those who have been through it—I've been through it, my dear. It is not those who are taken who know death; at least, they don't know him well, they have not time: He just takes them to the near side of Jordan and puts them into better keeping, and stays behind himself with those that are left alive, and nobody, too, knows what life is but those who know death. It is all but a dream till then. Before one can know anything about the resurrection, one has to go down to the grave in the garden. I can tell you, my dear, that I've had terrible spiritual doubts and fears in my day, but never one of them since God took my husband."

Mrs. Thomson was a small, sprightly woman, who looked like a girl when seen from a little distance. May thought to herself that she had the sweetest, quickest smile she had ever seen—in truth, it was that smile which the experienced know is the last sweet sign of depths of agony and endurance—often of much loneliness of soul and solitude of life. She told May that she herself was not a Shetlander—her captain-husband had found her and wooed her in a lovely Devonshire village—about as wide a contrast to the surroundings of the later years of her life as it well could be. She spoke with a passionate enthusiasm of the deep wooded valleys and rich gardens of her girlhood.

"Do you not miss them terribly?" May asked.

"I have only to shut my eyes and I see them," she answered, with that strange thrilling smile which told of life's loss made into gain, its blanks turned into prizes. Perhaps she could scarcely have condensed her history into a more descriptive phrase than that. With a poet's nature, without a poet's power of expression, with a sensitive soul which could find little response in those about her, she had had to accept an uncommonly large share of that divine unrest and hunger, which some have declared to be the very best which earth has to give—the "growing pains" of the larger life that is to be. She had been an only child—she had been a happy wife but for seven all too fleeting years, and now perforce two-thirds of her life was spent in solitary waiting for the return of her wandering son. Her neighbourly services and gentle sympathy never failed when called on, but there were depths of passionate devotion in her nature which her life had left utterly unreclaimed, and she knew it. Her own keen appreciation that her services and sympathy were seldom the best that she could give, made her walk very humbly towards those about her, and she did her good deeds with an air of asking pardon that they were not better—as one might in tendering a silver coin as an alms where one felt one should have given gold.

"It is our Christian duty to love others," she would say in her quaint fashion; "that is, to be kind and gentle with them, and to help them and do them good if they need it—but oh, it is our human happiness to like some of them so that it becomes our delight to do for them whatever we may. You can't make a duty of liking, any more than you can make a duty of writing poems or catching a tune. This is like the weather, it is directed by something we don't understand—at least not yet!"

William Thomson watched his mother narrowly during her earlier interviews with May Castle. He had not been wrong in his hopeful conjecture. She "liked" this girl. He could see that by infallible signs which could be known only to one who had observed Mrs. Thomson as closely and lovingly as her son had. Before he had given his mother the slightest hint concerning Margaret Stewart's wish, he heard her extending May a very cordial invitation to Lerwick, which May, with simple sincerity, professed the utmost willingness to accept "whenever it would suit Miss Stewart's plans."

What those plans were, were not divulged until after Mrs. Stewart's funeral. Certainly there were whispers of changes—it could not be otherwise—since, little expecting the ready abdication of the old laird, the agents of Mr. Orion-Stewart had already been busy among those "oldest inhabitants" to whom Adam Leask's confession had referred them for corroborative facts. Nor was it likely that the advent of such a party as the Orion-Stewarts could escape the interested observation of the islanders. Some of the rumours flying about were wild enough, but the wildest report fell short of the actual truth.

They buried the lady of Balacluva in the little windswept churchyard where her own forefathers lay. That was the first thing which shook some staunch hearts in their conviction that the gossip going about among the neighbours was "just stories." Such neighbours now asked triumphantly, "Why is not she to lie with the Stewarts? But if it's true that the old laird himself is no Stewart at all, then the reason is clear enough!"

Mr. Orion-Stewart was among the invited guests. The old laird set his face like a flint, and said to Margaret—

"He is my distant kinsman, and if all had gone well and honestly, I and my wife might have been tenants on his land, and he would have come to her funeral then. It is my people and I who have wronged him, not he or his who have wronged us. I hope the folks will understand it in that light, and not feel any soreness at the ousting of their old master. They may feel sorrow if they like; that is a different matter. There is no ousting, except, indeed, what has been on our side. It is but as if the birds, into whose nests the parent cuckoo has thrust her young, gathered strength to expel the intruder. We must make it clear that we meet these injured kinsfolk with an apology and not a grudge."

"I will show the ladies over Balacluva myself," said Margaret sweetly. "There is a great deal I could explain to them better than any one else could. And I might interest them in some of the people and things that mamma cared for."

Margaret did not cry out against the destiny which mixed these pangs of loss and change with her sacred family sorrow. She did not profess to drink the cup of the Father's will, and yet quarrel with its ingredients. The great sorrow seemed to make the pettier pains easier—indeed, natural. Mamma was gone already. God's own hand had beckoned her out of dear Balacluva. The heart of the old home was out of it, only now that they were going too, they would be always able to remember it as it had been and as it could have been never more, had they lived in it till their own dying day.

"We shall just have to shut our eyes and we shall have it," said Margaret, with a sad smile to notice how she was falling back on the phrase she had so often heard from Mrs. Thomson. As we pass on in life we find that we enter into many of the words and ways of our elders.

"We ought to be thankful that mamma was taken," said the laird, brokenly, as he and Margaret stood alone together beside the coffin, just before it was carried out. "She did not need the discipline of this trial unless it might have comforted her humble heart, as being the chastening that the Father gives His beloved children. But how could we have borne to see her bearing the rough journey and the hardship and the poverty? How could we ourselves have borne these things if we had had to feel that they were costing her dear life? No, Margaret, I would not have her back to this troubled world if my call could bring her. But oh, my Peggy, if I could only go to her and take you with me! Ah, Peggy, Peggy!"

And as he bowed his head over the coffin, Margaret saw for the first time that her father was an old man, and that he in whose strength and love she had hitherto dwelt securely must henceforth lean on her.

"Thank God that he will find a dutiful son in Fowlis," she said to herself.

Mr. Orion-Stewart felt himself an awkward, out-of-place figure at those simple obsequies. The neighbouring airds, more or less aware of the facts of

the case, held aloof and eyed him askance. During the preceding days, they had marked his sharp eye taking stock of the barrenness of their land, and the gossip which emanated from the little inn at Colabister had spread abroad those wonderful items of thousands of acres and millions of dollars which were wont to figure largely in the Orion-Stewart family dialogues. The island lairds were poor and proud, and they had jealous doubts as to how the coming of such an one as Mr. Orion-Stewart might affect their own interests. He would probably demoralise the natives by lavish largesse, which they might not have the sense to weigh fairly against the old families' life-long friendship and furtherance. They were stubbornly loyal, too, to their good neighbour of Balacluva, were inclined to think he should have taken up the challenge which had been thrown down, and have fought to the bitter end. "A true gentleman is but too easily convinced of anything to his own hurt," they said to each other; "Balacluva should have left the decision to the lawyers." They were almost ready to say that he had shown something of the rebel and the Radical by so over-prompt a decision against himself, instead of an orderly submission to the formalities and delays of the Courts. They called Mr. Orion-Stewart "the American fellow," decided that his double name (such a double name! they said—had he got it from some bogus mine?) showed how little store he had set on his ancient lineage. They debated how far "birth" could hold its own, if dropped almost into oblivion and counteracted by antagonistic breeding. Such an argument went sorely against their grain, and they disliked Mr. Orion-Stewart the more for provoking them into it.

"We shall have all sorts of dangerous questions raised," said one, "and all sorts of difficult situations, too, for my wife has seen the Orion-Stewart women, and she says she won't visit them."

But Mr. Stewart, heartbroken and weary as he was, held loyally to his standard of justice and gentleness. He could not, of course, himself marshal the mourners, and so, though he tried to indicate that his kinsman should follow in the rank immediately behind himself and Lord Fowlis, Mr. Orion-Stewart himself lapsed to the rear, and contrived to get a place beside William Thomson, whom his practised eye detected as a man of larger experience and wider views than the stiff old proprietors and worthy tenants; but the ex-laird of Balacluva was determined to give his kinsman his family rights in some way, and of all the guests he, and he alone, was invited to follow him and Lord Fowlis into their retirement when the obsequies were over. None of the other guests had seen Margaret; she had spent the sad day in the strictest seclusion, with May and Mrs. Thomson.

She came at her father's call to meet the tall, handsome, though somewhat coarse and very confused man, whom her father rather vaguely described as her cousin. The tall, pale girl in her severe black dress, with her sweet eyes and low voice, disconcerted him more than would an empress in her crown jewels. She asked after his wife and daughter, apologised for not having had an opportunity for calling on them before her recent sad loss, and hoped they would all excuse her and her father for delaying their entrance into Balacluva for yet a few days longer, only a very few days.

"And can we not send anything to make the ladies more comfortable at Colabister?" she asked, "for Mrs. Sand's resources are limited, though she does her very best for her visitors."

Mr. Orion-Stewart murmured that they were doing very well: he could not at that moment have repeated one of his own thousand objurgations over the privations and discomforts of the little inn.

"But I hope they will come to see us before we leave," she said. "There is so much I should like to say about things and people here, if they will have patience with me."

"But where are you going off so quickly?" blurted out Mr. Orion-Stewart.

"We are going south," answered Margaret. "A relative of Lord Fowlis has invited my father and me to spend the winter with her in Bath; and the sooner we go now the better for ourselves," she added, seeing he was about to make protest against haste. "I am sure the change will be good for both of us, and we will get over the journey while the weather is tolerably fair and genial."

"I never felt so like a brute in my life," said Mr. Orion-Stewart, when he went back to Colabister to give "the news" to his wife and daughter.

"You are only taking your rights," said Mrs. Orion-Stewart.

"And it's very easy for her to be so resigned and angelic," chimed in Miss Orion-Stewart. "What need she care for that pokey old hole of a Balacluva, when she'll be the mistress of Fowlis before the year is out? Everybody is saying so."

"I'm sure you needn't grudge yourself your honest rights, Orion," said the elder woman—"or at least what you can get of them, which is a poor enough part, I'm sure! for if you'd never been kept out of them your own daughter might have had the chance of being Marchioness of Fowlis instead of this interloping young party."

The next day came a note from Balacluva, inviting Mrs. and Miss Orion-Stewart to spend a quiet afternoon there. "It is the only welcome we can give under our great sorrow," wrote Margaret. And they noticed that she signed herself "Margaret Leask." Mrs. and Miss Orion-Stewart triumphed. But Mr. Orion-Stewart tramped downstairs and took a turn up and down the garden, making all sorts of uncomplimentary observations about the agricultural arrangements round him, and about the cramped dimensions of the inn, with its tiny windows set on the floor or in the ceiling, and its roof of heavy tarpaulin secured by ropes, weighted by a great stone swinging at the side of the building.

"In the States, we'd not have such a shanty in a village where the first sod had been turned only the year before," he said. And between his disgusted interjections he whistled vigorously—"a sign," as Mrs. Orion-Stewart whispered to her daughter, "that father was terribly put about."

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Our Persian Kitten.

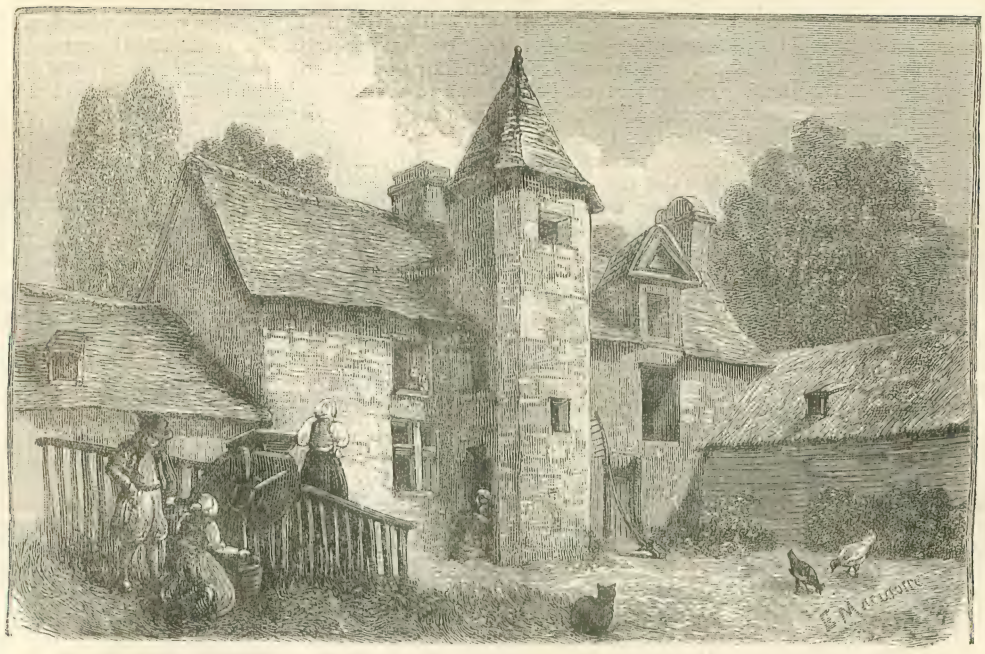
COQUETTE is a much-indulged kitten of the Persian persuasion, who is allowed to sleep in her mistress's bedroom at night. One night, when the hour for retiring arrives, she is not to be found anywhere. Recognised warm corners in kitchen and conservatory are searched in vain; the house resounds with persuasive adjurations to "Come, pussems!" but no pussems appears. The fact is, Coquette has followed one of the servants down into the coal-cellar unperceived, and has got shut in there accidentally. No doubt she bewails her enforced seclusion for a little while, but being by no means a kitten of sentiment, soon makes herself as comfortable among the coals as circumstances will permit, and goes to sleep for the night. Next morning, somebody playing with Croy, a magnificent collie, in front of the house, hears piteous cries proceeding from a shrubbery. Away goes Croy, diving in among the laurels, and the lamentation ceases. Exploration in his track reveals a cellar-grating, through the bars of which a grimy little object is clinging, with all four paws extended to their full length, to Croy's face, quite comforted, having been awakened by the voices and barking; while Croy, heedless of the very uncomfortable embrace, is faithfully "kissing the pretty pussy," as he has been taught to do.

"Chance:" The Fireman's Dog.

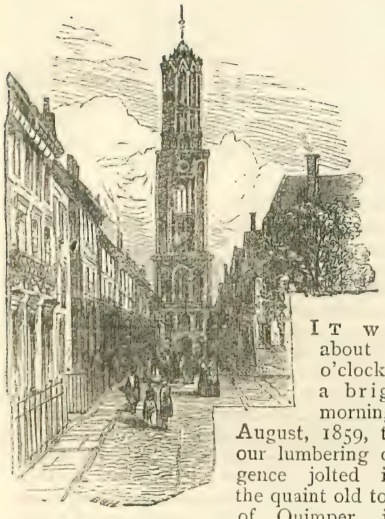
THE fascination of fires extends to the brute creation. Who has not heard of the dog "Chance," who first formed his acquaintance with the London Fire Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling-street? Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity, and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going uphill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth.

Although he had his legs broken half-a-dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the fireman beside the hearth, when a "call" came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt.

He was stuffed and preserved at the station, and was doomed, even in death, to prove the fireman's friend; for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the brigade determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, *and such was his renown that he realised* £123 10s. 9d.



OUR HOLIDAY IN QUIMPER.



It was about six o'clock on a bright morning in August, 1859, that our lumbering diligence jolted into the quaint old town of Quimper, into the very heart of it—the market place—and on market day at its busiest time. The storm of noise that assailed our ears was absolutely deafening; the whole place was swarming with men, women, and children, live stock of all kinds, all and each at their loudest, buying and selling, disputing and chaffering, the indescribable sounds of pigs, sheep, horses, donkeys, cocks and hens, each and all in their several way adding their quota to the general hurly-burly. It was a strange awakening after the long night's weary drive in the comfortless carriage, and seemed like a continuation of the fitful slumbers of the night.

But few dreams were ever so bright as the scene before us. The curious houses elbowing each other into all sorts of shapes and sizes, the high roofs peering over each other's heads, the endless piles of fruit and vegetables; above all, the wonderfully rich and varied costumes of the people themselves, all combined to make a scene of enchantment, from which we could scarcely tear ourselves away, even when the much-needed hot coffee and omelette were placed before us.

We were only too glad to sally forth again to see what the place was really like. The sun shone brightly down the narrow streets. Our Breton holiday was all to come; it lay in the future, and this was our first day. As soon as the day was sufficiently advanced for us to present our letter of introduction, we called at the "appartement" of the kind French artist, with many apologies for such an early intrusion. But although it was only nine o'clock, Monsieur and Madame G. would not allow that any excuses were necessary. They were courtesy itself, and entered into all our plans with the kindness of old friends; this kindness did not surprise us, as Monsieur G. had already won golden opinions from many an English artist for his sympathetic aid. Our great desire was to find a pretty home near the town, but not in it.

The place was ancient and picturesque, and is little altered in our own day. But everything has its drawbacks. It was impossible to saunter through those dear old streets without an attendant sprite in the shape of a headache.

As we unfolded our views, our listeners ominously shook their heads.

"Dear mademoiselles, such rooms are not to be had; the place is full of soldiers, and there are no lodgings left."

What was to be done? Adorable as are the narrow streets of old houses, all bending into each other's arms at the top in a fond embrace, there are reasons why the open country should be preferred; perpetual headaches are too dear a price to pay for the pleasure of living even in the crookedest streets, or the most exquisitely tumble-down houses.

Had we not been to St. Malo, where we had a company of fine headaches in waiting all the time we explored that interesting, but unfragrant, city? Were not its streets uninhabitable, except on the ramparts, in consequence? So, with many thanks for their kind offers of help, we went forth to try for ourselves. Like the man in the fable, we put our own shoulder to the wheel, and leaving the town, headaches and all behind us, we struck out for the country.

We crossed a green, studded with large trees, and found a rural suburb on a height near the river, and there, in Rue Bourg-li-bourg, we saw *appartements garni à louer* written on a low dead wall in front of a pretty little villa. Madame was at home, the terms were moderate, and we decided at once on engaging the little house, which became our French home for many weeks.

A small paved courtyard in front, gay with creeping roses and flowering plants, all in bloom, a long drawing-room, rich in small mirrors, pictures, clocks, and velvety rugs, with which we skated over the *parqueterie* floor from one Louis Quatorze chair to another; adjoining it a curiously small dining-room, leading, in its turn, to quite the smallest kitchen in Europe. It had, of course, the obvious advantage that, standing in the centre, everything was close at hand, and certainly, from the quality of the dinners that subsequently issued therefrom, we were strongly reminded of the magician's casket, out of which proceeded the tents and battle array of a whole army.

But then we had Marie to be our cook and general factotum, and all for the ridiculous sum of three francs and a-half a week—about three shillings English money—without any food whatever. The terms were mentioned to us in a tentative manner, as if to say, "The sum is, I own, excessive, but you can have her for less if you like." She boarded and lodged in her own home, and never had we more faithful and loyal service; not only did she provide us with the most excellent dinners, the fragrance of which would have made an epicure hungry, but, the dinner on table, as Royalties and other great persons have music during a banquet, so we had our dear old Marie to amuse us with her endless tales of Breton life and manners, often

accompanied with songs, dances, and appropriate action. She reminded us of Molière's Toinettes—so blunt, so amusing, and full of character. She was never at fault; her mother-wit was wonderful—a sort of French Mrs. Poyser. How she would have charmed Dickens! he would certainly have immortalised her in one of his works. But all this is a digression. Having accomplished the mighty feat of engaging our house and our servant, we dined at our hotel, and then called again on our French friends with the good news of our success. Now all that remained was to ask that they would crown our happiness by spending the evening with us in our new home.

There is nothing so amusing as wandering through a new old town, a really old one, especially when to that is added the joy of shopping. Madame G. introduced us to her tradespeople, where we spent a very pleasant half hour in ordering the heterogeneous articles necessary. Tea, of course, we had brought from England; but not, alas! our bacon; and on seeing the horrible stuff they called bacon, we much lamented our neglect. I can see the shop now. So dark—as unlike an English shop as possible, everything in confusion, and the shopwoman speaking a sort of French patois hard for our English ears to catch. After our shopping we had a drive. The scenery was not very interesting; open, hilly country, like parts of England, with here and there an old château or a farmhouse. The most remarkable feature in the drive was the vehicle itself, which was so uncomfortable, and the harness so worthless, and the horse such a poor, half-starved looking creature, that we were very thankful to be safe on foot again. But our friends were to arrive, and we had to prepare to meet them, or what would they think of their English hostesses?

While we were getting ready, our Marie (duly installed) told us of the arrival of our marketings, and not our marketings alone, but the whole of the shopman's household had turned out to see us, and in they came, a party of seven, each laden with two or three parcels, prepared to give and receive all the information we and they could want. Amazement had filled their souls that we should have come to their secluded old city. That we should have come for health and painting was all too simple a reason to satisfy them; however, as there was no other, they had to make the best of it. It was very amusing. The picture comes before me as I write. The worthy tradespeople sitting all round the small dining-room, parcels in hand, perplexed in the extreme how it should come to pass that three English ladies should select their place for a holiday. They were very intelligent and courteous, and after somewhat allaying their burning curiosity in our regard, they were very glad to give whatever information might be of use. It was one more of the singular experiences of our first day's introduction to Brittany, which concluded with the arrival of our visitors, Monsieur and Madame G. and their young daughters.

Nothing could be more kind and genial than they all were. In Monsieur G. we found an artist of the most refined and poetic feeling, a man of education buried alive in a place where there was no one outside his own home with whom he could have two thoughts in common. He entered at once into all our requirements and difficulties about painting, and offered to show us whatever his rare artistic skill had discovered to paint.

We had many a good story to hear and to tell, so that what with discussing pictures and music and our plans for the future, our evening came to a close all too soon. After many expressions of kindness and goodwill—expressions which on their part, we since learnt by experience, were no empty words, but were fully endorsed by deeds—our friends of that morning's introduction took their leave. They said on going: "How strange it is, you came into Quimper this morning not knowing a soul, and in the evening you have received friends in your own home." But so it was, and thus ended our first day in Quimper.

After this happy commencement of our holiday, we entered the next day on our life of exploring the various picturesque places near, under the escort of our kind friends. We found Quimper to be delightfully situated in the midst of hills and forests abounding with game and rivers full of fish, so that many English had been attracted thither, and it was agreeable to find on all sides our compatriots well spoken of.

The cathedral of Quimper is the largest and most celebrated ecclesiastical edifice in Brittany, all other churches of note having been destroyed at the Revolution. The interior of the cathedral suffered considerably also from the same cause, and looks very meagre in consequence. The exterior is very beautiful, the delicately sculptured porch, the long narrow windows, thirty feet high, by which the towers are pierced, and above all the lovely twin towers, erected a few years ago by voluntary contributions, are among its most noticeable features. On a Sunday morning the interior presents an extraordinary spectacle; the vast nave and transepts are filled with figures; but such figures! Conceive men and women like those in the old pictures by Van der Meulen animated, only add more lace and brighter colours with their market baskets,

VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

and you will have a faint idea of the worshipping peasants in the cathedral of Quimper.

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Corentin, a notable saint, much revered in Lower Brittany. A curious equestrian statue of King Grallon stands on the top of the western gable of the nave, surrounded by numerous interesting armorial shields, which were all destroyed at the Revolution.

A strange ceremony used then to be practised with reference to this statue. Annually, on St. Cecilia's day, the Bishop of Quimper, accompanied by his clergy, ascended to the platform on which the statue is placed, with a number of musicians and singers, and after performing several orchestral pieces, one of the town archers mounted the crupper of King Grallon's horse, provided with a bottle of wine, a glass, and a napkin. Pouring out a bumper, he offered it first to the King (as in duty bound), then drank it himself, and wiping the monarch's mouth, cast the glass to the ground.

The assembled multitude underneath then struggled to catch the vessel, and the bishop offered one hundred crowns to whoever presented him with the glass unbroken; but it appears the prelate was never called upon to pay this money. The observance ended by placing a branch of laurel in the hand of the statue, and singing a hymn. One is reminded of the curious custom which has been observed from time immemorial of the clergy and choir singing a hymn at the top of the tower of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, at four o'clock on the first of May in the morning.

We had fortunately timed our visit for the gayest month in all the Breton year, the month of August, and we had scarcely arrived before a fair was held in all its motley splendour on the banks of the Odet. There was the usual variety of costumes, as it was a gathering of people from all the neighbouring villages, and each place has a different dress, and there were games of all sorts; there were swings and refreshments, cheap toys, and garments. The prize of a fine sucking-pig was offered to the valiant boy who could walk to the very end of a long, slippery pole which projected horizontally over the river. Long and loud were the shouts of laughter as one boy after another, lured by the prize, after a hopeless stagger, fell into the water, to be caught up by men in boats, and retire ingloriously to the rear. Then there was a miracle play, acted in this fashion:—

There was a large booth, written over the top "La passion de notre Seigneur. Un sous." There was the usual crowd outside of touters urging you to go in and see. On entering there was a stage, with seats in front, and two or three musicians. A number of peasants were inside to witness the spectacle; it consisted of eight or nine scenes from the life of our Blessed Lord. They were represented by young children, from six years of age to ten, who stood in the attitudes proper for the scenes represented, but did not speak; music played before each scene. When St. Peter's denial came, one of the musicians imitated the cock crowing. At the sadder parts of the Passion there was sobbing. In about twenty minutes, when it was over, all went out quietly, and a fresh audience was then admitted.

The whole scene was a very happy one; the weather faultless; the river was alive with boats, but it was, perhaps, the prettiest thing in the day when the boats, laden with peasants, returned home in the evening to their distant villages, singing as they went.

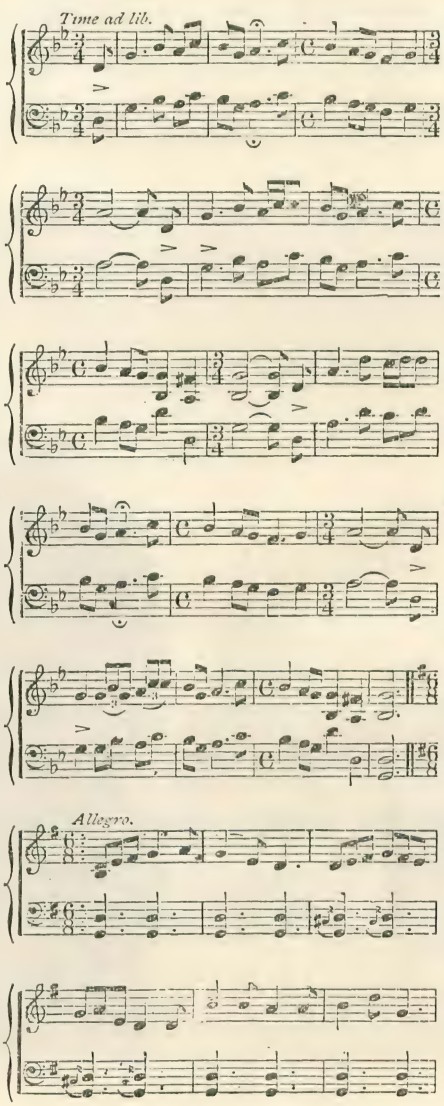
As one great object of our journey was to make some studies of those Breton interiors which had attracted so much attention in the artistic world, our kind cicerone, Monsieur G., introduced us to the farm at Penanguer—formerly a château, now tenanted by the widow Barbe Bidou. We often went there, and made several studies of the interior and exterior of her picturesque old house; moreover, we grew very fond of our peasant hostess. The heart of a lady beat under her peasant's garb; she delighted to anticipate our wishes, never desiring any return but the pleasure of being with us. Like the clerk in Chaucer, "Gladly would she learn and gladly teach." She told us an infinite variety of news about home life in Brittany, and in return listened with unflagging attention to any account of England. But the subject of all others which charmed her most was our Queen; that the Sovereign of our great Empire should have been a fair young wife and mother was to her the strangest of romances.

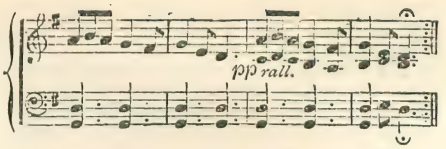
We often sat there in the afternoon listening to the snatches of old Breton melodies, whether chanted by the men threshing out the corn with a machinery that would have been old in the days of King Grallon, or sung by the women as they sat in a circle on the ground, bending over their lovely embroidery that can be had nowhere else. The two following melodies are what we heard at the time:—

OLD BRETON TUNE.

SI J'AVAIS ASSEZ D'INSTRUCTION.

"*Wala studj.*" *C. A. Macirone.*





One day I was painting indoors, and as the girl, sitting on the hearth, was very busy scraping at some old pieces of cloth, I ventured to ask what was the object of her labours. She showed me one basket full of a sort of fluff, of all shades of blue and brown and black, and another basket full of shreds of dresses, too old to wear. She was actually engaged in scraping up her old clothes into fluff, intending to convert it into yarn, and thence into cloth again. You may dispute or doubt my statement, if you please; I don't expect anyone to believe it. I can only say that such was the fact. I thought how impossible it would be to carry out the same process with any old clothes on this side of the Channel. I won't say that these dresses were as thick as boards, for boards are sometimes thin, which the dresses never were, but could easily have stood upright without the aid of the sturdy forms they usually encircled. But those dresses, how we admired them! What splendid colours! rich browns and blacks and glorious blues of all shades, bordered with close stitches in silk all the colours of the rainbow, relieved with an edge of black velvet. Cosy, warm, comfortable, tight-fitting dresses, with white caps of every conceivable variety of shape, edged with deep lace and dainty frills for Sundays, and real silver ornaments, consisting of a heart and cross, hung round the neck. Dresses that were the delight of artists to paint, and gave an impression of homely common sense, and self-respect that was most refreshing. We thought with a sigh of our London poor. How different!

Of course, one of our first visits was to the market early in the morning (the advantages of the well-known early bird being never better illustrated than in marketing), escorted by our faithful Marie. There were provisions of all sorts, and of the freshest. Baskets full of tempting hot milk loaves, wrapped in snow-white linen; sardines glittering like jewels amid the fern-leaves in which they were packed, caught that morning from the sea; fruit, flowers, and poultry of all sorts. As our Marie talked Brezonec, she had the advantage of us, and as the sellers invariably demanded twice as much as the article was worth, the jabbering was endless, but while Marie chaffered for us, we had plenty to do in watching the endless variety of costumes. The provisions were very cheap, the best meat sixpence a pound, and curiously small joints.

One morning as we wandered near the cathedral we went into a small restaurant, where the hostess, a stalwart dame in a blue petticoat, black stockings, bright-coloured apron pinned across the bosom, and a snow-white cap, was busy at the fire preparing the noonday meal of galettes or crêpes, made of buckwheat. From an earthenware pot she poured upon a griddle (a round iron plate about twelve inches across), under which blazed a fire of dry gorse, some batter made of buckwheat, which she smoothed out with a wooden spoon till it was about the thickness of a pancake; in fact, it was just like our English pancakes, only thinner and larger. After turning it with a flat shovel till it was sufficiently brown, she placed it in a dish, which was soon heaped with a smoking pile of cakes. The hostess placed basins of milk on the table for all the guests, who now proceeded to break their crêpes into them. When taken with the rich milk of the country, it has a nutty flavour; it is still nicer when eaten

with butter and pepper and salt. We took some, and it was excellent. The cost of the buckwheat is so little, that we have often wondered it was not introduced into England.

Refreshed by our meal of buckwheat, we went on to the Château de la Forêt, once the home of an old noble family, now a farmhouse, some little distance from the town. Passing the old, quaint houses near the cathedral, we follow the course of the River Odet, which flows between cornfields, poplars, and brushwood, the twin spires of the cathedral growing fainter in the distance. At last we came to the court-yard of the château, which was a regular farm-yard litter. The exterior of the château preserves little of its ancient character, with the exception of the doors and windows. The hall is large and of noble proportions; the rafters are of beautifully carved oak; a handsome fireplace, with stone coat of arms, and carved oak panelling round the room, all falling away from damp, give an air of faded grandeur to the place. The floor is of mud and stone, very uneven; *lits clos* are round the room, and hanks of yarn and dried skins hang from the carved rafters, while pigs and poultry trot in and out, quite at their ease.

"To what base uses we may return."

A newel staircase leads to the upper rooms, which are spacious, and ornamented with fine carvings in wood and stone; over the door of one of the bedchambers is a bas-relief in stone. The chimneys are all of stone, carved with figures of men and animals, as are also some of the doors.

In the kitchen reigned the same air of rustic plenty I had observed in other farmhouses; the *lits clos* were polished till they shone again; the dressers were covered with brilliant copper and brass vessels, and rough but picturesque old earthenware, and from the carved rafters hung flitches of bacon. There was also the high settle of polished oak, near the fire, so often seen in our English farmhouses. The house, both within and without, was so tempting a study for an artist that we stayed to draw.

As we are among old houses, I may give the story of an estate called La Barretière, which formerly belonged to a rich old maiden lady of good birth, who, finding that she was dying, called her two nephews to her bedside. First she asked the son of her eldest sister what he would do with La Barretière if it were his. Now, it happened that this young gentleman's mother had married a grocer; he was therefore possessed with very aristocratic and exclusive ideas. He replied—

"In that case, the first thing I would do would be to close it against the *canaille*."

"And what would you do with it?" she said, turning to the younger one.

"I should continue to permit the people to share with me the pleasure of looking at so pretty a place," replied the thoroughbred one.

"Then," said the old lady, "you are my heir."

So the insolent young sham aristocrat was punished for his snobbishness.

I must also add another romantic story we learnt in the following manner:

One sunny morning we were riding along the grassy borders of the river on our clever little donkeys. By the way, how do naturalists account for the activity of pigs and donkeys in Brittany being so much greater than on this side of the Channel? The donkeys run as if they enjoyed it, and the pigs, with their thin, long hind legs, and their thin, short forelegs, dash along as if the fiend were after them. Well, in the sunshine, over the grass, we listened to the tales of old Josephine, who had lived through the Revolution of '92—the great Revolution—and was so glad to find sympathetic listeners. We passed a high gate, and stopping my way with an outstretched arm and a cry, she said, "Oh, madame, there is a place with a romance of my old days!" And she told us how the Marquis de ——, the lord of that château and park, had been guillotined in the Reign of Terror, and his young wife and child escaped, no one knew whither.

When the King came back and things were quiet, an old nobleman and his daughter came to the place and bought the property, and he became loved of all the country round.

One day he saw a young man leaning on this gate and wistfully gazing on the beautiful château and park. He was a stranger and weary, and on entering into conversation with him, he found the young man so intelligent, so dignified and agreeable, that he invited him to the château for the rest of his stay in those parts.

"You had, probably, friends here, that you care for it so much, and know it so well," said the host, as he led his young guest up the avenue to the château, which seemed to him strangely familiar, though he could scarcely tell why.

"Yes," he said; "my family came from hereabouts in the Revolution."

The days passed all too swiftly, and the longer he stayed the less he liked to leave either the father, or, still more, the daughter, and the less they liked to part with him. But it was not till his attachment to the daughter was reciprocated, and he became the son-in-law of his generous host, that he was discovered to be the long-lost heir—the child who had escaped in his mother's arms, and the old nobleman to be his uncle—so that in marrying his cousin she became the rightful mistress of the beautiful old home where he, as a stranger, had been so kindly received.

The beggars are of a superior order to the mendicant tribe generally; they invariably find ready and hearty welcome from the cottagers, who offer them the best seat by the fire and a share of their frugal meal. This is requited by a liberal outpouring of the gossip gleaned in neighbouring villages. Villemarqué says, "It is very observable that while beggars are everywhere else despised as the scum of the earth, in Brittany they are honoured, and are the objects of an almost affectionate devotion. Animated by a truly Christian compassion, the Breton lavishes on them the most quaint and endearing epithets. They are 'good poor,' 'dear souls,' 'dear people,' and simply 'dear ones.' Sometimes they are even called the friend, or the brother of the Highest (maybe in allusion to those divine words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me.') However that may be, never is the beggar sent empty away. Wherever he goes, to the château of the noble, or the chaumière of the peasant, he never fails to meet with a kind reception. No sooner do they hear the sound of his prayers outside the door, or the barking and scratching of his dog, than they hasten to welcome him, and relieve him of his wallet and his staff. For him is reserved the warmest corner of the hearth, the great arm-chair, and for him food is prepared. After a little rest he sings a new song to his host, and with a light heart and a full wallet he leaves the kindly shelter. If at a wedding, he is given the best place at the feast of the poor, and the bride herself waits on him." If he be rich in legends and can sing, his company is particularly acceptable, for the Breton peasant has a great passion for legendary song.

There was a striking illustration of this when Brittany was ravaged by cholera, and the peasants abandoned themselves to despair. In vain did the authorities print and circulate thousands of placards throughout the towns advising them how to act. They were treated as waste paper, and the disease was spreading fast, when a bookseller hit on the expedient of turning the medical men's advice into jingling rhyme. The effect was instantaneous. The verses were speedily circulated through the land with such good results, that, to use their own words, the cholera was *chansonné hors de la Bretagne*, showing the truth of the Breton proverb that the poet is stronger than the three strongest things, evil, fire, and tempest.

The mere fact that the beggars are the wandering ballad singers, storytellers, and newsmongers of a very thinly inhabited country, where the inns are scarce and the farm produce very cheap, would account in some measure for their ready welcome wherever they go; especially when it is taken into consideration that few Bretons can read, and that all their mental food consists in the religious and heroic legends and ballads that have been handed down from father to son from time immemorial. As for printed literature in Bregonzec, the language of the country, there is scarcely any whatever.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.—Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom love itself.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.—The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

ON THE LORD'S DAY.—Have a special care to sanctify the Lord's Day: for as thou keepest it, so will it be with thee all the week long. Make the Lord's Day the *market* for thy soul; let the whole day be spent in prayer, repetitions, or meditations; lay aside the affairs of the other parts of the week; let the sermon thou hast heard be converted into *prayer*: shall God allow thee six days, and wilt thou not afford Him one?—*John Bunyan.*

THE GOOD OF EVIL.—Open evil, at all events, does this good: it keeps good on the alert. Where there is no likelihood of an enemy's approaching, the garrison are apt to slumber at their post.

UNDER A CLOUD.—We often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behoves us to take care that, whatever cloud may be spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look through it to the sunshine that broods behind it.

PEDANTIC CONVERSATION.—There is an honest unwillingness to pass off another's observation for our own which makes one appear pedantic.

CONSULTING THE DEAD.—Much of this world's wisdom is still acquired by necromancy; by consulting the oracular dead.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 669).

D o v e R
I o d i n E
F o r r e S
F r e s c O
I d y l L
C o r f U (*a*)
U s h a n T (*b*)
Lapis LazuII
T o l e d O
Y u c a t a N

Difficulty. Resolution.

(*a*) The ancient Phæacia, celebrated for the Gardens of Alcinous.

(*b*) Lord Howe's victory over the French Fleet was fought off Ushant, on June 1st, 1798.

"ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH."

By J. STRANG.

Oh, I have sown with lavish hand,
Increasing in the world's wide fields,
And yet the hard and barren land
No rich response of harvest yields.

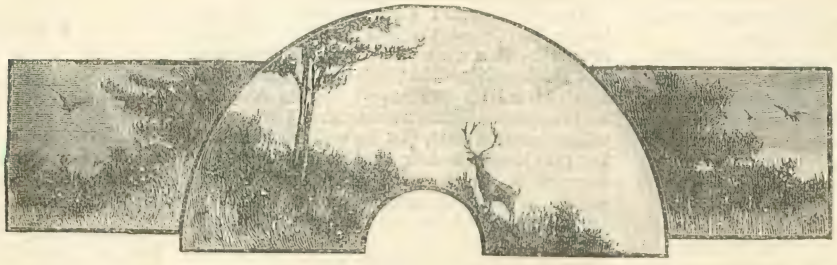
And I am weary with the pain
Of patient watching, and I fear
My scattered store of golden grain
Will never spring to blade and ear.

And yet who knows? At last, though late,
The kindly rain and sun may bring
To other eyes that watch and wait
Sweet tokens of a blessèd spring.

When we who toiled no longer keep
Our mortal watch on fields below,
Glad hearts and joyous hands may reap
The fruit of seed they did not sow.

Oh, weary sister, who hast sown
Thy seed with daily tears and toil,
And dreamest that no grain has grown,
But died in darkness in the soil;

My sister, still at morning sow,
Nor in the evening stay thy hand;
Thou dost thy Father's work, and, lo!
Hereafter thou shalt understand.



PARISH WORK.

By ALICE KING.

Northern folk lore tells a story which describes how, on a day, the fairy queen assembled the ladies of her court to give them various commissions. One was to guard the flowers, another to keep bright the dewdrops, a third to teach the young birds to sing. A whole band were sent to watch over the mountain streams, and tune their murmurs into sweetest melody; a second troop were to fan the air with their wings, that it might bear health and freshness through the land. Each one was to be true to her own task, giving it her every power and her every energy, and each one was to undertake exactly what she would do best, and what would most suit her capacities.

When the fairies had all received their different charges, and were waiting, on poised pinions, longing to depart, and only staying for a word which would be their signal to go, the queen bade them all remain a few moments more, for she had still something to say, something which concerned every one of them. They turned in surprise, and many of them in impatience, towards her throne. Surely each had had her special duty sufficiently plainly pointed out to her. Then the queen told them that she had one thing for them all to do in addition to their other work. The lazy fairies began to grumble at these words, the weak ones to cry. The queen, however, only smiled, saying that what she was now going to bid them do would make their other tasks the lighter. Then she explained to them that as they flew hither and thither, performing their varied work, each one keeping to her own sphere, they were all equally to do one thing—they were to gather upon their wings every sunbeam they could catch, and then, as they passed over the earth, they were to scatter them wherever they went, and the joy that would come to them from watching the effects of the brightness they spread abroad would more than compensate for the little additional labour. The dutiful fairies did their mistress's biding, and soon found that her words came true.

Let our Christian girls of to-day gain radiant and wholesome teaching from this old fairy story. In The Girl's Own Paper there has often been occasion, over and over again, to bid our girls each take in hand only what she has a real talent for, but the subject of this present article is one which concerns all girls alike. Parish work must be slipped in among other work, without ever hindering it, without causing it ever to be neglected, and must be regarded as something which sheds a gleam of brightness and beauty over all other tasks. Why is it that parish work must thus be thought of, and thus looked upon by Christian women, as an uplifting spell, even while the everyday commonplace name of work is given to it? It is because it is the work of the Master above.

The woman whose life is given to the high task of educating the young; the woman who makes literature, in full, deep earnestness, her profession; the woman who is a born musician; all these have great and beautiful tasks to do in God's world; but between the performance of them, they all have certain extra work to do for their heavenly King, the work of visiting, and helping, and influencing His poor. The married woman, with family cares and family duties crowding round her, is not exempt from this Christian labour of love; however full her home may be of work for her, she must give at least a small portion of her time to it, if she will have a blessing showered down upon her household and herself. The most highly cultivated, most gently-nurtured ladies are most especially required to take this Christ-like work upon them, because they should bring their education and their high breeding to bear, with peculiar power, upon the task, as no one can do it so well as themselves.

The first point for a girl who means to undertake parish work, and to undertake it earnestly, is to economise her time. Parish work, as we have said above, is work which must be added, for the Master's sake, to the other work of life; this other work is not to be neglected for it, but both are to go on side by side, the work done specially for God hallowing and uplifting the more secular tasks.

It is this necessity for the two paths of work to run evenly with each other, that makes the careful use of time so essential for the woman who would fulfil both classes of duties thoroughly. Every spare half-hour of the day must be given by the Christian girl to her parish work; there must be no desultory loitering, no aimless dawdling, in the whole day, for if there is, no such half-hours will be found. The hat and mantle must be quickly thrown on; the feet must move rapidly and with a will; the spirit must be brave and brisk, and then parish work, and work of other and different kinds, will fit in together like the pieces in a beautiful mosaic picture.

There must be rule and method in parish work, if it is to be done completely and

"AND I AM WEARY WITH THE PAIN
OF PATIENT WATCHING."

thoroughly; it must not be taken as a sort of serious amusement. It is a grave thing to go from house to house in a town or a parish, caring for the bodies and souls of Christ's people; and it cannot be done in a careless, disorderly spirit. When a girl has a certain number of cottages put under her special guardianship, she must begin by arranging all those dwellings in classes, which are to be attended to each regularly in turn. Each day must have its own appointed group of houses to be visited in the course of it, and there must be no departing from the fixed rule for slight, trifling reasons. In order to secure regularity in this respect it, is a good plan to keep two or three religious periodicals going in the district, and the weekly delivery of these at certain appointed houses will ensure a given number of visits being made.

In house-to-house parish visiting, which is one most needful and important branch of parish work, a girl must always make a strict law for herself in one respect. She must never, when she has settled any parish duty, such as a meeting, or a class of some sort, let an engagement of amusement or pleasure step in to prevent the performance of the real, earnest work which she has promised to do. Young ladies are inclined, in general, to guide themselves by the slackest reins on these points. If a girl is asked to a picnic or a lawn-tennis party, on the very day that she has given her word to read at a mother's meeting, or superintend the sewing at a school, she coolly throws aside the parish appointment, and accepts the invitation to pleasure. The parish work is regarded by such young ladies in the most dilettante spirit; it may be done or left undone, just as it suits their fancy. Now let us tell our girls plainly that parish work, undertaken in such a fashion, is simply no work at all; under such circumstances it becomes a mere vague, sentimental playing at being useful, without the faintest shadow of real usefulness existing in it. Let our brave Christian girls, who mean noble, earnest work for God and man, when they take in hand parish work, avoid, with resolute firmness, setting about their task in such a manner; for them all parish engagements must be real binding promises, all parish duties things which cannot be left undone. When they have once made up their minds to do their parish work in this serious spirit, they will have made one step at least towards becoming good and thorough parish workers.

One most needful quality for a house-to-house visitor among the poor, is delicacy of feeling; there are many ladies, active and efficient in their way in such work, who do not, however, sufficiently realise this fact. It is no unusual thing to find the lady district visitor think that she may leave all her lady's manners behind her in her drawing-room when she goes out to pay her daily calls at the cottages of her poorer neighbours. There is no greater mistake than this in the whole sphere of parish work. People of the working classes, and more especially the women who belong to them, have in their rank and degree quite as many tender, delicate places in their hearts and minds, and quite as much proud reserve as the highest lady in the land. Therefore, when a woman of position and education far above their own enters their houses pouring forth questions full of noisy curiosity, or sits by their fireside criticising freely their dress or furniture, or rooms, unasked, all over their dwellings, prescribing all sorts of improvements and changes, they naturally enough either grow rude and impertinent, or else shrink into a shell of timid, injured silence. Thus the work of the district visitor in town or village becomes at once a thing of no effect, or sometimes even worse, a mischievous power which only breeds evil results.

Let our girls, then, remember, when they undertake this part of parish work, to carry the sweet graces, and thoughts, and feelings of their ladyhood with them just as much into the poorest garret as into the most spacious gilded saloon. There are many and many things in a poor woman's daily life which it is impossible for a lady fully to understand—many temptations, many trials. The lady cannot, it is true, take her back with her into her drawing-room and teach her to sit elegantly on a sofa, and how to be interested in clever books and difficult music, and how to express herself with taste and ease; but she can bring her lady's refinement, and lady's culture, and gracious, gentle, lady's ways and words into the cottage home, and as she sits there and talks and smiles, or speaks with tender gravity, she will imperceptibly lift up her struggling, and perhaps suffering, sister, and instil into her something of the perfume of her own high stamp of womanhood. Her frequent presence will become, gradually, a freshening, purifying power, which will pervade the lowly, dingy dwelling, filled with a stifling atmosphere of ignorance and poverty, and it may be of sin, like a morning breeze gliding in through door or window. Sooner or later, too, the mistress of the cottage will learn to confide in her lady visitor who thus comes to her, and will breathe into her ear her troubles and difficulties, and the lady will be able to minister advice and comfort in return—advice and comfort which may, with God's help, change the whole life of a working man's home.

Another essential requisite for a house-to-house visitor, and indeed for all those ladies who have dealings with the working classes in parish work, is tact. It is perfectly wonderful—wonderful, indeed, beyond the belief probably of those unused to such work—what a crowd of prejudices, and strange fixed notions fill the minds of the masses of the labouring people of England. Those ladies who go among them, meaning to help them and raise them up, must, before anything, be careful never to touch these prejudices and these notions with a rough hand. Such a touch does nothing towards rooting them out; far from that, it only makes them sink deeper in. Our girls, when they begin parish work, must be especially careful on this point, for their youthful eagerness and thoroughness are very likely to make it a stumbling-block for them. They must never say a word or look a look which will shock the preconceived ideas of the working man and his wife. It would, no doubt, be well and most desirable that such prejudices and settled, narrow opinions should be swept away at once from among our poorer classes; but such a result will only be reached by long years of superior mental cultivation. Meanwhile, the Christian lady who goes among the masses striving to raise them and pour in light upon them, can but work on in faith and hope, seeking to sweeten and to lift up, but never trying hastily and rudely to clear away, the twilight to which the eyes of their less favoured neighbours have been accustomed for centuries.

If a lady, in her parish work, sees that her duty makes it incumbent on her to speak some word of blame or warning to those she goes among, she must perform the task with the utmost delicate care; if she begins it rashly and abruptly, she had far better never try to do it at all. It is difficult sometimes to find fault in a way that will do good, even with an equal in position and education; what, then, must it be in the case of a superior with an inferior; yet still it must often be done by the parish worker, if her labours are to have any abiding effect. We should advise our girls, when in the course of their parish work this has to be done, to begin with prayer for guidance and help, and then to go on with prudence and tenderness leading all their acts and words in the matter. When they go into the house where the word of warning has to be spoken, when they reach the person who, for their soul's good, needs blame, they must on no account rush into the painful subject at once. It is best first to sit down and speak of some indifferent matter with special kindliness of tone and manner, and then gradually and gently to lead towards the thing which is wrong, and which needs to be righted.

A girl, when she sets about parish work, must be especially careful on one point; she must never let the men or women of lower rank she goes among grow too intimate with her; if she is to do any real service to them, she must keep a certain distance between herself and them, so that their respect for her will not and cannot fail. This must be done, however, without any coldness and stiffness of manner and bearing, for coldness and stiffness will prove quite as fatal to her influence among the poor as undue familiarity. One of the first things a girl will have to learn when she begins parish work is, so to balance and tune her manner that the labouring classes will, at the same moment, equally love and reverence her. She must so behave that it will be utterly impossible for the slightest liberty to be taken with her, and yet that the working man and woman will have such trustful affection for her, that they will confide in her in every sorrow and trial of their lives.

Our girls, as they go about their parish work, must most resolutely avoid ever joining in, or even listening to, any gossip. They must never pause for a moment to hear what the woman in No. 5 says of the woman at No. 9. They must never form their opinions of the poor from what they say of each other. Above all these things, the lady parish-worker must move as a being from a superior sphere; she must learn to form her own estimate of those she has under her care and influence, and must act quietly but firmly upon it.

There are two other things which our girls must never do in parish work; they must never have favourites, and never lose their tempers. If they have favourites they will arouse a spirit of jealousy which will literally flame from cottage to cottage; if they lose their tempers they will place themselves at once on a level with those they should teach to look up to them, and will immediately destroy all the advantages given by their higher position and education. We have no space here to dwell on the different kinds of parish work which are open to ladies, but the remarks we have made above are suitable to all, most especially, however, perhaps to that of house-to-house visiting.

Most of all, let our girls recollect, when they undertake parish work, that there is no other work that comes to their young hands in which the duty lies so solemnly and earnestly upon them of doing it all in and for the Master. In His might, in His love, in His Spirit, let our girls go forth into our village lanes, into our crowded city back-alleys, and they shall be bright, earnest bearers of the Gospel message, whose reward shall be an eternal one, even a crown of light.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. OAKLEY'S firm determination not to touch the trust money brought with it a feeling of mental relief, but the outlook continued as dark as ever. One thought had often occurred to Hilda's mind, and probably to her uncle's also. If only Robert Brooke had come back to England at the earlier time at first suggested, he might perhaps have helped to tide the firm over the present crisis. His means were so abundant and his clear head and business talents would have been invaluable.

Then Robert Brooke had spoken so enthusiastically about the works, and even said how much he should like to be connected with them, that Hilda always imagined his return to England would be followed by his settling in the neighbourhood of Brinnington.

"Surely," she thought, "all the letters which have gone to him and Allan must have enabled them to understand the state of affairs at home. Why do they not, at least, write to express their sympathy with my uncle and Frank?"

Then a painful thought intruded which, for a moment, caused positive suffering to Hilda. Could it be possible that Mr. Brooke was purposely prolonging his stay in Australia because of the present state of things, waiting until the evil day was past? The works were in the full tide of prosperity when Robert Brooke saw them and expressed that wish.

Even as this thought crossed the girl's mind, an indignant flush rose to her cheek and she caught herself saying aloud, "No! a thousand times, no. He is incapable of acting in such a manner. Robert Brooke is manly and upright in all he does. No one would be less likely to forsake a friend in time of need."

Hilda's personal acquaintance with Mr. Brooke had only extended over a few months, but he was the tried friend of Geoffrey Penwarden, and his sincerity had stood the test of years.

She never doubted that when he spoke of returning to England within two years at the longest he meant to keep his word, yet mail after mail arrived and still there was no news either from Allan or himself. The continued silence must mean sickness or trouble, and, of whatever nature, it must involve both. Each anxious heart in the family circle at the Hey conjured up sad visions about the absentees, and each feared to reveal its anxieties to the rest.

The girls found it harder work to go in and out amongst the cottages, for at each visit the little homes looked barer than before, and faces more pinched and anxious.

"You'd hardly ha' known our place if you'd been away a bit, would you?" asked the mistress of a cottage workshop, on whose threshold the girls paused for a few moments. "It used to be 'Clink, clink,' from morn till night. All the fires blazing and roaring, and lads and lasses singing as they hammered. You know you've stopped to look and speak many a time. It might be hard work, and you, miss," turning to Hilda, "used to think it terrible for lasses. But they were strong and willing, and wrought for their bread."

The woman paused, and the young people strove to utter words of sympathy, but they died away on their lips, for they could not speak hopefully, as they wished to do.

"What is to come of us all, I don't know," continued the woman, with tears in her eyes. "We used up the last bit of stuff last night. Every rod has been forged into chains, till our little place is piled up with small ones, same as Master Oakley's is with big ones. See that shed! It's piled to the roof almost, with money's worth; but there's nothing wanted in our line of work, or so little, that you can hardly see any difference when a bit of stuff has been taken away. The last fire was put out yesterday, and I know not when we shall light one again."

The speaker gave a sort of gasp, which was almost a sob, and then abruptly turned the conversation, as if she could no longer bear to speak on the subject which was uppermost in her thoughts. She, poor soul, like the employers of labour on a larger scale, had been doing her little best for the sake of the lads and lasses, whose clinking hammers and merry voices were alike silent now, and by so doing had locked up her few spare pounds as they had their tens or hundreds of thousands.

She gave a wintry smile, as turning to Hilda she said, "You'll be *at age*, miss, between Christmas and New Year. Do you remember that when Mr. Frank was married, and the Brinnington hands had a treat, you said we should all of us have twice as grand a one when you came *at age* this Christmas time?"

"Yes, I remember, but I fear we shall have to be contented with quieter doings than we had after Mr. Frank's marriage. Things are so changed now, and I am sure it will be better to help as many and for as long as we can, than to have one day's feasting only. We will do our best, and promise grander doings when——"

Hilda was going to say, "when the hard times are over," but her listener interposed with, "Happen when you get married to some very grand gentleman, though I can't get to know who he is to be, for all the times I've asked and tried to find out. They say that you'll take none of those that have come a-seeking you, and maybe *you are right*. Where would be the good of having a pretty face and plenty of money if you are to say 'Yes' to the very first person that asks you? Such as you may pick and choose if anybody may. And you two young ladies would be worth your weight in gold to any one, if you had not a penny in the world," she added, turning an admiring glance towards Gladys and Dorothy in turn.

Of course the girls laughed—how could they help it?—and threatened not to pay any more visits in that quarter if they were to listen to such outrageous flattery.

"Eh, now, don't say that. I make too free, I doubt, but how can I forget that I nursed two of you in my arms when you were babies? Did you ever hear that I was under-nurse at the Hey for three years, Miss Cranswick, and left to get married, because I didn't know when I was well off?"

Hilda had been made acquainted with this fact soon after her arrival at Brinnington, and the same piece of information had been repeated every time she had met the speaker, Martha Wells, since then. Her eyes danced with amusement, as she replied, "I think I have heard you say so before."

"Most likely. And you, miss, have made yourself at home amongst the poor folks, as if you had been born at the Hey. Eh dear! when you first came, everybody said we were going to have a proud, high-and-mighty young lady at Brinnington. It shows how we ought to wait a bit before we begin to judge folks that we don't know."

"I am glad I have turned out a little better than was expected," said Hilda.

"Not a little. You'll come again soon, won't you? It's hard work to raise a bit of a laugh nowadays. My master says to me sometimes, 'Martha, your tongue runs too fast, 'specially when you talk to your betters.' But you know I would not vex you for the world. The sight of your faces is like a bit of sunshine. Everybody says the same; and it's not for the sake of what you bring that you are so welcome, but your looks and words are worth gold to down-hearted folks."

The girls promised that they would soon go again, and then there was an inquiry about Allan. "He was one of my children, as one may say—a little chap running about, and always in mischief, when I was at the Hey."

It was hard to say again that there

was no news as yet; but they could give no other reply.

"Then take it for good, my dears, take it for good. Mr. Allan is not made of the stuff that brings heartaches to fathers and mothers."

"If we only knew that he was alive and well," said Gladys, with trembling lip.

"We've got to leave things sometimes, and just wait. And you, miss, that they called 'Sunny,' from a little one, are not going to shame your name by meeting trouble half way."

Gladys smiled again as she heard the old name, familiar to all who had ever been associated with the Oakleys, and replied—

"You are right, Martha, I must not disgrace my name or I shall lose it. I have never doubted my brother for a moment."

"And we mustn't doubt One that is greater than Allan, but wait patiently a bit longer. We have storm and calm, summer and winter, sunshine and cloud in our lives, and they work together for good in them, same as they do in nature. Now tell me about the young ones that never were my babies."

"Jack and Janet. You know they are at school very near each other, and they spend their week ends under the same roof. We expect them home to-morrow," said Dorothy.

"And very glad I shall be to see them," cried Hilda, with much sincerity. "My twin cousins are the best individuals in the world for keeping people alive, and saving us from being too quiet."

"Aye, and they're real good-hearted. I could tell——"

But here the three girls, in some terror of further reminiscences, took their departure.

Hilda was very quiet as they walked homeward, but there was a glad look on her face, which told that her silence was not caused by sorrowful pre-occupation. The homely words she had lately heard gave her intense pleasure. "Your looks and words are worth gold to down-hearted folks," proved that the battle she had been fighting with Self had not been wholly in vain.

Brinnington people had formed a just estimate of her character at first sight. Seeing her lofty looks, her contempt for their occupations, her shrinking from contact with toil-hardened hands or clothing, soiled amid fires and furnaces, they had decided that Mr. Oakley's ward would prove a high and mighty lady, who could have no sympathy with such as they.

Surely if their first judgment were correct, the present one must be equally so! They knew she had learned to feel for her toiling sisters. A welcome awaited her at every threshold, and the inmates of each poor home knew that they could look to Hilda Cranswick for all the help, sympathy, and comfort that were in her power to bestow.

Not that this change had been easily effected, or that Hilda's character was by any means perfect. Old habits, especially selfish ones, need to be constantly battled with and watched against ere they can be driven from the field. We fight and think that the foe is slain, then find that it appears again in a form hitherto unsuspected, or in a place where we never dreamed it could obtain foothold.

Such was Hilda's experience; but, happily for her, she now possessed the only weapons with which she could hope to triumph in such a contest. Often defeated and discouraged by failure, and ready to give up the struggle, she tried once again, after seeking fresh strength from above, and as each failure showed her more of her weakness and her need, she placed less reliance on any resolution of her own, and went with more humility of spirit to Him "who is able to succour them that are tempted."

The friends around helped her not so much by frequent advice as by the quiet sympathy of which the object is all the more conscious because of its inobtrusiveness. The one who was least like herself—gentle, tender-hearted Dorothy—continued to be Hilda's closest friend, and knew more of her oft-repeated struggles than all the rest.

The impulsive girl would clasp her cousin in her arms and say, "You darling, I will never part with you if I can help it. If anybody wants to run away with you I shall step boldly out and say, 'Whoever takes one must take the other. We two have to go in couples, like rabbits.'"

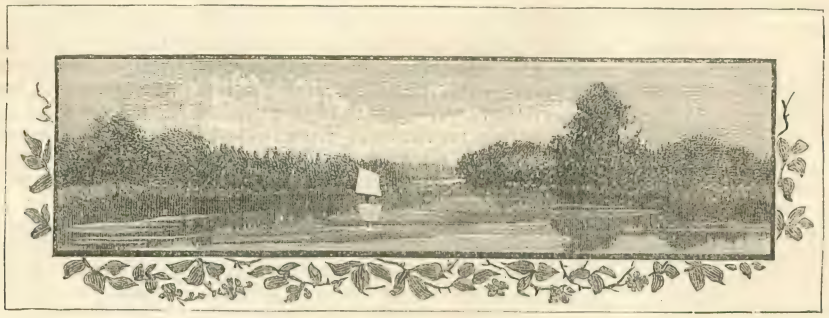
Dorothy would answer with a laugh, that Hilda was much more likely to be run away with than herself, at least she might be if she chose only to——

"Only there is an "if" in the way, which is not likely to be removed. However, I trust that you and I may always be near each other, Dorry, for you are the sweetest embodiment of a fairy godmother ever seen in modern days, and the wisest of little mentors in feminine guise. Dorry, dear, I beg your pardon. Pictures of fairies always represent them as being very thin and slender and unsubstantial, and you are delightfully soft, round, and petable, like a kitten without claws. I suppose the roundness is owing to your wings being tucked inside."

At this, and similar nonsense, Dorothy would first laugh, and then perhaps try to silence the speaker—yet all the while she took as very much in earnest her cousin's expressions of affectionate confidence, and responded to them with all her heart.

And so, in spite of all that might be perplexing in Brinnington affairs, which Hilda felt as if her own fortune were involved therewith, she was happier than she had ever been before. She had learned how blessed a thing it is to live for others. In place of discontent had come a spirit of thankfulness, and, though conscience might still often speak in a voice of reproof or warning, it also told of bad habits conquered and victories won.

(*To be continued.*)



A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

AN open page! A flood of glorious light!
Hand clasped in hand, we con the letters bright.
Gazing entranced, where Youth and Hope divine
Entwine in love-lit words thy name with mine.

Come! Nestle to my heart for evermore,
Lay upon mine thy lips so sweet and pure;
Thus, thus, in perfect harmony must blend
The tale of both our lives to one fair end.

I turn the page, with fondest faith elate,
My limbs grow cold, my heart dies desolate.
The words are blurred and dim—Love lend thine eyes!
Alas! the evening falls—no voice replies.

Good-bye, sweet turned-down page, thy story's told,
The hand-clasp severed, and the kiss grown cold;
The noontide dwindled to a lonely gleam,
The music hushed, and all the rest—a dream. C. K.

LOVE'S SUNSHINE.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.

GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.

CHAPTER II.

PARTING AND MEETING.

MR. GRAINGER'S farm and the Corner Cottage were in a most retired part of Heatherside Common, and the road to the two houses being on the other side of them, this part of it was little frequented by any but the two families, or any visitor sufficiently familiar to come in the back way. Passing some neat farm buildings, the friends entered by a half-glass door at the end of a passage which ran through the house, widening into a roomy hall as it neared the front door.

Two curly heads peeped over the staircase, four little feet came pattering down, and in another moment Nellie was being vigorously hugged by one of the twins, whilst the other danced around her.

"Oh, Nellie darling, you are coming for good, aren't you?"

Down the bannisters slid a young urchin about nine years old.

"Is she coming, really? Won't it be jolly. Hurrah!"

At the nursery door appeared a chubby round face, shining from its late ablutions. "Tum up and tiss me," called the trot, a little white-robed figure.

Was it a wonder if Nellie's heart felt sore at that moment, and that, laying her head down on the shoulder of the kind motherly woman who came forward to meet her, she cried—

"Oh, Mrs. Grainger, dear, what shall I do without you all?"

Over that homely supper-table the decision was made. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Grainger could deny that it would, perhaps, be wiser to comply with Miss Beecher's wish, though they begged Nellie never to forget that there was a home ready for her in their house whenever she wished to return.

Hence, the following day, a letter was posted which told of Nellie's acceptance of her aunt's offer, and her readiness to commence her new life in a fortnight's time. Not without fear was this decision made, for to part with the dear old home and home friends was a great trial to a girl of Nellie's temperament; but the fortnight passed as

most fortnights do before a dreaded leave-taking. Everybody talked of all sorts of things but the one occupying their thoughts, feeble jokes were laughed at as something uncommonly good, the prospect of living in London descanted upon as an enviable one, but it meant to Nellie going forth amongst strangers, and, brave though she tried to be, her heart sank at times. Still, she believed God's hand was leading her, and she tried to grasp it without trembling, nay, with hope.

By her special wish she took the journey alone; she thought she should bear it better by herself. To this there was a slight demur on the part of Mr. Grainger and her brother; however, they yielded to her wish. A hearty "God bless you" from the good farmer, a warm embrace from the girl-friend, a last clinging hold of the brother's hand, a slamming of carriage doors, a shrill whistle—and Nellie was whizzed away, past ripening cornfields and tree-dotted upland, with golden lights and restful shadows, past "desirable mansions" and "villas" innumerable, past forests of chimney-pots; and, at length, gliding slowly in beneath the marvellous roof of the Midland Station, she arrived at her destination.

"Are you Miss Ellen Beecher?" inquired a pleasant voice, and a well but neatly dressed woman put out a hand to help Nellie from the carriage step.

Can this be the half dreaded aunt?

"Miss Beecher is very sorry not to be able to meet you herself, Miss, but she had one of her bad nights with neuralgia."

Poor Nellie! was her youth to be spent with an elderly and delicate spinster instead of in the midst of the cheerful family at the farm? If such a thought as this passed through her mind, it was speedily chased away by one far more characteristic of her, "May I not be all the more needed?"

The cab drew up at a substantial-looking house in the Russell-square district, and the young visitor was ushered into a spacious hall, which, with its crimson carpets and massive chairs and table, looked grand, but somewhat awe-inspiring to her country eyes.

"Show Miss Ellen to her room, Dobson, and I will tell Miss Beecher of her arrival."

The young maid thus addressed led the way up the wide stone staircase to the second floor to a room at the back of the house. It was a fair-sized room and very prettily furnished—nothing gloomy about this, with its cheerful cretonne hangings and simple, yet tasteful, ornaments. Nellie looked around approvingly, which was noticed by the maid, who was in the act of unstrapping the luggage.

"Mistress has had this all done up fresh, miss, because she said it ought to look cheerful-like for a young lady from the country."

"How kind," said Nellie, walking towards the window.

"Yes, miss, she is that, I will say. It's beautiful open at the back, isn't it?—like the country."

"Like the country," thought Nellie, as she looked out on the row of small spaces, enclosed by grimy brick walls, called gardens by courtesy.

It is true they could boast of some real, live trees, and Miss Beecher's own particular enclosure was scrupulously neat; the centre, a little bigger than a fair-sized tablecloth, was freshly-gravelled; the walls were hidden partially by ivy—which sadly required dusting, though—and the narrow bed around, which was primly bordered by fancy tiles, contained some gay-coloured nasturtiums, a little candytuft of sickly hue, and had a general overrunning of stalky mignonette, which appeared to be outgrowing its strength. "Like the country," echoed Nellie, rather contemptuously; yet before a year had passed, she had learned to love old London, which, with all its sins and sorrows, its luxury and squalid wretchedness, holds more truth and purity, is nobler and better, perhaps, than any city in the world!

When Nellie had changed her dusty travelling dress, and was just wondering whether she ought to go downstairs, a rap was heard at the door.

"Please, miss, mistress says will you be kind enough to walk down into the dining-room; she is going to have afternoon tea there, in case any visitor calls. She thought you would like it better to-day; she is with the doctor just now in the drawing-room."

Following Dobson, Nellie was shown into a large room, with a table long enough to dine a family of twelve. Everything seemed on a grand scale to her unaccustomed eyes, though there was nothing extraordinary about it. The walls were well covered with pictures, many of them valuable, but one especially drew Nellie's attention. It was the portrait of a girl about twenty, dressed in a simple summer dress, and gathering blackberries, which she was placing in a basket. Her hat had fallen off her head, and hung by its strings around her neck, thus displaying an abundance of fair hair which was brushed back from the brow and loosely arranged in the fashion of some fifteen or twenty years ago. The face was gentle and rather pensive, and about the whole there was a simplicity and unstudied grace peculiarly attractive.

Nellie was still admiring this when she heard the doctor depart, and presently the dining-room door opened and the face she had been looking at appeared, older and more delicate, still unmistakably the same.

"I am so sorry, my dear, to give you so cold a reception," said Miss Beecher, taking Nellie's hand in both of hers; "but I am not very strong, and often have to give up my own little plans. Now let me give you a cup of tea—I'm sure you will be glad of some refreshment."

Is this the aunt whom the thought of meeting had caused Nellie's heart to beat extra fast? Such a gentle voice, and nothing proud or prim about her. How could she have been so many years without seeking them out? and so rich as she seemed! Having put her young guest at ease by pleasant inquiries about her journey and a talk of things in general, Miss Beecher said—

"Your brother is a year older than you, I think. Is he like you?"

"Oh, no, at least only a very little. He is tall and quite handsome," replied Nellie, flushing with sisterly pride.

"Ah!" thought Miss Beecher. "I see the way to win the little maiden's heart."

"And he is clever, also?"

"Very, very clever!" Nellie's tones grew enthusiastic. "Mr. Jackson says he will be quite a noted man some day."

Miss Beecher smiled at the earnest young face, and said—

"He must come and let me make his acquaintance before long; I may be able to give him one or two useful introductions, though I do not know many people in London."

"Is this not your home?" inquired Nellie, rather hesitatingly, fearing to seem too inquisitive, for every now and then there was a momentary expression over Miss Beecher's face, whether of pain or reticence one could scarcely tell, but it had the effect of slightly holding Nellie back from familiarity.

"I suppose I may call it so; but at present I scarcely feel it such, having only lived in it a few weeks. I used to visit here during the lifetime of my uncle and aunt, but this house only became mine at their death. They died within a few days of one another last winter, and, having no children, left me most of their property. I intend living here at present—circumstances will decide whether I shall continue to do so in the future. But that is business enough for this evening," she said, rising from her seat with a pleasant smile; "we will go to the drawing-room—you will find it more cheerful there."

To Nellie the room she now entered represented untold riches; she did not then know how its principal charm was the result of that which no money can purchase—the refined taste of the presiding genius, which displayed itself in the variety, without vulgar superabundance; in unity, but not uniformity; in the luxury which elevates rather than that which only tends to enervate.

"How lovely!" she involuntarily exclaimed.

Her aunt looked gratified.

"I am glad you like it. It looked rather sombre to me when I came to it from the beautiful Riviera, but since I have filled the fernery with some of my pets, and found nooks and corners for others, I feel more content."

Passing between lace curtains that draped the arch separating the two drawing-rooms, she showed Nellie a charming fernery built out at the back window, where, amongst others, some foreign relatives of the wild bracken of Heatherside Common waved their cultured and delicate fronds. Turning to a table on which there were several portfolios of different sizes, Miss Beecher selected one which she carried into the front room, and soon, by the help of her vivid description and interesting reminiscences, Nellie began to feel as if London had only been a halting place, and that she had started off again on her travels, only in a rather less prosaic style than her morning's journey had been made, for she now flew on the wings of imagination.

"How delightful to see all these places!" she said. "But have you lived abroad always?" she asked, beginning to throw off her first feeling of shyness.

"Not always; but I have been a great roamer. As I told you, I have only been a rich woman, if I may call myself such, quite lately. My mother died when I was only eight, and my uncle, her brother, who lived in a neighbouring street then, was my guardian. Both he and my aunt were extremely kind, and I lived with them, having a governess at home until I was sixteen. Then, by the wish of my aunt, who was of French family, I was sent to school in France and afterwards to Germany, where I remained until I was twenty."

Turning over the photographs as she spoke, Miss Beecher took up one, saying—

"This has slipped in here by mistake." A tender look came over her, as she added—"Talking of 'home,' perhaps this was of all places the spot I could most appropriately call by that name."

It was the photograph of a large house in a street in Geneva.

"Here I spent a few happy years in the family of an old schoolfellow of mine. I left my uncle's house when I was two and twenty, and went to live with M. and Madame Rouzet."

Nellie looked up astonished. How strange to leave so kind an uncle and aunt! she thought.

"You are surprised, Ellen," said Miss Beecher, "but I must tell you about this when you know me better."

This day, so important in Nellie's history, at last came to a close. Miss Beecher accompanied her niece to her room, and as she bade her "good-night," she stopped a moment, and holding back the curls that clustered over the young girl's forehead, she looked earnestly into the truthful eyes, and said—

"We shall like one another, Ellen, shall we not?"

"Oh, yes," was the quick reply; "but——"

"But what?"

"Would you mind calling me Nellie? They all do at home."

"Not at all, Nellie; but would you mind calling me Aunt Marian?"

Nellie hesitated. She had not quite got over the wonder that Miss Beecher had not cared to know her sister-in-law.

"Never mind, Nellie; call me what you like, dear," and the look that Nellie had noticed before came across her aunt's face again as she stooped to kiss her; and passing hurriedly into her room, she threw herself upon her knees, crying—

"Oh, God, only such love as Thou seest will not keep my heart from resting in Thy love as its highest good. Has that not been my prayer for years? Make me content now with what kind, what measure of human love Thou mayst grant me!"

Nellie's head rested on her pillow long before the tired eyes would keep closed. What a wonderful day it had been, so different to what she had pictured, but, oh! what weeks it seemed since that last clinging pressure of Gerald's hand!

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Native of Melbourne (Australia).—At nineteen, though your education may be finished, you have all your mental training of character and of thought to follow. We should advise you to set apart certain hours for music, painting, and reading in the morning, and commence going through the history, literature, and poetry of England first, and then of France, Italy, or Germany, if you have learnt those languages. Never be idle, and do not be too much absorbed in your own pursuits, so as to be unable to help others.

Hoping.—Lady probationers are received at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and bound for a period of two years: the first year on a salary of £10, the second on £20, with board and lodging, washing, and uniform. Probationers wishing to be trained for one year only must pay a fee of £30. You should read our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i., the monthly number for July, 1880.

Anxious One is too young to enter a hospital for training as a nurse; but at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, nurses are taken in from seventeen years of age, trained, lodged, and boarded at 7s. 6d. a week for not less than six months. Were you twenty-five, instead of sixteen, you might commence with a small salary, uniform, board, lodging, and washing, supplied free at most of the hospitals.

F. D. G.—The office of the Civil Service Commissioners is in Cannon-row, S.W. Write for their printed circulars.

COOKERY.

A Cambrian Girl.—1. We thank you for your recipe for "preserved rhubarb," of which you have had several years of satisfactory experience, and have "often kept it for two years." We are glad that you find the articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family" "especially useful." 2. Wash and dry the rhubarb (best in July or August), peel it, unless made early in the season, when tender. Cut into lengths of about an inch and a half, and place in a deep jar. To every pound of fruit add a pound of moist sugar and two ounces of ginger-root, broken into small pieces. Let these stand for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, and then pour off the syrup into your preserving pan; boil for half-an-hour; then put in the rhubarb and ginger, and boil quickly for another half-hour, and the preserve is made.

Silly Aldred.—1. To make a tomato purée.—Mince a shalot and small onion very finely, add them to as much tomatoes as would be contained in a two-pounds tin, a slice of bacon cut into small pieces (or a few strips of the rind), and fry them, that is to say, put them into a saucepan to be cooked for about ten minutes. Boil about three pints of well-flavoured stock; crush about two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and stir this into the stock while boiling until it looks clear. Then rub the tomatoes through a hair sieve, and add them to the stock. Add a little pepper and salt, and make all hot for serving. 2. Preserved tomatoes (a tinful) may be fried with a thick slice of butter. Add some good gravy, pepper, and salt. Make four square pieces of toast, lay in a dish, and pour the tomatoes and gravy over them, serving hot. Many recipes for soup-making are to be found by reference to the index in vol. ii., and for tomato jam (under "Useful Hints") in vol. iv, page 55.

B. M. E.—If your canary be old, your chance of taming it is small. You may be successful with a young one, by reserving what it likes best to give it from your hand only. Hempseed is bad, as a rule, for them, but once daily might do no harm, and this, or some other little treat, you should reserve for hand-feeding. It will require much patience. Always approach him very quietly.

MUSIC.

Rhoda.—There is a Musical Practising Society, for all particulars of which address Miss M. L. Phillips, hon. secretary and treasurer, 6, Ashbrooke-terrace, Sunderland. Prizes are given and fines exacted. The half-yearly fee is only threepence, payable in advance, and the term commences on April 1st and October 1st.

Anxious Inquirer.—The "tonic sol-fa" system, in which the letters d, r, m, f, n, l, t are used instead of notes, was invented by Miss Glover, of Norwich, and improved upon by John Curwen, about 1847, and the college was established in 1876. The word "tonic" means relating to sounds and tones, or the key-note of a scale. Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la are Italian, and ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la are French. The words are taken from an old Monkish hymn addressed to St. John, which Guido, in the eleventh century, used in teaching singing, viz.—

"*Ut* queant laxis, *Re*-sonare fibris.
Mi-ra gestorum *Fa*-muli tuorum.
Sol-ve pollutis *La*-biis reatum."
—*Sancte Joannes.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Marie Amelie.—There is nothing to prevent your being married at 3 p.m. The price of the licence is a little under £30. Apply to the registrar of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Doctors' Commons, at least three weeks before required, and give your reason for asking for it.

Grand Hotel.—"Condy's fluid" is made of permanganate of potash. It is a disinfectant, as well as a stain for floors. You should purchase the permanganate by the ounce, and use about one and a half ounces to a gallon of boiling water. If too dark you must add more water, and apply with a good, large, flat brush, working with the grain of the wood. When quite dry, apply linseed oil two or three times with a flannel, and lastly use beeswax and turpentine for polishing. Cut up the wax into small pieces, and pour the turpentine on overnight, and in the morning it will be of the consistency of thick cream.

Pansy.—You had better regard the matter as a joke. It certainly is not your place to make any advances.

Hope, Never Despair.—There is no rule about salaries; they vary in different places, and the amount of time you would have to give would depend on your own capacity and cleverness.

A Perplexed One.—No man can prophesy when the end of the world will come. We are distinctly told this. But we must all live "as seeing Him who is invisible" every day of our lives, and remember our Lord's admonition to "Watch."

Ivy.—The highest state of bliss cannot be attained until soul and body be reunited. Still, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours." They have no more sense of "weariness and painfulness," in their disembodied state. And even amongst those who are redeemed, "one star differeth from another in glory," one is "ruler over five cities," and another "over ten." Yet none are conscious of any lack of glory or happiness. A small vessel may be full to overflowing, as well as a large one. "I shall be satisfied when I wake up after Thy likeness." Let this be enough.

Lady Bess.—The involuntary grinding of the teeth may arise from two, if not more, separate causes, one being acidity in the system. You had better consult a doctor, as it ought to be attended to, and the cause may be one demanding immediate treatment, especially in the case of children.

Sunflower.—We see objects exactly of their real dimensions if we stand sufficiently close to them, and only of their relative proportions one with another, when further removed. If you prick a pinhole in a piece of paper and hold it close to your eye, you may see a whole house or street within that minute space, depending on the distance at which you are standing from them. Yet you know those objects must really be so vastly larger.

Ever Loving.—We feel sorry for you, but can give you but little consolation. The path of duty is often a painful one to travel, but leads to peace at the last. What claim could you lay to being a "good soldier of Christ" if you laid down your arms, and did not fight against all temptation to do evil? No blessing could rest on any act of disobedience to parents. Let your friend know that, at whatever cost to yourself, submission, for the present, is your duty, and while grieving doubly on his account, you dare not act otherwise. Your handwriting is very good.

Veronica.—We do not know who endeavoured to bring ridicule on Longfellow's poem by writing such puerile thoughts in such doggerel verse. Does he imagine that he has an ear when he couples the words "court" and "taught" as rhymes?

Erica.—Your handwriting is surprisingly "formed" for a little girl of twelve years, but you should join every syllable in each word; there should be no spaces left excepting between words.

A Pembrokeshire Girl.—If your lawyer or a friend can obtain a good security for you yielding five per cent., a sum of £2,000 will bring you in £100 per annum. The Funds (Government stocks) only yield two and a half per cent. at present for every £100. At any post-office you could obtain papers with information as to the investment of Post-Office Savings Bank deposits in Government stock.

Lizzie.—You appear to have a respectable man as an admirer, who shows you a degree of deferential consideration which you are unable to appreciate. Your girl friends are forward young women, deplorably lacking in self-respect; and, judging from the coarse familiarities they permit towards themselves, are unsuitable companions and advisers for you. If the person in question could read your thoughts, we think he would withdraw in disgust. Were you engaged to each other, the case would be different.

Paquerette.—You had better wear a sleeve, or lace, or a bracelet to conceal the tattoo-mark on your arm; because, if you attempted to burn it out, you would make a scar, and the remedy would be worse than the original evil. We believe that some doctors have professed to remove such marks, but we do not care to give their prescriptions, as they should be carried out by themselves only. Your writing is very good.

Tierce, de Picardie.—We give an index, title-page, and picture with every volume. Write to Mr. Tarn for those of the last.

Little Women.—The lady's-maid in whom you are interested is not eligible for any institution for gentlewomen of reduced means. For domestic servants there is a general Benevolent Institution at 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London, which grants pensions to the aged and infirm who have subscribed three years. But they might accept a three years' subscription in a lump sum. There is also a Milliners' and Dressmakers' Provident and Benevolent Institution at the same office, for members within twelve miles of the General Post Office, which gives grants in illness, and pensions from £25 to £30.

Lady Linda.—There is no "right age" for the reception of a suitor's addresses. The age is that at which God's Providence may bring one thoroughly suitable in your way. You would be unwise to engage yourself to anyone under the age of 21, as the cares and troubles of life need not be undertaken before you are fully grown and your judgment matured; young girls are apt to make sad mistakes. They "marry in haste, and repent at leisure." After 21, they may marry up to any age, so long as good health, a sufficiency of means, and mutual respect and affection render a union desirable. Your sisters ought to be ashamed of their silly, injudicious conduct in regard to you.

Broken-hearted for an Unknown.—We think your mind must be in a most ill-regulated condition, and that you need to be sent to school or to a hospital. How can you be "certain" that this strange man "loves you," when you "do not know each other"? You must be half-witted. "Why does he not speak to me?" If he had the impudence to do so without a suitable introduction, you should hand him over to the first policeman; unless, indeed, you had so far forgotten your maidenly reserve and self-respect as to have encouraged him by exchanging looks. We trust that your attempting to "do as much good as you can for Christ," is in no degree dependent on any strange man's becoming acquainted with you. Your mother would do well to give you a good "douche" under the pump every morning to bring your nerves and ideas into a healthier condition.

Cleopatra.—Everything depends on the wishes and condition in life of her parents, if a young woman residing under their roof. If of a certain age and independent, she must count the cost of loss of caste, and drifting into a different circle in society from that of her relatives and friends, and sacrificing them and their feelings to the man of her choice of humbler origin. We could not give advice, ignorant as we are of her circumstances and rank. For a woman to marry beneath her, were she of the upper ranks of society, would not be a mere question of "Dame Grundy's opinion." The consideration and respect she owes to her family and herself would render such an act an outrage on both. Possibly, however, the difference of condition between them may be but trifling.

An Afflicted One has our sincere sympathy, but we cannot give doctors' addresses. We advise her to obtain an opinion at one of our great hospitals.

A Lover of Truth writes to us from Madras simply to know how to pronounce "Magna Charta," and for an opinion of her writing. "Mag" as in "*mag*pie," "na" as in "*nar*ration," "Char" as in "*Char*les," and "ta" as in "*ta*-lent." Her hand is fairly good and legible.

Heather.—We are not in a position to understand why the publisher said your MS. was "not fully prepared for the press." It seems like an excuse for rejecting it, judging from the particulars you have given us.

Alice Durrant.—There are several homes for children, and also one for paying patients, suffering from hip disease. Whether you could be received as an adult without paying we cannot say. We advise you to write to the secretary of the Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, etc., The Vine, Sevenoaks, near London; also to Miss Blunt, Cripples Home, 17a, Marylebone-road, London, W.; also St. Peter's

House, Mortimer-road. N.W. Admission, we believe, is free.

CARMEN ERCELL.—Use some prepared chalk in the morning, and some Castile soap at night. Write a rounder, smaller hand.

AMAI.—Ask some one of the "several people who know and speak well of her," to introduce you. We know of no other plan.

AN INVALID should state age, sex, complaint, and condition in life, and whether any payment could be made to the home by the patient. Also, whether the accommodation be required for a few weeks only, or for a permanency. Write to Mrs. Warren, South House, Highbury Park South, London, about the Home for Confirmed Invalids. We believe it is provided free of cost, and for an indefinite period. We could not undertake to write a list of so extensive a character, with a statement of all the several weekly charges or entrance fees, or the admissions by nomination, the length of stay allowed, etc. Had you written more particulars, we might have been able to reply more satisfactorily.

REDDIE AND EARLE.—Aberystwith (Cardiganshire) is a good sea-side place, recommended for its salubrious air; a combination of sea and mountain. Provisions moderate and plentiful, and the season from May to October. Also Llandudno (Carnarvonshire) has a pure dry air, and is sheltered from the north; season from July to September, and provisions cheap and plentiful. But if your sister needs a warm locality you had better take her to Hastings. It is much milder, and food and lodging much cheaper than at St. Leonards, although adjoining it. Persons who have delicate chests find the air very healing under the shelter of the high cliffs. October 7, 1871, fell on a Saturday.

WATERLILY'STWINCKLE. — We thank you for your recipe. In reference to your complexion, we must refer you to our indexes.

TEMPUS FUGIT.—We could not give an answer to the question you ask unless we knew more of the case, whether there was a marriage settlement, or whether the husband's will gave power to appoint guardians. We imagine that the appointment was not made without legal advice, and in any case we should advise you, as a matter of good taste and feeling, to consider a dying mother's wishes for her child as binding.

THASSO.—1. No "hard and fast rule" is laid down in Holy Scripture on such questions. At your age, and so long as you reside under your parents' roof, you must be guided by their wishes. 2. Make it a matter of prayer to God to cure you of all such silly vanity. To study to please others and win their respect and affection is another thing. We are to "covet earnestly the best things," etc.

A TROUBLED ONE.—You speak of "a trouble" which you do not describe. Of course God hears and grants all prayers for pardon and for grace. What "answer" do you expect, save "the answer of a good conscience?" You know whether you be steadfastly endeavouring to please Him, and to wait upon Him daily in prayer and praise, and you also know that He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Is not that comfort and encouragement enough?

AN ANXIOUS ONE is fretting about nothing. Let her be satisfied with what Nature has given her. What she describes improves some faces.

ETHELIND.—Yes, it may tend to pull out the hair. But why need you train it up so high on the top of your head? It would suffice to raise it when dressing for dinner or evening.

RIMUTAKA (New Zealand).—Just as you employ the apostrophe in the phrase, "a child's toy," instead of "a child his toy," so you would in "the children's toy," or "Mary, your toy." 2. The stories respectively entitled "Decima's Promise," and "A Daughter Named Damaris," commenced in the same number, October 1st, 1881. Monthly parts still to be had. You will have to write for them to Mr. Tarn, of our publishing department, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You gave no name and address, or we might have spoken for you. We are glad that our paper has given you comfort and encouragement in your efforts to live a consistent Christian life. You write a very good hand.

L. J. F.—We have written our acknowledgments to "Aunt Scis," and regret that she should have been overlooked, and her kindly patience so long tried. We thank you also for your own kind letter, and offer our good wishes to both the sisters.

HEATHER GINTIC.—Devonshire (North Devon excepted) is relaxing; Dorsetshire might suit you better. The climate of Weymouth is mild and equable; provisions good and reasonable; bathing excellent; sands firm; lodgings plentiful and moderate. There are two libraries, two reading-rooms, a literary institute; two pleasure gardens, where military bands play daily during the season; and there are mineral waters at Radipole, a neighbouring village, for rheumatic affections, debility, etc. There are many places of interest within easy reach likewise.

BUTTERCUP.—Take the crocus bulbs up as soon as the tops are dead, and put them away in a dry place.

DAISY CHAIN.—The eldest sister of your father is "Miss Smith," and as he is the eldest son, she takes precedence immediately after your mother.

PETITE.—Take some simple tonic, such as gentian root, if it suit you, and plenty of exercise and sea-bathing. We have nearly blinded ourselves in the effort to read your closely-written letter, in such pale ink.

AWKWARD FIFTEEN, NATALIE, A CAPTAIN'S PET, JEANNIE CLARK, F. STRUTHERS, AND KITTY DEVEREAUX are thanked for so kindly sending us Easter cards.

THE INQUIRER.—We suppose the "first duty" of a parent to a child is to feed it, and the "first duty" of a child to its parents is to render them obedience, respect, and gratitude.

BERYL.—The real question at issue is: Are you provided for ultimately; or will you have to earn your living at some future period? If it be not so, you should accept the position offered you.

ONLY A GIRL.—It would depend on the degree of intimacy between you. If only a slight acquaintance, he would raise his hat, and you would bow. "Praxiteles," with the accent on "it" (or second syllable). It consists of four syllables.

EINOPREGTE APRIKANDER.—Yes, persons of every kind of society send Christmas and Easter cards in England. 2. The persons who, as you say, visit your colony and "run it down," are very ill-bred, and show a sad lack of good taste and generous or grateful feeling. Visitors to any foreign country should never forget their obligations to the strangers whose hospitality, and the protection of whose laws and institutions they enjoy. It is an evidence of a very narrow and prejudiced mind, and a total ignorance of good manners to be blind to the advantages and the beauties (of some description) that every country must possess, and to give evidence of their unfavourable impressions to the natives.

KANGAROO, G. O. P., WALLABY, AND OPOSSUM (Australia).—The first-named correspondent writes the best hand; the other two not yet formed; the third too large. We do not give recipes for making perfumes, as they require to be distilled; and we have ceased to repeat those having reference to the complexion and hair. We have access to the statistics of the population of our colonies, and know the respective proportions borne to each other of the European settlers and the natives. Wallaby's question is a silly one. You need not bow a second time.

ISABELLA MAY, K. — Write a short letter, saying that the acquaintance formed as children cannot be continued now that you have come to woman's estate; that you regret much the want of moral courage, which prevented your saying as much the last time you met, but you then shrank from saying what might possibly occasion pain—this feeling you must ask him kindly to accept, as an excuse, from one, until now, but a schoolgirl, and unacquainted with the usages of society; that you had never named him to your mother, who would be angry at your keeping up an acquaintance formed unknown to her, and that you do not therefore wish to be driven to the necessity of informing her now. Do you walk out alone? Or have you set a bad example to your sisters, who met him when with you? If they knew what you did amiss, they ought to know of your repentance, and the steps you have taken to repair the past.

ANNIE LONG writes to say that during a long experience in nursing she has found that ground Peruvian bark put in a muslin bag, and dusted lightly on the skin, as soon as it becomes in the least degree red, is sometimes a preventive of bedsores. It must not be applied when the skin is at all broken. A mixture made of fine powdered charcoal and fresh lard, made into a black ointment, is useful, when the bedsores have been allowed to appear.

ETHEL.—1. Let the dentist re-fill it. 2. Catch the mice by putting some toasted cheese or bacon parings in a good trap near the holes where they come out. 3. The 4th of September, 1868, was a Friday.

PERSECUTION.—Such a query as yours is quite against all rule, in any paper. Why do you give yourself a fancy name, if not to conceal who you are? "Gipsy" may claim a right to the same incognito. We make no charge for answering correspondents.

TY-DERLWYN.—The damp and cold weather has caused the mortality amongst your chickens. Keep them in a dry place, and let them avoid wet grass and all damp.

ERNESTINA.—We are very glad to get such a sensible letter from one of our wise girls, who, though only a school-girl, is "anxious to be of some good in the world." We hope the "Moral Banner Club" may have many imitators, and much success.

LAUGHING WATER.—Each State of the union has its own legislature. The Congress represents the whole of the States, and so does the Senate. Both the latter sit at Washington; the former have their sessions at the capital of each State.

SIMPLE LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 242. AUGUST 16, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c.

All rights reserved.]

"THE YOUNG MARQUIS PLEDGED HIS WORD."

CHAPTER XIX.

A PAGE OF LIFE TURNED DOWN.

THAT relative of Lord Fowlis in the south, to whom Margaret and her father purposed to go, was no other than the Honourable Mrs. Esselton. No sooner had the marquis heard Margaret's story of the family misfortune, than he had telegraphed to

his cousin to send this invitation to Shetland — on his responsibility, he had added significantly. Mrs. Esselton knew what that meant, to wit, that she was to make every arrangement she felt to be desirable, without reference to the slenderness of her own income. Wondering exceedingly, she yet obeyed him at once, for his wish was always as law to her, a safer law than any will of her own, she was wont to say, because Fowlis was so good. Such rumours of the Balacluva misfortunes as had got into the papers were, of course, known to the lady, but her private advices from the north alluded to nothing but the death of the mistress of the house, and Mrs. Esselton inferred that the marquis desired to enlist her sympathetic hospitality for the widower and his daughter, as a mere relief to them in the way of change and society. She never dreamed how deeply those misfortunes had gone, and how complete was the ruin they had made.

Margaret, on the other hand, had no hesitation in accepting Mrs. Esselton's kind offer to receive her and her father. She had never before visited Mrs. Esselton, and knew nothing of her ways of life apart from Fowlis Lodge. Mrs. Esselton had always spoken of her poverty with easy, light-hearted grace; and Margaret had, naturally enough, thought of it only as relative poverty, such as the state of Balacluva itself had been at its best, if compared with that of Fowlis. Mrs. Esselton had always been ready to declare that her Cousin Fowlis was the best of kind kinsmen, and that she did not know what she should do without him. But Margaret had never dreamed how practical had been some of his good offices to the bright-natured little widow, who herself hated to encroach on his bounty, her need for which the marquis could only guess by her periodic vanishing from the great world into a retirement where she remained till he fetched her out again to do the honours of Fowlis. And when the young marquis pledged his word to Margaret that her father should be honoured as his own, and that their marriage should not cost him a daughter, but should give him a son, he had put in a word for his own Cousin Esselton.

"My mother loved her," he said, "and she has been a true friend to me. She is a brave and loyal woman, though she seems to laugh at herself for being so. We must have her at Fowlis as much as she has been accustomed to be there. It always seems to me that the happiness on which the tears of others fall must soon grow tarnished."

So when Mrs. Esselton's invitation came, Margaret had instantly expressed a desire to accept it, though she did not dream how the invitation had been prompted. As for the laird, he was ready to do whatever Margaret and Fowlis advised. His own will seemed at present paralysed—overstrained, perhaps, by the effort of his great surrender. He could neither have originated a plan, nor have carried one out. A single sign of his old vigour remained, and this was that his weakened will was not perverted into wilfulness. Unable longer to lead, he bowed his proud old head, and was content to follow.

Mrs. Thomson went back to her own little home in Lerwick on the second day after the funeral, and she took May with her. Neither Mrs. Thomson nor Miss Castle had any very clear idea that this arrangement was due to Margaret's forethought. Her kindly plan had fallen on such fit soil, and at such favouring season, that it seemed part of the nature of things. We seldom serve our friends so well as when we serve them as the angels serve mankind—in secret. And we often help them most when it seems to ourselves that our help fails utterly. When Margaret put her arms about May's neck, and said, "You have shared the last of my home, dear. I have no longer a home to share with you. I must see you safely out of Balacluva before its door closes on myself," the two girls wept together bitterly, and neither could dream that Margaret's enforced surrender of the kindly patron's place was to do more for May than that utmost patronage could have done at its best. Perhaps some thought of such possibility glanced across Margaret's mind, as standing on the doorstep she marked the glad light which penetrated the gravity of William Thomson's face as he carefully stowed his mother and her guest into the primitive little conveyance that was to take them to the town. There was nothing but sadness on the countenances of Mrs. Thomson and May. It was a strange experience for the girl to see her friend thus suddenly stripped of nearly all which had made her life so beautiful in May's eyes. It seemed to her as if years instead of weeks had passed since that bright evening when the happy party drove down from Lerwick, and Margaret first eagerly pointed out the grey towers of Balacluva in the last pink flush of the setting sun. She had lived more in those weeks than in all the previous years of her life. Oh, how glad she was that she knew and loved Margaret well enough to be able to appropriate her own small share in the family sorrow! And how more than glad—how deeply thankful—she felt that she could honestly remember no bitter feeling of grudge against Margaret for having so much while she had had so little! She could hardly believe such a feeling had not been there. Had there been no envy in her sense of very loss and longing? She felt a tender remorse lest in the secret recesses of her soul she had sinned even against the genial prosperity which had kept such an open hand and heart and home.

"Is it not a dear old place?" said Mrs. Thomson, bending back to take a last look at the house, which to some eyes might have seemed grim enough, standing on the bare rock, backed by the dull green sea which caught no lustre from the lowering sky. "Well, well, 'they build too low who build beneath the skies.' But isn't Margaret Stewart grand? I've never seen a young creature take trouble so quietly. They generally make a terrible outcry when first they find things won't go right their way. They get used to that, by-and-by, poor dears, and there's no peace for them till they do.

"If place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
Content we go, content we stay."

Mrs. Thomson frequently brought forth scraps of verse on which her memory had eagerly fastened as giving fit utterance to feelings of her own, for which she could not find words.

And May, too, strained her eyes back at Balacluva, and resolved that the very first picture she would paint should be a view of it from that point on the high road on which Margaret had pointed it out to her. It was the point, too, at which they had met William Thomson.

Lord Fowlis took his departure only one day later. It was quite time that his friend's yacht was in a calmer anchorage than it could find in the wild north seas. Also, Lord Fowlis was ever far too gently considerate of others to forget that his friend, though he uttered no murmuring word, had yet no special attraction to that spot, and that, since the hospitalities of Balacluva could not be opened to him, he must find his lonely evenings in the cabin, or his solitary tramps with his gun across the moor, rather dreary and monotonous.

And so the two—Lord Fowlis and Margaret Stewart—took their last walk together on the little esplanade. This time it was not at the sunset hour, but in the fresh early morning. Would they ever again walk there together, she silently wondered, her heart yearning over the very time-worn stones, each of which seemed to turn a friend's face towards her? It might easily be. If the Orion-Stewarts gave her an invitation to revisit her old home she would not sullenly refuse to do so. Only she did hope that it would not be much changed. She would rather never see it again than return to find it changed.

"Well, Margaret," said the marquis brightly, hoping to scatter the patient sorrow on the girl's quiet face, "we are ready now for whatever the future may bring us. Nothing can matter much, since we have made up our minds that we are to be together, as we rightfully may when we are resolved that henceforth what is your duty is mine, and that what is my duty is yours."

Margaret looked up at him and smiled. Love grows purest and tenderest in the shadows of life, and is nourished in strength and beauty by the sacred rights and solemn responsibilities it absorbs into itself.

"And now good-bye, Margaret," he said. He had already taken leave of Mr. Stewart inside the house. "Good-bye. I hope I shall see you very soon during your visit to Bath, but, in any case, it will not be long before we shall be together, always and for ever; and till then we will keep our hearts up with the thought of it. God bless you, Margaret. Good-bye."

He passed through the gate and away, springing lightly down the green slopes. He turned once and waved his hand, and then went steadily on without looking back again. Somehow Margaret could not bear to watch him go on

board, and to see the yacht pass slowly out, while the waves widened between him and her. She turned resolutely towards the house, and as she went in she shivered. Surely it was not colder than it had been half-an-hour before! Ah, certainly, winter had begun.

She could have sat down on the old familiar stones and wept aloud. And yet why, when this parting was to be so brief? Ah, it was in that hour, in the pride and glow of her two-and-twenty summers, that Margaret Stewart first learned what it is to turn down a page of life and to have a past, whether or not she ever revisited Balacluva. The days of life and love in her early home were over. Life might bring to her what it would—it could never again bring these to her. Margaret did not then realise all that this means. Nobody can. She did not know then how in years to come these early scenes would build themselves up in her very dreams, and that in such dreams the shadows of people whose names she had not yet heard would seem to sit side by side with her dead mother and her ancient household ties in the familiar rooms. But she did know that there was a strange aching in her heart, and she had a forecasting thought that it was the repetition and renewal of this aching which make old age.

Though she had resisted watching the going-out of the yacht, she could not resist watching it when it was already far out. Then she supplemented her own vision by her father's glass. And just as the white sails vanished utterly from the horizon, she heard the grating of carriage-wheels, and knew that the Orion-Stewarts had availed themselves of her invitation.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

In February, 1882, the first appeal was made to the readers of The Girl's Own Paper on behalf of the Princess Louise Home. They know how generously it was answered, and how that the result was a grand bazaar. They also know that during the past two years sales of work have been held to dispose of the numerous articles remaining unsold after the said bazaar, and that, like the widow's cruse, there seemed to be no end to them. On the 4th of May, 1884, what was intended to be a final sale took place at Woodhouse, on the occasion of the annual examination of the pupils, and it was intimated to us that herewith our attempts to keep up the interest of our girls in the inmates of the Home must cease. Not that their interest need cease with our sketches, albeit this is ostensibly the last.

As in duty bound, we went post-haste to Wanstead, and soon found ourselves at Woodhouse, face to face with seventy-three girls, attired in print frocks and brown holland pinafores. It was a treat to see their rosy faces, well-brushed hair, and neat attire. They were all seated in five ranks, one above the other, on a wonderful stage erected for them by their indefatigable friend, the secretary, and in front of them stood their teacher, who examined them.

Prize-giving is always interesting, and it was delightful to watch the girls, when the examination was over, descend one by one from their perches, pass between the assembled friends, approach the opposite platform, and receive the rewards of their labour. These were presented by a lady, aided by their good friend, Mrs. Talbot. Guineas were given to such as had been a year or more in service, and had been permitted by their mistresses to come with good characters to their Home.

These were not included in the seventy-three actual pupils. Then the monitresses received handsome work-boxes, and nearly half of the pupils beautiful books. Proficiency in laundry or house work, general good conduct, and efficient needlework were the efforts rewarded, rather than those of book learning, for our young friends are to be servants, and a faithful servant is truly a godsend in a house. We hope to see them multiply, so that their employers may say with our blessed Lord, "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends."

Several of our "Bazaar girls" received prizes, and the first we had the privilege of nominating gave us a bright smile as she carried off a handsome book. When they had all disappeared, we were not surprised to hear praises bestowed on them and the Home by gentlemen on the platform. One, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, spoke to the order and good conduct of the whole establishment; another, who called himself a life-long Sunday-school teacher, said that he frequently examined the girls on a Sunday, and could answer for their knowledge of Scripture. He also added that they had a really happy home, and loved the matron as a mother.

In due course of time we proceeded to the schoolroom, where we found our threescore and thirteen seated behind their needlework and copy books. We wished that we had a present for each, or that we could, at least, have spoken to each individually, but time failed, and we could only ask to be taken to our "Bazaar girls." The kind donors of money or work amongst the readers of this periodical will rejoice to learn that, owing in a great measure to their liberality, six cases have actually been admitted into the Home, and one or two others have, incidentally, been added to that number. We have, from time to time, mentioned three or four of these, but since the last printed account the others have been received. A young lady, Miss Wade, on reading the appeal, was so touched by "the empty beds," that she volunteered to fill one of them, giving the writer the privilege of nominating the girl. The Misses Murton, of Anerley, who have twice held drawing-room sales, have introduced another, and three have sprung from the East-end of London, and still, alas! there are twenty-eight vacant cots.

Yet how delightful it is to think that we, Editor, readers, and scribe, have aided in filling those already mentioned.

Our *protégées* showed their work and writing with alacrity, and certainly sewing, stitching, tucking, hemming, and writing were wonderfully good. They all acknowledged a book sent them at Christmas, and did not disdain to receive that smallest of silver coins, a threepenny bit, pleased, as we all are, at being remembered. All the once pale faces had grown rosy, except one, the last admitted, who could tell tales of East-end match-box manufacture that would make your hearts ache. They expressed themselves happy, and for the most part looked so. One of the East-enders said, with a smile, that she "was getting used to it," and certainly the fresh air of Essex must be very different from the atmosphere round about the docks. Our first-born has actually been two years at the Home, and will soon be ready for service. She looks, and really is, happy, and promises well.

We were very sorry to bid good-bye to the girls, even though we were to wind up with the bazaar. One of the dormitories was dismantled for this auspicious finale to the work of our girls, and very tastefully adorned with white muslin and pink draperies. It seemed incredible that work enough remained to fill the numerous stalls; but so it was. The baker who supplies the Home liberally furnished a refreshment-stall gratis, and all was *de rigueur*. Mrs. Talbot informed us that one good lady had bought up all that remained of the garments fashioned for the poor; so that portion was cleared off. The bran pie was also soon emptied, and a brisk trade went on in cheap goods. But in spite of the gigantic efforts of the saleswomen, the cruse was not quite emptied. Many of the more costly articles remained unsold. In all probability they made up their minds to see what would happen to them next year, which will be the jubilee year of the Home; when a little bird whispers the Princess Louise may personally interest herself in such schemes as are already brewing in the brains of the secretary.

It is almost needless to say that Miss Tidd was busy as ever superintending the sale, and that she will still be open to contributions either in money or goods, should any "gentle reader" incline to send them. Our good Editor assures us that they shall still be duly acknowledged in the columns of The Girl's Own Paper, under the part headed "Varieties."

We must not omit to state that among many other kind actions in connection with the Home during the past year, a graceful recognition of its good work by our beloved Queen shines forth. Her Majesty again presented to it a copy of her last book, containing an autograph inscription. The list which we append, as usual, will testify to many kind efforts made by young ladies to aid the institution, and we are particularly requested to thank "Veronica" for continuous exertions.

Besides the money received since the last notice of the Home, and printed below, Miss Tidd would like to acknowledge, not only gifts for sale, but presents of clothing for the girls; and we are sure that the donors of the same, as well as the innumerable contributions to the bazaar, will, with us, endorse a vote of thanks to her for her patience and success in carrying out a difficult and onerous work. We are not "A mutual admiration society," but as this is "positively our last appearance," we must be excused for bestowing a meed of praise on all concerned in the Princess Louise Bazaar and the Home, for which it was set on foot:—J. F. Lincoln, 2s. 6d.; A Daily Governess, Waterford, 5s.; Amy Clarkson, 5s.; Mrs. Ellen Ware (for a case), £13; Mrs. Jane Holland, £1; Elsie Forsyth, Switzerland, £1; Agnes Clarke, 4s.; Annie Ritchie, 6d.; Sale at Anerley (second), per Miss Murton, £36 12s. 7d.; Concert at Edmonton, per Miss Waldram, £3 10s.; Willie and Emily, 1s. 6d.; Miss Olive Cotton, £1 3s. 9d.; Miss Lizzie Smith, 12s.; "A Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.; "Marigo Agilasto," 2s.; "Maiden," 8s.; Miss Anne Beale, 5s.; Miss Nash, 5s.; per Miss Murton, 1s.; Miss Dennis, 10s.; "Maiden," 5s.; "An Easter Offering," 3s. 9d.; N. M., Worcester, 1s. Last sale at the Home, May 3, £18 19s. 10d.

The office of the Princess Louise Home has been removed to 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W.

PAPERS FOR OUR GIRL SUFFERERS

THE LAME.

JEREMY TAYLOR, who had more than an ordinary share of troubles to contend with, advised all who have to bear physical suffering, that they should set their hearts firmly upon this resolution: "I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, bear it nobly."

They are noble words, and well calculated to inspire sufferers with fresh courage to face bravely the difficulties in their way.

Lameness is an affliction which debars one from so many forms of active employment, that there is a little danger of considering oneself less able to take a share in the work of life than is really the case. The condition arises from so many different causes, and varies so much in severity, that simply to say a girl is lame gives one very little idea of her general state. There is, to begin with, the slightly halting walk, which involves little or no actual physical pain, but which frequently causes much fatigue and discomfort from the unequal strain upon the muscles used in walking. In cases of this kind, where the lame girl can wait upon herself and take a moderate amount of exercise, the suffering is usually caused less by physical pain than by the feeling of being different from other people, and being debarred from joining in active games and exercises.

The more severe cases of lameness, though generally causing more actual pain, as well as greater helplessness, have their compensations in the additional sympathy and care they call forth from friends, who in slighter cases are rather apt to forget that the mental suffering of being unlike other people, and, as it were, handicapped in the race of life, is quite as hard to bear as physical pain.

In both cases the more active forms of usefulness are barred to them; but there is always this consolation for those who are obliged to spend sedentary lives—that it is the universal experience of those who want helpers in any kind of benevolent work, that it is infinitely easier to find people who will take an active part in the work—a part which requires only a capacity for physical exertion—than those who are willing to stay at home and spend a little thought and care over the subject. Plenty of people can always be found to rush hither and thither on definite pieces of work which have been previously planned out and arranged for them, but every organization, every society requires some thoughtful, earnest, "stay-at-home" helpers to scheme and plan and arrange for their more active but less business-like assistants. It is therefore a great mistake to imagine that because one is compelled to spend the greater part of the day quietly at home, that therefore no useful work can be done. Many of the most useful workers—those least able to be spared—have been those who were physically incapable of an active life.

If any girl should read this who has recently become crippled, she may take this comfort to herself, that it is far easier for the young to overcome their difficulties than if they had not been so afflicted till they were in mature life, as the natural elasticity and good spirits of the young are a very great aid to recovery, so far as that is possible, and enable the sufferer to attain to an ease in moving about, with such aids as may be necessary, which would be quite impossible in an older person. I know what you have to pass through in the pain of first using a stick, or crutches, or perhaps even in the loss of the balance of the body through the loss of a limb, so that it is difficult even to lift anything from the table, or to attend to any of the little home duties which have been a pleasure to you; but do not despair—as your general health improves, and you get into the habit of adapting yourself to your new circumstances, many of the difficulties will disappear, you will find yourself able to do much which at first seems impossible, and will, in time, be able to say with a thankful heart, "The Lord has led the lame, also, by a way that they knew not of."

There may be some poor girls amongst the readers of this paper who will think that henceforward they have no way of earning a living for themselves. For such, the work generally found most suitable is dressmaking. An opening sometimes presents itself of getting apprenticed to a good dressmaker in the neighbourhood of the girl's home. This is, as a rule, the wisest plan, where circumstances permit, but where there is no such opening, the best substitute is to go to one of the cripples' homes, where girls are taught dressmaking. There are a few other homes, not specially intended for cripples, where, for a small annual payment, girls are received and taught some form of needlework; and girls thus taught have rarely any difficulty in finding plenty of employment.

It is most striking, in reading the lives of great and good men and women, those who have distinguished themselves above their fellows, either by their attainments or by their devotion to the good of others, to see in how many cases they have been inspired by the spirit of Jeremy Taylor, and have done a great work in spite of constant ill-health. In fact, it is the exception to find in the biographies of great men that they have been physically strong and robust. It seems as though the constant effort necessary to prevent oneself from giving way to weakness and suffering strengthened the will and gave one the courage and mental energy necessary to cope with the difficulties which meet us from the outside world.

Look, for instance, at some of the well-known authors. Carlyle suffered so much from indigestion that he says himself life was often almost insupportable to him—a "veritable hell upon earth." Dr. Johnson suffered so much from melancholy, that he seemed on the verge of altogether losing his reason; he himself thought it was the beginning of insanity. Buffon wrote all his great works while afflicted by one of the most painful diseases to which the human frame is subject. Pascal's mathematical genius was first aroused by the necessity for occupying his mind while suffering from a long bout of excruciating toothache, which almost entirely deprived him of sleep, and during the paroxysms of pain he diverted his mind from his bodily sufferings by mathematical researches, the results of which are still looked upon as amongst the finest efforts of the human mind. Jonathan Edwards, whose name is held in reverence by all thoughtful minds, even by those who disagree with him, suffered such incessant ill-health that it was only by constant care that he was able to do any work at all. His diet, his exercise, his sleep, all were arranged and planned out so as to give him the greatest possible amount of strength; and by this means he contrived to lead a life of such hard work as few strong men would have attempted. Lord Lytton says of Robert Hall: "Here is a poor creature rolling on the carpet with agony, from childhood to death tortured by a mysterious, incurable malady—a malady that is described as an 'internal apparatus of torture,' and who does by his heroism more than bear it, he puts it out of power to affect him."

There is one form of usefulness open to everyone, but which is specially desirable for those who of necessity stay much at home—I mean the cultivation of cheerfulness. It may at first sound absurd to speak of this as a form of usefulness, but, as a matter of fact, the value of it is incalculable.

There is a German saying that, "He who can keep himself cheerful, not only ensures his own happiness, but exercises an actual virtue." Most of us have had some experience of the truth of this, and know what a real help and comfort cheerful people are to us, especially when we are always sure of finding such an one at home when we want her. I have even heard girls say who had an invalid sister, that they actually pitied girls who had all active sisters; they did not know what they would do if their invalid regained her power of walking, for they were always sure of finding her at home when they came in, and she was always cheerful and glad to see them, and ready to listen to all their tales and sympathise with any misadventures.

I was staying a short time ago in a country house, and was much impressed with the importance of cultivating a cheerful temper, by observing the conduct of two sisters. It was a very wet day and they came into the room one after the other.

"Oh, what a miserable day!" cried the first; "who could be cheerful with the rain pouring down like this?" And she took a book and threw herself gloomily into the most comfortable easy chair, and looked so dismal that she effectually quenched the flickering good spirits of the rest of the company.

Shortly after, in came the second sister. She was a lame girl, by the bye, and suffered considerable pain during damp weather. "What a miserable day!" she exclaimed, also, but added, "One ought to do something extra cheerful in weather like this; it is just a splendid opportunity to read that lively book we borrowed, so, as you all seem to have sewing to do, I'll read it aloud."

The rest of the day passed merrily enough, and the lame girl had proved that she was quite as well able to do good in the world as her more active sister. I noticed, too, that the servants and little children in the house always went at once to her if anything was the matter. One of the maids explained to me as the reason for this: "You see, Miss Mary seems to have more time like to listen to you than what other people have, and with having so much pain herself, it kind of makes her understand when there's anything wrong with other people."

The explanation was not very fluent, but it was easy to see that her suffering and enforced quiet life had given her patience and sympathy with others' troubles, and that most earnestly to be desired of all gifts—

> "A heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathise."

We read in the Bible a good deal about tribulation and the duty of bearing it patiently. Undoubtedly, lameness may be looked upon as coming under this name, and to some of those thus afflicted, if the affliction is sanctified through Divine grace, are addressed St. Paul's words, that through much tribulation they must enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. But very few stop to consider what the word actually means, and yet the etymology of it is in itself helpful. The Romans used for threshing their corn a kind of flail called a "tribulum," and "tribulatio" was the word which described this act of separating the corn from the chaff. The word had no figurative meaning at all, till one of the early fathers of the Christian Church, seeing how necessary sorrow and pain were to separate the good from the evil in man's nature, used a simile familiar to the people, and spoke of distress as a "threshing" or "tribulation" of the soul to fit it for the heavenly garner.

MARY SELWOOD.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE arrival of Jack and Janet for the Christmas holidays created an unusual sensation. Mr. Oakley and Hilda met them at the station and were first half-throttled by two pairs of vigorous young arms, and then consulted on a subject of vast importance to the twins.

"Papa, we have brought a Christmas present for mamma; he's alive and in there," pointing to a horse-box which was being detached from the train.

Whether the box had any other occupant could not be told, but a very decided bray was heard to proceed therefrom, and revealed the character of one passenger, at any rate.

"Alive, and in there! A dog, I suppose," said Mr. Oakley. "You children are always adopting some wretched, half-starved waif on two or four legs. Just now, however, I must limit the number of your foundlings, for having given up the horses, I cannot pretend to set up a menagerie."

"It's not a dog," said Janet. "Our pet is the loveliest light-grey donkey you ever saw. Jack will tell you all about him before he is taken out. The fare is paid, and the box is going to be

A NOBLE ESCORT.

shunted just till you have fixed where we can keep him until Christmas Day."

"We have had him ever since we went back to school after the summer holidays," said Jack, taking up the story. "We bought him from a tinker, who had our donkey and his mother and did not want them both, so he said we might have the young one cheap. He only cost us seventeen and sixpence then, and very little since we got him, for Mr. Acton let us keep him in the field near the house, and the old pony stable was empty for him to go into when he liked."

It must be explained that Mr. Acton was the clergyman with whose daughters Janet was taught, Jack being at a grammar school a few miles off, and coming each week to spend from Friday evening to Monday morning with his twin sister.

"You know," continued Jack, "that Mr. Acton had a pony whilst his little boy lived, because he was delicate. Afterwards he did not keep one, so he thought it would be rather nice for us to have our Bob in the stable. We've called our donkey after Mr. Brooke."

"No doubt he would be properly gratified if he knew," replied Miss Cranswick, preserving a grave face with some difficulty.

"I'm quite sure of it," returned Jack, in perfect good faith. "He would understand that it was because Janet and I were always so fond of him. Of course, Robert was too long a name; but Bob is lovely for a donkey. Do you not think so, Hilda?"

Hilda assented very heartily.

"But what connection is to exist between your mother and this long-eared friend?" asked Mr. Oakley.

"Bob is to be our Christmas present to mamma," said Janet. "Do you not remember that sweet, beautiful, old lady that we used to meet when we were at the seaside in summer, just before we went back to school? She had lovely white hair, and she went about in a sort of pretty little chair-carriage, which she drove herself, and it was drawn by a nice, light-grey donkey. You remember her, Hilda, I know. She was a lady, and had a servant in livery and a maid too. She talked to Jack and me many a time, and we liked her so much."

Mr. Oakley was well aware that Jack and Janet never failed to make acquaintances in each new place visited by them, and although he was seldom able to call them to mind, on this occasion he had a vivid recollection of the lady and her rather peculiar equipage.

"Mamma often admired that donkey and the little carriage, and used to say that, when she became a quiet old lady she thought she would have such a one for herself. So when that travelling tinker wanted to sell Bob—only he had no name then—Janet and I thought we would buy him for mother, and tame and pet him in the meanwhile, if Mr. Acton would allow us. That is all about it, only we felt more glad that we had got him when we heard that you had sold all the horses. There will be lots of room for Bob and grazing ground too, now they are gone."

As Mr. Oakley and Hilda listened to this explanation, they were moved by varying feelings at one moment inclined to indulge in a hearty laugh at the donkey episode, yet, at the same time, touched by the affectionate solicitude for their mother's comfort displayed by these youngsters, who, though now fourteen, preserved unchanged their simple, loving, honest nature.

"I think I understand what you want," said Mr. Oakley; "it is to keep Bob safely out of your mother's sight until Christmas Day."

The twins nodded in the old fashion.

"Then do you purpose fastening him to the Christmas-tree?" asked Hilda.

"Not exactly," returned Janet. "Bob might come into the room, for he is just as tame as a dog, and follows us anywhere. Only he might pull the whole affair over, if he were fastened to the tree itself. Mother must not see him till the proper time."

"He will be quite safe in the stables, for my aunt never goes there," replied Hilda.

"Will he though?" said Jack; "that shows how little you understand about Bob; and it is likely, for you have not seen him yet. It is mother's hearing him bray that we are afraid of. Bob has grown so fond of us, that whenever he hears us speak, he answers us in the best way he can, poor fellow!—especially me. If I were to keep out of his way he would miss me and mope, and if I am near, he is certain to bray."

In proof of this, Jack approached the horse-box and called his long-eared pet by name, which utterance was followed by an immediate response in Bob's native tongue.

The whole affair was irresistibly amusing, and so thoroughly characteristic of the twins. Still Bob's arrival was a little perplexing, but Hilda made a suggestion on the subject.

"You were always absent during the middle of the week, Jack, and this is Tuesday. Keep out of Bob's sight and hearing until Friday, as usual. Being Christmas Day, my aunt will then receive her present. If she should hear his voice, I fancy she will hardly look for him in the stables at the Hey."

"Let him go to the works, and stay in one of the outhouses during the interval," said Mr. Oakley. And this amendment was carried unanimously. "You youngsters may run off home, and Hilda and I will go round by the works and arrange for Bob's accommodation. Until I send a messenger to fetch him, he can stay where he is."

This arrangement satisfied the twins with one exception, and to make them perfectly contented, Mr. Oakley and Hilda had to peep into Bob's carriage and pat and praise the donkey himself. To go away in an indifferent manner without once glancing at a creature which had been the object of so much care, would have been high treason to Jack and Janet.

Lastly, having seen their very miscellaneous collection of packages placed in the luggage cart sent for the purpose of conveying them to the Hey, the twins raced off in the direction of home, there to meet with a loving welcome. They were soon in the arms of mother and sisters, who rejoiced in their increased stature, ruddy faces, and at the thought of having the happy youngsters to brighten home and board during the coming season.

"Dear Jack and Janet!" exclaimed Hilda, as she and her uncle left the station at a more leisurely pace. "Who would think that such a rough-and-ready couple would be, at the same time, so full of loving thought for others? Did you notice their baggage, Uncle Edward? Such queerly shaped parcels. How I reckon on seeing the contents distributed! I intend to ask my aunt to let me have an early ride on Bob," she added with a ringing laugh, that showed how thoroughly she enjoyed the whole affair.

The father's eyes glistened as he answered—

"I have cause to be thankful for all my children, Hilda, our 'halves,' as we used to call the twins, no less than their elders. Grey old man as I am, I nearly broke down during the donkey story, which showed so much affection and so little calculation. Jack and Janet never thought of the difference between our rough up and down roads, and the smooth beach or promenade on which the pattern donkey was accustomed to travel. But in providing the animal they did their best, though compelled to stop short of the vehicle in which he is intended to figure."

"I have little doubt that the chariot will be forthcoming by the time the weather is suitable for my aunt to make her country excursion," said Hilda; "and I fancy Bob will be an object of great interest to us all."

During the intervening days, Mrs. Oakley was sensible of some mysterious attraction at the works, Jack and Janet constantly finding it necessary to go there. But, like the wise mother she was, Mrs. Oakley never tried to pry into her children's secret, being well assured that it was of an innocent character, probably a plan to give a pleasant surprise of some kind. So she bided their time, and asked for no explanation.

Little whispered conferences were not uncommon at the Hey before birthdays, or when Christmas was approaching. Loving hearts were sure to be planning, and willing hands making articles of use or ornament for each other. And in these little offerings one rule was always observed. They owed their value not to the money expended upon them, for costly gifts were tabooed, but to the taste and industry of the givers.

In accordance with the determination to spend little in domestic festivities, the Oakleys had arranged to pass Christmas very quietly. On Christmas Eve, however, there was to be a party. The guests were to be the boy pupils at what must in common honesty be called a ragged night-school. Despite the untiring efforts of Gladys, who presided over the same, a large proportion of her scholars were equally persistent in keeping up their qualification for the time.

The lads were amongst the poorest, and were quite the roughest human

material which the neighbourhood could furnish, and mostly resided about Black or Dark Lane, as it was called, a dingy locality which well-merited its name.

They all professed the most devoted attachment for their teacher, only, as Gladys remarked with a sort of half-pathetic humour, "They do not consider it necessary to behave one bit better on that account, but regard the night-school as the place of all others in which they should carry on every kind of prank and practical joke."

Still Gladys was touched by the chivalric spirit manifested by her poor *protégés* when out of school. During the dark evenings she was invariably escorted to the gate of the Hey grounds by at least two of her pupils, who insisted that "'Twarn't right for teacher to go home by herself o' dark nights. Gentlemen as knew manners had ought always to see ladies safe home."

So Gladys allowed her pupils to show that they had graduated in the school of manners by escorting her to the Hey. Only, for two reasons, she stipulated that they should take it in turns to act as body-guard, and, in order to include the whole of her pupils, that a big boy and a little one should be considered a pair.

It was fortunate that she made this bargain, or several stand-up fights would have been engaged in, before it could be settled who were to form the first escort. Gladys had foreseen this difficulty, which was amicably adjusted on the terms aforesaid. And, by arranging to have all her scholars in turn, she knew that these walks homeward in the darkness would give her such opportunities for quiet talks with the lads as she could never obtain during school hours.

Probably these were the best remembered and most fruitful of all the young teacher's lessons.

After the news reached Brinnington that there had been disturbances amongst the unemployed workpeople a few miles away, the body-guard was doubled, and Gladys had hard work to prevent the whole regiment from trooping home with her on every school night.

When Gladys invited the lads to the Hey in the name of her father and mother, there was a manifestation of enthusiasm which would have alarmed a timid person. Summersaults were executed, wheels turned, and flying leaps taken over school furniture; some of the more orderly contenting themselves by merely standing on their heads! Gladys, however, was too much accustomed to these little manifestations to trouble herself about mere noise, accompanied by perfect good humour, and she had taken care that the work of the evening should be at an end before the invitation was given.

But Gladys had a pleasure awaiting herself in connection with this school treat which she did not anticipate. In a letter written a few weeks before, she, who never forgot to communicate every scrap of home news likely to interest the absentees, had told Jack and Janet of the proposed party.

"I have stipulated for clean hands and faces," she wrote, "but if rags were to be rigorously excluded, I fear the greater number of my boys would have to refuse the invitation. I am in despair about their garments, and see no chance of replacing them with better ones. If I could choose a Christmas gift this year, or some good fairy would promise to grant me a single wish, I would say, 'Please change all these ragged garments into new ones which will keep my poor boys warm and comfortable through the winter."

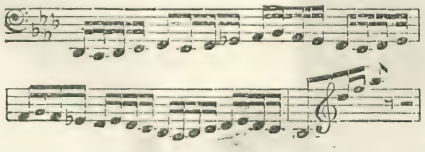
Jack read, pondered, and set himself to work to solve the difficulty in which Gladys found herself.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Musical Thunderstorm.

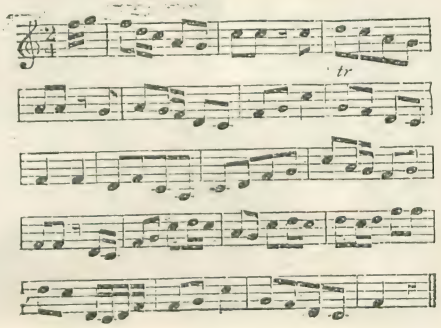
In Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, in the famous passage which imitates lightning and thunder—



we believe it has never yet been pointed out that the lightning comes *after* the thunder throughout; a rather startling violation of nature's laws, when one comes to think of it!—*Frederick Corder.*

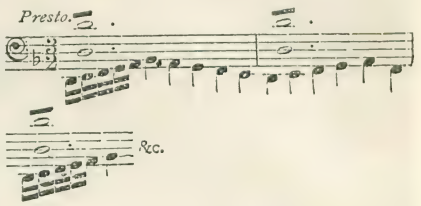
Music in China.

Of the music of the Chinese, M. Fetis, the author of the "Histoire Générale de la Musique," had a very low opinion. A scale of five notes to the octave, melodies without charm, absolute ignorance of harmony, and the abuse of noise; such, he says, is the music of the Chinese. That our readers may judge for themselves as to its character, we give here one of the most celebrated of Chinese airs, "The Seven Brothers":—

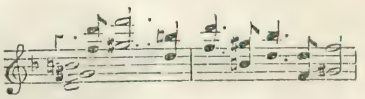


A Storm in Music.

The most original treatment, perhaps, of a storm in music is in the prelude to Wagner's "Die Walküre." Throughout this drama the weather is very bad, and there are various kinds of storms, but the first is a magnificent one. The tremolo D, held by the violins and violas for nearly seventy bars against the rushing wind of the basses



is surprisingly effective, and were it not for the comical lightning effect—

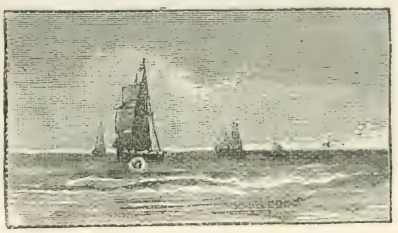


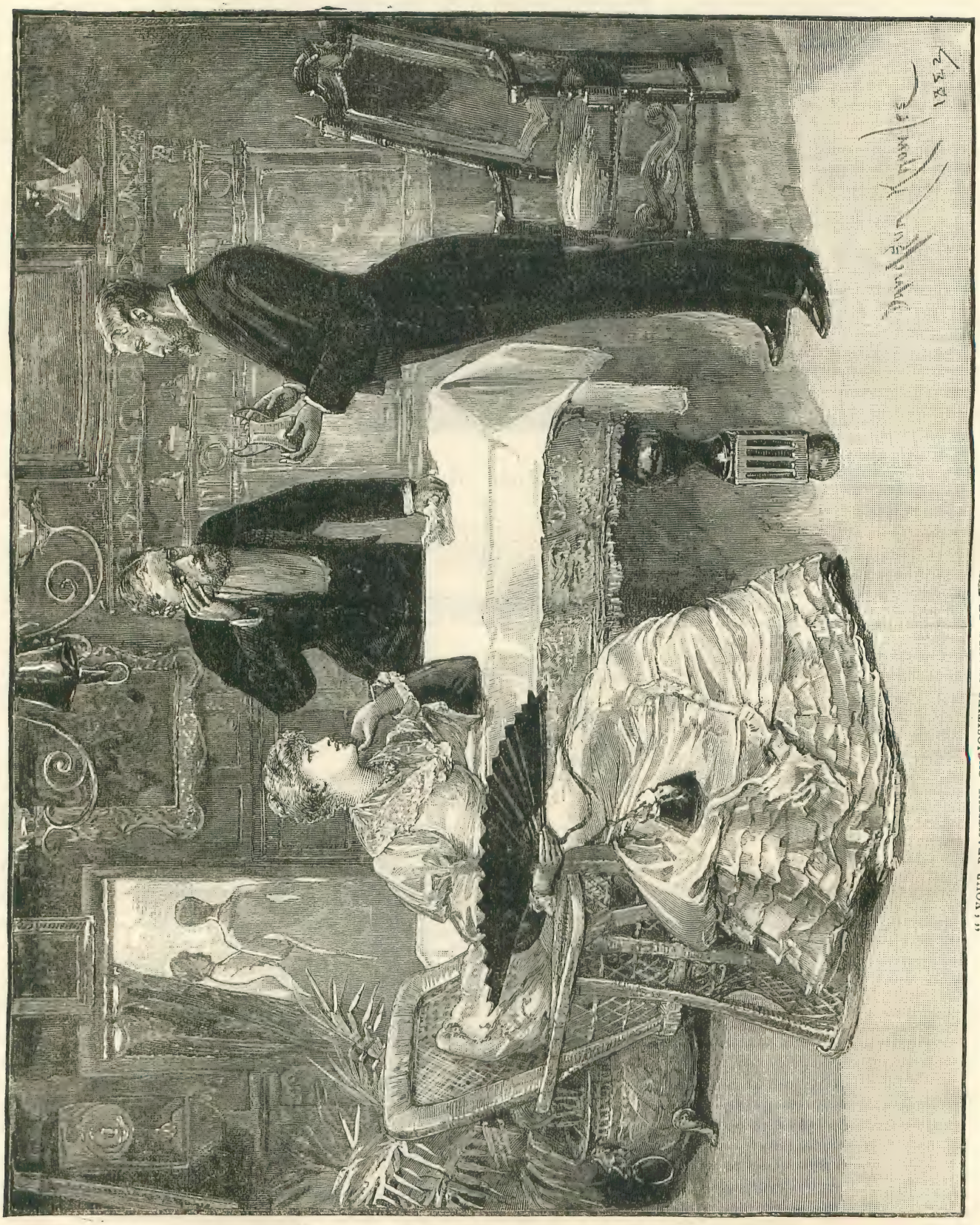
the artistic effect of the movement would be much greater.—*Frederick Corder.*

ON THE TUNING OF STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

In our article on "How to Preserve a Piano in Good Order," printed some time ago, we omitted to say what was necessary to keep a good piano in proper tune.

All stringed musical instruments are very liable to go out of tune, even with much care and good treatment—thus it may be easily supposed what will be the consequence of the reverse. But after all the care that can possibly be taken of them, they will not stand in tune very long—three months, perhaps, at the most—and that will most likely depend upon their having been frequently tuned previously to their leaving the warehouse where they are manufactured. In a general way, they ought to be tuned once in six weeks, if it is important that a piano should be kept in first-rate order; but pianos differ so much in excellence, both as respects their make and their treatment, that no certainty can be fixed as to the length of time they will stand in tune. Some require to be tuned once a month, others even oftener, according to the use made of them; and new instruments, especially, except those of which the strings have been well stretched by very frequent tuning, till they are brought to their proper tension, will not keep in tune. If this be true, which is the opinion of the best makers and professional men, it must be obvious that those instruments which are tuned only half-yearly, or yearly, can seldom be in tune or in a fit state to be professionally used. We have already stated that pianos should not be used as tables or sideboards, or have books and other things heaped upon them, if they are to be kept as musical instruments ought to be kept, viz., free from everything that may cause them injury or depreciate their real use.





"'YOUR BEAUTIFUL CURIOSITIES SHOULD BE EXHIBITED IN A MUSEUM,' SAID LEX."

CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIA HEWING had formed a devoted admiration for Janie Lake years ago, when she used to be sent to play in the dingy square in which her father's house was situated. This had led to Mr. Hewing (a middle-aged and rather pompous widower) calling upon Mr. Lake, and in the course of time the two families had become intimate. Mr. Hewing was a munificent personage according to his lights—that is to say, he liked to shower benefits upon people who deserved that honour. He had more than once invited Celia and Janie Lake to accompany him and his daughter and her governess to the seaside on their yearly trip; he had also acceded graciously to his daughter's request that Janie might have music lessons from a first-rate master as well as herself. Indeed, this had been a brilliant suggestion of Maria's, and Mr. Hewing reaped the benefit thereof, for Janie Lake made such rapid progress that the master threw out hints that she might some day become a pianoforte-player of distinction. The neighbours began to talk of his gifted little *protégée*, and Mr. Hewing felt with pride that this was a fresh illustration of his pet theory—always to help those who would help themselves.

Maria having attained her sixteenth year, the musical party to which we have referred was given in honour of the event.

"You can ask Janie Lake to play if you like," Mr. Hewing had said to his daughter; "it will be as well for people to know of her, if it should ever be necessary for her to make her own way in the world; it would be useful to her future career."

"I am afraid it will be necessary, papa."

"We cannot be so certain of that, my dear. Circumstances might alter, you know, before such an event becomes urgently necessary."

"I hope they will, I'm sure."

"I hope so, too, my dear—I hope so, too, and I quite believe it."

Mr. Hewing retired behind his newspaper and said no more, but he thought a great deal. He had a sincere regard for the Lakes as a family, and he admired Celia especially as a handsome, clever girl, who would make an excellent wife for any man. Why not make her the mistress of his residence in the square and the mother of his daughter, who could but benefit by the companionship of a charming woman? This idea had been smouldering for many months in Mr. Hewing's brain, and the musical gathering would be, he considered, a first-rate opportunity for consummating his plans and expressing himself clearly to the lady of his choice. He had long since (as he imagined) paved the way to a declaration by a series of attentions which had been favourably received.

In complete ignorance of the honour that was awaiting her, Celia arrived with Janie on the night of the party. Matters of this kind are of so delicate and complex a nature that they may be contemplated from widely divergent points of view by the two persons most interested, especially when a barrier of a quarter of a century stands between them. Therefore, when Mr. Hewing (in a splendid white tie, with a rosebud in his button-hole) received the sisters at his drawing-room door, it was only natural for him to be imbued with the notion, taking a glance at himself in a pier glass, that fifty was the very prime of life; while Celia's thought was: "What a kind old gentleman he is! I hope Janie will play her best to please him."

For a wonder, Janie forgot to be nervous. The performance was a great success, and Celia heard only praise of the young musician, who, looking more childish than usual in her soft white dress and pink ribbons, sat down to the piano directly she was asked, and after carefully folding up her lace mittens, played one piece after another, bringing a grand tone out of the piano with the strong little hands that could scarcely stretch an octave.

Celia had chosen an out-of-the-way corner for herself, by the window, and was sitting wrapt in attention when Alexander Romaine arrived. In her desire to dress Janie as well as their slender means would allow, Celia would willingly have appeared at the party in the limp muslin that had done her good service for his last two years; but for once Mrs. Lake had interfered, and had insisted upon giving Celia her last silk dress, which, as she said, with a little alteration would be just the thing. The dress was of a peculiar shining grey hue, in colour and shape much too old for a young girl, but it suited Celia's dignified style of beauty better than a more fashionable garment would have done. Her fair brown hair was gathered into plaits at the top of her head, a glow of pleasure was on her cheeks. In her anxiety not to miss a note she had clasped her hands together, and leant her head against the crimson silk curtain. She had no ornaments, but round her shoulders and about her throat she had pinned an old-fashioned muslin handkerchief, edged with quillings of lace. "Real Honiton, upon my word," whispered an old lady to her neighbour, and her gold-brimmed eyeglasses were brought to bear on the unconscious Celia, "mended and worn, but a very good pattern. I should not mind wearing it myself."

Alexander Romaine gazed at her from amongst a crowd of people waiting on the staircase landing. He knew little of old lace, and cared less; just as she was, in the listening, expectant attitude, all her coldness melted, and her mocking airs forgotten, he found her lovely. He had come to know by this time that the girl whom he had proposed to make his wife, out of an exaggerated sense of duty, was dearer to him than any living being in the wide world. In these newly-awakened feelings Lex Romaine had almost forgotten the legacy, and his pre-conceived notions of expiating the follies of old Mr. Lake by giving riches and comfort to his relations; the whole idea of a sacrifice had now become absurd—nay, priggish to the last degree. "If I could only make her feel like that for me," was his thought, as Celia turned her head to one side to wink away the tears that would come into her eyes. "Perhaps there will be a better chance for me by-and-by."

A second personage had his eyes turned in the direction of Miss Lake, and that was no other than her host. From the further end of the long drawing-room, where he was doing the honours to some dowagers of distinction, he looked restlessly towards her. He did not approve of the toilet that was in such marked contrast to the other young ladies; his daughter, in a maze of white and pink flounces, was attired in a much more suitable manner. Well, it must not happen again. On the next occasion he should hope to be able to present his bride to his assembled friends, and then, naturally, there would be no pecuniary difficulties in the way. Something a little more piquante as to dress must be devised; and would it not be as well to have some of the diamonds re-set, that had been hidden away in their velvet cases ever since the late Mrs. Hewing's death? There was no doubt about it that Celia Lake was by far the finest woman in the room, and the diamonds would be a great addition to her beauty. He was glad that he had remembered them. Mr. Hewing's drawing-rooms formed a handsome suite of apartments. The furniture being massive and ugly, gave them rather a dismal air by daylight, but this evening every cover had been removed from the heavy upholstered chairs and sofas, the fireplaces had been filled with plants, the chandeliers were lighted, and for the moment cheerfulness reigned supreme.

"A very satisfactory performance," said Mr. Hewing, as he made his way into the back room. "Miss Celia, I congratulate you."

"I am delighted that you think so," answered Celia, glowing with pleasure. "Janie promised to do her best, and she does not seem at all nervous, does she?"

"Not with us, I should hope, Miss Celia; not in *this* house. I trust, which my only desire is, that you should regard it as your home, if you would honour me so far."

Celia smiled; she knew that her host delighted in making little set speeches. As a rule they were not at all to her taste, but to-night, in her gratitude for all that he had done for Janie, she could not but accept his compliments.

"It is all through you, Mr. Hewing, that Janie has been able to make so much progress. I wish mamma could have come with us; it would have been as great a pleasure to her as it has been to me."

In her impetuosity Celia laid her hand on Mr. Hewing's arm.

"So, so, we understand each other, Miss Celia. Permit me to escort you downstairs; the refreshments are in the ante-room, and I have a matter of importance to communicate to you."

Celia rose willingly from her seat. At the door Maria Hewing came to meet them.

"Papa," she whispered, "grandpapa is here, and wants to see you."

"Is he, indeed, my dear? Say that I will come immediately," replied Mr. Hewing.

"I must leave you, you see, Miss Celia, much against my will. Let me see, there is your young friend from the Antipodes; he seems to be an intelligent person. Romaine! may I ask you to escort Miss Lake to the refreshment-room? I will return immediately and relieve you of your fair charge."

Lex bowed, and offered his arm to Miss Lake; they went downstairs in silence, Celia meditating on Mr. Hewing's remarkable behaviour.

Lex Romaine was the first to speak. He, too, had been a spectator of this little scene, and his usually easy temper had been considerably ruffled in consequence.

"This is a fine old house, Miss Lake. I daresay you know every nook and corner of it?"

"To be sure I do; we used to play 'hide and seek' here when we were children."

"Indeed! Then Mr. Hewing is an acquaintance of many years' standing?"

"You know he is, Mr. Romaine. Why do you ask me? Mamma told you about his generosity to Janie, and the interest he takes in her."

They had come to the refreshment-room. It was another large, lofty room, almost empty, except for a long table and a few chairs and sofas.

"I think you will be more comfortable out of the draught," said Lex, leading Celia towards the fire; "you will have some tea, won't you? It is a somewhat rash experiment, I fancy, putting all the fires out upstairs."

"You will never get accustomed to our English climate, Mr. Romaine. Now I thought the arrangement of the rooms charming."

"Our host would be, I am convinced, delighted to hear you say so; he appears to attach great importance to your opinion."

It was an injudicious observation to make, as Lex felt the moment the words fell from his lips. For a second, Celia's eyes met his with a look of astonishment and reproach; then she said coldly, "You are entirely mistaken."

"I hope so," said Lex, hurriedly. "Forgive me if I am; I had no right to make such a remark."

"None whatever. I quite agree with you; besides which, there is—I mean, you can have no shadow of foundation for your most uncalled for suspicion."

"On that point I must, however, reluctantly reserve my own opinion," said Lex, who was fast becoming reckless.

"You will do as you please."

A pause. Then Celia said, looking straight in front of her—

"I think I will ask you to take me upstairs. Janie is still in the drawing-room."

"Miss Lake, you are angry with me still. What can I say to make you believe that I am sorry for my rash speech?"

"I am not. I have no right to be angry. It cannot matter to me what you think on such a subject."

"But *it matters to me so very* much that I am distressed beyond measure to have vexed you. Miss Lake, why will you not be friends, as the children say? Why do you always treat me like an outsider? You do, don't you? At first I thought it might be chance or my fancy; but it is not, is it?"

"No."

"Why is it? At least you can tell me that."

"I cannot tell you."

"Then I am more unfortunate than I supposed," said Lex, bitterly; "but I will only persecute you with one more request. Just say, once for all, 'I don't like you,' and I shall understand that you do not intend to look upon me as a friend."

"That is easily done," thought Celia, remembering her legacy. She raised her eyes. Mr. Romaine was standing by her side with his back to the door and the refreshment table. By this time several groups of people were talking and drinking coffee; at the door she could see Mr. Hewing, with his glasses up, evidently looking for her.

Then she glanced at Mr. Romaine. He was provokingly in earnest about this trifle. "Mr. Romaine," she began, half in joke, hesitating, and almost against her will, "I am sorry to say that I do not think—well, if you insist upon it, I do *not* see how we are ever to be friends."

"Cold, Miss Celia, eh? Are you chilly, that I find you so close to the fire?"

Mr. Hewing was bearing down upon her, charmed to have escaped from his duties upstairs. "If I had known it, we would not have converted the fire-places into conservatories. Shall I fetch you a shawl? Would you like any refreshment?"

"No, thank you; she was not at all cold; she fancied she heard a violin. Were they going to have some more music?"

"Well, yes. Maria had wished it, and the young ladies always got their own way."

"If you will take my arm, Miss Celia, I have something to show you in the dining-room before we join the others. Romaine, my daughter will be pleased to find you a seat in the front room."

Mr. Romaine did not immediately accept this invitation, and Celia said hurriedly—

"Mr. Romaine has not seen the Vandyck. Shall we take a candle and look at it, Mr. Hewing?"

"Your will is law, Miss Celia," said Mr. Hewing, pompously. "If Mr. Romaine is a connoisseur he will recognise a fine work of art in the Vandyck, and I bought it at a mere bargain—a mere bargain."

The picture hung in a corner of the room; it formed a pendant to a portrait of Mr. Hewing taken shortly after his marriage. Before many minutes had passed, Mr. Hewing began to regret that the artistic knowledge of his intelligent young friend was so extensive and so varied. Romaine had a dozen questions to ask concerning the picture; he had a dozen suggestions to make as to its exact date, undoubted authenticity, &c. Then, candle in hand, he asked permission to examine a fine china vase on a bracket, and casually displayed so much information on the subject of the different collections of china in Europe (being positive, quite positive, that this vase was a replica of one that he had admired at the Hague), that Mr. Hewing was forced to pay unwilling attention, and could not conveniently a second time propose an adjournment to the dining-room.

"Your beautiful curiosities should be exhibited at a museum, Mr. Hewing," said Lex in conclusion; "but I hear the music now. If you are ready, Miss Lake, we will obey the summons."

"Was I right this time in presuming to anticipate your wishes?" he asked.

Celia fumbled with the button of her glove, that would *not* keep fastened.

"Will you pardon me for interfering a second time?"

"Yes," said Celia, as they passed up the stone staircase into the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

HORSES: WHAT ALL GIRLS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THEM.

"Their mouths are mute, but most acute
The woes whereby we wear them;
Then come with me and only see
How easy 'tis to spare them.

"Wait, wait awhile, those axles grease
And shift this buckle's fretting.
And give that galling collar ease;—
How grateful he is getting!"

TUPPER.

FRED JOHNSTONE was born, lived, and went to school for many years in a certain parish, in what is termed the Highlands of Dumfriesshire. But this was many years ago, and Fred is now a man, and a bold, energetic one too, and though by no means old, he has succeeded by his own untiring exertions in amassing a considerable fortune, and is at present living in a kind of feudal castle, in one of the wildest and most beautiful parts of the Pampas.

Now, from the very day Fred could make use of his round, blue, baby eyes, he seemed to wear a considering cap, and, as soon as he could lisp, he began to ask questions about everything he saw around him.

It seemed to people who listened to his pertinent—sometimes even impertinent—questions, as if Fred had lived in some other world before he came to this—in one of the planets, for instance, where everything was very different from what it is in our globe; but that having arrived here, he had determined to make the best of things, and set about at once learning the outs and ins of whatever his eyes happened to light upon. When he could toddle, and got toys of all kinds brought him by his lady visitors, he made short work of many of them; dolls he laid open, then consigned to the nursery fire; musical instruments he dissected, then threw out of the window. But boxes of bricks and architectural toys of all kinds he laid carefully aside for future consideration. When he had quite a store of these, he commenced the construction of toy forts and ramparts, bridges, houses, and castles. But when he grew older and could read, the toys were exchanged for the things he studied in books. He had a piece of waste scrubby land given him, and gradually he converted it into a small estate with a stream running through it, and bridges, and aqueducts, and weirs, and waterfalls, and everything as natural as reality itself.

Then he commenced building a fortified castle on his estate. This took him a whole year, and it was probably the most complete thing ever yet made by a boy.

Now, his father was only a farmer, so he said to Fred one day—

"In the name of mystery, Fred, why don't you build stables and cow-sheds, and barns and things—what use will learning castle-building ever be to you?"

"There is no knowing," replied Fred, quietly mounting a little brass gun on the top corner of a tall escarpment.

There was no knowing, indeed. Fred left home at nineteen with a bundle on the end of a hazel stick. But this hazel stick and he found their way to the far West, beyond the Rocky Mountains. He was successful enough there, then he went to the Pampas, and as a cattle farmer amassed wealth, while he fought with the savages about one battle a month, and the very knowledge of fortification, etc., that he had acquired at home enabled him to construct ramparts that defied all the force and the treachery of the Indians. The castle in which he now lives is almost a facsimile of the one he built in boyhood.

Now, gentle reader mine, the above is a true tale, and it has a kind of a corollary or moral to it, which is this: In the days of our youth we should never despise useful knowledge of *any* kind, as we never know when in after life it may become of service to us.

I am going to tell you, for instance, something about horses in this paper, for, next to dogs, they are the truest four-footed friends that mankind possesses.

Thousands of my young readers may never be rich enough to own a horse, a pony, or even a humble donkey. Ah! but there is no saying what may be in store for anyone of Our Girls when the blue mist of distance that now envelopes the future shall roll aside and reveal —— what? perhaps all and more than you have ever dreamt of.

Now, I know a great many ladies who keep horses, some of which are favourite hunters, creatures that have carried them safely and well in many a hard day's run, creatures that they are really fond of; but concerning whom, all things necessary to keep them happy and in health, they are profoundly ignorant. They are therefore obliged, on returning home, to entrust their pets, wholly and solely, to the tender mercies of servants who are often both ignorant and careless.

I know girls who ride and drive ponies, and pretend to coax and care a deal about them, and who know no more about their natural wants than the aforesaid lady hunters do. Now, this is not as it ought to be.

Unless a horse is well fed—not over-fed, but judiciously fed—and properly groomed and cared for, he will not work or run comfortably or happily. Perhaps when your favourite pony is brought to the door in the forenoon, and you, dressed for the road, run out to pat him and give him that tiny morsel of biscuit of which he is so fond, he nickers low and fondly, and you naturally believe he

is all right and happy; but do you know how he has been treated since last you and he met, how he has been stalled and bedded, and fed, how he has been groomed, and how his feet are? If you do not, you ought to learn, and it is by no means a difficult thing to do so. Let me say a word or two then—

I. About the *Stable* itself.—This should be constructed on principles of sound common-sense and science. There is no need for the place being a lofty or lordly domain; its fittings need be neither expensive nor *recherché*; but, for all that, it should have plenty of space in it, it should be well lighted, free from running dampness, and perfectly free from the contaminating influence of bad drain-air or effluvia. It should also be well ventilated.

It ought to be roomy for this reason: all animals exhale carbonic acid gas, which is a deadly poison. This gas or breath should not only have free exit by a properly arranged set of ventilators, but the stable should be big enough to contain plenty of fresh air besides. Again, in a cramped stable, a man has not room to carry on the grooming operation properly.

Fresh air to breathe is a necessity of life, and horses whose stables are small and badly ventilated, and who, therefore, have to inhale the same obnoxious air over and over again, cannot have pure blood, the appetite is blunted, and the brain is irritated. Kept in stables like these for four-and-twenty hours or more, it is no wonder that the poor animals are what is called "fresh" when they come out. It is not freshness in reality, but an irritable condition of brain, in which they are apt to be full of either fun or mischief, as the whim takes them.

Now you cannot keep your horse's blood pure and sweet in a small, filthy, badly-ventilated stable; if the blood is not pure, the constitution becomes weakened, and this predisposes the animal to attacks of sickness to which he would not under other conditions be liable. Sunlight possesses the power of purifying and sweetening the blood of all animals, mankind included. None can be healthy without it. Stables, therefore, should always be fitted with windows, and the more these are left wide open when the weather is not too inclement the better.

The stable is usually paved with bricks, the stall slanting slightly towards the gutter that leads to the drain; and this latter should be protected by a trap which can effectually prevent the surging in of foul air from anywhere. Bricks, if used at all, should be the best procurable and well grouted together; because if they are porous they get foul, and are apt to become extremely unwholesome. Stable doors should be as high as possible, and it is all the better to have a window over them to be opened occasionally.

The stable should be kept comfortably warm, but never hot; and all the woodwork should be well cleansed periodically, and the walls themselves well lime-washed.

All sloppiness should be washed away and the floor mopped, and, if you like, sanded when dry, or covered with wholesome sawdust.

II. *The Horse's Bedding.*—This should be composed of wheaten or oat straw, as dry as can be got, and plenty of it. The bedding should be nicely shaken up, and spread very evenly. Every morning the bed should be made. The man should fork off the dry straw, removing the wet, soiled portion and sweeping the place and cleansing it thoroughly, returning the dry straw mixed with a little more, and making up the bed as soon as the floor is dry. Once a week the whole should be cleaned away and a new bed entirely given.

Some careless stablemen, if not looked after, will pitch the dry straw on top of the wet. By this means, a foul poultice is constructed, and disease gets a hotbed to lie in.

III. *Grooming.*—Once a day, at least, a horse should be thoroughly groomed. The horse's mistress ought to know that the stableman can groom and does groom properly. The horse is usually first turned round with his face to the light, some litter being placed under the hind legs; then the whole of the fore quarters and head are curry-combed and brushed, the head being most carefully dealt with. The hind quarters are next attended to, and the grooming finished with small wisps of dry straw. No roughness should be used, no blows given, no harsh words spoken.

Judicious grooming tends to healthfulness and purity of blood in the horse, by freeing the coat from its natural dust or its acquired, and by keeping the pores of the skin from getting clogged, and the skin itself soft and pliable.

You can easily tell if your horse or pony has been well groomed, if you pat his skin; there should not be dust enough to soil your glove in the slightest, however light in colour it be.

When a horse returns wet, have him walked about a little if it be not raining, then rubbed carefully down with dry straw.

If he be wet from perspiring, he must be walked and rubbed down before being stalled; and even then it will be as well to throw a light rug over him, for sudden transitions from a state of heat to cold are very productive of disease.

IV. *Feeding.*—The staple of a horse's diet consists of hay, oats, and straw, with a portion of peas or beans, grass, and roots, such as carrots and mangolds, &c. An excellent mixture of chaff, bruised oats and beans is sold at the shops of most corn merchants in towns and villages. Supposing you happen to become the possessor of a pony, well, the quantity of the food you give him and the times of feeding will depend a good deal on the amount of work you give him. If this be not hard, three feeds a day will be sufficient, morning and evening and at noon. Give no more at a time than he can eat, and never leave what is over to be breathed and blown upon, and so rendered distasteful for the next meal. If you use beans in the feed, or barley, deduct the same quantity by weight of oats. The beans or grains are better bruised. Roots in winter and grass in summer should be allowed with discretion.

When doing extra work, the pony must, of course, have extra food. When going a long journey take a neat little nosebag with you, and about every two hours, if convenient, let the pony have a small feed. Or, instead of this, use horse biscuits.

V. *Water.*—Give soft water rather than hard. He should have a little in the morning, but not cold chilly water; it should stand indoors or in the sun for some time. Let him have a little water some time before he starts on a journey, and again shortly after (not immediately after) he returns. A mouthful or two of water now and then when a horse is on a journey, or a pluck of cool green grass from the wayside, does a deal of good.

If your pony or horse has been a long way, and seems rather jaded and tired after, then, as soon as his coat and bedding, &c., have been attended to, a nice lukewarm mash with oatmeal in it will do him a great deal of good, and he will be as lively and fresh as ever next day.

VI. *Horse's Feet and Shoeing.*—The feet want seeing to once a month, whether the shoes do or not; so the animal ought to be taken for a little tidying to the forge.

Shoes should be made of the best material; they ought not to be over-heavy, and they ought to fit the size of the hoof well. The frog or V-shaped hard sole that you see under the foot should not be cut away, but careless or ignorant smiths often do this.

The feet should be most carefully cleaned every night, all gravel, dirt, and grit being removed from the soles and from everywhere around the hoof. The feet should then be dried and, if it be thought necessary, anointed.

VII. *Exercise.*—No one should keep either a horse or pony who cannot afford the time to give him plenty of exercise. This is most essential to the health and well-being of the animal, more especially if he be young. If he does not get it he will become nervous, his blood will not be purified, his feet may suffer, and illness of any kind supervene.

VIII. *Sickness.*—Whenever a horse seems to be ailing—and a kind-hearted master or mistress will not be slow in noting any deviation from his usual health and spirits—let a skilful veterinary surgeon see him at once. This will be the cheapest plan in the end.

But pray bear in mind that the prevention of disease is better than its cure, and that the predisposing causes of sickness are, among others, insufficient or unwholesome food, overfeeding, bad water, want of exercise, foul stables, wet litter, bad grooming, exposure to draughts and damp, and over-driving. Avoid all these, and your horse will be healthy.

IX. *Blinkers and Bearing-reins.*—These, like dog muzzles, are cruel in the extreme; and I never see either without a wish to pull them off, and throw them into the fire.

X. *Some Hints about Driving.*—Experience alone can make a good driver, learning the rules of the road, or how to hold the reins and whip, and how to sit, are but a fragmentary portion of the mere rudiments of the art. Driving cannot be taught on paper; one must have a few lessons at least, personally. But still a girl may do well to bear the following hints in mind, in mercy to the animal she drives.

1. Never jerk the reins or "saw" the horse's mouth with the bit. This bit cannot be a pleasant thing for the beast at the best, but to have it roughly rasped against his teeth, especially if he has a tender mouth, must be very painful indeed.

2. Before leaving home have a look at the harness; a glance will suffice to show whether it is all right and easy, and every strap and buckle in its proper place.

3. See that the carriage wheels are kept well greased.

4. Never lose your temper when driving.

5. Do not use the whip as an instrument of punishment.

6. On rough roads, or on going down-hill, keep your horse pretty well in hand. You must feel you have him lest he stumbles.

7. When it is necessary to back in or off anywhere, do so slowly and gently.

8. Always pull up carefully.

9. In driving up-hill go slowly; if a steep hill, let men folks get out and walk, and the pony also must walk.

10. Whenever in driving you have to stop anywhere for a short time, do not neglect throwing a rug over your pony.

11. If stopping for any length of time, put the animal up, having him rubbed down if damp, put the rug on, and let him have the nosebag.

12. At no time, and under no consideration, be induced to over-hurry or race your horse; remember the true old and saying—"it is the pace that kills."

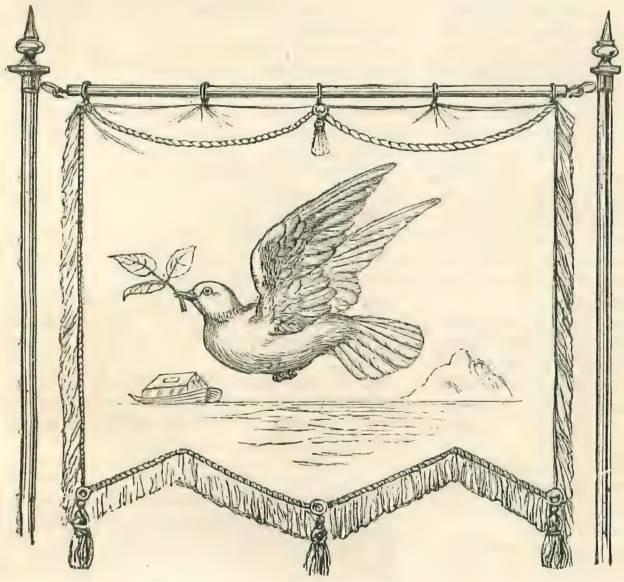
HOW TO MAKE BANNERS AND FLAGS.

In making banners and flags for decorative purposes there are many points to be taken into consideration: the sacred or secular character of the occasion, whether for use out or indoors, and consequently whether the decorations will be fixed in place or carried and exposed to the weather, and if fixed, whether they will be near the eye or at a distance.

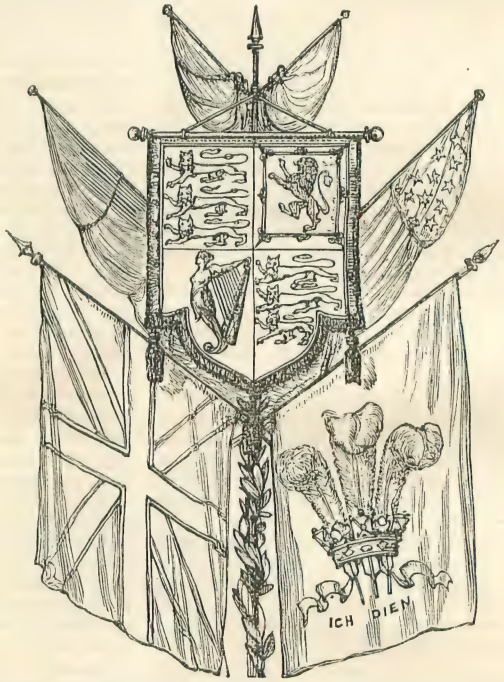
The orthodox material for flags is, of course, bunting, and it answers its purpose well, though in point of expense and substance it may advantageously be replaced by some other materials. Alpaca, for example, may take its place for indoor use, and is to be had in most colours as low as sixpence a yard, which is less than the cheapest bunting, and has the additional advantage of being wider. Glazed lining is often used for small flags, its disadvantages being that it fades quickly, and becomes limp and poor-looking, though there is now a superior make to be had, a yard wide, which has a much better appearance and is more durable than the ordinary quality. In heavier materials, cheap serge, silk, woollen rep, cloth, and cotton velvet are all good, but for rough use nothing takes the place of bunting, which stands rain and sun, sea air and sea water, without appearing any the worse.

For banners, or large flags which have to be carried, the weight must be considered in choosing the material, for when completed and mounted on poles they are surprisingly heavy, and the bearers have a sorry time of it if the route be a long one. For this reason silk is often used; it has the advantages of lightness, a handsome effect, and fair durability.

Perhaps the simplest form of banners for school treats and similar celebrations is made of red bunting or alpaca, joined neatly to the right size, with letters of white twill calico; or, if a ground of another colour is used, the letters should be of red Turkey twill or scarlet flannel, so that if caught in a shower of rain it will be none the worse. The letters are sometimes embroidered, but for common use on a large banner the *appliqué* ones are equally satisfactory, and involve far less work. The same remark applies equally to any emblem or other ornament used.



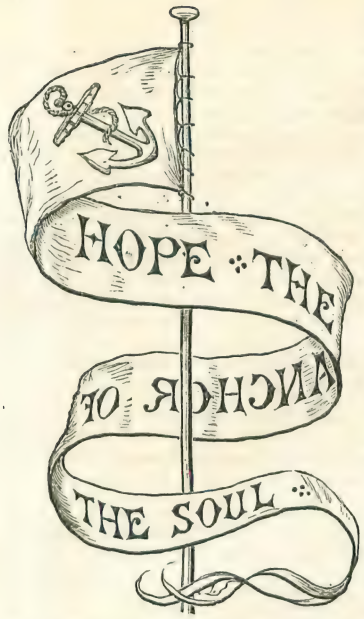
The size of the banner must first be decided upon, and the bunting or other material cut and joined to the size required. It should then be laid upon a large table, or on the floor, and the inscription arranged and each letter pinned in place. The distances must be measured, as exact precision is necessary. A word as to the cutting out of the letters. It must be borne in mind that enormous size is not the first necessity of clearness and legibility. Simplicity of form and correctness of proportion is much more important. And, again,



in grouping the words the letters of each word should be tolerably close together, but the words themselves a reasonable distance apart.

If these matters are attended to there will be no complaint of confusion or illegibility. When the letters are all arranged they should be first pinned and then firmly tacked in place, so that the banner can be held up and the effect of the letters or device seen before sewing them down more securely. If the result is satisfactory they must be closely buttonholed all round the edge, unless they are very large, when it will be found better to turn under the raw edge and run or hem them down.

If banners are to have a device on both sides, amateurs frequently make them double, so as to avoid the difficulty of the stitching showing through; but with care and management this is not necessary. If it is double, the letters are sewn on each side separately, before the



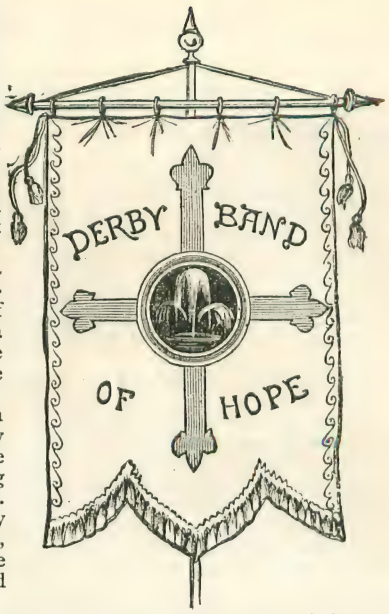
two pieces are joined together, and moderately long stitches put on the wrong side; but if the material is single, the stitches on the wrong side are more important than those on the right. The cotton used must be the exact colour of the bunting and the stitches very small. When one side is finished, it must be turned over, and the device on the other side arranged to hide, as far as possible, the stitches showing through from the reverse.

A little elaboration of this simple *appliqué* is to edge each letter with narrow braid, running the two down together. If the ground be red and the device white, the braid should be yellow; and this, too, may be used for any flourishes with which the capitals are elaborated. For this purpose, narrow tracing braid is sold in gold, or gold mixed with a colour, for about a halfpenny a yard. Another plan is to cut out two sets of letters, one set larger than the other—say half an inch every way, and of a contrasting colour; then the smaller ones are stitched on to the larger, so that there is a rim of the colour showing all round. It is true that "colour upon colour" is bad heraldry, but it is, nevertheless, very effective.

If worked letters are preferred to *appliqué*, the easiest method is to cut them out first in paper, or, better still, calico or twill, and arrange them as for *appliqué;* then work them over with yarn, in long, slanting stitches, like satin stitch, only that instead of being worked right through, only a few threads of the material should be taken up at either end of the stitch. If the stitches look loose, they must be caught down here and there with cotton of the same colour; but, as said before, another material laid on is recommended for large banners.

Thick worsted fringe, of the same colour as the bunting, should be stitched along the bottom of the banner, and a large tassel, similar to those which used to be seen on curtain bands, fastened at each corner, and sometimes a cord to match is festooned along the top. As to the mounting, poles and all their appurtenances complete, can be bought at any of the shops where school furniture and decorations are supplied; but a carpenter would perhaps make them at a less cost. Two light poles are required, with ornamental heads, after the style of bedposts, and a cross-bar with two hooks screwed into it, to which to attach corresponding rings at the top of the poles. A number of curtain-rings are stitched along the upper edge of the banner and slipped over the cross-bar, or they are sometimes replaced by loops of strong braid. A ring is fastened at each side of the lower edge of the banner, through which the side-poles are slipped before being attached to the cross-bar. A cord and tassels hanging down between the banner and poles makes a good finish.

Two ends of wide braid, or "holdfasts" are fastened to each pole, to be held by extra men, walking before and behind the bearers, for greater security on a breezy day; but this precaution would not be necessary if the banner were small and light.



These large banners are sometimes made of much more expensive materials and with more elaborate workmanship; but the simpler and less expensive ones do quite as well, if not better, for carrying in processions where they are not seen closely, and a good broad effect is the object sought after.

Their size is purely a matter of taste and convenience; two and a half yards long by one and a half deep is a fair average size, but they are often made larger than this.

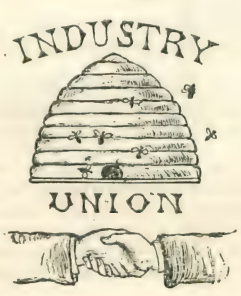
Bannerets, being much smaller, and consequently lighter, require only one pole, fastened by strong cords to the cross-bar. These poles are generally either stained or painted, and the head should be either of metal or turned wood.

As these usually come nearer the eye, it is no waste of time to bestow more trouble on needlework for them. Sometimes they are most beautiful specimens of embroidery. A very good one of this description was recently seen in a church, placed there in memory of a departed friend. It was of rich crimson velvet. In the centre was a crown worked in gold thread, with a cross in silver thread passing through it. These were encircled by a wreath of olive leaves, cut out of olive-green satin, and *appliqué* on the velvet. It was lined with crimson velvet, with a stiffening of buckram between back and front, and was bordered with rich crimson fringe.

On such and similar bannerets, various kinds of needlework may be employed with the happiest effect, with the exception of the ordinary crewel, or stem-stitch, which, though often used, is too flat and monotonous to be effective. But the basket-stitch, various kinds of couching, straight stitch, and the French knot are all very useful for either mottoes or devices. Satin stitch is used for small devices on flags which are to be ornamented on both sides, as the right side and the reverse of this stitch look alike; but of course it must not be employed for lettering, as it would read backwards. As to materials for this style of embroidery, all varieties of thread are used, according to the description and quality of the groundwork. Silk, gold and silver thread, arrasene, tapestry, and other wools, all are suitable.

If the banner is made of any rich material, such as plush, velvet, or satin, and is to be embroidered with gold or silver thread, it is best to work the pattern on strong linen or holland, and then cut it out and *appliqué* it in place on the banner with sewing silk. This is very often done even when common materials are used, as the danger of puckering is avoided, and the pattern stands out better.

An inexpensive variety of cloth of gold is made now, which can be bought for seven and sixpence a yard. This is excellent for monograms, crests, coats of arms and so on, cut out and *appliqué* on another material. Silver cloth, also, and white velvet are much used, but it will be understood that these are only applicable for the de-



coration of churches or houses, and cannot be used for banners required for outdoor demonstrations.

An exquisitely delicate banneret was made of white velvet, *appliqué*, and embroidered with gold and silver cloth and thread, and edged with gold fringe; the reverse was of crimson silk.

The shape of these bannerets is very various. They may be oblong, triangular, or oblong with the lower edge rounded, pointed, or vandyked, in fact the variety is almost endless. They are sometimes edged with worsted fringe, like the double banners, sometimes with braid. If worsted or silk fringe is used, there should be a tassel at each corner, and both fringe and tassels must match the cord by which it is suspended from the pole.

Besides these embroidered or *appliqué* banners and bannerets, large ones are frequently made with the devices painted upon them in oils; and by this means much more elaborate designs can be produced than in any other way. These painted banners are not so durable as the other kinds, as the paint is apt to crack and peel off, but they last a good while with care, and are very effective. It requires some practice to become expert in painting them, as fine work is entirely wasted. They must be done in bold strokes, for effect at a distance, in the same way as scene painting. If banners are to be seen closely, some form of needlework is greatly preferable; painting is only recommended for those to be carried in outdoor processions, or hung up at a good height in schoolrooms.

Very durable banners could be made by the tapestry painting which is now so fashionable, though not quite so brilliant in effect at first as oils.

But perhaps some of our readers are complaining that we tell them *how* to make, but not *what* to make; and certainly the choice of a suitable design is often the greatest difficulty of all.

Girls' first essays in banner making are generally for Sunday-school use, or Band of Hope. In either case the bearers will probably be boys, so the banner should not be too large. If a double-poled banner, two yards by one and a half is quite large enough; if a single banner, it should be about a yard and a half by one yard.

Probably the name of the school or society will be on the one side in large letters, and for the sake of clearness it is better to have nothing else on that side at all, unless the school has a badge of any kind, in which case it can be embroidered in the middle, with the inscription above and below it. On the other side there can be either a painted design or a motto, encircled by a wreath of leaves. Bands of Hope or other societies generally have some emblem which would occupy the reverse side of the banner, but if there is none, the ingenuity of the members must be exercised to find a motto short and to the point. "Touch not, Taste not," "Union is Strength," "Dare to do right" are some of the most commonly used for temperance societies, and short texts of Scripture, such as "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," for Sunday-schools.

The principles for making flags are so much the same as for banners that it is hardly necessary to give any special instructions, but as they are used on different occasions there is less scope for imagination, and a greater necessity for copying a good model correctly.

It is important, too, that the flag should be selected with some regard to its being appropriate to the occasion, and not only for the sake of the colours being pretty or the designs easy to copy. I once saw a house decorated profusely, in honour of some of the Royal family who were to pass that way, with large yellow quarantine flags, which was certainly not a pleasant welcome to the neighbourhood. There was no illness in the house, but the lady proprietor happened to have a quantity of yellow material, and, being entirely ignorant of the significance of the flag, she thought she could not do better than cut it up instead of buying fresh bunting.

In street decorations, all kinds of English flags are used, in addition to the pennons and streamers, which look gay, but have no particular meaning. Foreign residents in England display the flag of their own nation, and, if the demonstration is in honour of a distinguished personage from another country, his national standard should float side by side with our own.

The easiest way to obtain a copy for these national flags is to buy a sheet of the "flags of all nations," such as appeared in *The Boy's Own Paper* not long since. This will give the forms and proportions better than any description could do. The general rule as to size is that they should be half as deep as they are long. For small ones the bunting may be purchased ready stamped with various designs, but buying it by the yard it can only be had in the plain colours.

Flags, such as the American, consisting of stripes, are made of strips of bunting joined together, and not laid one upon another. They must always be the same on both sides.

To be quite orthodox, they should have a cord run through the hem round the edge, which slightly stiffens them, and prevents them hanging quite so limp.

Any figure, such as a lion, crown, or star, must be carefully cut out, first in paper, then in bunting, and the edges tacked under all round, and then run on to the flag.

VARIETIES.

Cheap Soap.

"Have you never observed," says Sydney Smith, "what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their masters' money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day:—

"Finding we consumed a great deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair and took the soap question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect that we were using a very expensive article when a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half a dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty.

"'Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?'

"'Oh, please sir, the dearest, in the blue paper; it makes a lather as well again as the other!'

"'Well, Betty, you shall always have it then;' and thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year and washed the clothes better."

Cultivated Minds.—The mind of man, like any soil, rises in value according to the degree of its cultivation.

Saying Everything.—Woe be to her that says everything that can be said.

Nature and Art.

Art lives on Nature's alms—is weak and poor;
Nature, herself, has unexhausted store.

Heavenly Promises.—It is only when our path leads down into some dark gorge of trial, where no sunbeams fall, that we learn the worth of the lamps of heavenly promise. Their beams shone dimly as we walked in the sunshine of human joy and strong earthly hope; but now in the darkness they flash out in brilliancy and change night into day.

The Maxims of Saint Theresa.—Do not be curious about matters which do not concern you. Say no evil of anyone but yourself, and do not listen to any. Never ridicule anyone. Do not contend in words about things of no consequence. Do not exaggerate. Assert nothing as a fact of which you are not sure. Give no hasty opinions. Avoid empty tattle. Do not draw comparisons. Do not be singular in food or dress, and be not loud in your laughter. Be gentle to others and severe to yourself. Speak courteously to servants. Do not note other people's faults. Note your own faults and their good points. Never boast. Never make excuses. Never do anything when alone which you would not do before others.

Love and Jealousy.—Jealousy is always said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

Writing with Ease.—Hardly anything is so difficult in writing as to write with ease.

In Eager Haste.—The great cry with everybody is "Get on! get on!" just as if the world were travelling express. How astonished people will be when they arrive in heaven to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

On the Stream of Time.—Thought is the wind, knowledge is the sail, and mankind the vessel.

Look to the Light.—Children always turn towards the light. O that all of us would in this continue to be like little children.

Friendship and Malice.—Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed, while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

Double Acrostic.

A king, who seiz'd a foreign kingdom not his own,
For nearly twenty years he wisely rul'd it well;
In after years his grandson boldly claim'd the throne,
But, far less fortunate, ere many months had flown,
Resisting an invader, in the strife he fell.

1. Here once dwelt Saxon thanes; and Saxon hands
A fortress rais'd upon a green declivity.
Now, on this spot, a splendid ducal palace stands;
And here a hapless queen, bereft of crown and lands,
Pass'd many restless months of sad captivity.

2. The name of Her who led a persecuted life,
Because her kinship with the king too closely lay;
Fear'd, lest her name should prove the rallying point for strife,
Denied the love of him who sought his cherish'd wife,
In prison pent, her gentle spirit pined away.

3. How many heroes this one Scottish House doth yield!
Martinique, Afric, India, China, Syria, Spain.
Th' intrepid soldier, daring death in ev'ry field;
Th' historian, who his calm impartial pen doth wield;
The scholar, with his thoughtful, calculating brain.

4. Modest and unassuming, though of genius rare,
His angel name foreshadow'd forth his high renown;
Aloft, his great creations hang in middle air,
The wonder and delight of art, beyond compare;
Where was his birth-place? In this ancient, well-known Town.

5. Fast flew the erring shaft, but, ere its strength was spent,
It glanc'd against a forest tree with fatal force
And struck the king. The Archer mark'd the way it went,
And lest his life paid forfeit for the accident,
He fled in haste to France, leaving the king a corse.

6. The King who gain'd his kingdom by his mother's guilt
In murdering his brother. Retribution fell
Upon his sons: one exil'd; one, his blood was spilt
By murd'rers; and the third, on whom all hopes were built,
Ended the royal line, that England knows so well.

XIMENA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMIGRATION.

NANCIE.—You would receive full information and advice on the subject of going to New Zealand from the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society.

MARTHA.—The system of "protected emigration" to Canada for single women is fully in working order. Full particulars may be obtained from Miss Blake, 187, Fulham-road, S.W. £3 12s. 6d. defrays the charge of each emigrant's railway fare from London to Liverpool, of bed and board there, and of the passage from there to Quebec, and also of the matron's fee and kit.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You might find a situation in Buenos Ayres by advertising for some lady who was going out there and would take you as nurse. You might make inquiries at the Women's Emigration Society also.

FAIRLEA.—We fear, from what we see in the newspapers, that emigrants to New South Wales are not at present likely to do well. The labour market is glutted, rents high, and living dear. In the bush, however, things are better.

WORK.

H. M.—A knitting competition was held more than two years ago for our readers.

DEVONSHIRE LASS.—As we have before remarked, white straw hats cannot be cleaned nor re-blocked without proper utensils. We can tell you that they are bleached with sulphur fumes, and only advise you to find out a hat cleaner and blocker, and to employ her. Black straw hats, if not in very bad order, can be improved by brushing them all over with a thin solution of gum arabic.

DIDO.—The last idea is, that Penelope's web was knitted, but knitting, netting, and crochet work are of unknown antiquity.

HUBERT.—See the articles on "Girls' Allowances." You could cut the jacket shorter and trim it with feather trimming at the edge.

DARLING MARY.—It is better not to contribute to the competitions if you cannot honestly afford to buy the materials for the work. You are not compelled to send work to any competition.

BUDGIE.—1. Certainly there are pencils, the writing made with which does not rub out. 2. In vol. i., page 479, you will find advice about hair turning grey (part for July, 1880). We are so sorry for you. It does indeed need patience to endure being bed-ridden.

COOKERY.

DIDDY HANCOT.—Your very kind letter deserves our best thanks. Place the batter pudding basin into cold water (to cool it), beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately in making the pudding, and pour the mixture into the basin. The latter is not to be greased nor wetted inside.

JELLY.—We do not give French recipes. You can procure the mustard from a chemist or Italian warehouse, if not at your own grocer's.

SYBIL BROWNE.—It is the bride's father or family that provides the wedding cake, as well as the rest of the breakfast. Of course it would be unnecessary to decline a present of the cake if the bridegroom's family asked leave to present it.

G. H. R.—We never heard of a preserve made of mountain-ash berries. They are greedily eaten by birds, and used as a lure by bird-catchers. The leaves of the roan tree (the British species) dried have been used in times of famine as a substitute for wheat. Thus, we infer that, if not agreeable when made into a preserve, the tree cannot produce a "poisonous" fruit.

M. A. B.—We are much obliged to you for your recipes for dressing rhubarb.

MUSIC.

RHODA M.—There are three "Musical Practising Societies," if not more, so you may make your choice between them. For information concerning one of them, write to Miss M. L. Phillips, hon. sec., 6, Ashbrooke-terrace, Sunderland, or else apply to Miss Jennings, hon. sec., Dan-y-Bryn House, Newport, Monmouthshire. The third is that of which Miss McLandsborough is the secretary, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

A. M.—1. Should any music publisher undertake to bring out your song, it is not likely that he will pay anything for a first work. Nevertheless, you might obtain a certain sum on every subsequent edition. Offer it to several firms before you settle definitively with any. 2. It is by no means "absurd" that the wonderful after-glows, which we witnessed last autumn and early this year, should have been occasioned by the volcanic disturbances in Java. Perhaps you are not aware that a number of "air waves" were registered at the Berlin Observatory. The first arrived ten hours after the great eruption of Krakatoa, the second about sixteen hours later, coming round on the other side of the world. In thirty-six hours a third and weaker one arrived (the first wave having gone round the world completely), and thirty-four hours after the second, and still more feeble, wave had also made a similar circuit. Thus, the arrival of the delicate "bubble plates" of pumice stone, formed like minute fragments of a watch-glass, as seen under a strong magnifier, and floating with their convex sides downwards, were peculiarly adapted to reflect the rays of the setting sun and protract all their ordinary effects. These particles of volcanic matter fell thickly on the deck of the bark Arabella, when 1,000 miles distant from Krakatoa, and two days after the greatest eruption, which took place in August.

OLD CROTCHETTY.—We have recommended the so-called "stammerers" in pianoforte playing to give up practising for some time, and to restore the lack of nervous energy by rest and change of scene. But as you think that to play a certain selection of pieces with a determination to succeed is likewise a method of cure, we give the list, and leave the sufferers to choose between the two plans: "Weber's Moto Continuo," studies to be had in Hallé's fourth section; Bach's fugues; Czerny's Velocité studies, those by Clementé and Kalkbrenner. We thank you for your suggestions.

MOSES.—Certainly you may weave a song of which the copyright belongs to another into any piece of music for instrumental performances for your private use, but you may neither play it in public nor publish it unless you obtain permission from the owners, by gift or purchase.

DAISY.—Your parody does you credit. We sympathise truly with you in reference to your Æolian harp, and do not know what is amiss with it. Take it to a musical instrument seller, and ask him to examine and set it right.

ART.

DAISY FLORENCE.—Certainly paintings on china need to be baked to render them durable. You should make all such inquiries as where to send them for baking at the shop where you buy the materials. We do not give such addresses.

FANNY SPRIGGE.—We regret that we cannot give you such addresses, but at seaside towns it is easy to meet with persons who gain a living by making shell boxes, baskets, and picture-frames, and some amongst them will give lessons, we believe.

LISBET (New Zealand).—It is gratifying to hear of the "great resource" to you, as an invalid, which our paper has been. We have given an article on the "Girls' Bedroom," see page 299, number for May, 1880, and July, 1880, page 459. In the number for October, 1880, page 69, you will find one on the "Girls' House." A narrow shelf with a railing placed over each door affords a good place for decorative plates and vases, also others round the walls, at the top of the wainscoat or dado.

DAISY CHAIN. (Constantinople).—The verb "to purple" is derived form the Latin *purpurare*, and signifies "to die of a deep red colour," as "hands purpled with blood." We make this extract from Webster's large dictionary, and this description is further supported by Milton, who says, "When morn purples the West;" or gives the blue a deep tinge of red. Purple consists of a dark blue tinted with red, but some English people have a habit of misnaming a very dark shade of blue purple, and it is necessary to inquire of them what colour they mean to denote.

ELLA WRIGHT.—1. The age and original use of the round towers in Ireland was long a vexed question; but there seems but little doubt that they were built some by the Druids or Magi, and others by Christianised Druids, their original use having been to preserve the sacred fires of their religion. This gave them the name of "fire towers." 2. We think that we have already told some correspondent that the name "Cromleac" is a compound of two names in the Irish language, "Crom" signifying "God," and "leac" a "stone." Thus, the term is an appropriate one for the huge stones erected for purposes of divine worship.

S. L.—We regret that we must again repeat the fact that we do not give such addresses. The artistic firms that undertake to paint church windows might direct you, if not supply you with the pigments or other appliances requisite for the work. Refer to a London directory, or to advertisments in some church paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNA DE WARRENDRE, AND OTHERS, are much discouraged and down-hearted over the article called "Ill-assorted Couples," in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The great object, of course, in marriage is to find a good and sensible mate, with whom you may grow steadily "upwards towards the light," so do not choose hastily, nor carelessly, *but wait for "the* best" to come. Together you must either stand or fall, and few girls stop to think of the mutual influence exercised for good or evil; and the mutual forbearance needful.

THE FIVE SISTERS.—Anyone may wear a ring if they have one, but it would look ridiculous, and out of place, on the hand of a working woman. You must consult a doctor about the "nervous people."

OLIVER CROMWELL.—The poem, "Curfew shall not ring to-night," is by an American writer, Rose Hardwicke Thorpe.

CATHERINE R. P. (New Zealand) says that white lace may be dyed cream colour with saffron. Take half-a-dozen threads of saffron, and put them into a cup of boiling water; let them stand till cold, and then take out the saffron. The lace being clean and dry, dip it in the liquid, because, if allowed to remain, it becomes streaky. The colour of the saffron-water may be first tested with a bit of old white calico. We are much indebted to our kind correspondent for her letter.

SILVERY WAVES.—We think that the tale of the reversed horseshoes is told of Margaret of Anjou, and her perilous escapes.

AREQUIPA.—Bake the chocolates in a slow oven. You should order the volumes to be bound in "publisher's cases," which are those issued by us, decorated with a design of a young girl reading on the cover, in silver or gold.

VIOLET P. R.—We thank our little friend for her letter, which we agree with her in thinking "not very bad for a young lady, when she is only eight years old." We think it promises well for the future. If your guinea-pig has a tail we should advise you to sell it to the owners of the Zoological Gardens, as a great curiosity, for if you look for a picture of one in any animal picture book, you will find that it has none. So its eyes will be very safe, if only in danger from tail-pulling.

MILDRED DIXON.—The wearing of a back-board and a face-board together for a certain time every day while learning your lessons might improve you and make you more upright. Your writing is good for your age.

CLUCAS.—None of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER give answers to questions of correspondents. See, by reference to our indexes, all that has been said on the care of the hands and nails. "Medicus" gave an article called "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," page 348, vol. i.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.—It is only a joke. Men propose to women, and to reverse the rule at any period of any year would be a very indelicate act.

THE SAD SEA WAVES can only drive the cat away and use the watering-pot, or, still better, a garden hose, when she frightens your birds and rabbits and trespasses in your garden or conservatory. 2. We do not see why your wooden brackets should not take a coat of paint.

YORKSHIRE LASSIE.—We thank you for your kind solicitude, and are happy to say that the fire did not reach our house. We should not like a daughter of ours to exchange photographs with a man she had only seen twice!

ELIZABETH F. W.—The several meanings of "caprices" are, an abrupt change in feeling, opinion, or action, proceeding from a whim or fancy. We quite agree with you in thinking that the girls who prove themselves so ungrateful and ill-bred as to write us insulting letters should excite our pity rather than our displeasure. We thank you for your kind letter.

UNHAPPY FANNIE has great cause to be very thankful that God's holy Spirit is striving in her heart, and enabled her to desire to please Him and to follow His guidance. Many texts of Holy Scripture need to be considered in connection with others, by which method their true meaning is discovered. You cannot be saved without faith in the Godhead and sacrifice of your Saviour, and a dead faith—that is to say, a mere historical faith in Him, apart from a loving desire and effort to please Him and serve Him as your Lord and Master—is worth nothing, for "the devils believe and tremble." So faith and works cannot be disunited. If you attempted to do so you would be a hypocrite. "If ye love Me, keep My

commandments." Be earnest in daily prayer for aid in subduing the evil that is in you.

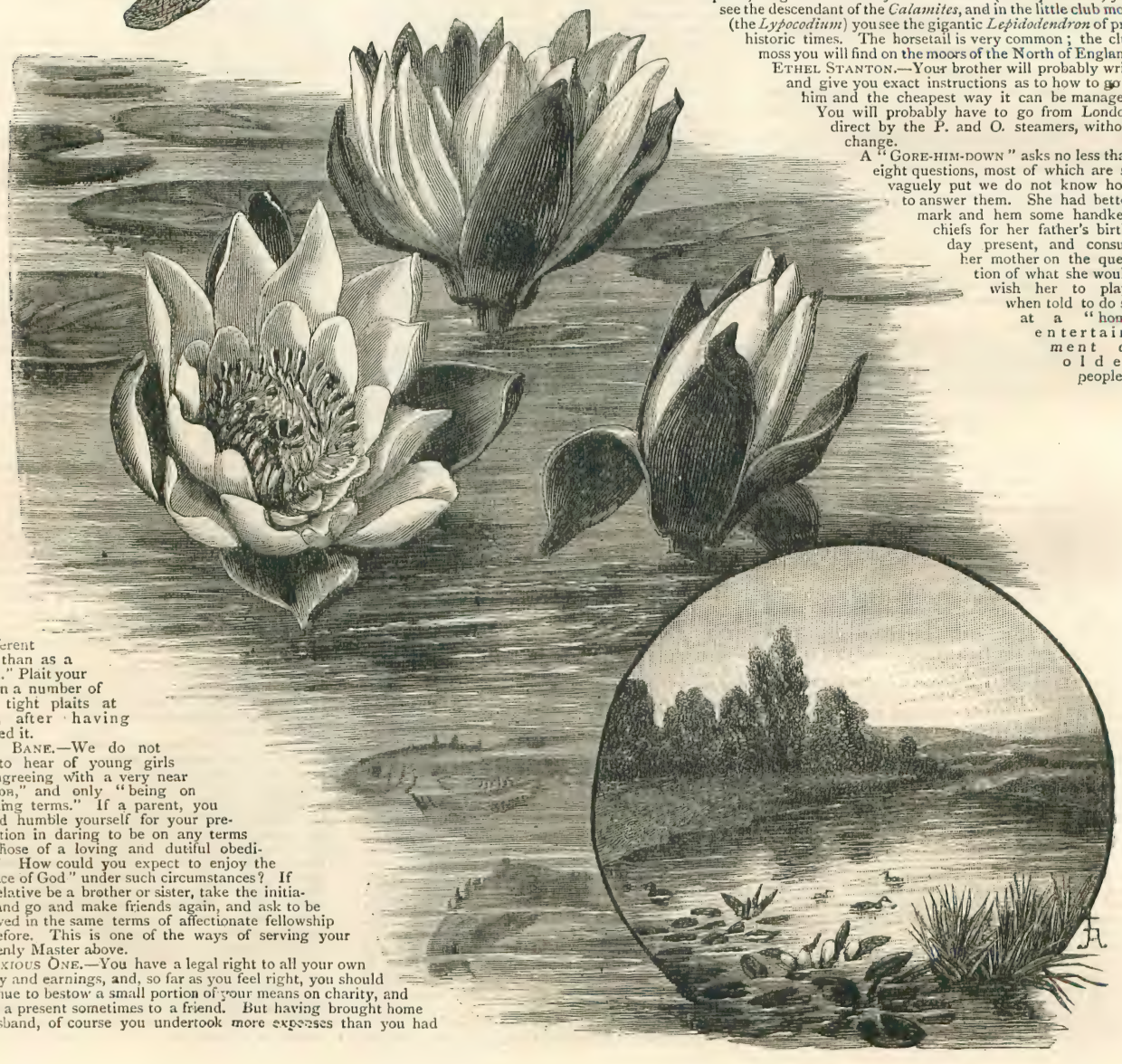
NANNAH.—Girls should always have a chaperone when going into society or to public entertainments. If very intimate with the hostess, she will often propose to take a girl under her special protection, and invite her to go to her house early before anyone else arrives.

LOUISE.—If you were, unfortunately, unable to hear what a person had said to you, of course you should not "add insult to injury" by ordering them to "beg pardon!" This would be using the "imperative mood," which denotes command. You might say, "Kindly excuse me for asking you to repeat what you said," and take good care not to be so careless a listener again. It is ill-bred to oblige people to repeat their remarks.

A HIGHLANDER.—We think you should take a legal opinion on the question. Is the rector or incumbent who entered your name in the church register at your baptism still living? If so, you might consult with him as to what could be done in case of a mistake in the entry made.

N. O. A.—When a mistress rings her sitting-room bell for a servant she should not knock at the door when answering a summons, nor should she do so in entering any sitting-room, such as a drawing or dining room, in the pursuance of their duties. Of course, they should knock at a bedroom door, or at that of a private boudoir.

CROSSIE.—You should avoid taking walks with any "boy" who "regards you in a different light than as a friend." Plait your hair in a number of small tight plaits at night, after having damped it.



MILLIE BANE.—We do not like to hear of young girls "disagreeing with a very near relation," and only "being on speaking terms." If a parent, you should humble yourself for your presumption in daring to be on any terms but those of a loving and dutiful obedience. How could you expect to enjoy the "peace of God" under such circumstances? If the relative be a brother or sister, take the initiative and go and make friends again, and ask to be received in the same terms of affectionate fellowship as before. This is one of the ways of serving your heavenly Master above.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You have a legal right to all your own money and earnings, and, so far as you feel right, you should continue to bestow a small portion of your means on charity, and make a present sometimes to a friend. But having brought home a husband, of course you undertook more expenses than you had previously, and cannot expect to have as much to give in mere presents, if any. Your husband has the first claim on you.

HEATHER BELL.—The word "esplanade" should be pronounced "es-pla-naide." The character can be discovered by means of the handwriting. You should not leave spaces in the middle of your words, but run all the letters of each word together. We are glad our magazine gives you pleasure in your far off Hebrides.

A. L. G.—As you do not find your own plan succeed, try the application of pipeclay mixed with water, till of the consistency of cream, and lay this on the oil stains ade on the wall-paper, and leave it there until the following day, when the paste will be dry and may be rubbed off with a soft cloth.

HESPER.—You may either cut an orange straight through (not from stem to top) and divide and cut out the pulp, using a fork, or you may peel it and divide the several cloves. If sugar be desired, you should use a fork, or your fingers will be soiled. You are very young as yet to have any manners; as to ease or stiffness, schoolgirls are often deficient in that easy grace of carriage, movements, and expression which is acquired when highly-bred examples are before them for their study. On being introduced into society they are apt to copy each other, as they have no other model for imitation. Unbend at least in your expression, if otherwise stiff and awkward, and this will be a step in the right direction. You would improve your handwriting by avoiding the use of capital "e"s where there should be small ones. Your writing is stiff, but legible.

A MOTHER.—There is a home for incurable children at Cheltenham. For all regulations respecting it apply to the lady principal or secretary, Belmont House, Winchcomb-street, Cheltenham. As this would be more within your easy access than any other with which we are acquainted, we advise you to apply here first.

A STUDENT of "MEDICUS."—We are glad that you have found all our recipes, already tried, so successful, with but one exception, and as so obviously accidental an omission was made of an article which was indispensable, we scarcely needed to have already, and more than once, drawn attention to it ourselves. 2. Those who have not got all our volumes may borrow those of their friends, or write to the publisher for the monthly number which they require for reference.

YOUNG BOTANIST.—That impressions of ferns should be found in coal strata is no matter of surprise, because both these and the large tree ferns helped to form peat, and thus, in process of ages, composed coal. Of curiously marked stems and trunks of gigantic trees, you may also find small fragments, notably of the *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, and *Calamite*. Geologists say that, when flowering plants appeared in the primeval forests, they crowded out the giant possessors of the soil, and the latter dwindled into insignificance. Of these splendid trees you still find the degenerate remains; in the horsetail, a small reed-like plant, fringed round each joint of the stem (the *Equisetum*) you see the descendant of the *Calamites*, and in the little club moss (the *Lypocodium*) you see the gigantic *Lepidodendron* of prehistoric times. The horsetail is very common; the club moss you will find on the moors of the North of England.

ETHEL STANTON.—Your brother will probably write and give you exact instructions as to how to go to him and the cheapest way it can be managed. You will probably have to go from London direct by the P. and O. steamers, without change.

A "GORE-HIM-DOWN" asks no less than eight questions, most of which are so vaguely put we do not know how to answer them. She had better mark and hem some handkerchiefs for her father's birthday present, and consult her mother on the question of what she would wish her to play, when told to do so at a "home entertainment of older people."

VOL. V.—NO. 243. AUGUST 23, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK OAKLEY received his sister's letter just before going into school, and it was as he looked round upon the assembled lads that a certain good thought came into his young head.

Ingleswick Grammar School was a very large and noted one, which attracted great numbers of boys from a distance. Many of these boarded in the neighbourhood, and attended the school, and others were placed with the various masters.

Who does not know what the boys' garments look like when the term is drawing to a close, and maternal supervision has been suspended for a few months? It was about three weeks before Christmas, and, as Jack surveyed his companions, he saw legs and arms coming too far through trousers and

All rights reserved.]

"A CHRISTMAS HYMN." at the T. C. A!

sleeves, and thin or shiny patches observable in various directions on the whole of their apparel.

There was certain to be a suit or two in every healthy, growing boy's wardrobe which would not be worth carrying home, or which, if so conveyed, would be instantly condemned on coming under the mother's eye.

Jack Oakley's own experience convinced him of this, and the thought flashed across his mind, "If only a lot of the fellows would write home, and get leave to give me the things they are not likely to wear again, how jolly it would be! I should be able to make all those poor ragamuffins that Gladys is so sorry for comfortable for the winter. And wouldn't dear old Sunny beam on me when she saw them come to the party, looking decent, and wonder how the change had come about?"

Once convinced that the plan was good and feasible, Jack Oakley was sure to lose no time in putting it in practice. His frank and kindly nature, high spirits, love of fun, and readiness to oblige had made him an immense favourite both with masters and scholars. The former were lenient as regarded occasional failures in lessons, because the lad was so honest and true. The latter were fond of him, because he was always ready to do a good turn to another at any cost of trouble to himself, and had "not a scrap of a sneak in him."

So Jack easily obtained a hearing, and in his simple, straightforward way described the state of things in the neighbourhood of his home owing to scarcity of work, told about Gladys and her scholars, and made the boys roar with laughing at his account of their doings.

Then he read part of his sister's letter, and asked the boys to help her over the difficulty about clothing the ragged youngsters, so that they might be decently attired for the party.

"These things that you think worn out, or that are outgrown, would make the poor lads look quite grandly dressed, and keep them so warm and comfortable."

Before Jack had finished his appeal, every boy present was prepared to help to the utmost of his ability. Letters were written home, and the consent of mothers obtained, and Jack soon found himself in possession of garments enough to clothe all the night-school boys twice over. To describe his happiness would be simply impossible; but one thoughtful mother increased it by a sensible suggestion and further help.

She wrote as follows:—"Before my two boys' spare garments are handed over, let them be repaired and tidied up by some homely tailor at Ingleswick. The cost will be trifling, and I will pay it."

The new idea was taken up by others, and the boys, albeit their pockets were not too well furnished so late in the term, spared something in order to complete the good work and give the clothes to Jack in the best possible condition. So the secret of the present which Mrs. Oakley was to receive was not the only one with which the minds of the twins were burdened; but when the mystery is of so delightful a character, the great difficulty is to avoid a premature disclosure.

Hilda was the sole confidante as regarded the huge parcels of clothes which had been consigned to her a day or two before the arrival of the twins, and were now in safe custody.

Martha — the old nurse named a chapter or two back—and Susan Barton had promised their help on Christmas Eve, though as yet unaware of the service required by Miss Cranswick. It was enough for them that she wanted their assistance, and they were abundantly ready to render it.

The young lady's requirements will be easily understood, when it is stated that to her Jack had entrusted the distribution of the garments.

He had never considered what such a task would involve, and Hilda accepted the charge without hinting at difficulties, and engaged the two matrons already named to fit the garments and superintend the toilets of the boys. Only when these assembled at the schoolroom, preparatory to marching up to the Hey in a body, were they informed for what other purpose they had been called together.

The affair was exceedingly well managed, the clothes having been previously sorted according to sizes by the tailor who repaired them, and the boys were called two at a time into the classroom, and there inducted into their garments. Then they were drafted into another room, where Jack told them of the pleasant surprise which the sight of them would give to Gladys.

The boys were stirred to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by this information, and, when all were attired, they arranged themselves in marching order.

One of the lads, by virtue of his superior stature, assumed a certain authority over the rest.

"Look here, now," said he, "you've got to take your company manners with you. No larks on the road. You go on steady, like soldiers do, and keep your heads up. We're going to astonish teacher, and no mistake."

Truly they did astonish Gladys, who, seeing a procession of cleanly well-clad boys advancing towards the Hey, instead of over fifty shock-headed ragamuffins, had some difficulty in recognising her scholars, over whose hopeless tatters she had shed tears in private.

"What do you think of your Christmas gift, Gladys?" asked Hilda, who, as the boys approached, rapidly acquainted the rest of the family with Jack's effort, and then pointed out the result.

"I do not understand," said the girl, with a bewildered look. "How have they got these clothes? Where did they come from?" she asked.

"Some one knew your wish on behalf of your poor scholars, and has managed to gratify it, my dear," said Mr. Oakley.

"How kind! How very kind! Was it you, father, or Hilda?"

"No, Sunny, a younger head than your father's, or even mine, planned this surprise for you, and gathered the materials from north, south, east and west. Here is your fairy!" and Hilda pushed Jack to the front.

"Oh, bother!" said the unceremonious youth. "There's nothing to make a fuss about, Gladys. It was the easiest thing, for all the Ingleswick fellows were delighted to help, and there are lots more things down at the school."

"You are the dearest boy, Jack, and I cannot tell you how happy you have made me!" said Gladys.

And that was just all she could say, for the guests trooped in, and had to be marshalled to their places, which the sight of the well-filled tables rendered an easy task.

How Gladys was called upon to admire each boy's new outfit, and with what a happy light in her sweet face she went up and down amongst her scholars, is not easy to chronicle. So, better leave it to be imagined.

After the meal there were games, noisy enough, but very much enjoyed by entertainers and guests. Any special outbreak was promptly checked by the self-elected leader, whose favourite remark, "Come now. Behave, can't you? Remember you're not at school," made it abundantly evident to the amused hearers that school was the place for whatever was deemed inconsistent with "company manners."

And when the lads, each carrying away a little gift, sung a Christmas hymn inside the house, and finished the evening by giving ringing cheers for each and every member of the family outside it, they left behind them hearts gladdened at the thought of the little extra measure of happiness they had been able to give to the departing guests.

They almost forgot their own pressing anxieties in dwelling on the bright interlude which had just ended, and in recalling the bright faces of the boys whose voices were now dying away in the distance. They were eager to reach the Hey when coming to the feast. They were now no less so to arrive at their homes, and exhibit themselves and their newly-acquired garments.

Jack was not the least happy, for, owing to his good thought, the enjoyment both of entertainers and guests had been more than doubled.

Gladys whispered to him, "I shall never forget this evening, dear laddie, or who made it such a success."

"Don't, Sunny, dear. It makes me feel so queer when you talk about it."

And Jack dashed his hand across his eyes, and wriggled away from his sister's grasp, being like boys in general a wee bit ashamed of showing the tears which very gladness had brought to his eyes.

It was still early in the evening, and the young people, tired with their work of entertaining their noisy guests, were about to gather round the fire and have a quiet chat until bedtime. But before they left the hall door, Mr. Oakley noticed a figure coming up the path, and waited to see who it was. In a moment he recognised the Brinnington postmaster, who lifted his hat, and said—

"You will excuse my coming at this hour, Mr. Oakley, but I have brought you two Australian letters. You know our last mail does not get in till 9.30, too late for delivery until the morning. But as I knew there was an Australian mail expected, I thought I would ascertain if it had brought anything for you, and finding these two letters, I determined to run up to the Hey with them. The saving of a few hours is something when we are anxious for news from absent friends. I only hope your tidings will be such as to make the season a happier one for you and yours."

The speaker would not stay a moment. Having placed the letters in Mr. Oakley's hands, and thus fulfilled his errand, he would not hinder the perusal of them by remaining.

With hearty thanks Mr. Oakley bade the kindly postmaster good-night, and rejoined his family.

The first letter was in Allan's well-known hand, but the date was most puzzling. It was May 20th, and this was Christmas Eve, so it had been written fully seven months before.

The second was from Robert Brooke, and was dated a day earlier still. A glance at the envelopes showed that they had been posted together, as both bore the stamp of the country office nearest to their home, and for May 21st. Then there was a Melbourne one, November 4th, so that there had been an interval of five months from the first stamping of the letters at the country office, and the second at Melbourne.

It was a most puzzling affair, and, perhaps, Mr. Oakley might have spent even longer in examining the stamps and dates had not the gentle mother—only impatient for news when her dear ones were concerned—suggested that her husband should read the contents, and then try to find out the reason of the discrepancy in dates.

Allan's letter was not a very long one. It told of anxiety and overwork, owing to an outbreak of fever in their neighbourhood. Whilst not anticipating harm to himself, he said that his medical skill and powers of mind and body were likely to be taxed to the utmost for some time to come. Indeed, they were already in the midst of trouble. Robert Brooke he mentioned as one of the kindest and most devoted of helpers, but far too rash.

"In his eagerness to be of use," wrote Allan, "he goes headlong into all sorts of places, thinking only of alleviating suffering, never of danger to himself. In all else, I have found him to be the very personification of common sense. In this one respect he is simply unmanageable, and will neither be led nor driven out of what he calls the path of duty. I call it the path of folly.

"Brooke might do all he now does and more, with safety to himself and equal benefit to others, if he would only be amenable to rule and reason. But he goes into infected places after long watching and fasting, and increases my anxiety by neglecting the advice I offer, which can only be for his good. He laughs at my forebodings, and tells me that he is an old seasoned Australian now, much more thoroughly acclimatised than I am, and advises me to take extra care of myself. His being older than I am makes my position of medical adviser the more difficult."

There were not many details of their doings, Allan saying that Brooke's letter would fill up gaps, and concluding with loving messages to them all.

Turning to the second epistle, Mr. Oakley found that it in some degree repeated what Allan had already told, adding that, but for this outbreak of sickness, the writer would be on the eve of leaving for England.

"It is a great disappointment to me," he wrote. "All my business arrangements are satisfactorily completed, and with Allan on the spot, and all going well, it would not be necessary for me to revisit Australia again for many years, if at all.

"But I cannot leave him now. I should be unworthy of the name of friend if I could turn my back upon him at such a crisis.

"I should tell you that the fever was brought to our neighbourhood in a very strange way, by a young man who, seeing our advertisement in the *Melbourne Argus*, came to seek out Allan.

"He holds some papers, and believes that the key to them is in the hands of a Mr. Oakley, of Brinnington Hey, which must be yourself, we think. You know that love for his English home and those he left there made Allan call his present residence 'Brinnington Hey.'

"This advertisement was for an assistant. This young man saw the name and journeyed hither, not as an applicant for the post, but to see Mr. Oakley. He found a young man where he evidently expected to see one much older, but he had been ailing on the road, and he broke down utterly when he reached the country inn where he now lies, getting better, but too weak to enter into explanations. Perhaps you may have some idea who and what he is. We are wholly in the dark as yet. The name on the young man's clothing is Austin Ormerod—a peculiar one, not likely to belong to many individuals."

As Mr. Oakley read the last sentences his face became white, his voice trembled, and he came to an absolute pause. His hearers were alarmed and looked inquiringly, but with an effort Mr. Oakley overcame his emotion and read the remainder of the letter, which closed with reiterated regrets for the writer's enforced stay and a promise of further particulars by next mail.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

CONFIDENCE MISPLACED. — Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbour for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

GOOD POETRY AND FINE VERSES.—There is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses as between the smell of a flower garden and that of a perfumer's shop.

THE EFFECT OF TRIFLES. — Mohammed, when pursued by his enemies, ere his religion had gained a footing in the world, took refuge in a certain cave. To the mouth of this retreat his pursuers traced him; but when they were on the very point of entering, their attention was arrested by a little bird darting from an adjoining thicket. Had it not been for this circumstance, the most trivial that can well be conceived, which convinced them that here the fugitive could not be concealed, Mohammed would have been discovered, and he and his imposture would have perished together. As it was, he effected his escape, gained the protection of his friends, and by a most artful course of conduct succeeded in laying the foundation of a religion which now prevails over a large portion of the world.—*Dr. Duncan.*

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—A child, walking with his tutor, stole an apple from a stall in the street. His instructor, having witnessed the theft, gave his young charge a severe lesson on the heinousness of stealing, and then, snatching the apple from him, quietly ate it himself. This is the abridgement of the greater part of all history.

MAKING PROGRESS. — Hoogstraten, who was a pupil of Rembrandt, asked him many questions, which the great master answered thus:—"Try to put well in practice what you already know, and in so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things which you now inquire about."

FORTUNATE DIFFICULTIES. — It is difficulties that give birth to miracles. It is not every calamity that is a curse, and early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learnt, though, unfortunately, some of the vices come as it were by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts, as our wintry nights and stormy seas have given us a race of seamen perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed by any in the world.

LITTLE SELFISHNESSES.—Take heed of indulging in little selfishnesses: learn to consider others in trifles. The mind so disciplined will find it easier to fulfil the greater duties, and the character will not exhibit that trying inconsistency which one often sees in great and even in pious persons.

SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS ABOUT SWEEPING THE HOUSE.—In Suffolk the people say that if after sweeping a room the broom is accidentally left in a corner, strangers will visit the house in the course of the day, while others affirm in the Northern counties that to sweep dust out of the house by the front door is equivalent to sweeping away the good fortune and happiness of the family. Care should rather be taken to sweep inwards—the dust being carried out in a basket or shovel—and then no harm will happen.

TWO PICTURES.

A LADY sat in her easy chair
'Mid the odour of luxury, free from care,
Bedecked with jewels, and gems, and gold,
In embroidered satin with many a fold.

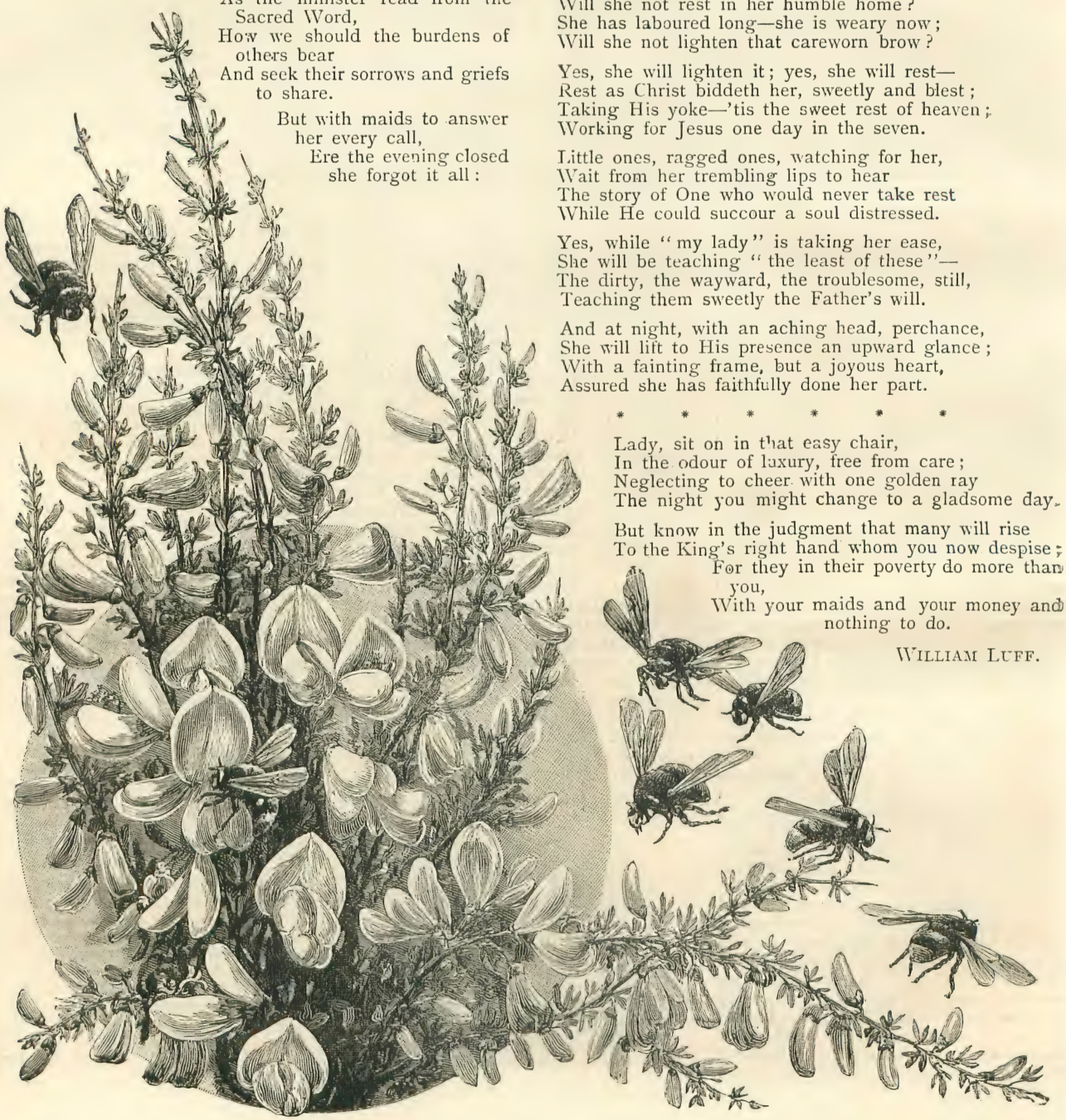
There were downy pillows and snow-white lace,
And a generous breathing that kissed her face;
For easterly winds never entered there
On the powdered bloom of those features fair.

A favoured child, with a thousand charms,
She slept her life in kind Fortune's arms,
And scarcely thought of the houseless poor
Who begged in vain at her mansion door;

Of the gloom which she with a golden ray
Might change from midnight to gladsome day;
Too idle, she sat in her easy chair,
In an odour of luxury, free from care.

And yet that morning at church she heard,
As the minister read from the Sacred Word,
How we should the burdens of others bear
And seek their sorrows and griefs to share.

But with maids to answer her every call,
Ere the evening closed she forgot it all:



And still sat on in her easy chair
In an odour of luxury, free from care.

* * * * * *

A maiden sat in no easy chair;
Though young, she was burdened with many a care;
Through a busy week from the dawning light
She had toiled and toiled till the shading night.

No 'broidered satin with many a fold
Was the neat, clean dress that her story told;
No downy pillows, no snow-white lace
Were tenderly kissing her weary face.

The marks of a piercing wind were there,
For the storm oft beat on those features fair;
No pampered child in the arms of wealth,
Her only riches were work and health.

But now that the Sabbath of God has come,
Will she not rest in her humble home?
She has laboured long—she is weary now;
Will she not lighten that careworn brow?

Yes, she will lighten it; yes, she will rest—
Rest as Christ biddeth her, sweetly and blest;
Taking His yoke—'tis the sweet rest of heaven;
Working for Jesus one day in the seven.

Little ones, ragged ones, watching for her,
Wait from her trembling lips to hear
The story of One who would never take rest
While He could succour a soul distressed.

Yes, while "my lady" is taking her ease,
She will be teaching "the least of these"—
The dirty, the wayward, the troublesome, still,
Teaching them sweetly the Father's will.

And at night, with an aching head, perchance,
She will lift to His presence an upward glance;
With a fainting frame, but a joyous heart,
Assured she has faithfully done her part.

* * * * * *

Lady, sit on in that easy chair,
In the odour of luxury, free from care;
Neglecting to cheer with one golden ray
The night you might change to a gladsome day.

But know in the judgment that many will rise
To the King's right hand whom you now despise;
For they in their poverty do more than you,
With your maids and your money and nothing to do.

WILLIAM LUFF.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW PEOPLE.

MARGARET found the Orion-Stewart ladies seated in the great drawing-room. Mr. Orion-Stewart had not accompanied them, having said that "he could stand a good deal, and was not shy of a shot at a wolf or a bear, but he could not stand this."

They looked odd and out of place, the two poor women, whose luggage had comprised no garments wherewith they could make themselves well-dressed after Shetland fashion, no soft woollen shawls nor stout tweeds. They only looked shabby and mean in their smart satinettes and velvets, freshly taken, flabby and flattened, from their trunks (for they had had no other accommodation at Colabister wherein to stow them), their tempers were soured, and their nerves irritated by their frantic and futile efforts at making their toilets with the aid of the one tiny and damp-beclouded mirror of which Mrs. Sands' hostel could boast. They had to fall back upon each other's eyes and comments, and as they had been in no mood for very genial and indulgent criticism, each had given the other a most dispiriting consciousness concerning her appearance, and so they had arrived at Balacluva, in their hour of triumph, not softened by a spirit of humility, which is ever sweet and gracious, and especially so at such seasons, but soured by a sense of humiliation, which is quite another thing.

"How could one imagine that in these days one could find oneself in any place where one cannot get a yard of fresh frilling, or even a pair of paper cuffs," said the mother to the daughter. They made a note, with envious disfavour, which tried to be contempt, of the hemmed muslins which bordered the throat and wrists of Margaret's plain black dress.

"She goes in for severe simplicity," reflected Miss Orion-Stewart; "it is so easy and 'taking' to play at pathetic poverty when one is going to be Marchioness of Fowlis."

Margaret expressed a kindly hope that her visitors had not found their stay in Shetland altogether unpleasant, nor the primitive arrangements of Mrs. Sands' inn quite unendurable.

"Well, we didn't expect the weather would get so cold so soon," returned the mother, "or we'd have brought our furs. It does seem hard to miss 'em, when one has such beauties as we have. As for the inn, well, the least said about that the better; it's not what we've been used to, that's all, so perhaps we feel hardships more than some folks might."

"The old woman told me to hang my bonnet

"SEEING HER GUESTS DEPART."

on one particular peg in my bedroom," chimed in the younger lady, "because she said things hung on the others were apt to get wet, not that the place was damp, she actually added, there was no damp at Colabister; it was only rain."

Margaret smiled. She felt that it could not be expected that anybody, not a Shetlander, could understand the subtle difference involved in this distinction.

"But I am sure you find Mrs. Sands herself all that you can desire," she said sweetly. "I have often been much impressed by Mrs. Sands, and the pleasant, gentle manner which she keeps unimpaired by her hard rough life. In the evening when she puts on her black stuff dress and her white knitted shawl she looks quite pretty."

Mrs. Orion-Stewart and her daughter laughed. It was a scornful laugh, and it would have been more hearty and less uneasy if they had not half-suspected that Margaret herself might be, as they would have elegantly expressed it, "getting her fun off them." Perhaps she took them for barbarians, who ought to see "prettiness" in anything in the old country. They had no idea there could be beauty in aught but yellow or black banged hair, full, pouting lips, unwrinkled skins, and young eyes which had never shed a tear; justice being done to such charms by fashionable robes of fabulous cost, and by tiny boots and gloves, in which flattish feet and coarsish hands might, with skill and patience, be stowed away out of sight. Beauty in old "Mother Sands," with her lined face and eager lips, and those strange eyes, in which it always seemed as if seas of grief had washed out all the colour and left only the light! — the idea was too absurd!

Before they left Great Britain, Mrs. and Miss Orion-Stewart had found some pleasure in looking over (antiquarians might have judged it but over-looking!) what they called "good ruins," chattering the loudest in the cells where martyrs had pined, or great men had expired. In a corner of her trunk Mrs. Orion-Stewart had stored a little stone head which she had managed to chip from a gargoyle in the chapter-house of an ancient cathedral, not too well guarded. With such sort of reverence for mute antiquity, appreciative respect for hoary humanity is not very compatible. To the Orion-Stewarts the aged's long survey of human life and the ways of Providence were only "droll" and "funny," until they became "wearisome" and "slow."

"I've always heard tell," said Mrs. Orion-Stewart, "that the British wonder at the Americans liking to board so much in hotels; and there's some Americans that get so taken up with English ways, that they say they wonder at it themselves, and wouldn't do it if it wasn't that domestic service is so plaguey since slavery has been done away with. I say the British don't know what our hotels are. At ours in Chicago, now, you'd just to put your foot outside your room door, and the lift carried you upstairs or downstairs, wherever you wanted to go. To be sure, there's only one set of stairs at Colabister, and you may get down them quick enough, for you're like to roll head foremost, they're so steep!"

Margaret could not repress a smile. "I don't think we gainsay the superior comforts and mechanical contrivances of the American hotels, when we prefer our private houses," she said. "But you must not think of Colabister as a British hotel! In all Shetland we have nothing which you would think worthy of that name. Only we British have such a liking for family life and retirement that our very hotels go in that direction. But that we can do something in the American fashion you may see in our capital cities."

"Ah, yes," conceded Mrs. Orion-Stewart. "Them in Liverpool and Glasgow and Inverness were fair—just fairish—not to compare with them of 'Frisco or Chicago."

"I should think it gets real dull, living all by yourselves, and seeing only your own folks at meal-times," observed Miss Orion-Stewart.

"But we have some breaks on that monotony, even in Shetland," said Margaret patiently, her own heart sinking so low within her that she felt as if she never again would want to see any human faces save those of her father and Lord Fowlis. "You know we hold it a point of island honour to keep an open door for every stranger. Mamma and I have entertained many guests in Balacluva whom we never saw before their visit, and whom we never expected to see again."

"Well, there doesn't seem much use in that, does there?" asked Mrs. Orion-Stewart. "It's just like dropping one's civilities into the sea—one might let down a net for a long while without catching them again."

"It was a pleasure to us to do it," said Margaret, quietly. And then she rose with gracious dignity, and asked if they would like to see through the mansion-house.

"Ain't every place small and dark?" asked Miss Orion-Stewart of her mamma, as they followed Margaret,

"But look through the windows at the wide sea and glorious sky," said Margaret. She accepted it as her duty to help these very strange kinsfolk to recognise the beauty and the value of the blessings into which they had entered. One or two servants whom they came across during their tour of inspection swiftly vanished into the kitchen, where they held indignant counsel together, saying that to hear how "these women lightlied everything, one would think that Miss Margaret was a lodginghouse-keeper, whose interest it was to make the best of her rooms, instead o' their own young lady, who was just giving up everything to them." For Balacluva and his daughter had entirely failed to make their loyal domestics and kindly tenantry realise that the Orion-Stewarts were simply entering into their rights.

It is one of the puzzling complications of human life that a wrong once done makes its own undoing a virtue! It seems so even in the case of repentant sinners themselves, and how much more is it so when the wrong is undone by the will and at the cost of those who have only innocently partaken of it! Sentiment and logic get widely severed at such times to their mutual injury. The feeling around Balacluva seemed to be that if the old Stewarts (for that was the name the retiring family received, and they wrote themselves Leask in vain, so far as the local public was concerned) had really had no right to the property, then they had now acquired such right by their prompt surrender of the same, while the Orion-Stewarts could only be forgiven for the reality of their rights if they consented to forego them! And the more the ex-laird and his daughter strove to efface this misconception, the more deeply it became engraven on the minds of the people. "Are not the true lady and gentleman willing to give up their own?" they cried; "but just see how these upstarts want to seize everything!"

And truly, that afternoon spent with the Orion-Stewart women was a sad time for Margaret. The bitterness, the unbearableness of any woe, or of any change, is seldom in what may be regarded as itself. That comes upon us like the fierce beast which we may confront and overcome by our own courage and skill. But, alas! in the jungle where that wild beast dwelt, there are also little noxious snakes and infinitesimal stinging things, and these fasten upon us when our strength is exhausted and our nerves are down, and they are neither to be conquered nor conciliated, but must be endured.

Margaret had to hear them say that Balacluva might be tolerable for a month or two in the year if all the dingy old-fashioned furniture were bundled out; she had to hear comparisons between the worn, dainty old drapery which had been consecrated by the happy domestic industry of forgotten members of the family, contrasted, to its disparagement, with the damask and diaper of the 'Frisco hotel; she had to hear that the "great drawing-room" was not half the size of the "Smoker's Den" in the "Spread Eagle House," Chicago; she had to hear that they "guessed" the accustomed servants of the establishment would not suit their "smart" ways, and that they "reckoned" they'd better bring London servants with them during their own brief summer stay—"The briefer the better," said Miss Orion-Stewart; "and if pa would take my advice, he'd sell it altogether, though I don't know whether he can, as this ain't a free country like the States."

Mrs. Orion-Stewart grew familiar and confidential. "Ah, my dear," she said, "it's easy for you to think a great deal of everything here: you are going to leave it! I guess Fowlis will be a sight better. And this old place hasn't done you an ill turn if it's helped you into that. I hope it will only do half as well for her." And the mother fondly regarded her daughter.

As Margaret turned from the door after seeing her guests depart, her heart cried out for one more look on Fowlis's kind and gentle face! She felt as if she

had fallen into the mire, and wanted him to come and raise her out of it—as if corruption and baseness were splashed upon her very love, and all her aspirations and efforts. Oh, why had not these people come before he went away! Though her parting from him might be but for a few days, or a few weeks at most, how hard it was that the thought of them must come between her and her memory of him!

Down on the shore the fishermen were saying to each other "that the breeze was freshening." One old salt forebode "an ugly night." And two or three women, whose "men" were not at home, stood outside their houses, and gazed anxiously across the sea.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

Metzler and Co.

The Voice I Love. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music composed by Lady Arthur Hill.—A very pleasing composition, both melody and accompaniment being happily sympathetic with the poetry; the change of time and arpeggio accompaniment in the words, "While the ocean ebbs and flows," is very effective.

The Child and the Angel. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederick H. Cowen.—The song before us is in every respect a charming composition, being in admirable keeping with the ideas of the poet, and well worthy the talented composer. The subject is a weary-hearted child watching from his hiding-place the bustling crowd. He is cheered by a sympathetic smile from a lovely girl as she passes by; he dreams that she had passed away, and his dream is realised, for

"The morning sunlight showed him her
flower-crowned resting-place,
So he knew that the lips of an angel had
kiss'd the beautiful face."

Palanquin. Marche Indienne. Par Georges Lamothe.—A very descriptive piece; a tolerably-trained executant will make this composition very effective in the drawing-room.

No. 10 of *The American Organ Journal*, edited by J. Munro Coward, containing six compositions by Barnby, Sullivan, Handel, Theo. Marzials, Gounod, and Rubinstein; also *Arrangements for the American Organ.* By Frederic Archer. Book III. Containing compositions by Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart.

All these pieces are well worthy the study and notice of our young friends. They are charmingly arranged, and deserve to become popular.

Lamborn Cock.

Mother! Oh, Sing me to Rest. Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. Music by F. R. Cox.—A plaintive melody, full of feeling and tenderness. The accompaniment is in keeping with the beautiful words.

William Czerny.

Deux Marches Hongroises. Par D. Brocca. No. 1, en La mineur; No. 2, en Ut mineur;

Spoing Flowers. Composed by John W. Gritton.

These three short pieces can be recommended to young students as being euphonious and agreeable.

F. Amos and Co.

Yesterday. Written by Ellen Miller. Composed by Theodor L. Clemens.—A very telling song. The words are very charming, and the composer has succeeded in setting music which is both original and effective.

I Dream of Thee. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by J. E. Webster.—An easily-acquired song as regards singing and playing; it is written in two keys—compass E to A flat, and C to F flat.

Apart. Words by Alton Rode. Music by William H. Hunt, B.Mus. (Lond.).—A smoothly written song with a good accompaniment and pretty refrain, music and words flowing together harmoniously.

Mine Alone. Song with violin obbligato *(ad lib.)*. Words by Archibald Cameron. Music by H. E. Warner.—A sentimental ditty, with waltz refrain. The violin accompaniment is a pleasing addition, and greatly adds to the effect of the song.

In Memoriam: H.R.H. the Duke of Albany. March. Composed by Leonard Gautier.—Solemn, grand, and well sustained, without any difficulties, and within the compass of moderate pianoforte players.

Silver Bells. Mazurka by Charles Rawlings.—A pretty and simple drawing-room piece, well adapted to moderate performers.

Weekes and Co.

Clytemnestra. Gavotte and Musette by Frank H. Cliffe.—A well-arranged piece, good style, easy of execution.

Weekes and Co.'s School Series of Part Songs, edited by Sydney Russell: *Rose of Allandale, Come, Gentle Sleep, Trelawny, The Last Rose of Summer, On the Banks of Allan Water, The Maid of Venice.*—These old favourites are simply arranged for two voices, and will be found most useful in schools and the home circle. The type is good and clear, and the price very moderate, being threepence each number.

Twilight Reverie, by J. Cecil Bell; *The Song of the Brook* (Fantaisie brillante), by Gavin McFadyean, are both pieces that require good and clear manipulation, and will be found good practice for young pianistes.

Novello, Ewer and Co.

Three songs composed by W. H. Hadow: *To Althea.* Words by Lovelace. *O Captain, my Captain.* Words by Walt Whitman. *The Lore of Love.* Words by G. Malcom.—These three compositions are highly commended; the treatment both for voice and accompaniment is most artistic. The first is the most simple, and, to our mind, the most interesting; at the same time they are all much above the usual conventional style, and require good singing and playing.

Past and Present. Words by the late Thomas Hood. Music by Edward N. Lewis.—A pretty, unaffected song, presenting no difficulties.

Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.

A Village Story. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Jules Sivrai.—A charming and original little song, light and graceful. We would recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Valse Caprice, for two performers on the pianoforte. Composed by Kilvington Hattersley.—The theme is simple and melodious, within the capabilities of moderate performers, and will be found agreeable in the drawing-room.

John Purdie.

White Heather. Words by Keith Cameron. Music by C. W. Bucherer.—A pretty, unpretending song which may be conscientiously recommended.

C. B. Tree.

The Changeless Love. Words by H. C. Shuttleworth. Music by Arthur Briscoe.

Thoughts of Thee. Written by C. van Baerle. Music by H. Davan Wetton.

Both these songs are flowing and graceful. The harmonies and accompaniments are sympathetic and judicious.

Swiftly sailing o'er the sea. The words written and music composed by Robert Munro.—This is a bright and effective setting to appropriate words. It is suitable for a baritone. There is a swing about it which will render it popular.

Gavotte in D. Composed by Ernest H. Wadmore.—A short and interesting piece for small fingers.

A. Cox.

The Windmill. Morceau de salon. For pianoforte. By G. J. Rubini.—An elegant and refined composition. The theme is tuneful; will be good practice for young pianists. We recommend it to our girls.

C. Jeffery.

Sea Spray. For the pianoforte. By Aug. Le Jeune.—A light and characteristic little piece, easily acquired, and very effective.

White Brothers.

Kyrie Eleison. From Mozart's 12th Mass.
He shall feed His flock (*Messiah*). Handel.
He was despised. do. do.
Arranged for pianoforte, by Karl Muscat.—These three well-known favourites will, we think, be welcomed by many of our musical young friends; they are well arranged, and will be found an acquisition to the Sunday sacred library.

Juvenile easy Gavotte, without octaves. Composed by Karl Muscat.—A very pretty composition for little fingers, short and effective.

The Bird has Flown. Song. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Karl Muscat. Pleasing and musicianly.

W. Morley and Co.

Morley's Organ Journal. Edited by Humphrey J. Stark, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

No. 1. Original Compositions. By H. J. Stark.

No. 2. Largo. By G. F. Handel. Arranged by H. J. Stark.

No. 3. Original Compositions. By H. J. Stark.

Morley's Voluntaries for Organ or Harmonium, containing thirteen original pieces. By Charles J. Frost, Mus.Doc., Cantab.—The popularity of harmonium playing amongst amateurs is a great incentive to excellent musicians like Dr. Frost and Mr. H. J. Stark coming forward to supply the lovers of this instrument with sterling music.

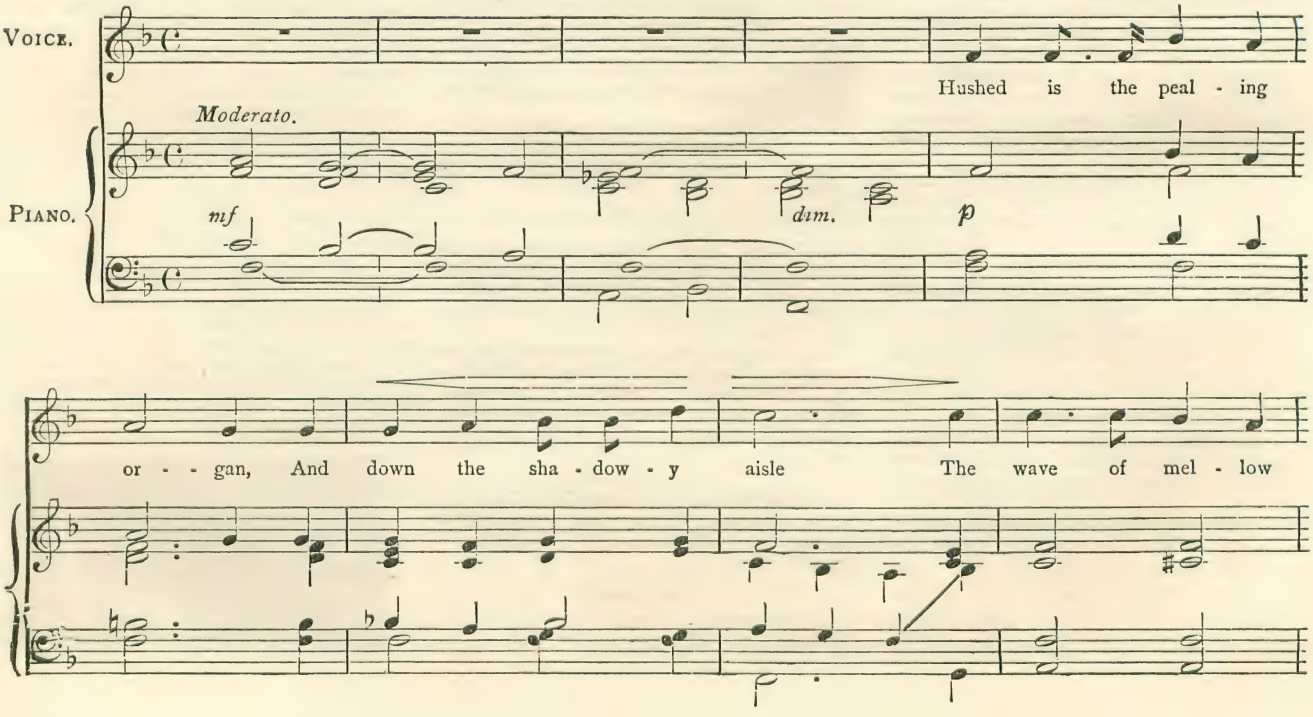
Also, Morley's Album of Duets for violin and piano (all in the first position), containing a choice collection of original pieces. By Arthur Carnall, Mus.Bac., Cantab.—A most useful selection for youthful aspirants.

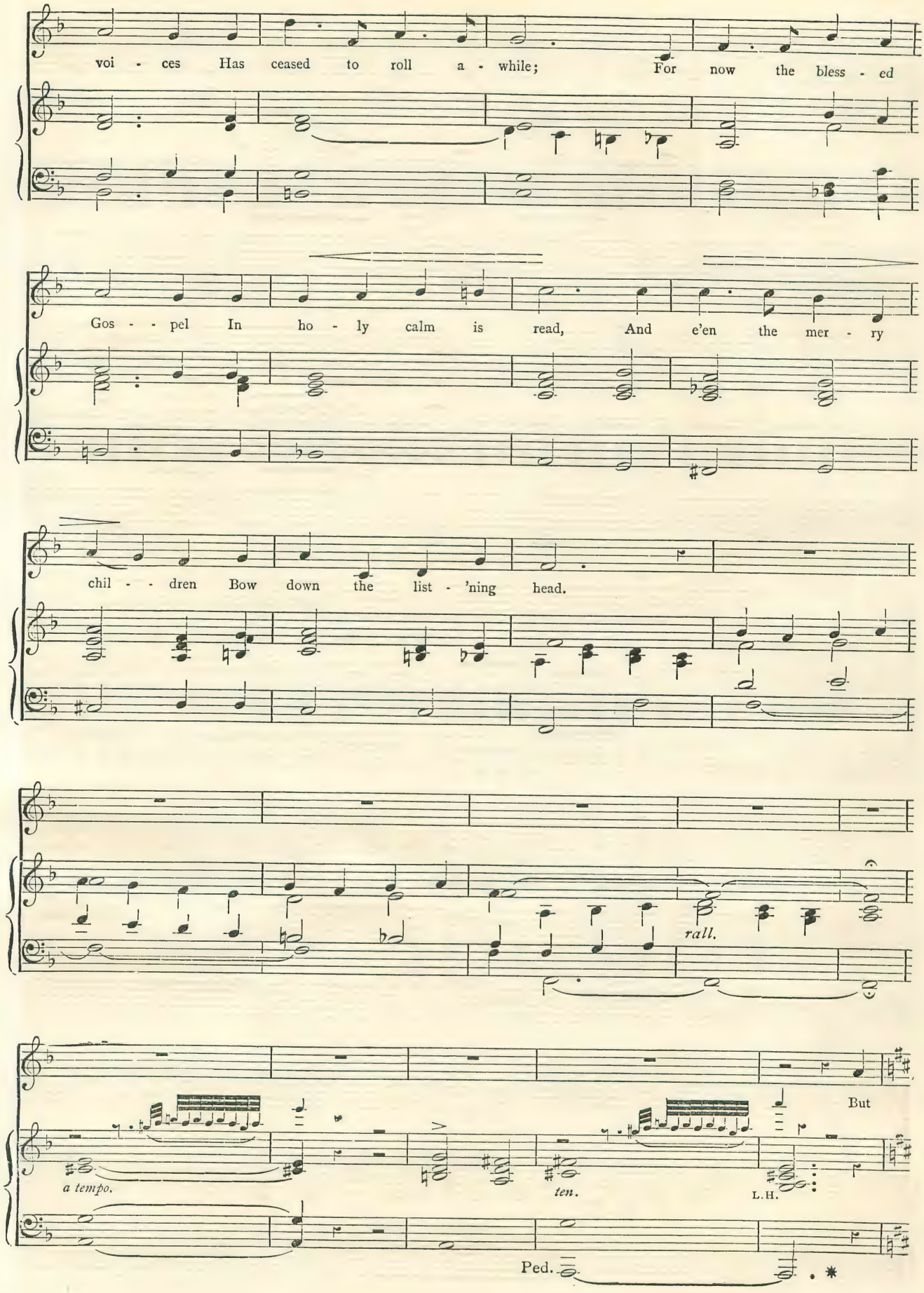
Edwin Ashdown.

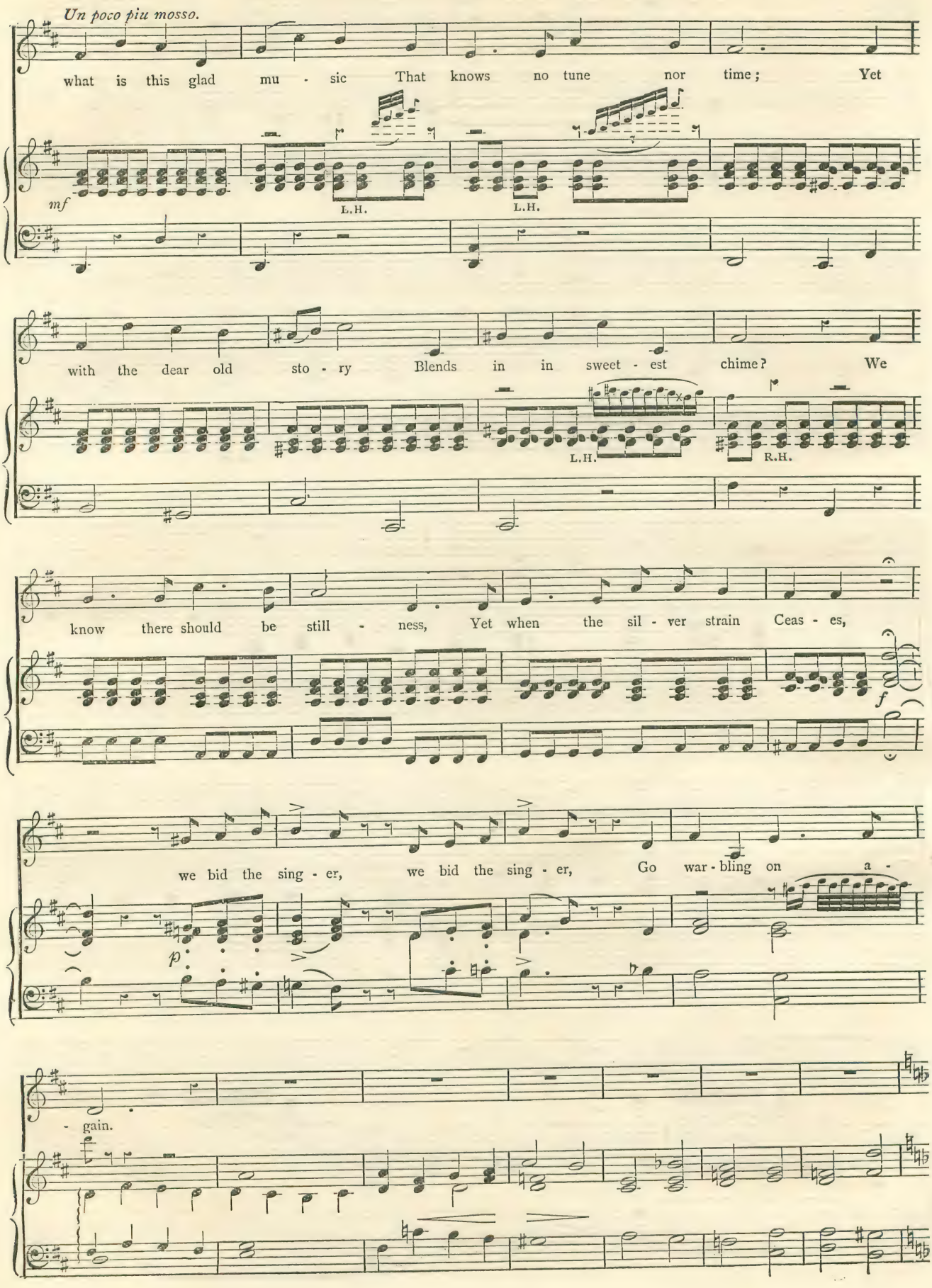
We have received six of a series of twelve organ pieces in various styles, commencing with No. 7. Composed by Edwin M. Lott. They are progressive and instructive. Direction is given for the use of the various stops and pedals. These compositions are well worthy the attention of organists.

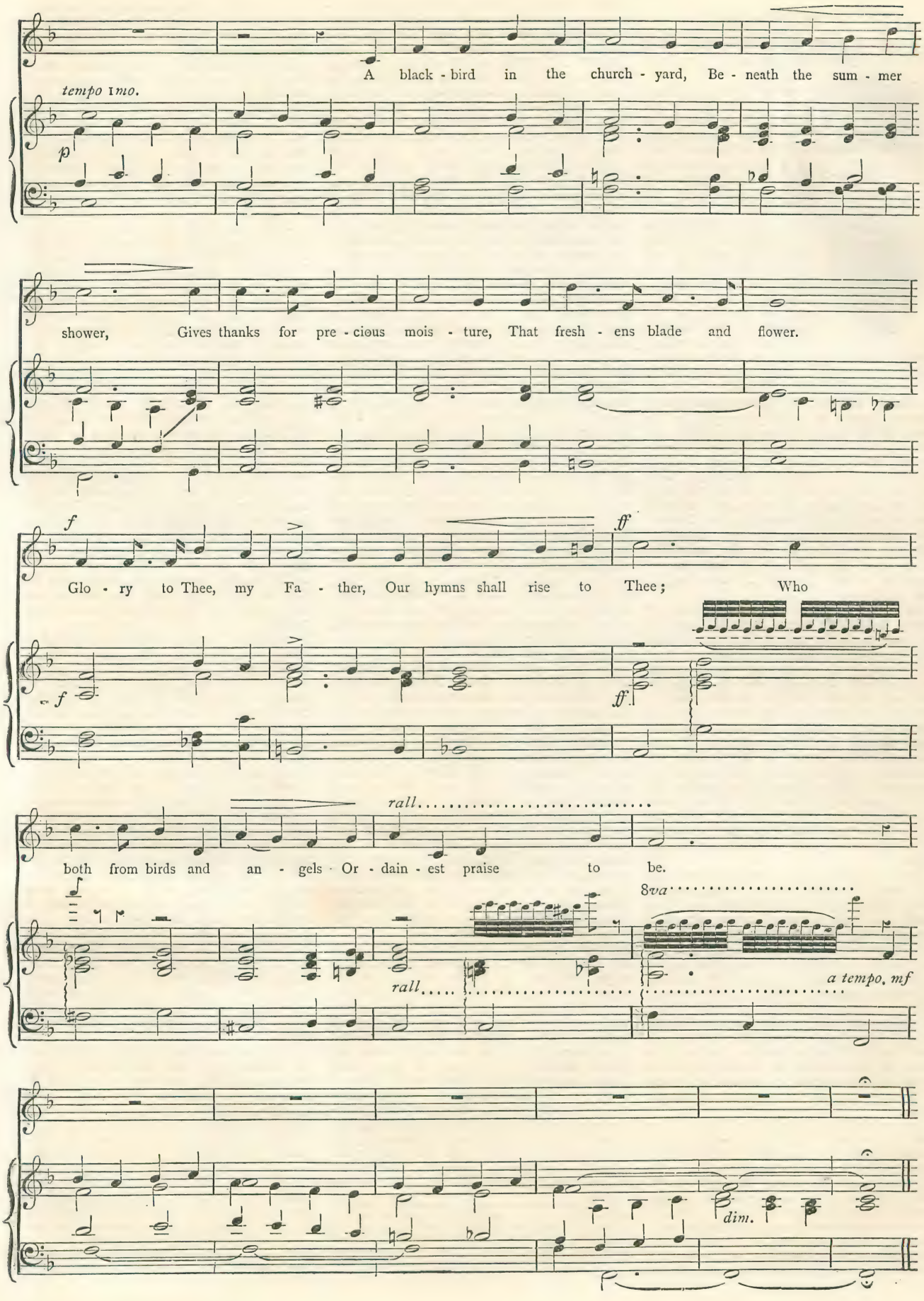
THE BLACKBIRD AND THE CHOIR.

Words by ALICE KING. *Music by* EDWIN M. LOTT.



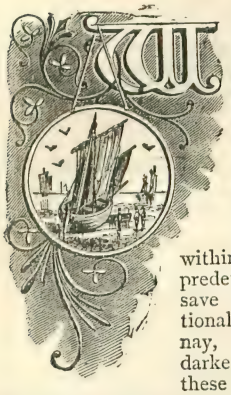

voi - ces Has ceased to roll a - while; For now the bless - ed
Gos - - pel In ho - ly calm is read, And e'en the mer - ry
chil - - dren Bow down the list - 'ning head.
rall.
But
a tempo.
ten.
L.H.
Ped.


Un poco piu mosso.
what is this glad mu - sic That knows no tune nor time; Yet
mf
L.H.
L.H.
with the dear old sto - ry Blends in in sweet - est chime? We
L.H.
R.H.
know there should be still - ness, Yet when the sil - ver strain Ceas - es,
f
we bid the sing - er, we bid the sing - er, Go war - bling on a -
p
- gain.


A black - bird in the church - yard, Be - neath the sum - mer
tempo 1mo.
p
shower, Gives thanks for pre - cious mois - ture, That fresh - ens blade and flower.
f
ff
Glo - ry to Thee, my Fa - ther, Our hymns shall rise to Thee; Who
f
ff
rall.
both from birds and an - gels Or - dain - est praise to be.
8va
rall.
a tempo, mf
dim.

"IF I WERE YOU!"

A FURTHER CHAT WITH GIRLS WHO HAVE JUST LEFT SCHOOL.



We have agreed, then, that a young girl leaving school to enter upon the wide and beautiful possibilities of life should, above all things, make up her mind to be happy, since happiness is a thing within the reach of our predetermined will in all, save the darker exceptional lots of humanity; nay, is possible to the darkest of even these, if these trials be met with a cheerful, resolute contentment. But it is not of such lots that we are now speaking. Not to the invalid, the recently bereaved, the exceptionally afflicted am I now chatting thus of what I would do in her place, but to the average English girl who has just finished the school portion of her education, and is looking out upon the future with eyes of eager anticipation and hopeful forecasting. The very contrast this sentence draws, the very line of demarcation it expresses between your lot and that of thousands, should make your heart spring up in happy thankfulness at remembrance of the unbroken home circle, the sufficient, if not superabundant means, the health and strength that you enjoy.

And yet it is not so only too often; and already dissentient voices seem to sound in one's ears, protesting against the assertion that they are, and they ought to be, happy. And as we have already weeded out the idlers and the grumblers from our whilom congregation, and disposed of the needless miseries caused by a gloomy temper or an occupied mind, it seems at first unaccountable that there should be any complaints of unhappiness left. Plenty to do, a mind resolved on cheerful content, and trained to look out for all the lesser pleasures that lie in life's pathway—why do I still see some very sad faces, girls? I will tell you why. You have forgotten that, in order to rule the mind, you must also care for the body.

Years ago, before you went to school, you had a wax doll—had you not?—and treated it with becoming tenderness and care. You would have been furious if anyone suggested you would set its pink and white cheeks to roast before the fire, or squeezed the bran out of its body, or left it about unclothed or exposed to dust and rain. Yet these childish sins against beloved "dolly" are the poorest, faintest shadows of the wrongs many of you are daily committing against your own delicate frames, dearer to parents and friends than was ever "dolly's" welfare to you, and with a future of possibilities for passing on those wrongs from generation to generation, which is too appalling to be discussed at length here.

Let me single out one of you, and tell her what she has been doing during the last eight-and-forty hours to harm her bodily powers, and thereby defeat all her best intentions to be happy and make others so. For the body ill-cared for becomes the most oppressive and revengeful of tyrants, and can coerce the immortal spirit with such a tremendous power as to change the whole colour of our mental attitude, and say triumphantly, "I will be master, after all, and you, poor soul, that thought to lord it over me, shall be the victim of my relentless punishment, until even religious 'consolations are small with thee,' and, like Job, you shall cry out, 'My soul is aweary of my life!'" . . . This, we will say, is a Sunday, and you, pretty one, with the pink cheeks that pale and flush again so rapidly, and the dark rims round your tired eyes, shall offer yourself as a scapegoat, and confess your sins against that tyrant, body, and its relentless retributions, for the benefit of the rest. You began Saturday with a nasty, scanty breakfast, and went straight from the table to your books, rightly anxious to give the first best hours of the day to working for that university examination which you intend passing. Quite right; but was it wise to use your brain for four hours at a stretch on difficult subjects? At school your governess would have taken you out to walk, or sent you to practise only some two hours and a half at most, and would, besides, have varied your tasks by changing from one subject to another; whereas, you toiled continuously at the one knotty lesson, until your stupefied head refused to attend any longer, and you threw down your books in despair. Then you rushed out in a hurry, and took an immense walk, tearing home, at last, out of breath, to find luncheon nearly finished. True, the kind thought for that old pensioner, to whom you carried a parcel of warm clothing for your mother, might well be its own reward for the exertion made; but your parents dislike to see you come in late for meals, and with good reason—that plate of half-cold food which you ate up so fast, already feeling exhausted and weary, could not do you half the good you would have derived from a proper meal eaten at leisure. "How tired you look!" said your mother. "Surely you are not going to play lawn-tennis at once?" But you went, nevertheless, the moment you rose from the table; and you played in thin shoes—too thin, at least, for the damp ground of a spring or autumn day, and then wondered why you felt quite ill and worn out when at last you left off, and hurried home at dusk. Neither breakfast nor lunch had been substantial meals, yet you sent away soup and meat almost untasted, then "made up for it" (so you thought) with "sweets." Chilled and tired, you nevertheless had now assumed what you call "evening dress," because of the friends who were coming in presently for music and games; that is to say, you had dropped at least one, if not two, warm, substantial layers of protection to throat and chest, and then wondered that you felt intolerably cold. Afterwards, indeed, when the rooms filled, and you grew merry and excited, you became thoroughly overheated again, and then you stood at an open window without shawl or wrap even, till mamma, fortunately discovering your whereabouts, insisted on your coming out of the stream of raw night air, and proclaimed that it was time for all sensible folks to go to bed on Saturday night. "Don't go to the early service to-morrow, I beg, my dear," she counselled: "you have caught a bad cold." But you did, and, what is more, you knelt—no hassock being at hand—on cold, bare boards, and came home feeling so faint and ill that the patient mother had to stay at home from church afterwards and nurse you.* For all that, you insisted on going to take your class at the Sunday-school; and your small classroom was crowded, yet you never thought to open a window there, though protected by hat and mantle, and your own and your pupils' attention wandering, from the drowsiness induced by the close, foul air. This curious "day of rest" you finished up by walking two miles to Mr. ——'s crowded, fashionable church; after the two miles home again, you were glad to creep up to bed, almost too exhausted to think of any prayers, Sunday though it was. And to-day has been like Saturday, only with hours of walking about, shopping, instead of the tennis ground; and at about eight you will betake yourself to a crowded party, where the air you breathe will be even worse than it was at yesterday's Sunday-school, and where you will stay, and talk, and laugh, and perhaps sing until—pray, which of the hours after midnight?

Now, my dear girls, I appeal to your common sense. Is it any wonder you don't feel cheerful and bright after treating your body thus? Aye, and is there not worse behind in many an instance? Respiration hindered by tight lacing, feet cramped into small shoes, head exposed to sun or piercing wind, without the slightest shade from bonnet or hat; unwholesome food, neglect of a thousand needful precautions and attentions to sanitary rules. The young people of this age are not possessed of their grandparents' constitutions. They pay quickly for these thousand and one transgressions of the laws of health, and become martyrs to chronic cold, dyspepsia, and neuralgic affections. The worst of it is that it is impossible here to tell you plainly, my dear girls, the foolish things you do and neglect to do, and the risks incurred thereby, for a future stretching far beyond your own lives. But will you listen to a few cardinal rules of health, and try and refrain from violating them? Food, rest, fresh air, and clothing each admit of a few leading suggestions, which may help you to keep your body in such a state that it shall be your servant instead of your tyrant.

As to food, we don't think we need tell you of the danger of over-eating; but, surely, it is unnecessary to remind you that it is possible to eat too little of strengthening meat and bread, and too much of cakes and pastry, to the detriment of the constitution? Pray make up your minds to live principally on simple fare—wholesome joints, bread, butter, vegetables, and cooked fruit. The habit of self-denial at the table may well be exercised in this way, and especially by steadfastly avoiding anything we have once found out disagrees with us. Those who wish for quiet nerves and even temper, will do well to avoid strong tea and coffee, highly-spiced food, and, we firmly believe, the general use of wine. When prescribed by parents or physician the case is altered; but young people in average health would discover they gained immensely by substituting milk for wine as their usual beverage, and would find that when needful to use wine in illness or exhaustion, it proved doubly useful for not being taken habitually. Then, never hurry through meals, and make a point of leaving off work, or violent exercise, a few minutes before, and a good half hour after, sitting down to table.

Dress is a much larger subject, and can only be touched upon here with one or two comprehensive hints, that you must follow out more fully for yourselves. Don't make sudden changes, and guard against the inconceivably rapid changes of our variable climate, by wearing flannel, or some proper substitute, nearly, if not all, the year round. Never be so silly as to have thin walking shoes or boots; wet and damp feet lead to every imaginable bodily ill, from red noses and pale cheeks to dangerous maladies, and if you are thinly shod you are certain to suffer from cold, and often wet feet. And never let fashion persuade you into those customs of tight clothing and scanty drapery that are

* The writer desires earnestly to guard against being misunderstood here: not the ordinances of religion would she speak of slightingly, but the practice of making Sunday a day of hurry and bustle and religious excitement, instead of the holy day of calm and rest for which it was designed by Him who "made it for man.

sins against modesty, as well as every law of health. Don't fancy that a wasp-like waist and too visible shoulders win admiration from anyone. They make you feel ill and indecorous and miserable, and men and women alike laugh at the folly of your self-martyrdom, except, indeed, those who, realising all that you are sacrificing, experience a regret and disgust too poignant for laughter.

But we must pass on to rest; and pray don't imagine we want to make of you fine ladies or indolent, when we counsel you to take rest occasionally by lying down for a quarter of an hour. After violent exercise, long walks, or even great mental efforts, to lie down, not lounging, but nearly flat, in an even and restful position, is an admirable repose for spines that, like the majority of those we see nowadays, are none too strong. A celebrated physician, in my own girlhood, advised me to lie down for half an hour every day after dinner, as a cure for neuralgia and indigestion, and I can recommend the plan as a great preventive of headache and dyspepsia. But another sound custom that girls are too apt to forget is the making sure of the "beauty sleep"—of as much time as can be secured before midnight. It is perfectly true that sleep between 10 and 12 p.m. is worth twice the amount after midnight, as experience will speedily prove, my dear girls.

And ere we leave the subject of rest, do let me remind you of that old-fashioned but terribly-forgotten truth, that Sunday was given to be the "day of rest." If you spend it in a round of exciting services and classes, how can this be? Think not I wish to discourage your efforts to do good, or your participation in what are rightly called "means of grace;" but "let your moderation be known" in these things also, and cultivate the gift of temperance even in religious ordinances! The spirit, like the body, cannot digest too much at one time; one church service and one Sunday class thoughtfully participated in would do more good, depend upon it, than half-a-dozen hurried through with aching head and wearied mind. Make Sunday a quiet day, a restful day; a blessed, peaceful pause in the turmoil and bustle of the week, and you will "keep it holy," believe me, far more effectually than by rushing from place to place in search of religious excitement to which an exhausted body is unequal.

Lastly—but, oh! not leastly—fresh air. When will girls, or anyone else, learn the vital necessity of pure air to breathe, above all in their bedrooms? If you possibly can, you should sleep with an inch or two of your window open at the top, and the bed placed so that no draught reaches your pillow; but if that, in an English winter, is impossible, pray don't forget to have the register of your fire-grate kept open, or have a ventilator put into your door, otherwise, even in a comparatively large room, you will be breathing noxious poison instead of oxygen, as your noses will tell you if you go out of your rooms and then return before the window be opened. Pray, pray, don't let this close air accumulate in your sleeping apartment, by neglecting to open the window at the top every day of your lives; a few inches at the bottom does no good, it merely sends the foul air up to the ceiling, where it stays, to add to that which you breathe out next night, until the accumulated results become—oh! if there were but any thermometer that would show you what it is you breathe—air fouler than the dirtiest water you would refuse to wash your hands in; dirty air, in the most literal and disgusting sense of that adjective! Nothing, girls, will make you feel so utterly wretched as want of oxygen to breathe. Your heads will ache and your tempers will be threadbare, and your mental faculties seem jaded and rusted, if you fail to recognise the body's need of fresh air to breathe. The strongest person could scarcely feel buoyantly happy in close, ill-ventilated rooms, remember.

But each one of these physical needs must be carefully and persistently attended to, and that with a detail we have not had space to consider here, if you would have the "sound mind in a sound body," which alone can make you happy and useful members of society.

Useful, yes; for we were not put into the world merely for selfish enjoyment. If I have persuaded you thus far to cultivate a contented mind in a healthful frame, you will have prepared, best of all, for practical utility in your day and generation.

LOVE'S SUNSHINE.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"Mixed reason with pleasure, and pleasure with mirth."—GOLDSMITH.

THE next few weeks brought every day some fresh pleasure to Nellie. It was true that Miss Beecher had not a large number of friends, and most of the few she had were soon away for their summer change; this, however, only served to bring the aunt and niece more closely together and increase more rapidly the affection that had sprung up between them

"MISS BEECHER TOLD THEM A LITTLE MORE OF HER HISTORY."

The happy days passed by in visits to museums and picture galleries, drives in the parks, and walks to look at the shops, sometimes accompanied by Miss Beecher, sometimes by her maid, Harvey. Then there was the more sacred enjoyment of hearing good men preaching the same great truths, and bringing fresh light to bear upon them; a new life for Nellie, teaching her practically what she had hitherto only learnt theoretically, and hardly realised, that, amongst all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, there is always a union in life's motive and aim.

A thrice happy week was that one Gerald spent with them, and how proud Nellie felt to show him about London! The evening before he returned to Upperfield, Miss Beecher told them a little more of her history.

"You have wondered, I know, Nellie," she began, "how it was I came to live away from my dear uncle and aunt. As I told you, my aunt was of French family. Well, the mother of my friend Lucille—who had married a Swiss pasteur—was taken with a long illness, and with my uncle's consent I went over to stay with her. I had visited them two or three times before. She continued an invalid, and I remained with her, taking a daughter's place in the house, and to me it was the happiest time in my life. When I had been with them three years circumstances occurred which compelled me to leave them, but I still thought it better not to return to my uncle's house, excepting from time to time as a visitor, and from that time I have been a wanderer, my faithful Harvey sharing my wanderings."

"How was it, Aunt Marian"—for so Nellie now willingly designated Miss Beecher—"how was it you never knew my mother?"

Nellie had long tried to get courage to ask this question.

"I really had heard so little about her. Your Uncle Beecher died when I was quite young. I remember seeing him once or twice, and from him we formed quite a wrong estimate of your mother. Now I know you, I can see how thoroughly wrong it must have been. When I saw the notice of her death, not long after I had come into my uncle's money, I recollected that she had children, and felt I should wish to help if necessary."

"And are your friends still living in Geneva, Aunt Marian?" asked Gerald.

"Yes, and Lucille still lives up on the mountains. We three must pay her a visit, one day."

"That would be delightful," cried Nellie. "Was she the only child?"

"No, there is a son."

Something in Miss Beecher's tone stayed further questioning.

Has our friend a skeleton cupboard? Let us not seek to unlock it. Good for her if the key be irrevocably lost; or, better still, if after years she can dare to open the door wide and, letting in the light of God's sunshine, find its grim occupant fled!

As the winter approached, Nellie's time became more and more occupied. Not only had she begun taking lessons in languages and music, and attending some classes, but she was very busy helping her aunt with some of her benevolent schemes. One of these they were both especially interested in. Miss Beecher, having a desire to help the poor in her immediate neighbourhood, had inaugurated a weekly class in her housekeeper's room, to which girls were invited. They were taught sewing, and Miss Beecher or Nellie read some entertaining, instructive book. Once a month they had what they called a concert, to which the girls might invite one or two members of their families, or a friend. This was held in the drawing-room, seats being placed in rows, but not too closely or primly set. Miss Beecher, who was an excellent pianist, played; and Nellie, with her sweet rich voice, sang, delighting the audience with strains that helped to raise the taste and possibly through that dispel some of the coarser instincts that owe their birth to terrible surroundings. Not only by these means, but by showing them photos of pictures, telling the history of these or anecdotes of their artists, by talking to them of the different places she had visited, and seeking to awaken wider interests, Miss Beecher endeavoured to educate those who were thus brought under her influence—above all, desiring to be the means of bringing some spiritual health and purity to those lives, so stunted and lowered by cruel circumstances repressing the development of good.

During the evening, coffee and tea, with other wholesome refreshment, were handed round, Harvey taking a great interest in helping in this "freak of missus's," as the cook called it.

(*To be concluded.*)

GRADUATES IN HOUSE-KEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

THAT summer was the hottest that anyone could remember. Morning after morning rose misty and dense, till the sun, gathering strength as he rose, dispelled the haze, and shone forth fierce and clear for the rest of the live-long day. Sometimes a few large heavy drops of rain fell, giving hope of the showers so sorely needed by the parched earth; but they soon ceased. "Them's only the pride of the morning," old Green would say, and so it seemed, for the days went on for some weeks bright and dry as ever.

At Spike House, various devices were adopted for keeping the rooms cool. The front door was always wide open, and another door, which admitted the air, fixed in front of it. This was all of wood, made like a Venetian blind fixed into a strong framework, and effectually excluded the sun, while admitting plenty of air. There were several side entrances to the house, but as these were not visible from the road there was no necessity for having doors of any kind kept closed, so they were simply left wide open, and the sun kept out, in some cases by an outside awning, and at one door by a curtain being across the doorway. The windows of the rooms were opened, and the outside shutters closed before the sun came round upon them, so that they were kept comparatively cool all day.

When the hot weather began, Narcissa was sent to the seaside in charge of a few girls, whose health seemed to require a sea breeze. A quiet boarding-house was found for them, Miss Gwen being of opinion that it was beneficial for everybody to have a change of society occasionally, as well as change of air; and she thought, also, that both teacher and scholars would enjoy having no duties at all to undertake, not even the anxiety of providing their meals. Lessons were not entirely suspended, however, for Miss Gwen required the girls to keep a sort of natural history diary, and to spend not less than one quarter of an hour each day in writing a description of any interesting objects they found in their walks. She was not particular where the subjects were found, whether in earth, or air, or water, so long as the girls used their eyes and found something of interest somewhere, and used their brains just sufficiently to be able to describe what they saw. As a little extra inducement to effort, she offered a prize to the one who brought home the best collection to be added to the "Spike House Natural History Museum," which was always on view in the girls' own private domain—a large garret at the top of the house—where not even Miss Gwen herself intruded, except when specially invited.

Nor was work entirely suspended at Spike House, although it was holiday time. The housekeepers were busy gathering and drying stores of herbs for winter use, and bottling and preserving plums and late fruits. They had an unusually large supply of tomatoes in the garden also this year, so some small ones, the firmest and least fruity amongst them, were bottled for the winter, in the same way as fruit. Others were preserved by boiling; they were then pressed through a cullender, so as to get the pulp without seeds or skins; this pulp was then spread out in a number of flat dishes, and put out for a few days in the hot noon-day sun till a good deal of the water had evaporated, and the pulp was then put away in jars for the winter. This was one of Narcissa's recipes; it is the Turkish method of preserving tomatoes, and it is this preparation which they use for their national dish, pilaf.

Tomatoes were used a great deal this summer at Spike House. Miss Down had taken for the subject of one of her cookery lectures the beneficial action of the mineral substances in certain fruit and vegetables, and especially in the tomato, which is said by some doctors to be an almost infallible cure for dyspepsia.

They were used in various way, those which had ripened well and evenly were eaten raw, the less perfect ones were cooked in the different methods usually suggested in cookery books—stewed, baked, and forced. They made tomato soup also; the fruit was stewed thoroughly well (all tomatoes require a great deal of cooking to be really nice), then the skins and stones strained out, and the soup thickened with grated potatoes, and all boiled together again for an hour.

Amongst the foreign dishes Narcissa taught the girls were several ways of using tomatoes. One was macaroni cheese with tomato sauce. The dish was prepared just in the usual way, except that before the cheese was added, sauce, made of tomatoes, and rather highly seasoned, was poured over the macaroni. For dyspeptic people, or those who do not like cheese, a much more wholesome dish is made by omitting that ingredient, and flavouring the macaroni simply with the tomatoes.

Another was the Turkish dish, pilaf, mentioned above. For this a quantity of rice was boiled and very carefully dried; then some butter was put into a saucepan—about a quarter of a pound of butter to half a pound of rice—and as soon as it boiled it was poured over the rice, and set in the oven till it had all soaked in and was thoroughly incorporated with the rice. Then the tomato pulp, bottled the previous year, should have been poured over all, but as the girls frequently made this dish before the tomatoes were ripe in the garden, and they had not learnt the art of preserving the pulp the previous summer, they were compelled to use the tinned tomatoes, which answered the purpose nearly as well as fresh ones. The liquor was poured off (and saved for soup), and the remainder passed through a coarse sieve, so as to get only the pulp, which was then made very hot and turned on to the rice, and stirred gently with a fork till all was

thoroughly mixed. This soon became a favourite dish, and was served as a vegetable.

Another method of preparing this pilaf, preferred by some Turks, is this: Wash the rice and put it in a saucepan with a small piece of butter, shake it about till the butter is melted and mixed with the rice. Then pour a little water on the rice, not enough to boil it in, but just to swell it a little. When this is all absorbed, add the liquid from the tin of tomatoes, having previously strained out all the solid parts, and boil the rice in this juice. There must be only just so much liquid that it can all be absorbed, leaving the rice dry, and each grain whole and separate and of a beautiful red colour. Turn this on to a dish, and pour over it some butter which has been melted in readiness. For both these dishes the rice must have rather more salt than usual.

Rice cooked in this manner, in tomato juice, makes a very pretty garnishing for dishes of cutlets, or any made dishes.

It happened that the first party to go to the seaside included nearly all the experienced housekeepers, and the younger ones consequently had a good deal more responsibility than they were accustomed to. The larders were one week in the hands of beginners, who found the difficulties of catering even for their reduced household very overwhelming, for though Miss Down was always at hand to advise, she never would do so till they had first made out a plan for themselves.

"Oh, Annie, this is dreadful," cried one, on entering the larder one morning. "Nothing but cold potatoes!"

"Yes, I knew you were ordering too many yesterday, Rose," responded Annie. "But it certainly is an array, and they seem such hopeless things. We have had them mashed, so as to use up cold remains, at least once every day already, and Miss Gwen will begin to make remarks soon. I know one other way; we can have them made into little balls after they are mashed, and browned in the oven; that will make a little variety, but I don't think there is any other way."

Their efforts to think of any fresh manner of serving cold potatoes being quite unavailing, they were compelled to go to Miss Down, who advised them to pick out the firm whole ones, cut them in slices, and put them in a pan with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of milk thickened with corn flour, one or two drops of tarragon vinegar, a little cayenne pepper, nutmeg, and salt, and a very small piece of butter. This was to be closely covered, and shaken over a hot fire for about ten minutes, but gently, so as not to break the slices, which were then served on a very hot dish.

Some of the broken ones were used for thickening vegetable soups, and some made into potato pie for the kitchen supper, and a few of the unbroken, but mealy ones, cut into slices and served in the German fashion, laid over salad.

Miss Down also showed them how to make an *entrée* dish of stuffed potatoes. A hole was made with an apple corer, and was filled with finely chopped meat flavoured with herbs and a good piece of butter. This was covered with a slice of the potato which had been taken out of the middle, and baked in a tin in a slow oven.

Miss Down had said so much to the girls in her lectures about the excellent effect on the human system of the variety of mineral matters contained in the potato, and their wonderful anti-scorbutic effect, that it was no wonder the young housekeepers, in their first ardour, should fall into the mistake of providing a great deal too much of so excellent a food. Miss Down's great grievance on the subject of potatoes was that they were not more appreciated when cooked in their skins. As she told the girls constantly, it is the part just under the skin that contains the largest portion of the valuable potash salts, which are boiled out when the potato has been previously peeled. But she was obliged to content herself with keeping a strict watch upon the manner of peeling, to see that as little as possible of the inner skin was removed. As long as the potatoes were comparatively young, they were merely well washed and the outer skin carefully scraped off; but when they were too old for that to be sufficient, she insisted upon their being peeled as thin as possible.

Another use which Miss Down taught the girls to make of potatoes was to use a decoction of them for cleaning silk dresses. The raw potatoes were scraped into warm water, and left to soak for some hours, then strained off, and any dirty places in the silk were sponged with the water.

Meanwhile, what had become of poor Jim? He was not forgotten at Spike House, and his most sanguine friends still hoped that he might some day return and explain his strange conduct; but in spite of the renewed efforts of the whole household to find some trace of the lost property, the mystery of the missing ring was still unsolved. They could only conclude that the evil examples and bad training of his childhood had more seriously injured his moral character than they had supposed; and they had almost ceased to speculate as to what had become of him, when one morning Miss Gwen came into the schoolroom carrying a letter, and with an unmistakeable look of pleasure in her face.

"It is from that poor boy Jim," she said, "and, in spite of his sad faults, I know you are all interested in him, so I have brought it at once that you may hear what he has to say." The note was as follows:—

"Honnerd Mam,—i take pen in hand to let you no I am gettin' on pritty tol'able, hopin' you and the young ladys is well, as it leves me at present; which I have got a birth in the german sossidge makin' line, and food and close found, but no wayges. With my dooty to the laddys and mr. gwen, from yours obedently, "JIM.

"As soon as my carickter is cleered, and that there ring turned up, plees drop me a line to mr. james, care of mr. schmidt, sossidge mannifactery, broad road, london."

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MOSS ROSE, MARIE SIMPSON, and Others.—For clerkships in the Post Office, see page 519, vol. v.

AIMEE.—As a rule, no governess sends in an account, as her employer generally pays her when the term or quarters are ended.

MOLLY and COLLY.—From five to six hours comprise the ordinary number allotted to study, eight hours to sleep, and the rest are divided between exercise, meals, etc.

ANNIE R. T.—We are much obliged for your letter, which, however, is not new information to us.

IGNORAMUS.—We think you had better apply to the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, hitherto at Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C.; the new one recently erected in Bream's Buildings, Chancery-lane. You say you do not know how to talk or behave in society, so we advise you to study our series of articles on "Good Breeding"—"The Art of Conversing Agreeably," "Dinners in Society," "Habits of Polite Society," and others. Write copies daily, and improve your handwriting. Mere accomplishments, such as music and drawing, are of far less consequence.

MARYLAND.—We do not see how the reading of short paragraphs and miscellaneous news could serve to deteriorate the memory. The learning of poetry and prose for recitation would undoubtedly strengthen the memory. We also advise you to take a few lessons from some professor. We thank you for your gratifying remarks.

IDA.—The secretaries of the Edinburgh University examinations are Professors Calderwood and Laurie, Edinburgh University. We are much obliged for your information.

ANXIOUS A.—Your handwriting is good enough, but your spelling is much in fault, and when in doubt you had better look out such words as "education" in the dictionary. In Newcastle there are three institutions where you might inquire. The Church of England Institute, Mr. G. J. Baguley; the Science and Art School, Corporation-street, Mr. J. H. Rutherford; and the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. T. Moffet.

FLORRIE ASHTON.—Home employment is most difficult to obtain. As your forte seems to be music, why not try to obtain some pupils where you are living?

PICCIOLA.—It is not necessary to have a certificate of any kind before taking a foreign situation, unless the employer should exact it.

ZOE.—Lavater is the best authority on physiognomy, and there is an edition of his essays at a moderate price, we believe.

STINGING NETTLE.—You appear, from your letter, to be fully capable of taking a situation as governess to young children; but your age would be an impediment. Why do you not wait and try to qualify for a clerkship under Government? Many thanks for your kind letter.

ANNIE BECK.—You will have to write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, at their office in Cannon-row, S.W., and ask for their prospectuses, stating your age. They will send you a form to fill up, by which you will know whether you be eligible for their competitions. There is but little chance of success, however, as the number of applications is so very great.

BRENDA TROIL.—We were much interested in your letter. It seems to us that you have neglected reading history and books of travels. If so, you should first procure a history of England. We also recommend Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia," illustrated, price 7s. 6d. If you write for the latter to Mr. Tarn at our office (56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.), we feel sure you will consider it a valuable book. He would also send you a General Catalogue of all our books, great and small, all the prices of which are named. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and are pleased that you like our paper so much. Accept our best wishes.

PHYLLIS K.—We are sorry that your writing was the cause of your failure. Get a good set of small round-hand copies and practise daily until you can write a free hand. It is not easy to obtain situations as clerks, and when obtained the work is dull and not improving to the mind. Of course, as a means of self-support, you might be thankful for one; but as you are independent you might make a better selection of useful employment.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—Henry VIII. was the first English sovereign to assume the title of King of Ireland. Former sovereigns governed as its lord—the title being Lord of Ireland A grant of the country was made by Pope Adrian IV. to Henry II. of England.

SCARBORO.—We have known persons who learnt shorthand without a teacher; but we know nothing of your capacity or industry, so we could not say what you could do. Try, and if too difficult look out for a teacher.

HETTY.—Albany, or Albainn, is the ancient name of the Scottish Highlands. The brother of Robert III., King of Scotland, was made Duke of Albany in 1398. Frederick, son of George III., was Duke of York and Albany; the title and name were used by the Stuarts until their extinction.

PEGGOTTY.—The Vôrings-foss, S. Bergenhaus, Norway, is a waterfall, 483 feet high, on the Björöya-elv.

RUTH.—We regret to tell you that you need not apply for the situation you desire in the Civil Service, as you can neither write good English nor spell. You had better try to improve your education.

SPEECHCRAFT.—1. "Mine" is a possessive pronoun. 2. "*Ne faites pas attention à cela*" is not idiomatic French; you should say, "*N'y faites pas attention.*" "*Il n'y a pas de quoi*" is usually said when someone thanks you for an act of politeness, and signifies that there is no reason for your feeling under any obligation. It is an idiomatic expression, or nothing exists to demand your thanks.

MUSIC.

DOLLY PENRITH.—The fees at the Leipzic Royal Conservatoire for the whole instruction amount to 300 marks per annum, to be paid in advance—*i.e.*, 100 at Michaelmas, 100 at Christmas, and 100 at Easter; an entrance fee of nine marks, and three marks per annum for servants of the institute. The prospectus of the internal arrangements of the college can be had gratis on application to Dr. Otto Gunter, of the Royal Conservatoire of Music, Leipzic. Write and make inquiries respecting the arrangements which are made as to the reception into regularly appointed houses of their students. You must abide by their regulations, and they will make provision of a respectable character for you and your friend.

DISTRESSED ONE.—You will find advice on the subject of your nervous complaint (hesitation in playing and failure of nervous power) only very recently given; and for the second time it will probably be in print, in reply to other correspondents, before you see this. We are of opinion that perfect rest from playing and the direction of the thoughts to other things, with change of air, may tend to restore your general con-

dition of health. Your writing shows a certain degree of feebleness. Try to write a rounder hand, and use a less hard and pointed pen.

ART.

PRINCESS, BALQUHIDDER.—We fear nothing is to be done to the photographs, save to cover the white spots with a touch of sepia.

LIZZIE R. LOWRY.—The School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings will be found at page 47, vol. ii. The 13th January, 1868, was a Monday.

HETTIE.—We fear that there is very little opening at present for the sale of Christmas card designs, for the recent exhibitions and competitions have supplied both designs, and the names of artists and all the firms that issue them. But still you might try all or any of the firms, the names of which you will find on the cards.

CLEOPATRA.—The origin may be found in Isaiah lx. 1, 13; also in the directions given for the building of the Jewish temples, and the magnificence exhibited in the New Jerusalem and the form of worship there, also. We have ceased to answer your second question.

EDELGITHA.—You do not say what the Chinese white was. Water-colours can be sometimes softened by the judicious use of a very little glycerine or gum-water.

FANNY BOOK.—The next art competitions will be announced with the new volume at the beginning of October next.

LILY and VIOLET are thanked for the pretty hand-painted card representing apple blossoms. We wish you all happiness, and that, as the text you selected says, "the joy of the Lord" may be "your strength also."

A SCORPEOID CYME.—See the article by Frederick Miller on "Glass Painting and Staining," page 134, in the part for January, 1884.

CLARA STEVENS.—Refer to the part for November, 1882, vol. v., and you will find an article by B. C. Saward, entitled, "How to Paint upon Silk and Satin."

GLADYS.—Your card painting is very neatly executed, but the flower resembles a pressed specimen in a book. It is quite flat; there is no relief, no shadow to throw it out. We think you would succeed if you had proper teaching, but we could not give you private recommendations. You should attend a class in a school of art. Slope your writing more gracefully; it is a good foundation for a nice legible hand.

MISTRESS MARGERY, MAID MARIAN.—For painting on American cloth we recommend you to employ oils in preference to water-colours, but it might be possible to use the latter. 2. The mince pies made at Christmas time were originally meant to be emblematic of the manger in which our Saviour was laid; the paste over the offering being made in the form of a hayrack or "cratch."

VIOLET.—1. It seems to us that you varnish your paintings much too soon. 2. Make some portraits of friends, and have them on view at some picture dealer's with your address and a statement of your terms. You may have to pay some little commission to the owner of the shop for exhibiting your works and obtaining customers.

PRINCESS.—In reference to "Lustra Painting," see page 373, vol. iv.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—We must refer you to our article on "Terra Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. Your specimen of freehand drawing is creditable to you.

AN ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—Your sketch of the Bason of Montrose is creditable to you, and gives promise of better productions in the future.

JOY and MARIAN.—There are special classes for pupil teachers held at 20, Granby-street, Mornington-crescent, under the direction of Miss Cockerill. They take place on Tuesdays, from 7.15 p.m. to 9.15 p.m. Pupils may join at any time, and are charged proportionate fees to the end of the term. The latter comprises about twelve weeks, and for pupil teachers the fee is 10s., paid in advance. The terms commence in January, are held after Easter, and at the end of September. There is also an elementary junior class, one for assistant mistresses and another for head mistresses, for which the fees vary respectively from 7s. 6d. and 15s., up to £1. The references given for these classes are all that could be desired.

R. L.—The instruction given in the Royal Academy of Arts, at Burlington House, Piccadilly, W., is quite gratuitous, but students must provide their own materials. 2. There is a "Society for the Encouragement of Home Study," to which the subscription is one guinea. Their papers are sent in, reviewed by qualified professors, and prizes are awarded. Apply to the secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham.

FLOWER DARLING.—Apple blossoms would do for one plaque, and chrysanthemums for the other. Why do you separate the letters in so many words? The "e" and the "s" are all ill-formed. It is impossible for us to reply so quickly as you seem to expect. You are only one correspondent amongst thousands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. A. C.—The desk on which the Holy Bible is placed in churches is called a *Lecturn*, from the Latin *Lectrinum*, to read. The form of an eagle was adopted, being the ancient symbol for inspiration, and it appears in representations of St. John the Evangelist, his gospel containing more of our Lord's teachings, and thus of a more elevated character than the others. Besides this, he had a special prophetic inspiration. 2. People do not supply wedding-cake and wine to visitors calling after a marriage.

GALATEA.—We do not approve of girls going out alone, much less so far as a tricycle would so quickly take them. With proper escort or companionship, and a due regard to the neighbourhood, we could not disapprove of a moderate amount of the exercise it affords. As to the question of its being "unlady-like," we think you could scarcely desire a higher opinion about it, or patronage of any mode of agreeable exercise, than that of Her Majesty the Queen, and she has presented tricycles to her own granddaughters. But they are unsuitable in the great thoroughfares of towns; on quiet roads, close to your own home, through country villages, and in parks and gardens, where no steep hills and rough stones render it dangerous, they are quite unobjectionable. However, the views and feelings of a girl's parents must be consulted, and she must bow to them without further question.

AMY IDA C.—The Nightingale Training School is for all classes; ladies can be trained if they wish. Apply personally between 10 and 12 on a Tuesday or Friday to the matron at the hospital, Albert Embankment,

"SINCE SINGING IS SO GOOD A THING,
I WISH ALL GIRLS WOULD LEARN TO SING."

Westminster Bridge, S.E., or by letter only, to H. B. Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W. Pupils are trained for one year as Nightingale probationers, receiving board and lodging, with £10 and uniform. During three years after the first year, they are required to take situations as hospital nurses at the usual salary, £20 per annum.

MAYBLOSSOMS.—We think you may have a grey dress, and go out of mourning entirely. A year is the usual time for a parent's mourning now. All such things are a matter of arrangement when you take the situation.

NESTA BOND.—There is no difference in the number of ribs between men and women.

IVY.—Leave off reading by a bad light, and bathe the eyes with cold water to strengthen them. Weak vinegar and water is also good for this purpose. Consult the articles in our last volume called the "Fairy of the Family." We cannot fill our columns with repetitions.

ALICE SMITH.—It is not an unusual thing for young people to suffer from rheumatism. You should find out from your doctor the cause of yours, and see whether the use of mineral waters, such as those at Buxton, etc., would benefit you. Diet and change of air should also be attended to as means of cure.

HILDA GRAEME.—The office of the Flower Girls' Mission is at 12, Clerkenwell-close, E.C. Apply for all information to the secretary. The Flower Mission has depôts varying with each season. Write to Miss Twisaday, 10, Southwick-street, Hyde-park, W.; and for the Bible Flower Mission you may obtain all information at the Mildmay Conference Hall and Home of Industry, 60, Commercial-road, London, as well as from Mrs. Swinton Melville, 32, Palmerston-place, Edinburgh. 2. You could obtain what you require at the Academy of Music (see "Red Book,") or else look for advertisements of private teachers.

FLO.—The 27th January, 1865, was a Friday. Your handwriting, spelling, and grammar are all in fault.

ONE OF THE OLD GIRLS.—Dear old girl, we sympathise much with you, but we think the cure lies in your own hands, as you have probably been neglecting the rules of health all your life, so begin at once. Take a tepid bath, and perform plenty of rubbing every day. Live as much in the fresh air as possible; take up some study, like history, about which you can occupy and divert your mind, and think of everyone more than yourself.

JENNY.—1. Shells are to be found on the coast of Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, and at very nice watering-places. So, if you select a seaside resort in any of these south-western counties, where there are good sands instead of a pebbly beach, you will be able to make a collection for the Sea-shell Mission. Write to the secretary, at 24, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road, Kennington, S.W., for all information required. 2. Your friend may obtain training in hospital work in Birmingham, if more convenient than coming to London. We believe she would be received for three months only if desired. Let her write to the lady superintendent, 12, The Crescent, Birmingham.

A CONSTANT READER.—God be thanked, we are not called on to do great things for Him now; there is no need to endure torture nor the stake. But for all that we fear the "little things" He does ask of us are no better performed, and the disagreeable duty is too often shirked and neglected by those who imagine that they could have "given their bodies to be burned" had the occasion arisen! To-day our work for God lies mainly at home, in our own families, or with our parents. Every action, from sweeping a floor to turning a dress, is God's work. By unselfishness, helpfulness, love, and tenderness to our own, actively demonstrated in all our conduct, we can show that the "Love of Christ constraineth us." It is in the faithfulness in little things that we prove our service to be from the heart.

AMICUS QUI TE AMAT.—Both your queries have been frequently answered before. Kindly look up the answers in the correspondence. Your own handwriting is not pretty, and the others are unformed.

SNOWDROP.—Mulberry leaves are the best food for silkworms, though lettuce leaves answer for a day or so at first.

AILEEN CROUTE should make herself a bodice out of strong jean or coutil, taking for a pattern a dress-bodice that has fitted her well, which she should unpick and copy exactly.

"ELDEST OF NINE."—Read our article in the May part, vol. v., on the subject of "Good Breeding as shown in Walking, Riding, and Driving." 2. Latin might be learnt without the aid of a master, because pronounced as written, according to the sounds of our own alphabet. Thus it is quite a different question to that of learning French, the sounds being perfectly dissimilar to ours. We allow two queries only at a time.

GRECIAN and ROMAN.—1. The chief characteristic of the classical Greek nose was that it sprang straight down from the forehead, the line of the latter, in profile, being extended down almost in a straight line to the delicate point of the nose, there being only a slight rising at the bridge. The modern Greek nose is very generally of a type more closely resembling the Jewish, whereas the Roman (classical) nose had a higher bridge, and decided sinking in the profile outline at its junction with the forehead. A handsome specimen of both types is equally to be admired, and the superiority in beauty of one type over the other is purely a matter of individual taste. 2. Slightly arched eyebrows, if delicately pencilled (by Nature) are much admired, but straight ones, equally well grown, are as handsome, and far more intelligent-looking.

THE BABY.—Many thanks for the information. The "Song for the Baby," which appears in the *Little Wanderers' Friend*," is by the Rev. H. Ward Beecher, and was written for his children. The last verse runs as follows:—

> "All wet flies twist their thighs,
> So they wipe their heads and eyes.
> Cats you know wash just so,
> Then their whiskers grow.
> Flies have hair too short to comb,
> Thus go all bareheaded home;
> But the knat wears a hat.
> Do you laugh at that?'

The music is pretty, and the song a very favourite one, we believe, amongst the babies in America.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—We have read your letter carefully, and feel inclined, in the case you write about, to give *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—"Don't." We cannot see what end would be gained by the marriage, and we object to clandestine ones on principle. Notice must be given at a registry before a marriage, and when giving it the other inquiries should be made by the gentleman.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 244. AUGUST 30, 1884 [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE perusal of the two letters from Mr. Brooke and Allan rather increased than diminished the anxiety of the Oakleys. The length of time which had elapsed since they were written, the interval of silence during which no other news had followed, the strange discrepancy between the dates of the several post-marks, which they could not comprehend or explain—all combined to renew the apprehensions which the first sight of the familiar handwriting had dissipated for the moment.

All rights reserved.]

"'HERE IS A PARAGRAPH HEADED——'"

Then the peculiar effect produced on Mr. Oakley by Robert Brooke's mention of the stranger, Austin Ormerod, made the younger members of the family doubly uneasy. They could not help seeing certain significant glances which passed between their parents during the brief pause in the reading of that second letter, and there was something in the manner of both which forbade inquiry, though everyone was longing to ask if the name of Austin Ormerod were a familiar one or otherwise to Mr. Oakley.

Comments and speculations gave little comfort. Mr. Brooke and Allan were well in May when they wrote, but the circumstances in which they were placed at the time suggested danger.

"Uncle Edward," said Hilda, "I do hope we are not all going to despair because we have had news of a satisfactory character so far as it goes. There are certain things which we cannot understand about these letters, but I, for one, do not intend to conjure up all sorts of horrors to fill up the blank. I daresay some of you have been picturing Allan and Mr. Brooke going about amongst sick and dying people, and at last breaking down themselves, and with nobody left to look after them. Is that a tear in your eye, Dorothy?" asked the speaker, turning to her cousin with mock severity; "if so wipe it away this moment, for you have nothing to cry about at present. I prefer to picture Allan's skill fighting victoriously with the disease around him; Mr. Brooke combining common sense with self-devotion after the first excitement had passed away, and thus showing himself equally useful and prudent. And," here Hilda dropped her voice, "I think we have all faith in the lovingkindness and providential care of that heavenly Father to whom, day by day, we have prayed on behalf of all dear to us, whether present or absent. Do we think that our prayers have been in vain, or that, because the answer is partly delayed, it will not come at all?"

Perhaps Hilda's words were braver than her real thoughts at that moment, for she could not wholly silence their forebodings any more than could the others. But they were not without a good effect.

"Right, dear child," said Mrs. Oakley. "We ought rather to be thankful that we have no absolutely bad news, than to be meeting such halfway."

"And there may be papers, perhaps, though the postmaster would not think them of consequence in comparison with the letters. You have always had Australian papers, though they have come straight from the offices, and not been addressed by Allan or Mr. Brooke," said Hilda.

"I had those, my dear, before I knew Mr. Brooke or Allan left home. They come as a matter of business from many countries to the Works."

"Then, knowing you received them, Allan would not send duplicate copies. Uncle Edward, will you send to the post-office and ask if the good friend who so thoughtfully brought the letters will let you have the papers also?"

"Let me go, father," said Jack; and, having obtained permission, away went the willing lad, heedless of the weariness which a long day's almost incessant activity had entailed. He soon returned, and the papers were quickly divided, and a portion handed to each of the girls.

"Use your sharp eyes, my dears, and see if you can find any paragraph which will clear up the mystery of the postmarks."

"I believe I have," cried Hilda. "Here is a paragraph headed, 'Extraordinary Discovery of a Stolen Mail Bag.—It will be remembered that in May last, on the arrival of the bags at the Melbourne Office, one was missing, and, as proof was given that it had been duly deposited in the van with the others, it was evident that a theft had been committed. In spite, however, of offered rewards and every effort made by the authorities, the missing bag was not recovered until yesterday, when two boys found it hidden in a hollow under some rocks. The bag was opened and probably a portion of the contents had been abstracted, but the greater part remained untouched, and, being under shelter, have sustained no injury from the weather. These will be fowarded to the several addresses without delay. It is to be regretted that the perpetrators of the robbery have, thus far, escaped detection.'"

"That paragraph solves the difficulty about the dates. No doubt these letters were in that missing mailbag. But for your happy thought which led to our obtaining the papers, we might all have lost our night's rest in vainly trying to unravel the mystery," said Mr. Oakley to his niece.

"Now," replied Hilda, "you had better all make up your minds that as the thieves did not get what they wanted from that particular bag, they have since stolen a few more. When these are recovered we shall receive a batch of overdue epistles from Allan and Mr. Brooke."

The droll expression on Hilda's face produced the effect she wished, and everyone laughed heartily. If they did not quite accept this view of the case, they felt that as the delay in one instance had been satisfactorily accounted for, it was at least probable that an equally satisfactory explanation of the subsequent silence might be forthcoming in due time. At any rate, it would be better not to spoil the brightness of the sacred season by needless forebodings or anticipations of evil to come.

"Just a word, children," said Mr. Oakley, before they parted for the night. "No doubt you noticed that I was somewhat startled by a paragraph in Robert Brooke's letter. I mean the one in which he referred to the individual who brought the fever into his neighbourhood. I cannot at present tell you why this person's name affected me so much, only I may say that the fortunes of a dear friend of mind were once in some degree bound up with those of two others who bore the names of Austin and Ormerod. They are not common ones, hence the effect produced on me by seeing them together after the lapse of so many years. That is all, my dears. I dislike making mysteries unnecessarily, and so I have given you all the explanation in my power. Whether future letters will tell us more remains to be seen."

The young people were really relieved by these few frank words, and heartily thanked Mr. Oakley for having spoken them, and thus relieved the uneasy feeling which the sight of his emotion had occasioned.

In the quiet of their own room the look of perplexity returned to Mr. Oakley's face, and he said to his wife, "Do you not think it was better for me to speak to the children about the allusion to this man in Brooke's letter? I have such a telltale face, and am so accustomed to make the young people acquainted with everything of interest, that had I left them entirely in the dark they would have imagined all sorts of impending misfortunes."

"Certainly they would, after seeing how much you were moved at this Austin Ormerod's name. It may only be owing to some circumstance with which the Austin you once knew has had nothing to do that you find the names joined together. If he has left a son, his surname would not be Ormerod."

"I know, dear. But if I mistake not, Austin Cranswick's wife was called Felicia Ormerod."

Mrs. Oakley thought for a moment, then answered, "You are right, Edward, and this young man may have been called by his father's Christian name and his mother's surname. A sufficiently usual combination; but then Robert Brooke's letter mentions no addition."

"It is likely enough that Austin Cranswick would choose to go by his wife's name, and even keep his children, if he had any, in ignorance of that to which they were lawfully entitled. He was a strange, eccentric man, and, once offended, not easily won back to friendliness. Since I became acquainted with his history, I have always felt a certain pity for him; at the same time I must honestly confess that I hoped never to hear of him again."

"Was the wish quite a right one, dear?" asked Mrs. Oakley.

"Perhaps not, and I must tell you that my conscience reproached me even as I uttered the words. You, dear, are a sort of audible conscience, often repeating aloud the thought which is crossing my own mind at the moment. But you can understand my feelings, and naturally the great affection I feel for Hilda makes me more anxious for her interest than that of a stranger."

"If this young man should turn out to be Austin Cranswick's son, it would make a great difference to her," said Mrs. Oakley. "Naturally it would. Still, right must be done at any cost of mere feeling, and she is not the girl to withhold it, whatever the trial to herself might be."

"Seeing Hilda as she is to-day we have great cause for thankfulness. When my guardianship commenced, you remember, Mary, we entered on it with fear and trembling; now we are reaping the fruit of the pains taken with her, and

which God has blessed in answer to many a prayer. She has grown from a spoiled, wilful girl into a lovely young woman, lovely in the best and highest sense."

"And yet retaining all her brightness of temperament and decision of character, only softened and refined by that change of heart which can alone produce such fair fruits in the life."

The faces of husband and wife brightened as they thought of Hilda, and Mr. Oakley added, "Not even our dear Gladys knows more of the secret of carrying sunshine wherever she goes than Hilda does now."

"We all experienced this to-night, did we not? How persistently she brought the bright side forward and compelled us all to look and hope for the best. He will be a happy man who wins our dear adopted daughter," said Mrs. Oakley.

There was a little spice of mischief in her husband's answer, "Supposing that this Austin Ormerod should turn out to be entitled to the same surname—Cranswick—and we are obliged to acknowledge the justice of certain claims which may be brought forward on his behalf; and, further, supposing that age, education, appearance, and character are all that need be wished, what could be better than for him and Hilda——"

"Hush, Edward," interrupted Mrs. Oakley, "no matchmaking, even in thought. I cannot bear the idea of coupling the dear girl's name with that of any person in a speculative manner, and with a stranger's! Think, Edward! Only a few hours ago we were ignorant of this Austin Ormerod's existence."

"True, dear, and so we are now, for the circumstances in which he was placed were not too favourable to its continuance. Of course, we know nothing, and when I, in a half jesting way, made the allusion you found so objectionable, I coupled with it the supposition that the young man is not only Austin Cranswick's son, but possessed of every personal and mental qualification."

"I trust that under no circumstances will Hilda be brought into close connection with a descendant of Austin Cranswick's," said Mrs. Oakley, with some warmth.

"Are you quite just in your estimate of Austin Cranswick?" asked her husband. "He caused family differences, but it is only fair to bear in mind that, while some called him wilful, obstinate, and ungrateful, he was regarded as an upright and honourable gentleman. He insisted on his right of choice where most of us think we ought to exercise it, and that is the worst that can be said. I acknowledge that I have no wish to hear of him or his, because his reappearance would disturb Hilda's position. But I cannot feel justified in condemning him wholly, as some thought fit to do many years ago."

"I am sorry I spoke strongly with but slight grounds to go upon. You know far more than I do, and are better qualified to judge. Shall you tell Hilda the particulars?" asked Mrs. Oakley.

"Yes, in three days, when she will be of age. It was her father's wish that on her twenty-first birthday I should tell her everything in connection with the trust money I hold, and why it was to remain separate from the rest of his personal estate, provided that neither Austin Cranswick, nor any descendant of his, came forward before then."

"How strange that Robert Brooke should have mentioned a name calculated to stir up a feeling of uneasiness at this particular time!"

"Better now than earlier. Hilda is much better fitted to hear the story I have to tell, and to decide wisely, than she would have been even a year ago. You, dear, are not yet in the secret," added Mr. Oakley. "I have sometimes almost regretted the promise I made to my brother-in-law. It would have been such a comfort to talk over everything with you, but it is hard to refuse the request of a dying man."

"You did right to grant it, Edward, though I own I once wished that the separate trust money had never been placed in your hands. It brought a great responsibility with it."

"And a great temptation for a little while. Thank God! it is such no longer," said Mr. Oakley earnestly, and his wife's heart echoed the thanksgiving.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

An Inquisitive Weka.

Among the "living fossils" of the antipodes are birds with rudimentary wings, who, along with gay-coloured parrots and some swift-flying birds, were the only denizens in New Zealand, except the Maoris, till the white man came with his flocks and herds, and introduced four-footed beasts to the land devoid of quadrupeds.

Among the race of "living fossils" which survive are birds called wekas—brown-feathered bipeds, about the size of guinea-fowls, with long, snipe-like bills. They prove to be the amusement and trouble of campers-out, for their tameness is attractive, till their curiosity and greed becomes burdensome.

When a party pitch their tent, or even if they are only out for an afternoon picnic, the wekas constantly become familiar and hob-nob with them. Despite their demure plumage, they have a sly expression in their twinkling little eyes. They try to look simplicity and innocence itself, and impose on "new chums" with their artlessness.

They pick up crumbs humbly and gratefully, and saunter about among the human bipeds with engaging trustfulness. Meanwhile, however, they are taking stock of the silver, and all that glitters is to them as precious metal—in fact, they are the veriest of thieves or kleptomaniacs—stirrups, bits, sardine tins, forks and spoons, they take stock of and mark them for their own. They suddenly dart at the object of their desires, seize it in their beaks, and fluttering their apologies for wings, run speedily off to their burrow with their stolen treasure. The losers, if they see what has happened, give chase, and sometimes the pursued, when hard pressed, drops the spoil. A bit has been found to be tempting, but when Mr. Weka steals it, the bridle, oftener than not, catches the villain in its toils.

Once upon a time a weka attached itself to a picnic party, and, as usual, pried leisurely around, but they were wary, and had put spoons, forks, and all that glittered out of sight.

The weka persistently hovered near. A combined account and sketch book with silver clasps had been left out, and it glistened in the sun, so the weka boldly made off with it. The owner saw it fleeting to some tangled brushwood and gave chase, but the weka reached cover and housed the book.

The defrauded one was very wrath. The weka returned elated, and ready for more.

"Brute of a bird!" said the artist squatter, "come here and take this old tin, and I'll trace you to your burrow."

The weka took the bait, but was so fleet of foot it eluded its would-be tracker. His patience gave way after repeatedly laying our goods to be lifted, and being unable to run the winged thief to earth.

He put one more piece of spoil down and, thinking of his note-book snugly hidden in the bird's home in the bush, in a fit of baffled exasperation he shot the thief, as a warning to wekas in future not to be over-greedy.

E. B. S.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Collected by Miss A. Appleford, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Annie Paine, 7s.; Collected by Miss Susie Paine, 8s. 4d.; Collected by Miss Emily S. Hyde, 10s.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 2s.; Collected by Miss Autrois, £1 1s. 10d.; Collected by Miss M. C. Taylor, £3 12s. 9d.; Collected by Miss Lingard, 5s. 6d.; Collected by Miss M. L. S. Rowe, 5s.; Collected by Miss F. A. Scantlebury, £1 10s.; Collected by Miss M. Sanger, 8s.; Collected by Miss Hanks, 5s.; Collected by Miss Amy Hancock, 1s.; Miss M. Burrows, £1; Collected by Miss E. H. Carpenter, 4s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Adine F. Wright, £1 2s. 9d.; Collected by Miss S. Morgan, 8s.; Kitty's Nan, 1s. 6d.; Yap, 2s.; Maud S. W., 1s. 6d.; Harrie W., 6d.; W. P., 1s. 6d.; May, 5s.; Porella, 2s.; An Invalid, 1s.; Perplexed, 1s.; Budgie, 1s. 9d.; A Lenten Fast, 2s. 6d.; One o' the Miekles, 2s.; Miss E. C. Thompson, 5s.; Dora Hope, 1s.; Collected by Miss F. Cropper, 10s.; Collected by Miss A. Hector, 6s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. E. Dell, 3s.; Collected by Miss L. Ward, 10s.; A. S. B., 2s. 6d.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 3s.; K. B., 2s. 6d.; Annan, 2s. 6d.; Miss S. C. Chard, 2s.; H. F., 2s.; Miss L. C. Stockton, 3s.; Maggie, 1s.; Collected by Miss J. E. Quesnel, 12s.; A Friend in Paris, £1; Miss G. A. Beresford, 2s.; A. L. F., 1s.; J. M. R., 5s.; Collected by Miss Annie Little, 17s.; Two Sisters, 4s.; E. C., 1s.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 1s.; Lassie, 5s.; F. O. G., 2s. Total amount received to May 31, 1884, £854 5s. 1d.

OUR HOLIDAY IN QUIMPER.

ONE day Marie came to us in a state of great excitement and told us that her daughter's marriage was about to take place. Of course, we were anxious to hear more about it, and she, nothing loth, proceeded to tell us about her daughter's marriage, her future husband, and the coming *fête*. We were, I confess, amazed to hear of the enormous number of guests invited, but our wonder ceased when we learnt that all who came were expected to pay rather handsomely for the feast, to the mother of the bride, who contracted with the landlady of the inn for as small a sum as possible, by which means a purse was made for the young people to start them in housekeeping. This plan is only adopted amongst the very poor. After the wedding they repair to the market, where we saw a wonderful dance called La Ronde. It consisted of a number of people dancing hand-in-hand, forming a gigantic circle. The music was monotonous in the extreme, and the small orchestra, composed of one or two bagpipes and cracked violins, was raised on a table in the centre of the market. The dancers turn round and round with a kind of hop and step jump, the arms at the same time swinging violently to and fro. The strain produced by the great number of dancers whirling is so great as to make it extremely difficult to retain hold of each other's hands. Many girls are obliged to give way, then follow shouts of laughter as the dancers endeavour to repair the breach by joining hands. Apart from the singularity of this dance, it is interesting from its great antiquity, being a relic of Celtic times, and is only met with in Brittany and Greece. The "Iliad" describes the dance precisely as you will see it performed to this day in both those countries. The far-famed Etruscan vases also represent the same dance.

In the words of an old Breton song, "Faudrait il traverser l'enfer, elles iraient danser." The following description of a Breton wedding, from Jephson's charming work on Brittany, is too characteristic to be omitted:—Kerne or Cornouaille (whence Cornwall) has its character and its customs peculiar to itself. The Kernewote resembles the Tregorrois in his gaiety and light-heartedness; he celebrates all the events of social life with merrymakings, in which poetry and the popular poet, who is generally the tailor, take a prominent part.

The tailor is a sort of privileged person, despised by the men for his ugliness and sedentary occupation. His name is never mentioned without the addition of "Saving your presence." By the women he is courted and caressed for his wit and usefulness in all the various conjunctures in which the weaker sex require a trusty and confidential agent, especially as a match-maker.

The enamoured youth is careful to secure his services in the first instance. He is the recognised manager and go-between in matrimonial negotiations, and the master of wedding ceremonies. The herald of Hymen, armed with a branch of broom, called bazvalan, presents himself at the lady's house. If the mistress delay to invite him in, or if, turning her back upon him, she holds up a pancake before the fire on the tips of her fingers, or if the brands are placed upright on the hearth, he may as well return by the way he came, for his mission is not acceptable. But if, on the contrary, Bazvalan be invited in before he has well done speaking, if the table be covered with the best tablecloth in honour of his arrival, then he may be sure his embassy is likely to speed. At first he sits down as if nothing particular were in question, but presently he addresses a few words to the lady's mother, who accompanies him out to confer on the

A BRETON INTERIOR.

A BRETON BRIDE.

object of his embassy. Here it is that his talents have full scope for their exercise.

He must know how to set off all the personal and other advantages of his principal in their most attractive lights. He must have tact to answer an objection, if it admit of an answer, and if not to slur it over. In short, the tailor must be master of all the arts of diplomacy on a small scale. The conference satisfactorily ended, he and the mother return, and the object of the mission is disclosed to the blushing daughter. The wedding generally takes place at the end of a month after the first opening of negotiations, and in the meantime all is bustle and activity within and without the house. The yard and threshing floor are occupied by carpenters, planing boards for the temporary tables, and hammering together trestles to support them. In the barns and attics are tailors and mantua makers, sewing away at those splendid jackets and gaiters, and embroidering caps for the wedding dresses. The *lits-clos* are polished, the linen is washed, and the copper skillets burnished till they shine like gold. The bridesmaids and groomsmen are next chosen, and on a Saturday night the whole party resort to the parsonage, where the ceremony of betrothal takes place. They thence adjourn to a plentiful supper, and next day at high mass the banns are published.

The Bazvalan, accompanied by one of the bride's relations, is now sent round to invite all the neighbours to the wedding. Being generally a great gourmand, he takes good care to arrive just about dinner-time at any house where he expects to find warm housekeeping, and after striking thrice upon the door he intones the salutation, "Health and happiness to all in this house. I come the herald of a wedding." Then he discloses the names of the intended, indicates the time and place of the feast, and finally sits down to table.

When the appointed day has arrived the yard belonging to the bride's house is filled with a merry cavalcade. At its head is the bridegroom, attended by the "best man." At an appointed signal the Bazvalan alights, ascends the steps, and improvises a song, which is answered from within by another singer on the part of the bride. In one of these songs the Bazvalan says, "I am Samson, who killed the Philistines," to which the Breutaer, or bride's poet, replies, "Knowledge is greater than strength. I received the law from Mount Sinai. I am Moses. It was I who recovered the Holy Scriptures which were lost when Jerusalem was taken. It was I who made the poems attributed to Theocritus. I was Virgil, the friend of Augustus."

This curious relic of an exploded faith was no doubt symbolical, and intended to assert that strength was the excellence of man and prudence the excellence of woman. That it is founded on very old tradition is proved by the fact that Taliessen, in the sixth century, wrote in the Myvyrian, "It was I who gave Moses power to pass the Jordan. I saw the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. I know the names of the stars from East to West." I am not aware that Shakespeare's commentators have observed the analogy between Owen Glendower's boasting vein and these national poems of Bretons, whether of Wales or Amorica. Owen Glendower says, in *Henry IV.*, First Part—

"At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward. . . .
The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble. . . .
I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

Here is another proof, were any wanted, of the great master's wonderful knowledge of human nature.

To return to the Bazvalan, the following may be taken as a specimen of the ordinary dialogue :—

BAZVALAN: In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, blessing be upon this house and joy more than has fallen to my lot.

BREUTAER: And what is the matter with you, my friend, that your heart is sad?

BAZVALAN: I had a little dove in my dove house with my pigeon, and the sparrowhawk came like a blast of wind and frightened my little dove, and I know not what has become of her.

BREUTAER: You seem very spruce for a man in such affliction. You have combed your fair hair (the tailor's hair is generally red), as if you were going to a dance.

BAZVALAN: My good fellow, do not mock me. Have you seen my little white dove? I shall never enjoy a moment's happiness till I have found my little dove.

BREUTAER: I have not seen your little white dove, or your white pigeon either.

BAZVALAN: Young man, you lie. (It must be owned the tailor is not very polite.) The people outside have seen her fly towards your yard, and fly towards your orchard.

BREUTAER: I have not seen your little white dove, or your white pigeon either.

BAZVALAN: My white pigeon will be dead if his mate return not. My poor white pigeon will die. I will look through the keyhole.

BREUTAER: Stop, my friend; you shall not go. I will go myself and see. (He goes into the house and returns.) I have gone into my orchard, my friend, and I have not found your dove, but quantities of flowers, lilacs, and of eglantines, and above all a pretty little rose, which blooms in the corner of a hedge. I will go and fetch it you if you like; it will gladden your spirits. (He again goes into the orchard, and leads out a little girl.)

BAZVALAN: Truly a charming flower—beautiful and fit to gladden the heart. If my pigeon were a drop of dew he would drop on it. (After a pause) I will go up to the garret; perhaps she has flown in there.

BREUTAER: Stop, my friend. (He returns with the mistress of the house). I went up into the garret. I found no doves. I found only this ear of corn, which has been left behind after the harvest. Set it in your hat to console you.

BAZVALAN: As many grains as are in the ears of corn, so many young shall my little dove gently cover with her wings, and she in the midst. (After a pause) I am going to look in the field.

BREUTAER: Stop, my friend; don't go; you will dirty your fine shoes. I will go instead. (He returns with the grandmother.) I can nowhere find a dove. I have only found an apple; only this old withered apple, under a tree amongst the dry leaves. Put it in your pocket and give it to your pigeon to eat; he won't cry.

BAZVALAN: Thank you, my friend; a good apple, though wrinkled, does not lose its savour. But I don't want your apple, your flower, or your ear of corn. I want my little dove. I must go and look for her myself.

BREUTAER: Dear me, how cunning he is! Come, then, my friend; come with me. Your little dove is not lost. It was I who kept her in my chamber, in an ivory cage, of which the wires are of gold and silver. There she is, all gay, all pretty, all dressed out.

Bazvalan is admitted, he sits down at table for a moment, then goes to fetch the bridegroom. As soon as the bridegroom appears, the father presents him with a horse girth, which he passes round the bride's waist.

When this curious ceremony is over the Bazvalan invokes upon the bride the blessing of God, of all the saints, of her ancestors down to her grandfather, at whose feet she kneels; then he intones over them the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the hundred and thirtieth Psalm, beginning, "Out of the depths have I called on Thee." The bride is now led to the door by the best man, with as many braids of silver on her arms as she has thousands of francs for her dowry (a thousand francs is about forty pounds); next comes the bridegroom with the first bridesmaid. The Bazvalan leads the bridegroom's horse and holds it while he mounts. The best man lifts the bride up behind the bridegroom. When all are mounted the gates are opened, the whole party starts off for the church at a gallop, and he who arrives first receives a sheep for a prize.

When the bridal party leave the church guns are fired off in their honour (the same custom obtains in North Devon when the wedded pair return home), and all return to the bride's home, preceded by drums and tambourines. Here they find the rooms carpeted with white cloth strewed with garlands, and innumerable tables are laid both inside the house and outside. At the end of one of them is placed the bride, under a canopy of green branches and flowers. Some old man recites the Benedicite. Each course is ushered in by a tune of the bagpipe and a dance.

Next morning all the beggars of the country assemble at the house, dressed in their finest rags, and are regaled with the remnants of the feast. This day is called *Le jour des pauvres*, and it is indeed a noble impulse to call in all that suffer to have a share in their rejoicing. The bride herself, with her petticoat tucked up, waits upon the women; the bridegroom on the men. After the feast, the bagpipes play once more, and the most respected of the tattered group treads a measure with the bride (what a picture this would make!) while the bridegroom leads out a beggar woman. Before they go they wish the newly married

"Honour, riches, marriage, blessing;
Long continuance and increasing."

Then as they leave the house they all recite together the usual prayers for those of the family who have departed, with the sign of the cross. This last act is never omitted by any parting guest.

I am afraid that to this bright picture it is necessary to add the reverse side of the subject. That married, the scene changes, and then the bride's lord and master is said to merit by his behaviour the character given him of contempt for the weaker sex. An old Breton ballad, sung by the peasant maids, touchingly alludes to maiden pleasures and married woes.

"Farewell! farewell, dear friends of my youth. I have thrown myself away, and exchanged a life of joy for one of pain! Sorrow and grief await me. I am but a servant now, for I am married. Then hasten, O ye who are free to Pardons, and enjoy life while you may. Farewell, dear friends of my youth. Farewell!"

There is another curious custom, that, on the first Sunday in Lent, all the women who had been married during the year had to repair, under penalty of a fine, to the church of St. Helier (this, by the way, can only have applied to those women living near the church), where they leap over a stone a foot high, singing at the same time these words :—

"Je suis mariée, vous le savez bien;
Si je suis heureuse, vous n'en savez rien."

With all our admiration for the many fine qualities of the Breton peasant, we regret to say that they are, especially among the lower orders, very much wanting in that courtesy to women which is the mark of a chivalrous nature, and which is so common among the better class of English peasants. It is only lately that women have been allowed to dine

together with the men. Formerly they waited on the men, and had whatever might have been left after the men had gone. And in many other ways the same spirit was shown. It is common to poor humanity to err on one side or another, and while acknowledging their defects, I feel even this slight sketch of life in Brittany would be incomplete were I not to add one of the many instances of their devotion and loyalty during the great French Revolution, given from the above-named Jephson's work on Brittany, whose writings, with those of Weld, De Quetteville, Souvestre, and others, I have consulted to help my recollections of a tour made so many years ago.

Madame Gildas told me that her father had been one of the unfortunate Royalists shot in the Champ des Martyrs, and that her grandmother was one of the most zealous of those who in the first revolution had harboured the persecuted clergy, and arranged the midnight meetings in the ocean, where the people, like the early Christians in the catacombs, worshipped God with death and torture staring them in the face.

"It was in those bays and creeks which I had passed in the morning, that when the ministers of religion were hunted down, when not even a barn was to be found in which it was safe to worship God; when French soldiers occupied every village, and no clergyman might invoke a blessing on the union of the bride and bridegroom, the zeal of the people and their clergy bade defiance to the iniquitous law of the State. Midnight strikes, a flickering light shines at a distance on the ocean, the tinkling of a little bell is heard, almost lost in the grand murmur of the sea.

"Straightway from every creek, from every rock, from every little bay shoot forth long black lines, which glide over the waves. They are the boats of the fishermen laden with young men and maidens, old men and children. All steer for one point. Presently the sound of the bell approaches nearer, the distant light becomes more distinct, and finally the object towards which this throng advance with one mind appears in the midst of the waves. It is a boat, in which a priest stands prepared to celebrate the commemoration of Christ's death. Hither, certain of having God only for a witness, he has called together the surrounding parishes, and all the faithful have come to assist. All are upon their knees, between the sullenly-murmuring ocean and sky." In reading this passage from M. Souvestre's book, I thought it too romantic to be true, but my hostess talked about it as if it were quite a matter of course. Her grandmother had told her of these midnight meetings a hundred times. It must indeed have been a scene never to be effaced from the memory, and on which one who had borne a part in it would love to dwell. A gorgeous cathedral, a pealing organ, polished rhetoric, impress the mind with awe; but what are all these things to the starry heavens, the vocal worship of a congregation of two thousand confessors, responded to by the booming of the ocean, and a poor priest braving death that he may sustain the drooping faith of his persecuted flock by commemorating in the simple words of the ancient liturgy the death of Him who was the great proto-martyr of righteousness?

I cannot do better than end here, with this noble example of faith and courage, only adding that in the general restoration of churches we saw everywhere going on throughout Normandy and Brittany, we were reminded of the Divine promise, "They shall call on My name and I will hear them."

E. MACIRONE.

THE OBSERVER.

By DORA HOPE.

ON September 5th the moon will be full—the Harvest Moon. It has had this name for generations past. Long before astronomers knew anything about the cause of its movements, farmers had observed that just about the time that they were bringing in their harvest, the full moon rose early, about sunset for several evenings together, so that instead of being about fifty minutes later each evening, there was only about half that difference in its time of rising for a few days before and after full moon. This only occurs twice in the year—in September and October; in the latter month it is spoken of as the hunter's moon.

There is one remarkable object in the sky, some portion of which is always visible, but which is brightest between the months of July and November. The Milky Way, as it is commonly called, is an irregular fog-like band, really composed of countless minute stars. It stretches right across the sky every evening, from horizon to horizon. In one part of its course, that which is visible now, it divides, sending off a kind of branch which afterwards unites again with the main body.

On going out early on a calm, warm autumn morning, you will frequently find grass and trees all covered with a glistening filmy substance; and in walking along, a thread seems to float across your face, which you have considerable difficulty in disentangling. Myriads of tiny spinners have been at work for hours, and these fine threads, that are only visible in certain lights, are each made of a multitude of filaments twisted together. These are certain spiders, and those about the smallest of their respective tribes (being only one-sixth of an inch long), which at certain seasons of the year are suddenly seized with an excursionist fit. Mounting to the summit of a blade of grass, or any other suitable eminence, they emit from their spinning tubes, which are kept separate the while, a number of fine filaments, invisible to the naked eye. These are spread out and carried upwards by an ascending current of rarefied air, and, uniting into flakes, they soon acquire, by the action of the current of air upon them, a buoyancy sufficient to support the spider, who then quits her hold of *terra firmâ*, and launches into the fields of air. This performance can only be seen under suitable atmospheric conditions. It requires a warm, calm day, the former being necessary to create a stratum of hot air near the ground, and calmness is essential, as any wind would interfere with the steady ascent of the warm air which bears the threads upwards.

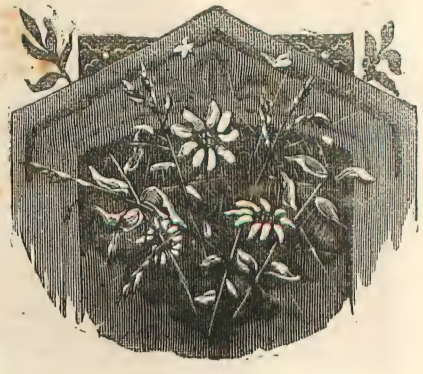
The curious manners and customs of spiders altogether are most interesting; and the construction of their webs alone well repays careful watching. The threads are of three different thicknesses; first a number of strong ones are laid across from one tree to another, or whatever other holdfast has been selected. These thick threads all radiate from the centre, and are then united by rows of thinner lines. These complete the actual web, but as soon as it is finished, the spider lies in wait for any unwary fly, ready to throw a cloud of very fine silken cords over her hapless prey; and these threads are much finer than the two kinds used for the web itself. The male spider is much smaller than the female, frequently not more than a quarter the size, and the female sometimes takes a mean advantage of its superior strength, and has a disagreeable habit of occasionally killing and eating any obnoxious male.

Spiders are the easiest to watch of any insects, as they generally locate themselves in convenient positions; but many others are quite as interesting. Ants, for instance, are a never-failing source of interest, but so many books have been written about them that there is no need to describe their ways.

Insects have no voice, that is to say they make no noise by means of the mouth; but many of them make noises with their wings while flying through the air. Those that fly the fastest, so that you can hardly see the motion of their wings, make the most noise with them; those with slower flight make much less sound. Bees, wasps, hornets, and many humble-bees make a loud humming noise with their wings, which stops when the insect alights. Gnats, mosquitoes, gad-flies, and others of the same tribe all give notice of their approach by the same means. Crickets make their well-known shrill cry by rubbing their strong top wings together in a peculiar manner; while some kinds of ants, and a few other insects, make noises by striking wood or other substances with their mandibles.

Seeds of various plants are extremely interesting and beautiful under the microscope. It is a good thing to gather them now, and carefully label and date them, and keep them for examination in the long winter evenings; for there are plenty of other things to look at under the microscope now that cannot be kept till then. Every country pond and ditch, every pool left by the receding tide, has a world of wonder which the microscope will reveal.

But there is a great deal that is interesting about seeds, to be seen without the aid of a magnifying glass. The different ways in which the seed is scattered, for instance, are most extraordinary. Some, like dandelion, thistle, hawkweed, and coltsfoot, float away their seeds by means of their tiny downy umbrellas, on every passing breath of wind. Some, like burdock and goose-grass, have tiny but strong hooks on their seeds, which they attach to any passing object, our dresses, or the fur of animals, and are thus carried along. Others burst open their seed-pods suddenly, and fling the seeds far away; gorse does this, and on a dry, hot day, when the seeds are ripe, you can hear them in all directions, like a miniature fusilade. Wood-sorrel scatters its seed in something of the same way, though its pods are differently arranged. The beak of the storksbill springs away from the parent plant when ripe; it has a peculiar habit of twisting itself. If you can find one of these twisted capsules, wet it, and lay it on a piece of paper; you will find that it will crawl along for a short distance. These are but a few of the wonderful provisions of nature for the scattering of seed; and if you had nothing of interest to look at but seed-pods alone, you need never lack amusement on an autumn walk.



BOATING, COUNTRY, AND SEASIDE DRESSES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE only place for studying English dress is either in the "Row," or at some great Exhibition, such as the "Fisheries" of last year, and what people have nicknamed the "Healtheries" of this. The last-named is very rich in all kinds of novel and many eccentric costumes, the ruling idea of the moment being to make dresses for all kinds of purposes on all kinds of wild hygienic theories; but to make most of them with no regard to the artistic nor the beautiful, only looking at the question of utility and health. Now this is very well in some ways, but I do not think any woman or girl will quite give up the idea of looking as pretty and as graceful as possible; and, therefore, I do not suppose that any of these costumes—the shooting or mountaineering dress, nor the "divided skirt," will have much, if any, success. Thus we had much better try to alter the underclothing, and to bring that up to the highest state of hygienic perfection.

In this matter we have too long lived in cast iron bondage to a certain style; and I imagine that we, as women, shall all be better and healthier if we re-model our own underwear for ourselves, and adopt whatever we believe, after thoughtful consideration, is suitable to us in particular, is most healthful, lightest to carry, and gives least trouble to make and to wear.

But in regard to our out-of-door apparel, whatever may be said to us, I do not think any woman or girl will be wise if she take to any costume or style which will make her remarkable. And none of the costumes which are recommended as hygienic are calculated to make her otherwise than remarkably ugly, and exhibiting, moreover, a mannish tendency which is unseemly. Let us Western women leave the trousers to our Eastern sisters, and let us try to find our way to healthful dressing, through making a radical change in the underclothing, making it warmer and lighter, and reducing it as to number so far as may be possible.

In connection with this view, I have been much struck with Dr. Gastav Jæger's theories of woollen underclothing, which he considers the best, as it allows the exhalations of the skin to pass freely away; while linen and cotton worn next the skin, or over flannel, prevent them from escaping, and repress them on the skin, where they turn to water. This fact has long been recognised in England with regard to all athletic exercises, where "flannels" are considered the rule. This discovery in medical science is of great importance, when Professor Jæger goes on to prove that the respective specific gravity of individuals is very different, and that the state of the health is closely connected with that specific gravity. The greater the weight of the human body in comparison to the space which it occupies, *i.e.*, the greater its specific gravity, the more it is able to resist epidemic diseases. Persons in whom it is low have usually a certain fulness of body and are even corpulent, but just that which gives them a great size is useless ballast; namely, fat and water. These substances endow the heaviest bodies with a comparatively low specific gravity, at the same time giving to the constitution little power of resistance.

In Professor Jæger's last investigations, he has gone still further into this subject, and has proved that in our organism there are certain gaseous volatile substances, called by him "Duftstoffe," which are continually rendered free by the actions of breathing and perspiration, and which are affected by the actions of our mind. He names two different substances of "pleasure and of disliking": the first having an agreeable, the second a disagreeable odour. In an atmosphere of the latter, the bodily vitality is lowered and it is rendered susceptible to disease. These experiments are the more valuable to us, as our scientific men have not made them subjects of study, while willing to dogmatise on clothing. The Germans, on the contrary, have endeavoured to fix its value, and Professor Von Petenkofer has already written our only reliable text-book on the same field. I have been thus particular, as many of my readers may not visit the Health Exhibition, and may be glad to know about these new ideas of clothing.

The following paragraph from the *Lancet* is also interesting just now, when these questions are being discussed everywhere:—"That monstrosity of fashion, 'the divided skirt,' calls for criticism chiefly because it is so persistently obtruded on public attention as to bid fair to become a nuisance. The divided skirt is not likely to advance the interests or improve the health of the sex if it should be

SUMMER FETE DRESSES.

commonly adopted as the dress of the period. It is unnatural, and must be productive of unwomanly ways, which are to be deprecated. Moreover, as it approaches the trousers in form and use, it must tend—despite projected reduction in the amount of underclothing—to increase the heat of the limbs and body in a way which is undesirable. Meanwhile, the disuse of corsets is undoubtedly expedient; whether these casings be tight as well as stiff, or only the latter, they must necessarily restrain the movement of the thorax, and thrust down the abdominal viscera in a manner which is decidedly injurious. The attempt to substitute shoulder-straps for waistbands as clothes suspenders is also good as far as it goes; but it would be well to reduce the weight to be carried by half or two-thirds. Surely women have no idea of the weight they bear. No wonder they are weak and unable to take sufficient bodily exercise. Twenty to five-and-twenty pounds weight is not, we believe, an exaggerated total for the burden of dress borne by a fashionable lady fully equipped for a promenade in chilly weather, when a mantle or 'Dolman' has to be worn. There is abundant room for reform in female dress, though we do not think it desirable that the changes made should be precisely those just now contemplated."

The boating, country, and seaside dresses are so clearly drawn that they explain themselves. The boating dress is of striped flannel, with a wide collar, and a sailor hat. The spotted dress at the back is made of one of the new silk or chenile-embroidered nun's cloths, which are so generally adopted for everyday dress. The two ladies with their backs to the spectator wear costumes of tweed and serge, for boating, yachting, and the seaside; and the child's dress is of blue serge, with black braid trimmings.

I propose to devote a small space this month to riding-habits, about which there are just now many inquiries. The silk hats worn are low-crowned, and in the country we see for bad weather soft felt hats, and the hats with a melon-shaped crown, which, I believe, are called Jerry hats. If you procure your habit from a really good tailor, you need have no fear about the quality of the cloth, as their stock is generally so good as to defy all weather, both sun and rain, and show no change of colour. This year I see that the fashionable shade is a kind of dark claret colour, which goes by the name of "Curzon red;" but there are also many other shades which are quite as pretty and nearly as popular. No basques are worn to the habit-bodice, which has merely a coat-tail at the back. This year has witnessed the attempted introduction of fancy waistcoats. Some of them are open at the throat, with a white or buff necktie; but the fashion has not been very generally followed, and the closely-fitting bodice, buttoned up to the neck, with a small linen collar just visible above the neck-band, is the most worn by the really nice girls. The sleeves come to about an inch, or little more, of the hand, and a white linen cuff is shown beneath them.

Now that the hats are worn straight on the head, and are no longer tipped back, to show the fringe on the forehead, it has become more difficult to keep them on the head safely and "snugly," as a sailor would say. Some of the best hats are now made with an eyelet-hole on each side of the head, through which to pass a very long steel pin, holding the hair as well. But hair dressed on the top of the head is not pretty on horseback, nor can the hat be fastened on securely when it is put up in that manner.

As to the present style of dressing the hair, which more than two-thirds of the really nice-looking people in the park adopt (in rather small and light plaits, wound round and round the back of the head in a shell-like shape, and nearly extending to the ears), it answers admirably for riding; and, when firmly put up, remains smooth and undisturbed. These plaits of hair are not worn low on the neck, nor do they extend very far up on the crown.

Very tiny bits of silk are tacked in just above the waist, to represent a pocket handkerchief, and small buttonhole bouquets are not so often seen as they were. When used, they consist of only a single yellow rosebud, or two or three white daisies, with a leaf of fern as a background.

The peculiar idea this season seems to be the wearing of the most soiled gloves I have ever seen. It is quite the rarest thing to see a clean glove.

The best made habits fit without folds or wrinkles, and just cover the left foot. Two and a half yards are the usual measure of the skirt, the hem being quite straight. The first London tailors have block horses on which they fit their customers, to make sure that the lines of the skirt, when she sits her horse, shall be correct and graceful. No weights or shots are now used at the hem of habits; that usage has been done away with by the present style of tight-fitting skirt, but still, if desired, broad elastic is sometimes placed on the hem in loops, so as to catch the foot and hold the habit in place. This practice, however, is much condemned by the best authorities as tending to cause great danger to life and limb should the wearer chance to be thrown.

We have once more adopted red silk and red cotton parasols. In France they are even more popular than they are here, and I think that, contrasting with a green landscape, or used by the sea, they form very suitable and charming objects in the view. In the parks, too, they look well, but I am not quite sure that I like them in the street. However, one must not be too critical. Nankeen-coloured lace and satin, light leather-coloured and drab lace and satin, are all in high favour also; and so are parasols of brocaded velvet gauze. Sprigged white net and yellow Indian muslin are both used, gathered full on the frame of the parasol, which is then lined with a thin coloured silk or muslin. Lace-covered parasols are quite the rage; so those ladies who have had parasol covers of handsome lace laid away will now know how to use them, as they were originally intended, with great effect. If too small for the present large-sized parasols, it is not difficult to add a puff of lace or muslin, or a deeper flounce of lace. Some of the recent introductions in the way of handles are the most wonderfully ugly things I have seen. The worst are the enormous rings or curled hooks, which are intended for wearing on the wrist, and causing, I should think, a great danger to the latter, if you should accidentally stumble, fall, or run against anything in a hurry.

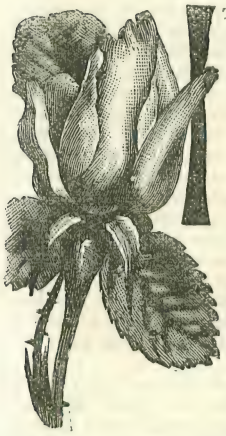
The parasols seen in the park this season were some of them so beautiful and costly as to be quite a study in themselves. Rich white satin, with real lace flounces, had bunches of white ostrich feathers in each division; others had fringes of ostrich feathers, and others had lace flounces caught up with buttons of real jewels, or were embroidered with pearls. In fact, the parasol this year has been the favourite object on which to lavish all kinds of adornment.

In the smaller picture of the two illustrations, I have endeavoured to give three sketches of pretty dresses suitable for afternoon garden parties and *fêtes* for young girls, which are not beyond the skill of the home or the country dressmaker to produce, and which, though they look so pretty and light, are not necessarily expensive. The dress made with "accordion" pleats and a puffed overdress is the plainest of the three. It may be made of nun's veiling, of the Nagpore or Corah silk, or of the new *écru* muslin, with white brocaded designs upon it. The first two present a large range of colour from which to choose—white, tan, primrose, water-green, beige, nankeen, maize, mustard; indeed, any of the beautiful Oriental colours in which the silks made in India are sold. The hat is of white lace, mixed with the same. These materials will answer for any of the dresses illustrated on this page; the only difference being that they are trimmed with lace, which may be Normandy lace in the piece, or a new lace with a maidenhair fern design on it, the ground being now beige silk and the pattern in white cotton. The foundation skirt does not show, and may be of any inexpensive material such as muslin, or white or coloured alpaca.

With white costumes this summer the gloves have generally matched the dress; with the much worn dresses of nankeen-coloured lace and brown ribbon, the stockings were brown and the gloves tan-coloured. As a rule, however, it is safe to say that all gloves worn are either tan or black, and our girls may be economical in the use of both for a change.

CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

CHAPTER V.



IT was a week later. After hiding his face for many days, the sun had suddenly appeared, hot and brilliant. The rays of light streamed into the Lakes' drawing-room. Celia, who was writing at the carved oak table, had been obliged to draw down the blind. To judge by her flushed face and inky fingers, the writing of the letter had been a matter of no small trouble to her.

"I can't make it any different," she exclaimed at last; "that must do. However I put it, I'm afraid he will be offended. There!" putting on her hat and snatching up her jacket. "I'll go and post it before they come in."

On the steps, as she shut the door behind her, Celia came upon Mr. Romaine. So great was her hurry that she did not see him at first, and then the start that she gave was decidedly not one of pleasure.

"Mother and Janie are out, Mr. Romaine," she said breathlessly. "I persuaded mamma to go out. Have you any message for them? Will you go in and wait?"

"No, thank you. I came to see you."

"I am going to the post."

"Then I will come too, if you don't object."

Celia did object, but she did not exactly know how to say so. In former days she had not been so particular about being civil to Mr. Romaine; but circumstances had changed, as she felt, since their conversation at the party. He was going away soon, and in her heart she knew that she should miss his friendly attentions. How ill he looked too, quite worried and worn! Would it be as well—now that they had decided never to be friends—if she made some sort of apology for her rudeness the other night? It was an unwarrantable liberty that he had taken, to be sure, but——

"I can't feel happy about our talk the other night," began Mr. Romaine (as if he had divined her thought). "I have not forgotten my promise not to persecute you, Miss Lake, but I really think that I may explain how it came about that I said the words that offended you so deeply. I had no right, as you naturally said, to criticise your conduct, or that of any friend of yours, and I wish to say that I believe I was completely in the wrong."

They had walked along the street and into the square. There was very little traffic here, only a butcher boy, who whooped, as he drove recklessly round the corner, to show his contempt for the inhabitants and their feelings, if they happened to have any.

Celia started, and dropped her letter. In picking it up for her, Lex involuntarily read the address, written in large clear characters: "Richard Hewing, Esq., The Grand Hotel, Hastings."

"I beg your pardon."

"Don't do that," said Celia, hurriedly. "Mr. Romaine, you were not so much in the wrong as I supposed. I ought to say that I am sorry, and I daresay I oughtn't to talk about it at all, but I think you won't repeat what I tell you."

"I think you may trust me."

"Well, then," exclaimed Celia, vehemently, "I must tell somebody, and it would so vex mamma. I have made the most dreadful mistake; it seems to me that life is made up of mistakes—mine is, I'm sure. I shouldn't mind if I had only put myself into an absurd predicament, but Mr. Hewing says—oh, Mr. Romaine" (he could see that tears were in her eyes, though she spoke quietly), "he says that I have encouraged him for months, ever since Janie began her lessons. But, indeed, I didn't. I never much liked Mr. Hewing; he was always kind, but it was so dull at his great dreary house, and he is so like a stuffed bird at the British Museum! Maria is Janie's friend, and they are both a great deal younger than I am; they seem to me like children. When Mr. Hewing took so much notice of Janie, I made up my mind that he must be a good man, and that I ought to be grateful to him because of that. The day after the party he called and said that all his interest in Janie's musical talent was on my account! He has written to me since; what shall I do?"

(She did not tell him that Mr. Hewing, having at last heard some gossip about old Mr. Lake's will, had reproached her for throwing him over for the new comer's sake.)

"Have you quite made up your mind to refuse this offer?" asked Lex, feeling as if he were in a dream, and longing to be able to help her to the best of his power; though, perhaps, he would hardly have asked the question if he had not been certain of her answer.

"I have written twice to refuse it—the second time most decidedly."

There was no trace of hesitation in her voice or manner.

"Have you considered that you are throwing up a good worldly position?"

"Yes, though perhaps you didn't know that I was so mercenary. I have taken all that into consideration."

"I don't think you mercenary. I know to the contrary."

"How can you know? Mr. Romaine, you can have no idea of the extent to which I scheme and plot."

He smiled. "If that were the case, you would not be telling me of it, would you? I never met anyone who was more thoroughly open and truthful."

Celia shook her head, but Lex continued. "Perhaps you will let me go on with what I intended to say to you when I left home to-day. I have been trying to arrange my business affairs with Mr. Greenleigh."

"Can't we talk about something else that's not business?" asked Celia.

"Just for once, I think we must. I shall not see you again before I sail, Miss Lake; I shall have to go down to Hampshire for a few days. Though I know that I have so little chance of hearing what I wish to hear from you, will you listen to me when I tell you what I thought about your legacy when I first heard of it?"

"If we are coming to personal confessions," said Celia, "perhaps it might be as well for me to tell you my feelings on the subject."

They had strolled out of the square and into a broad desolate street. On one side of them was a high wall, shaded by two huge sycamore trees, black as the surrounding chimney pots, the lower branches of which hung down and rustled over their heads. At the farther end of the street was a deserted pump; its stone basin was full of rain water, in which some half-a-dozen sparrows were taking their morning bath, uttering an endless variety of chirpings and twitterings; and far away in the distance was the never-ceasing roar of the great thoroughfare.

A new light had broken upon Celia. Hitherto she had been so entirely wrapt up in her desire to do the best she could for her mother and Janie, that she had had no time to think of the way in which her behaviour might appear to Mr. Romaine. Till to-day she had not cared; but now, remembering his many kindnesses, and being besides much upset by Mr. Hewing's accusations, she determined that she would fling over her schemes and plans; legacy or no legacy, she would tell him all about it, and refuse, once for all, to have anything to do with that most detestable will.

"Mr. Romaine," and he knew that she was speaking with an effort, "if you *will* talk about Mr. Greenleigh—which means, of course, the legacy that I am never to get—why, it's only fair that you should hear my side of the question. I want the money very, very much; *you* (with a contemptuous emphasis on the word) can have no notion how poor we are. For myself I don't much care. I do care a little, but for mamma, who is always ill, I care immensely." (Here a great tear fell. Do what she could, Celia could not help it; she only hoped that Mr. Romaine did not notice it, he seemed to be interested in the antics of the sparrows.) "That £3,000 would have made all the difference to her comfort, and, Janie—I have done her harm enough without meaning it; I meant to have sent her away to study. When I first got Mr. Greenleigh's letter, we fancied there must be a mistake, it seemed *so* absurd."

"I don't wonder that you should have thought so."

"But still I hoped that some good would come out of it. Poor mamma has had so much trouble and sorrow, and I expected that you would write and say that you would have nothing to do with such an arrangement."

"That is what you expected and wished for?"

"Yes, and when you came and never mentioned it—indeed, Mr. Greenleigh seemed to think you might not wish to refuse the conditions—what was I to do? I determined that you should. If I had written to say what I thought about it, we should have remained as poor as ever, and the others would have suffered through me. It is distinctly mamma's due that she should have the money; it is not her fault that it was left in this detestable——"

Celia stopped short; after all, he might have been fond of the old man. She did not want to hurt his feelings.

"Go on," said Mr. Romaine, very kindly. "I would rather hear it from you."

"I consider that it is an odious tyranny to wish to bind two people together for life who know nothing of each other, even from hearsay, and naturally enough have no sympathy for each other, and no feelings in common. As far as I am concerned, it is a deliberate insult to imagine that I should marry you for your money."

"I was afraid you thought so, I have felt it for a long time; but don't think too hardly of your old uncle, Miss Lake. I believe he intended to make some retribution where it was indeed owing."

"I will try," said Celia, "though he has succeeded in making me more unhappy than I ever was before. But (with a long-drawn sigh) it is all over now. I will never, as long as I live, scheme or plot again." (In spite of his trouble and disappointment, Lex could

"'PLEASE GOD, YOU WILL GET WELL NOW.'"

Celia and Her Legacy, p. 764.

hardly repress a smile at her earnestness. The "plot" was so transparent, and her self-accusations so unnecessarily exaggerated.) "You are going away at once, and by the time you come back it will be much too late. The date was 10th of April; do you remember?"

Yes, he remembered.

"Now you understand how it is impossible that you and I could ever be friends."

"Under the circumstances, I admit that it was difficult."

"It serves me right for hankering after riches to which I never was born," said Celia, stopping still and drawing up her head. She had wiped away her tears, but there was a sad, wistful expression in her eyes that grieved him to see. She was standing against the old grey wall; the grimy sycamores waved their bare boughs over her, and the sunbeams danced in patches, and fell on her earnest face and her soft, fair hair.

"I have told you all this, because"—the colour mounted to her cheek—"because you have not been treated fairly, and I am sorry. The legacy was not worth it. I will write to Mr. Greenleigh at once, and tell him that I distinctly——"

"Stop one moment, Celia!" In his haste he never knew that he had dropped the formal title. "I am distressed to have been the cause of so much grief to you; it is very awkward, too, for me to be obliged to say to a lady, whom I admire and respect, that she has made a mistake, but it will not be necessary for you to write to Mr. Greenleigh on that point. I must, as you know, accept or reject the terms of Mr. Lake's will before a certain date (it came easier to him to put it in this stiff form), and I reject them unconditionally. In such a case, you will understand, the lady cannot refuse an offer that has never been made; no such offer has been made, consequently you are not in a position to decide for yourself (what would Messrs. Smith and Abercorn have said to this line of argument?); it is already done for you. You will receive a formal intimation of my renunciation of any claim to your legacy before I leave England. You will let me walk back with you," he went on lightly, striving to cover his embarrassment, "and this disagreeable subject is dropped between us for ever."

"Not till I have thanked you," cried Celia, eagerly. Even in the days of its ancient splendour, when coaches and six drove over its stones, and laced footmen stood on its doorsteps, the old square had never seen a more gracious presence than that of Celia Lake with her princess-like bearing, and her sweet refined face under the shady hat. Her ideas were all in confusion; she had surely not been saying that she expected him to make her a proposal? Anyhow, she must thank him, and drop the subject (as he said) for ever.

She put out her hand; he held it for a moment in his, almost reverently. "Mr. Romaine, I thank you, in my own name and my mother's."

Through the square they walked in silence, back to George-place, where Rebecca was engaged in polishing the keyhole and the knocker. It was one of the landlady's maxims that the outside of her house should present a cleanly appearance; that the inside did not invariably correspond in this respect was a fact which she had spent the last thirty years of her life in persistently ignoring.

"I have not posted my letter," said Celia, in dismay.

"I will put it into the pillar for you as I pass. No, I cannot come up, thank you," in answer to her half shy gesture of invitation. "I will write to Mrs. Lake, or look in and see her to-morrow. My kindest regards to her and Miss Janie. Good-bye, Miss Lake, good-bye!"

Lex Romaine raised his hat, and went away with a heavy heart. It was all over now, he thought; from the beginning he had never had a chance, and yet he was positive that, having once seen her (independently of anybody's wishes or instructions), he would have admired her all the same. "I've done the best I could; it doesn't matter now, and I shan't break my heart, I suppose, and she will marry someone else, and perhaps I shall too—some day."

Then he grew very angry as he posted the letter, and speculated as to the possibility of Celia's eventually marrying that pompous old gentleman in the white tie. For hours he paced the dreary streets, walking till the sun set, and he was fain to return to his solitary dinner; and over and over again her words rang in his ears, "I consider it an odious piece of tyranny to bind two people together who have no feelings in common and no sympathy for each other."

That evening, long after Janie had said good-night, the late postman knocked at the door, and Rebecca brought in a letter for Miss Celia Lake.

"Mamma!" said Celia, flinging herself on the floor by Mrs. Lake's chair, and just glancing at the letter, "it has come—here is the cheque! We have got the money at last that you ought to have had years ago. Oh, dear mamma!" with her head on her mother's shoulder, "please God you will get well now, and there will be no more trouble about doctors' bills and going away. I ought to be very, very thankful."

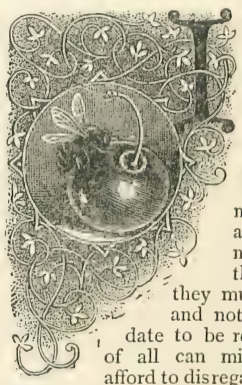
So Celia Lake received her legacy.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' ALLOWANCES, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

Hats and Bonnets, Boots and Underlinen.

"Dress," said Lord Chesterfield, "is a very silly thing; but it is still more silly not to be dressed according to your station."



I do not think, now that I consider the matter fully, that any of us, old or young, can afford to exercise much economy in the matter of our hats and bonnets. They must be the best that we can afford; they must be becoming, and not too much out of date to be remarkable. Least of all can middle-aged women afford to disregard their headgear. Indeed, so far as they are concerned, I am really of the opinion of the American lady, who said, "My dear, you may neglect everything except your bonnet," for the latter is as the keystone at the summit of the arch, or keynote of all the harmonies in colour, and crowns the rightful "centre of interest" in the picture. Thus on its shape and hue much of the character and beauty of the face depend. So far as form and colour are concerned, it is advisable to keep it within the fashion, not beyond, and never to be led by any prevailing vagary to adopt what is unsuitable to your age, your character, and condition, nor what is otherwise than indicative of your own particular self.

After girlhood has passed many women prefer the more delicate, tender hues and colours of the early spring, to the stronger ones of the summer and the autumn. Lilac, silvery grey, pale blue, and soft greens and pinks are very attractive and very harmonious to the complexion that is already rather on the wane; and later on in old age the same idea holds good, and grandmother blooms again in the colours of May. In middle age the case is different; deep, rich, warm hues, if judiciously selected and harmonised, have an air of distinction, and are conducive to nobility of style; but they must be treated with breadth and simplicity, massed, not broken up into fragments and patches of colour.

The distinctions between morning and afternoon dress are less marked, but there are still bonnets for the carriage and for *fêtes* which would be unsuitable for walking in a country lane or in the streets of London. This is more the case with married ladies, perhaps, than with girls, but still in both the distinction exists.

For ordinary wear in the country, nothing is better for girls than the black felt hat, popularly called a "billycock," with a plain band of broad, black ribbon, and a bow at the side. They are excellent for all rough wear and diversity of weather, and always look well. They cost from 3s. 6d. to 5s. I do not think they are any better if they cost 10s., for our purpose. When the outlines of the face become a little sharpened these "bowlers" do not answer, as their outlines are also too hard and sharp.

In the summer a young girl will usually need a white hat of some sort. At the present time the prettiest and most fashionable are made of lace sewn on in rows, or of piece lace drawn up round the crown and edge. The shape is a pointed one, high in the front; and they are not difficult to manufacture at home, an old hat forming the foundation. The usual price of a cheap hat is about 4s. 6d., and, of course, you can obtain them at a cheaper rate as well. In dressing on £10 a-year you will find that you cannot afford to have your hats trimmed by a milliner; so if possible you should contrive to do them yourself. Experience is the best teacher, and after you have studied the hats in the shop windows, and looked at those worn by people about you who are able to go to a good milliner for them, you ought to be able to make something for yourself, unless you be completely devoid of originality and the power of imitation.

Small-featured and short girls should avoid very large hats, and should wear the nearest imitation of the turban that the styles in vogue will allow. What are called "Douglas" hats, made of cashmere and serge, laid on to a small foundation in very regular small pleats, are most useful for travelling and the seaside, but do not become girls above the medium height.

For the last year most girls have been wearing bonnets in preference to hats in London, and fortunately bonnets have become far less intricate as to making than they were. If the foundation be of straw, gold braid, or one of the many fancy kinds brought out lately, the style of trimming is very simple indeed, and is quite within anyone's power to manufacture. The puffed front of velvet is cut on the bias, and must be gathered on the wrong side before being sewn on, and the lining of the bonnet must be put in first.

Three-eighths of a yard of velvet are sufficient to trim a hat, and velvet may be obtained at any price, from 4s. to 20s. a yard. The usual charge for a fairly good ostrich tip is from 3s. to 6s., but tips can be obtained at a lower price, although, of course, of an inferior quality, and "made up"—that is, of pieces joined together to make the tip, instead of one single and perfect feather.

I think that where bonnets are concerned the prettiest for girls at present are those of white straw, trimmed with velvet puffings at the edge, and a pair of velvet strings; they are at once elegant and simple, and can be worn with any dress. Fancy straw bonnets are not difficult to trim, as the trimming at present only consists of flowers and ribbon strings. As a usual thing, however, it is well to have a black-jetted bonnet or hat to fall back upon on all occasions, as they can be worn with every dress, and are suitable for all times and seasons. The jet-embroidered crowns and the small black shapes can be purchased at very little cost; and the front is formed of lace or tulle, bought by the yard; while the edge can be made of beads, which are to be had of all sizes by the string. Beads intended for this position should be good and of cut jet, as the common glass does not look well. A little black jetted bonnet is the most useful addition to the wardrobe, as you can have tips and flowers of half-a-dozen colours to put into it in turn successively, so as to make it match with every dress. Even in the winter such bonnets are not out of place, as everyone appears to wear them; and if you feel too cold, you have only to add a lining of black silk to increase the warmth.

And now I must say a few words about the alteration and renewal of hats and bonnets. The first item of advice that I always give is to study the shape of the hat you like, and then you will soon see whether your last summer's attire could be changed in any way so as to look like it. The shape which seems so old-fashioned and peculiar can generally be modernised in some way. By taking off a few straws at the edge it can be made smaller, or by adding a few it can be enlarged, and in the same manner the crown can be either raised or lowered. The shape of the edge may be modified by bending it to suit the prevailing fashion, and the trimming can be brought up to the style of the season.

There are several ways of renewing black straw hats at home without having them reblacked and redyed by a bonnet-maker. One of these ways is by mixing gum-arabic and black ink—a penny bottle of the latter and a halfpenny-worth of gum dissolved in it. This should be well rubbed on the hat with a brush, an old toothbrush being the best implement possible. This recipe is excellent where the hat is both limp and discoloured; but if the black be still good, while the hat has only grown limp, the gum alone will be required—not the ink. This will restore the gloss and the stiffness.

Another method of varnishing hats or bonnets is to use black sealing-wax, in the proportion of half an ounce to two ounces of rectified spirits of wine. Powder the sealing-wax, and put it with the spirits of wine into a phial and place it near a fire till the wax be dissolved. Put the varnish upon the straw when warm with a soft brush, by the fire or in the sun.

Black chip may be renewed with one of the "glosses" used for boots, provided it be not a varnish; or else Judson's black paint may be used.

White hats are a little difficult to treat, as they show discolourment more than the black. The soiled parts may be rubbed with cut lemon, the juice being afterwards washed off with water. White straw may be also washed with milk, and if there be any hopelessly soiled spots they may be painted over with Chinese white diluted with water. Lime-juice is also said to be good for cleaning straw hats. In all cases, the stiffening is given with gum-arabic, and here it is impossible to give any guide, save experience, for the quantity of gum used, as some straw requires more than others, and the best way is to make an ordinary solution of pretty stiff gum and water and try the effect on a small portion of the hat.

As to the trimmings, they can be renewed in many ways. Shabby velvet may be brushed and the pile raised, as well as the colour renewed, by being held over a basin of boiling-water. The rind of a piece of fat bacon is also used to revive velvet with great success. It should be lightly rubbed over the surface of the velvet, and it will clean off the dust and restore it wonderfully. A little bit of fresh butter is nearly as good.

Black corded silk and ribbon can be revived by sponging them with vinegar and water, the dust having been brushed off first. After the sponging, roll the silk up round a bottle or a book and leave it for a few hours. Some people iron it while damp. Black crape may be steamed over the spout of a boiling kettle and made to look like new.

Every girl must remember that the bonnet must be in harmony with the rest of the dress, and a fine new bonnet, instead of setting off a shabby old dress, produces a contrast which violates the laws of good taste.

Everyone should endeavour to find out the colours that suit them best, and make themselves acquainted with the few rules which govern the subject. Black bonnets become fair complexions, and so do light-blue and straw-colour. Reddish-pink will cause a bright complexion to lose its brightness, but dark-red makes a fair face still fairer. Pink is becoming to brunettes, but lilac and green are never in harmony with them, while agreeing with a fair skin. Remember to suit the flowers worn to the age of the wearer. Wrinkles and rosebuds are too incongruous, and provoke uncomplimentary remarks.

Perhaps nothing is more difficult than to keep ourselves looking perfectly well appointed, in the matter of boots and shoes, on £10, or even £15, a year; and to do this more careful thought is required than for any other article of dress. In the pursuit of knowledge on this topic, I have made extensive inquiries, and tested every description of shoes and boots, at all kinds of shops, and I have come to the conclusion that, for those who can wear and do not object to them, the "Oxford shoe" is the best thing in every respect, both as regards economy and health. For the country, in winter, a pair of thick boots is perhaps desirable; but these are not needful unless the weather be wet and the roads muddy. Even then, some friends of mine prefer a neat cloth gaiter over the stout "Oxford shoes," and some other friends prefer a leather gaiter to the cloth for muddy days in country lanes.

It will be seen, on reference to the tables at page 91, vol. v., that I have put down £1 17s. 6d. for boots, walking and house shoes, and slippers throughout the year. If "Oxford shoes" be worn, two pairs should last through the year, and in price they might range from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., but I think those at 8s. 6d. are quite as good as those at 12s. 6d. in the matter of wearing. For house-shoes the best wearing ones are, unquestionably, of patent leather, which will sometimes last a year if you be fortunate enough to chance on a good pair. But even here you may be mistaken, and even acting on the shoemaker's advice, you may be taken in, and find that your well-looking purchase cracks before the end of the month. In order to avoid this it is as well to rub in during the first few weeks of wear a little milk, or a few drops of olive oil, or a little vaseline, which last has a wonderful effect in preserving leather of all kinds. The patent leather slippers for the house, heels included, cost 5s. 6d. a pair.

I have put down a guinea for the walking boots, but I have been since informed, by my two girl friends, that this is a thoroughly extravagant idea, and that 12s. 6d. to 15s. would be quite a sufficient price to guarantee an excellent pair of boots at a respectable shop. What is called "Levant" or "Levant morocco," is an excellent wearing leather for everyday wear, either for shoes or for boots; but for rough country wear, and muddy roads, I think my readers must have calf skin, as nothing else stands repeated wettings equally well.

Kid boots, if very good, have a great deal of wear in them, but must be taken great care of, and are only good for the town use, not the country roads. Kid shoes, if embroidered with jet, can be obtained for evening wear at about 10s. 6d. a pair; but of course must be considered for best. Black satin slippers can be picked up occasionally at the most wonderful prices at sales, and at large shops like Shoolbreds, and always look specially suitable, and wear better than kid, for the evening, with a black dress; but with coloured ones, at present it is needful to have the shoes made of the material of the dress; and this is advertised by some shoemakers to be done for 10s. 6d. a pair, and even less.

Many ladies like cashmere or prunella boots for house wear better than shoes, and they can be obtained almost more cheaply than shoes, and wear longer. I have not yet entered on the question of re-soling and re-heeling, both of which a good pair of either boots or shoes will stand; in fact, the instant that the heels become in the least degree uneven, the boots or shoes should be attended to, as this completely spoils their appearance, and tends to distort the ankle, and render walking insecure. Boots and shoes can be re-soled several times, so long as the upper leathers remain sound and good.

I must not forget one word about the use of kid revivers, or "glosses," as they are called. Much prejudice has been excited against them of late, and they are said to crack the leather upon which they are used, and to be especially injurious to kid. I had found out these evil effects for myself, but I had also discovered the comfort of being able to keep my own shoes and boots in order, for if there be one thing to which I object, it is to anyone's hands being put into my shoes or my stockings. In the first place, the hands are generally hot, and far from clean; and in the case of stockings, the hand of the washerwoman quite stretches the foot of the stockings out of shape, and the use of the smoothing-iron ruins them entirely. Stockings and all under-vests should be either left rough dried or mangled only.

But to return to the subject of the kid revivers. When I had satisfied myself that the fault was in them, and not in the leather, I went to a clever old shoemaker in my neighbourhood, and asked him about it. He gave me the reason immediately, and said that, in selling the bottles to ladies, he now always cautioned them to use very little; in fact, the smallest amount possible, with a view to obtaining any good from the black of the reviver; and he added that the evil effects had been caused only by the foolish and immoderate use of them, for, in some cases, ladies had told him they had thoroughly wetted the leather, in the hope of making their boots look better, when, in reality, the surface only of the leather requires to be wetted to produce all the effect desired.

For lawn tennis, of course, specially suitable shoes must be obtained. These cost from 3s. to 5s., and they may wear a long time with care.

The next difficult item to deal with on our list of dress articles is, undoubtedly, gloves. Fortunately, just now we are very well off; for with black kid gloves, and tan Suède ones, we can get through a season at a moderate expense; and even the prevailing vagary for wearing rather soiled tan is a piece of good fortune for girls who have to clothe themselves on a small dress allowance, as they are saved the expense of cleaning too

often. Where gloves are concerned, I do not think economy is well served by the purchase of cheap ones, especially in black or tan, the colours of which I am speaking. I have put down 15s. per annum for gloves, and I think for 3s. 6d. a pair very good ones may be obtained, which would give four pairs a year, quite sufficient, with proper care and mending.

I have dealt only with kid gloves, but there are many people who wear, and prefer them also, both silk, thread, cotton, and merino. If you can do this, you will naturally make a great saving in the matter of covering your hands, as any of them are far cheaper than either kid or Suède; and in summer the silk or thread are likewise as much cooler than either, as the woollen glove would be warmer in winter. But there are many people too sensitive to wear a glove of any such materials, and whose nerves would suffer so much irritation from thread gloves that they would prove quite unbearable. Very hot hands are difficult to clothe. I know some persons who spoil their gloves directly, and these are the people who find benefit as well as economy in wearing any other kind of gloves than kid.

The next thing that I find on my list is "stockings," for which I have allowed nearly 24s. in the year, which would be quite 24s. including the mending—Angola and filoselle. Lisle thread for the summer is much preferable to cotton; besides the questions of coolness and the wear, I think the colours stand washing much better than those of cotton. Greys and drabs are not good colours in either cotton or thread, being apt to fade and grow either whitey-brown or dingy and dirty-looking. Dark indigo blue, brown, or black are the best both for wearing and for washing.

Plain dark colours are always to be preferred to stripes, even when the latter are in fashion. Stripes as a rule wear unevenly, and where they meet respectively there is apt to be a thin place. Besides which, horizontal stripes make the ankle look large and the foot wide, while the vertical have an ugly effect when shoes are worn, which everyone may see for themselves. Plaid stockings are not to be thought of by the economical, as all peculiarities must be avoided when things have to be worn for some time.

In reality there is nothing better than hand-knitted stockings, either of silk or wool, for wearing, washing, and general comfort of every kind. There seems no end to the wear of good knitted silk ones; and, strange to say, I find violet one of the best of colours, after red, for durability. They will bear re-footing three or four times, and so will woollen ones, if carefully used. You should always have three pairs in wear at once; and when re-footing them, you should take up the stitches high above the ankle, so that the join will not show between the old and new wool. In woollen stockings you will find dark heather mixture and a rich dark grey will wear and look the best. There is no comparision between the warmth of knitted stockings and woven ones.

Half-a-crown's worth of "Scotch fingering" will suffice to knit a pair of woollen stockings, though you can choose, if you like, a more expensive wool. A ball of "Pearsall's silk" will re-foot a pair of woven silk stockings, and make them as good as new, if you have the patience first to pick up the stitches of the woven part on a fine pair of needles. About three or four balls, at 1s. 6d. each, are, I think, required for a whole pair.

No stockings of any kind should ever be sent to the ordinary wash. They should always be washed at home under strict care and surveillance, using water with the chill just taken off, and white curd soap. They should then be wrung through a machine, if possible, and if not, in a towel, and then be hung up to dry quickly, and afterwards be mangled. But on no account either iron them or allow the hands of the washerwoman to stretch them when wet. I have said this before, but I feel it such invaluable advice, that it cannot be too well impressed on your memory.

And now I come to the question of underlinen, which I do not think offers much difficulty to the sensible manager, or to the industrious girl. One advance which I think we have made in knowledge is, that we do not require nearly so many articles of dress as we once did. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, as we thought we once did. This is true with regard to underlinen, but especially with regard to dresses.

Six articles are really all we need, and three or four night-dresses. Many people only get three at a time of everything, so as to have some good new things always; but it seems to me that the best way for the girl on a small allowance is to have one thing of some sort always in hand, which is a less expensive way of renewing the underlinen than by purchasing three at once of any one thing. I have allowed each year ten shillings for the renewal and replacement of this department of clothing. As a rule, from sevenpence to ninepence is enough to pay a yard for calico. The inexpensive Swiss work is useful for trimming them, as it washes and wears very well.

It is difficult to advise with regard to the ready-made underlinen. I have found one brand, called the "Hibernia" hand-made, to wear wonderfully well, and stand even foreign wear and washing. The same firm produces machine-made underclothing called "Sterling," and these are also thoroughly reliable. There is also very excellent French underlinen now to be found which wears well; and, as the embroidery is performed on the article itself, it is sure to last as long as the garment, and looks very pretty, as it is well done.

I know many girls find a great difficulty about this matter; there is so much to do in reference to other things—dresses to mend and re-make, hat and bonnets, and the numberless stitches that are needed to keep all tidy and neat. The father wants his daughter's company, and so does the mother, for walking or visiting; and then there are lawn tennis, and, perhaps, the drawing-room, and the flower-vases to be attended to, besides the poor and their requirements; so I quite understand, when a young girl tells me she "has so much to do," and it is better that she should buy some things ready-made than neglect to make the lives of others happy.

Very good flannel petticoats can be purchased as low as 5s. 6d., and even less, and they can hardly be made for so little. Striped skirts are sold for all prices, of thin materials, suitable for the summer. Most of them will wash, especially if you select scarlet and white in stripes, or some colour that will stand the washerwoman's soda and soap. A good thick winter petticoat may be got for 10s. 6d., which will wear two or three winters with mending, rebinding, and care; and probably then may go on for another winter with a new top or a new flounce or binding with fresh material.

But my article on underlinen would not be complete unless I spoke of the new departures that have taken place from the ancient ideas, and the prevalent feeling that white cotton or linen is no longer the one possible material for underclothing. Silk and wool are the two materials most advised by those who seek for the most hygienic materials; and a recent experimenter in science says that the latter is the normal clothing of all mankind.

At the Exhibition of Hygienic Clothing last year, an underdress, made in the combination or union style, by a young lady at Girton College, and worn by herself and others, was shown, which was made of serge or light tweed, with a lining of cotton. The colour of the tweed was brown, and the garment was both high in the neck and long in the sleeves, and took the place of all other garments and petticoats. This last winter I was shown a similar garment, by a very celebrated woman, who said she always used them, and had never known what comfort and health were before she adopted them, as she had felt the weight of clothes, and had never been warm enough with all she put on. This is the last suggestion both of hygienic science and also of fashion, for I hear a well-known firm have began to make union dresses out of a thick silk material, which they have had made for their use, and which they advise the use of for all ladies who desire to be healthy and strong.

LOVE'S SUNSHINE.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

HEART-REST.

TWO years have passed since Nellie first went to live in the home of her aunt. They have during that time taken two delightful trips to the Continent and made acquaintance with Miss Beecher's early friend. These journeys were shared by Gerald, who is now just about to make an important change. Though so young, he has so far proved the truth of Mr. Jackson's prediction that he is chosen secretary and helper to a great naturalist living in Edinburgh, and there is shortly to take up his abode.

We find them all again met in the Corner Cottage, for by Miss Beecher's wish this has been retained as a little country home, to which they can run down now and then to rusticate for a few days.

It is a fine late autumn morning, and Miss Beecher, who has been walking round the garden, enters the room where the breakfast is laid.

But what is it that causes her to tremble? Is the happy dream over? Must she go back to the old lonely days already?

Gerald is standing by the table, speaking in low, earnest tones to Nellie; neither perceived the entrance of their aunt, until she had gone to the other side of the room.

"I think, Nellie, Aunt Marian would hardly be selfish enough to wish to keep you from me," Gerald is saying.

"Gerald," cried Miss Beecher, clasping her hands together, as though to control her emotion; "what can you mean?"

"Nellie will explain," he answers, and hurrying away, Gerald is seen walking rapidly across the common.

"Really, Aunt Marian, I can't quite understand. Gerald seems to think it is all broken off with Ruth, and that I might go to live with him; but it can't be true."

"If it should be so," replies Miss Beecher, with an effort, "it would be your duty to go, Nellie. I think no one could be to him like a sister, if he is in any trouble."

"Oh, but auntie, it can't be true. Why, it was only all settled a week ago. Mr. Grainger gave his consent for them to be married directly the home is ready for Ruth, because he says Gerald is such a steady fellow, and old of his age."

Miss Beecher is silent, and walking to the window watches Gerald's retreating figure as he strides away, her gentle face bearing such a look of pain as Nellie has never yet seen depicted there. Why should her aunt be so moved? Why so quickly hopeless that this little misunderstanding would be cleared up? Nellie is far too happy in her short experience of life to be able to picture a shipwreck of love through so insignificant a breeze as may be raised by a few hasty words; and yet such things have been! She places her head caressingly upon her aunt's shoulder, half smiling at the seemingly needless agitation.

"Why, auntie, you're not yourself at all—at all! Don't you know what an impetuous fellow Gerald is; and Ruth, too, a bit of a tease? Oh, it will all come straight, never fear!"

"You are probably right—I quite hope so," is the answer, and a hand rests lovingly upon the young cheek. "But, Nellie, I'm afraid I have only half learned a lesson I thought I had mastered, and just now I am dreading how hard the remainder may prove to so rebellious a learner."

The words are said slowly, and the lips quiver as they smile, and Nellie, wondering, dares not ask what lesson it can be that stirs such manifest emotion in one so habitually under self-control.

A few hours later Miss Beecher and her niece are seated under the old tree that has heard so many confidences.

A young couple are coming towards them. Surely they are lovers!

"How could you be such a goose, Gerald? You ought to have known I was in fun!"

"Don't make fun of me again, Ruth, then, for pity's sake, until you are my wife, when I shall feel at liberty to chastise you. Why, darling, I could not possibly say anything I thought might hurt your feelings."

"I'll never do so any more," and a saucy face that beams with happiness is held up to Gerald, and he ——, well, they really are lovers!

And what were the other two saying under the tree?

"Would you, indeed, be so sorry to lose me, auntie, dear? Am I really a comfort to you?"

"I thank God every day for you, my child. I have sometimes thought that God, perhaps, in mercy, because He saw my heart was prone to idolise where it loved intensely, permitted me to suffer deeply; but that now He has given me a love I may safely cherish, since I hope it only helps me to love Him more. But you know, Nellie, even now I must not wish to be number one with you. And, in the future—well, we will try to leave that, and grateful for our share of love's sunshine, both human and Divine, so use it that it may strengthen and cheer us for what of life, together or apart, may lie before us!"

THE END.

VARIETIES.

An Arabian Tale.

In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. He offered in vain for it his camels and, indeed, his whole wealth, and at length he hit upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire.

He stained his face with the juice of an herb, clothed himself in rags, and tied his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way.

When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice: "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this point to seek for food. I am dying; help, and Heaven will reward you!"

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise, I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar upon his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and gallopped off, calling out as he did so: "It is I, Daher; I have got the horse, and am now off with it!"

Naber called out to him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said Naber. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy with it; but I conjure you never to tell how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together and became friends for life.—*From the French of Lamartine.*

Our Duty to the Old.—Those who protected the weakness of our infancy are entitled to our protection in their old age.—*Blackstone.*

In Praise of Books.—By reading we learn not only the actions and the sentiments of distant nations, but transfer to ourselves the knowledge and improvements of the most learned men.—*Watts.*

On Trust.—Although the advantages one possesses more than another may be called her property with respect to other people, yet with respect to God they are only a trust.—*Swift.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (page 734).

C h a t s w o r t H
A r a b e l l A (*a*)
N a p i e R
U r b i n O (*b*)
T y r r e L
E t h e l r e D

Canute. Harold.

(*a*) Lady Arabella Stuart, cousin to Mary, Queen of Scots.
(*b*) The birthplace of Raphael.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

J. N. K. and R. E. S.—The authorship of the Letters of Junius is still a disputed question. Mr. Pitt and Lady Grenville both declared they knew the author, and he was not Sir Philip Francis. Pope Innocent III. was elevated to the Papal Chair January, 1198.

Anxious Inquirer.—You do not give your address, so we cannot help you with information as to the colleges in your neighbourhood, but you are probably near a high school.

Afflicted One.—You give no address, so we are unable to name the evening or morning classes held for women who do not go to school. If you reside in London you may avail yourself of these, or you may join a correspondence class wherever you are. If you write to the secretary, office of St. George's Hall Classes, 7, Randolph-place, Edinburgh, for a prospectus, you will get it. There is no divine nor civil law against the marriage. The case is simply one depending on personal fancy.

A Thompson.—You are too young yet to be a nurse. You might be eligible for admission in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, in another year. Write for all particulars to the secretary.

Cherry Ripe.—The best grammar you can get is that by Dr. Angus. Write to Mr. Tarn for it ("The Handbook of the English Tongue,") 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. If you drive into Bath you can obtain a manual, and all you require for aiding you to draw without a master, in one of the artists' colourmen shops. There is a large one in the Orange-grove, and, we think, another in Argyle-street. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society's publications, and select for yourself.

Truly Grateful.—Being educated so far as to write fairly well and to spell and express yourself as you do, we think that if you were prepared to pay as a lady probationer, and your address and manners be good, we do not think your being a farmer's daughter would stand in the way of your qualifying for the higher department of nursing. At the Middlesex Hospital they are received at a guinea a week; but you might try to enter as a Nightingale probationer at St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth, S.W., receiving board, lodging, uniform, and £10 yearly; salary for one year. Better write to the secretary.

Earnest Inquirer.—We think that if you could speak French or German fluently, and teach it conversationally and with a good accent, you might be eligible for an engagement in many private schools without being certificated.

ART.

Daffodil.—The best description of wood for any kind of ornamental carving is always that with the closest grain. For beginners sycamore is soft and satisfactory; walnut, of the best description, is good; but the stringy sort is to be avoided. The king of all woods for carving in relief is boxwood; and for fretwork no doubt it would be the same. 2. We have given a recipe for "parkin." Consult our indexes for what you require, before asking for duplicate recipes. We gave the household and the confectioners' recipe for parkin in our first vol.

Georgie.—The art of painting on glass with enamel was introduced in England in the 16th century. The mosaic process was known prior to this, and declined in the 17th. There was a slight revival of it in the following century, but only in this, the 19th, has it flourished and attained great perfection. The colouring of glass was practised by the Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Babylonians, and the Greeks and Romans in after times. It was not known in this country till the reign of King John—between 1199 and 1216. You may see the earliest specimens of it in Canterbury Cathedral. Jean Toutin (of Chateaudun), a goldsmith (1630), invented the art of painting with opaque enamel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nancy.—The nearest watering places to you would, we suppose, be Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Chepstow, etc. Lodgings would be the cheapest. You would require three bedrooms only, and one of you should take charge of the housekeeping. The lodgings would be from £2 to £2 10s. a week.

B. R. (Ardmore House).—Your troubles arise from a lowered state of the general health. Consult a doctor as to your home and its healthiness, diet, and exercise. Your handwriting is shocking, and the tone of your letter foolish and flippant.

Florrie.—There is a home of rest for young girls in business at Folkestone, 11, Connaught-road; 7s. per week; also at Brighton, 69, Gloucester-road, and at St. Leonards-on-Sea, 39, Western-road. You could write to each of them.

Kathleen B.—All kinds of polishes and revivers should be used carefully and very little at a time, the brush or sponge being nearly dry. You will do well to consult a doctor about your headaches. A hot bottle to the feet will sometimes relieve them.

Jericho.—Nothing does better than chalk, we think, for marking out tennis courts. The marking lasts sometimes when renewed carefully after a shower.

existence passes without emotion, without changes, without intelligible motive for living on, without hope here or hereafter. "Considered as a picture," says Brimley, "The Lady of Shalott has a serene beauty."

THE BUSINESS WOMAN.—Newcastle-under-Lyme is so called from a castle built there by Ranulph, Earl of Chester, in place of the old castle at Chesterton, and from its being under the Lyme or boundary of the palatinate of Chester.

A LITTLE GUY.—You will find an answer to your question if you refer to the recent numbers. A still is required in the manufacture of perfumes, for which a tax has to be paid.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—You must look for the address you require in a London Directory, as we never give such.

ROSEBUD.—Miss Mulock's, Sir Walter Scott's, and Miss Anne Beale's are all suitable for you.

WOULD-BE WORKER.—Yes, if you act under your mother's sanction and wishes you are right; but we fear that your bad temper has influenced her decision. Of course you could join the Bible Readers' Union, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent. Write to the Rev. Ernest Bays. But you must pray for God's grace to help you in your efforts at self-control, and to enable you to show more dutiful submission and respect to your mother.

HELEN DANVERS.—If engaged to this gentleman, he may pay for what he likes on your account. If not, you should not go about with him, excepting when accompanied by one or more friends. In this case you could arrange with a friend to pay for you, and tell him that she settles all. Do not place yourself under obligations to men who have no right to force attentions and favours on you. Crochet a silk purse or knit mittens. The table you describe would be suitable for a bedroom.

SYDNEY. — Chester means the site of the Roman camp; Chesterfield, the "camp in the field," the ancient Roman name being *Deva*, or *Deva Castra*. Winchester is a corruption of *Wintanceastre*, so called by the Saxons, when it became the capital of Wessex. *Win* is frequently from the Anglo-Saxon *Windan*, "to wind."

M. M.—We fear a few pounds would be of little service in the case of a widow and five children. You had better try and send her a little to procure good food, and advise her endeavouring to get needlework where she is. The care of an empty house, perhaps, might be obtained for her if she tried at a house agent's and had references.

A MOURNE GIRL.—Careful directions as to how to wash black and white cottons were given in "The Fairy of the Family," page 779, vol. iv. The handles of knives may be cleaned by rubbing them with damp whitening and a flannel.

BLUE BELL.—The climate of Manitoba is very cold in the winter and hot in the summer, so you will require all the warm clothing you can procure, and cotton dresses for the summer.

K. B.—We do not know the lines you quote.

A SUFFERER FROM ASTHMA.—We should think a change to a better climate would do you good. Spa, Ems, Cauterets, and Mont Dore are all recommended for it as mineral waters, and Brighton and Scarborough for sea bathing.

HIGHLAND LASS.—We regret to say that your story would not be saleable. It lacks originality, and is incorrect in grammar and composition.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY.—It is no longer usual to offer cake to those who call after a wedding. If you chance to have any, you might have a little of it cut up in small squares and place them on a separate plate. No knives and forks are provided at afternoon tea. When buttered toast or any hot buttered cakes are served, very small tea-service plates are desirable, although not generally provided. "April" and "May" should copy a small roundhand daily, as their writing needs much improvement. The former does not cross the "t's," and uses a bad pen; the latter affects to write a series of "m's" and "n's" only, and likewise fails to cross the "t."

GODDESS OF FLOWERS.—Water plants in the evening, when the sun is very low or has set. Read our articles on gardening. The age at which the amount of education which your position in life or your parents' limited means might render sufficient must be determined by them. We are not in a position to judge in such a case. Your return home to substitute manual household work and duties for scholastic training, at the age of fifteen, is a matter for your mother's consideration, and you have no choice in the matter unless with her permission.

LITTLE FURY.—Small girls of thirteen should be punished for any exhibitions of a "fiery temper." We fear you are an example of "sparing the rod" when you were still smaller. But you are old enough to know better, and should be ashamed of yourself. You seem to have forgotten yourself when you wrote so impertinently. We neither like your writing nor your spelling. The former is not yet formed, and there are three words wrongly spelt in your short letter.

VERA kindly writes to say that the line—

"But the gnat wears a hat,"

occurs in a song entitled "The Baby and the Fly," published in New York. It is well-bred to make a slight inclination of the head on entering a room full of people. In a foreign hotel it is invariably correct to do so as you approach to take your seat at the dinner-table.

E. L. S. (Manitoba).—As the principal of two colleges for girls successively, your strong approval of our magazine is very satisfactory. We are happy to give your prescription for the cure of croup. Mix a little powdered alum with treacle, and give it at short intervals until the paroxysms subside. We recommend to your notice "Sick Nursing at Home," a small manual, price 1s. 3d., by a member of our staff. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

INVALID.—1. In view of your needing as mild a climate as this country may supply, you should seek it in Devonshire or Cornwall. At Torquay Erith House provides a home for invalid ladies of limited means. It has a large garden, and is well situated, having a fine prospect. We cannot tell you on what terms you would be received, nor whether for merely two or three months, just for the change you want; but you can learn all you require by writing to the lady superintendent and stating your case. If not requiring a home, no doubt cheap apartments could be easily obtained for two ladies, if you have any relative or friend able to accompany you. In Cornwall we may suggest Bude, Tintagel, and the Lizard as inexpensive places. 2. You may insure your life at the Post-office up to the age of sixty, for any sum between £20 and £100. The postmaster may likewise grant "immediate" or "deferred" annuities to the amount of £50.

A MIND DISEASED.—Why do you take any notice of your fancies when you yourself acknowledge that your mind is in a sickly state? Did you never read what St. Paul tells the Corinthians of his own painful experiences of the war between the old and new nature within him? He winds up by the remarkable statement, "So, then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." Sin not wilfully persisted in, sin confessed and striven against, is sin forgiven and atoned for by the blood of Christ. Did He die for nothing? Was it not for sinners? "He is able to save, even to the uttermost, all that come unto God by Him." Some people have a morbid pleasure in hugging, so to say, their troubles, although provided with their cure.

MOTHERLESS and her intended husband should both take medical advice as to their consumptive tendencies.

REAPER.—We do not gather from your letter that you are one of those called upon to "go forth in the Master's service." You must be quite certain that no home duties are neglected, no home ties severed rudely and heartlessly before you go. "Ye do serve the Lord Christ" in everything, remember, and everything, even to sweeping a room, may be done to His glory and in His service.

CONNEMARA. — We do not open these columns to questions from examination papers, which would be uninteresting to others and unfair to the other students for them. Many thanks for your kind letters.

A WOULD-BE VIOLINIST.—Kilmony is the heroine of a pathetic story in verse by James Hogg, contained in one of his longer poems. The name has also been adopted as the title of a novel by William Black.

ALTER EGO.—The first of the series of papers called "Work for All" appeared in the number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for October 13th, 1883.

KITTY DEVEREAUX, ANXIOUS ONE, and Others.—An answer to your question on "how to grow thin" was given at page 270, vol. v.

A BLACK SWAN. -1. Try for yourself. 2. The story of the poem, "The Lady of Shalott," is founded on an Arthurian legend, and depicts "a being whose

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 245. SEPTEMBER 6, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

All rights reserved.]

PEACE.

PEACE.

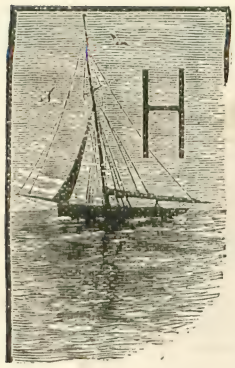
By ANNE BEALE.

To sit at eve, in silence, by the deep,
As travelling slowly seaward moves the sun,
And watch the lagging wavelets one by one
Up the rough beach with languid footsteps creep :
To feel mysterious music from the sea
Lull your rapt spirit to a holy rest ;
Through the red curtains of the glowing west
To catch strange glimpses of the great To Be :
To feel, as downward day's grand orb doth roll,
Deeper and deeper sink the heavenly calm,
And, like the low-breathed music of a psalm,
Fill with ecstatic love the ravished soul :
To know that as the shades of eve increase
And blend the glories of the sky and sea,
That over height and depth eternally
God's spirit broods in love—this, this is peace.

THE DUTIES OF A GOVERNESS.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.



HAVING considered the question of personal training, and the deportment of a governess towards her employer, let us proceed to discuss her duties towards her *élèves*. She may have been very observant of character already, notwithstanding her brief experience of life and the engrossing studies with which she has been occupied. But Nature presents such an extensive variety in disposition, in qualities of head and heart and physical constitution, that a teacher of even many years' standing might accept a few hints from one interested in her profession. A novice in the art of analysing character has a task of very grave difficulty before her, and if she fail to accomplish it, she may ruin the character, the health, and future prospects of her charge.

Pressure laid on a tired brain by the multiplication of studies, their continuance after school hours as a punishment, or the wrong direction given to the intellect (considering individual capacity and natural gifts)—all such modes of pressure induce depression of the mental powers and bodily disease. A teacher needs quickness of perception to distinguish between deficiency, idleness, obstinacy, fatigue, and indisposition. Mistakes made by the teacher tend to spoil a child's character by a consciousness of injustice; and an aversion is bred for studies which might otherwise have proved agreeable, and, it may be, rendered it eventually self-supporting.

Perhaps the young governess has profited by her own early and trying experiences, and thus can enter into the feelings of children under similar circumstances. But if, on the other hand, she were fortunate in the enjoyment of really judicious training, and so had no painful memories to teach her better things, let her at once make the subject one of earnest thought and careful reading. In so doing she may develop more fully-perfected theories and rules for practical use than I can offer in the few suggestions that follow.

The brain of a child is soft until it has attained seven years of age. Thus, irksome or continuous pressure upon the attention, the reasoning powers, or the memory, before that age, must be attended with risk of physical or intellectual injury. During the first years of life the moral training should be the chief object of attention, rather than the development of the mind; it will be attended by no bodily nor mental fatigue. Instant and unquestioning obedience is the first grand lesson to be taught, and the habit should commence with the first baby words that the little one lisps.

At this earliest dawn of the intellect, the season begins for teaching it the existence of a Supreme and unseen Power. Its tiny hands should be placed together night and morning; its eyes directed to the sky; and it should be told of One who will expect it to be good and obedient; who loves, and will take care of it; and a word or two of an infant's prayer should be taught as soon as it can frame its lips to repeat it word by word. This early lesson should be given by the mother and nurse; but a governess may have the duties of both to perform, and so I mention it amongst her own.

When afterwards (or of other children) exacting unquestioning obedience, no explanations should be given at the time, no arguing of the case allowed.

"My dear, I wish you to do so and so," should be sufficient.

Then, when obedience has been rendered, explain (if expedient so to do) why you exacted it; and this appeal to the child's good sense will be of benefit, open its mind, help it to reason, and render obedience the more easy when next required.

In time of sickness, the habit of submission is of inestimable value; it may sometimes save the little one's life. My own practice, when asked whether a dose of medicine were very disagreeable, was to say that it was "very much so;" but, I added, "I believe it will do you good; and I am sure you will take it bravely, for my sake." No word of objection was then made, and each successive dose was swallowed without a murmur. But the trial should always be alleviated; the little mouth washed, and something given to remove the nauseous taste. The application of mustard plasters is a trying ordeal, and on such an occasion more than ordinary consideration and gentleness should be shown. Tell it first how much pain it will have to bear, with all honesty. A child may bear a severe blow bravely; but the patient endurance of protracted pain, which could be relieved at will in a moment, is quite another thing, and is a severer test of submission. Under such circumstances, an appeal to its love and its courage should be made, and the "why and wherefore" may be explained before any attempt at coercion, or a peremptory order be given. A child would do much if approached in a gentle, judicious manner, and rewarded afterwards as a suitable mode of encouragement in its early well-doings.

Still, on the subject of moral training, I would caution my young governess never, in a moment of irritation, to threaten with a punishment which, on reflection, she would not and ought not to inflict. If she make conditions, whether punitive or otherwise, she must keep her word. Hence, she must beware of forming hasty judgments, and uttering threats or promises.

Again, every virtue or natural gift cannot be expected to exist in the person of one child; and thus the mode of training in one case must vary in some respects from that adopted in another. The bright, the good-tempered, the hasty, the lymphatic, and the sulky cannot all be treated alike, any more than the consumptive, gouty, apoplectic, or the thoroughly healthy by the same regimen of diet and medicine.

A child deficient in intellectual powers may be otherwise gifted. It may exhibit much natural heroism, be upright and unselfish; and the headstrong and passionate—ever getting into scrapes—may have a loving nature to be ruled through the affections, and through them only. Adapt your style of treatment to the character of each, correcting the defects kindly and gently, however firmly, and encouraging the virtues in each respectively.

From the time the governess enters a house it should be her grand aim to win her pupils' love. When the heart has been won, the conflict with what is objectionable presents but little difficulty. The refusal of a kiss at night might then constitute an amply sufficient punishment for idleness, ill-temper, or any wrong-doing. If any other be deemed advisable, such as placing the child in a corner, she should not invite a trial of strength between her and the offender by saying, "You shall remain there until you say you are sorry." It may tell a falsehood to escape from the dulness of the position, or remain there merely to wear out her patience, and oblige her to remove it without submission and apology. Let her desire it to remain there until she see fit to remit further punishment.

Continual fault-finding is too trying to a child's patience. It will regard its teacher as a nuisance, and avoid her presence when possible. Better to shut the ears and eyes to trifles. As to falsehoods, never punish for them, my young friend, unless wilful and

malicious; distinguish between these and an exhibition of moral or physical timidity. Fear of corporal punishment, or the loss of confidence and the good opinion of its superiors, will make a child deny a fault or having been the cause of any accident, and "no" will be substituted for "yes," or *vice versa*. Tell it that speaking the truth will not result in punishment, nor in the loss of esteem or trust, but quite the contrary; encourage and reassure it. What wise man would whip a horse for shying? the timid animal would do so again, and with all the greater reason when next he saw the bogey whose appearance was the forerunner of the stripes. Courage is not instilled into a child by beating it for what is obviously the offspring of fear.

Great strictness should be observed in checking a habit of teasing and aggravating its fellows, and corporal punishment should be the penalty, however slight, for a blow given, or for cruelty to any living thing. But of course a confidential understanding with the mother as to the limit assigned to the powers of the governess must be arrived at, and an arrangement made in regard to such corrections, and to the appeal to be made to her in any case where they are requisite, or in the event of obstinate rebellion; but the less frequent such appeals the better.

So much for the moral training. A few hints on the subject of physical care may be desirable. A long fast before the first meal is most injurious, and a very brief interval between meals and lessons equally objectionable. Do not allow of any study until half an hour after breakfast, and certainly not for one full hour after rising from the dinner table. This rule applies to both old and young; but for the little ones a longer interim still is desirable.

The infliction of tasks to be committed to memory immediately after the lesson-hours is highly prejudicial, both on physical and intellectual grounds. The growing brain should never be wearied, nor treated as an insensible machine. Too little account, by far, is taken of its extremely delicate organisation, and the reports made by our leading physicians as to the percentage of cases in our Board schools of inflammation of, and water on, the brain—sometimes resulting in insanity and suicide—ought to teach a grave lesson on the subject of over-pressure.

The power of distinguishing between physical weakness, mental deficiency, over-fatigue of the nervous system, moral defects of character—such as obstinacy or sulkiness—and a temporary disturbance of the digestive organs, producing headache and other abnormal results—this power of quick discernment is highly desirable in a teacher. If a lesson be ill-learnt, a calculation incorrectly made, and the child fail to accomplish the task after several apparent efforts, do not, my friend, take it for granted that obstinacy must be the cause. Inquire whether a headache or indigestion be the reason, and, if apparently dazed and stupid, lay the lesson aside for some hours. A few runs round the garden, or a walk, to clear the brain of mental cobwebs and restore the nerves, might be very desirable, and, perhaps, a little medical treatment essential, and a day's rest from study.

Passing on from the question of physical training, let me give a few hints on that of manners. Children are born copyists, and are more observant than adults. The deportment, style of walking, tone of voice, methods of speech, pronunciation, way of eating, neatness and cleanliness of person and dress—all will be thoroughly taken in by the child, and in course of time copied. Tricks will be reproduced, slang, and "slip-shod" expressions repeated, grimaces and shrugs of the shoulders, sour-looking smiles (with the corners of the mouth turned down), all will reappear sooner or later.

A governess may never relax in any rule of good breeding, although she may play and even "romp" with them in the playground or nursery, and make herself a child with them. Their sometimes tiresome importunities must never provoke her to exclaim petulantly, "Yes, yes; there, go away; don't bother me now;" nor "What a little plague you are!" When you hear the epithets "bother" and "plague" again, you will have no right to object to their use! If you refuse to accede to the request, say gently, "It is not convenient now, dear, but I will by-and-by." In reference to teaching good manners, demonstration will be found far more effectual than precept.

Lastly, a few words on intellectual and scholastic training. Strict impartiality must be maintained amongst the scholars. Bright children, likely to do the teacher credit, should not monopolise her time and care, and dulness should not be treated as a moral and wilful defect. The sufferer is often painfully alive to such deficiency, and sensitive to the treatment it meets. Encourage the child, commend all effort to improve, and endeavour to find out on what subject the mind is most open, and to what pursuit its abilities may be especially directed. But do not over-strain them by way of strengthening them, with any study above their evident capacity. You may safely fill a glass bottle with liquid, but to pack it with stones would be a dangerous experiment.

Certain studies must, of course, be pursued, be the intellect ever so dull—*i.e.*, reading, spelling, writing, geography, grammar, history, and some rules in arithmetic. But beyond these and where the arts, sciences, and languages are concerned, let the teacher bestow her energies on the cultivation of some one amongst them; some special pursuit for which there is an indication of taste and aptitude, and drop the rest. We cannot strain up some strings to "concert pitch." Besides, there are children who are rather dull than otherwise, and who, developing late, win the race eventually against more precocious competitors. Precocity is not desirable. Those who exhibit it rarely make very gifted men or women.

Lessons should be made interesting; never, as too often, the cause of yawning, or of tears. Astronomy, botany, geology, and natural history might be, more or less, outdoor recreations; and geography rendered charming by stories of different peoples, and animal and natural phenomena. Historical events read one day should be related by the scholars the next in their own language: any superfluous expressions such as "Well," or "You know," corrected.

To these suggestions I add one more. If a girl have no ear, pray do not attempt to teach her to sing. Spare the feelings of others, and refrain from making her an object of ridicule. But, however gifted as a musician, whether as a vocalist or instrumental performer, do not distract busy brains nor aching heads with long hours of wearisome practising.

In conclusion, I would entreat you, dear young governess, not to degrade your noble vocation into a pitiful struggle for bread; nor measure the efficiency of your work in proportion to your scanty salary. The influence you exercise over the rising generation will extend to those unborn. Turn the faces of the children heavenwards. Teach them the fear of God and the faith of Christ. Try to estimate the full weight of your responsibilities towards Him, for the children are His—not theirs only who have purchased your services.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever."

THE LAND OF BY-AND-BYE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

We are kindred all, and brothers,
All the whole wide world, we say,
Yet our hands clasp not each other's
As we meet upon life's way;
For our blind eyes see not clearly,
And while mists obscure our sight,
Hearts that might have loved so dearly
Miss each other in the night.
Noble souls—yet in the fetter
Of their pride of place they lie;
They will know their kindred better
In the land of "by-and-bye."

Here our sympathies are bounded
By the cold world's narrow range,
By its barriers surrounded,
We are sport for chance and change;
Here life's sands are ever shifting,
Shadows fall 'twixt heart and heart,
And we watch our loved ones drifting
Slowly, surely, far apart.
Yet our hands will clasp each other's
'Neath a clear and sunny sky,
When we dwell indeed as brothers
In the land of "by-and-bye."

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

IV.—Catharine of Aragon, Wife of Prince Arthur.

"I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions."
"Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless."
Shakespeare.

In the year that Anne of Warwick died, the next Princess of Wales was born.

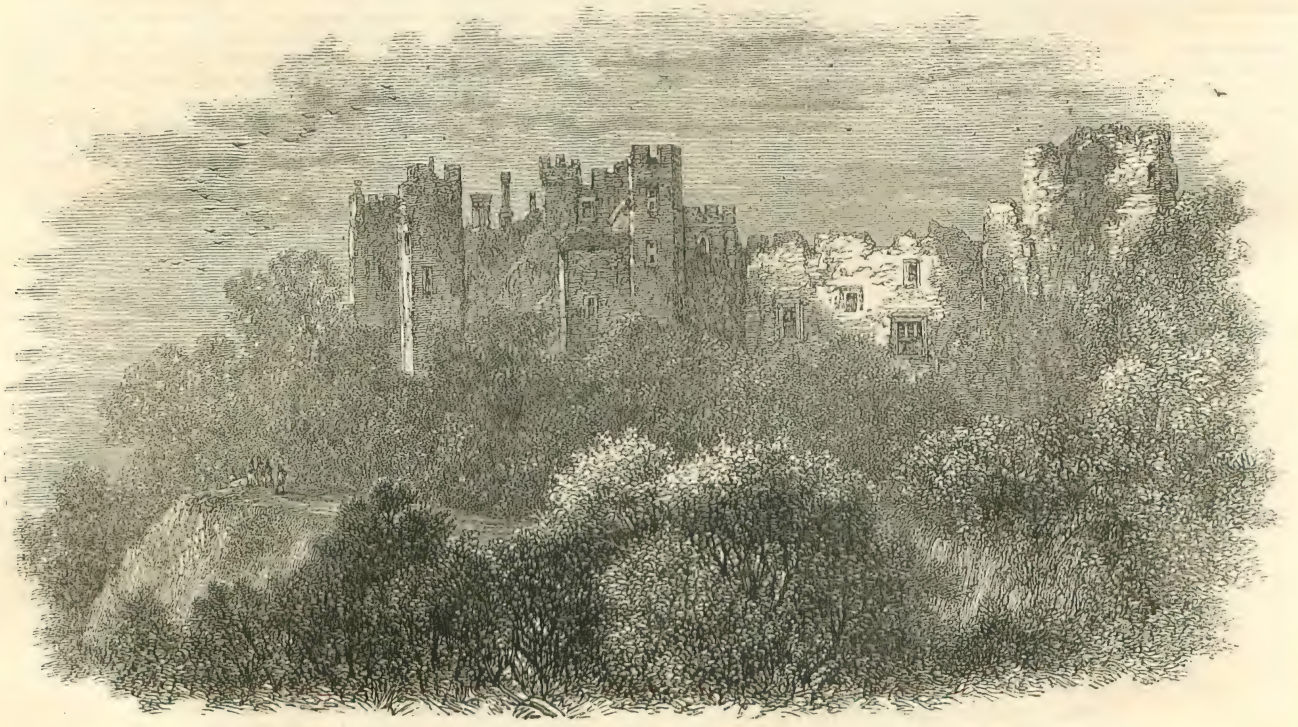
A grand cavalcade, consisting of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, a squat but comely man of thirty-three, his blue-eyed, golden-haired, and rosy-cheeked wife, Isabella, Queen of Castile, along with their four young children and a great company of knights in Moorish armour, prelates, friars, and chaplains, fled in the autumn of that year from the plague that was then raging in the city of Cordova, on the flooded banks of the Guadalquiver. Making their way towards the higher and healthier lands in Central Spain, they rested in the palace of Cardinal Mendoza, at the holy city of Alcala—the birthplace, some fifty years later, of the famous author of "Don Quixote."

In one sense it was a glorious epoch in the history of Spain; in another sense it was the reverse. The Christian forces were gradually driving the Moors from their last strongholds in the paradise of Andalusia down towards the rock of Gibraltar; but, hand in hand with these triumphs, a fearful persecution was being carried on against the rich and learned Jews—a people who were the very salt of Spain's prosperity. It was a pitiful mistake on the part of the devout Queen. While she was filled with this dream of conquest and crusade, she gave birth to her youngest child, Catalina—Catharine of Aragon—on the 16th of December, 1485. The infant was baptised in the sacred city, and the rich, high-born cardinal honoured the christening with a splendid banquet to the royal household.

Isabella was not a queen of the domestic type; she pledged her jewels when the treasury was exhausted, she established military hospitals, she raised recruits; the soldiers called her the "mother of the camps." Catharine's childhood was spent, to a large extent, amid the noise of camps, and she did not altogether escape the perils of the battle-field. When the forces lay before the city of Granada, the glorious Moorish capital, Catharine was present with her warlike mother, and, as a child, admired the towers of the fairy palace of the Alhambra shooting up from the vineclad walls into the undimmed sky. But one night the Moors sallied forth, and before the dawn of day the Spanish camp was consumed to ashes. Catharine was rescued from the leaping flames and soon beheld a camp of stone rising up in place of that of canvas.

When Granada, of which the Moorish poets sang as the finest city on earth, fell into the hands of Ferdinand, the brilliant Alhambra became the home of the young Princess. Fountains played about the palace; oranges and pomegranates ripened on the garden walls, the valley in which the city was embowered excelled that of Damascus in the wealth of its orchards and vineyards.

When Erasmus declares that Catharine was imbued with learning from her infant years by the care of her illustrious mother, the eulogy of the Dutch scholar must be taken with a strong pinch of salt. Do not suppose that she became a prodigy of learning, like Catharine Parr, or Queen Elizabeth, or Lady Jane Grey—in fact, her father completed his conquest of the Moors by an *auto-da-fe* of vast piles of books of travel, poetry, history, and science. What she did learn was a formal devoutness, and such light but graceful accomplishments as embroidery, dancing, singing a ballad, and playing on a lute. She was taken to see bull-fights, the chief pastime of her people to this day, and, worse still, her innocent eyes were accustomed to the horrid sight of burning fellow-creatures, of the slavery of lovely Moors, and the sad exile of thousands on thousands of Jews, to whom Spain had become a second Palestine. In her girlhood, she took the vows of a lay sister of the order of St. Francis—such as to eat no costly food, to wear no personal adornments, to live within



LUDLOW CASTLE.

the walls of a palace the rigid life of a convent. It was a matter of empty form. Such was the training of the girl who was one day to be Queen of free England.

The fair-haired infant had scarcely learned to lisp when her parents began to gamble with her happiness, for the security and aggrandisement of their own power. A ragged, but deeply crafty messenger was despatched to England, between which country and Spain a tie of kindred already existed. The blood of John of Gaunt, brother of the Black Prince, flowed in Isabella's veins. While the Princess was yet only in her fourth year, an English embassy arrived at the royal palace near Medina. The worthy priest and knight were introduced to the royal family, and had the privilege of seeing the baby Catalina in a rich dress, attended by her seven waiting-maids.

"Well, it was beautiful," said one correspondent, who saw her in the royal box, looking at a savage bull-fight; "well it was beautiful to see the Queen hold up her daughter, the Infanta Catharine!"

The upshot of this delicate diplomatic intercourse was an engagement between the sovereigns of Spain and England, that Arthur, Prince of Wales, should marry Catharine when he came of age. The children could not, in the nature of things, have had much to say in the matter—Arthur was only two and a half years old, being ten months younger than the little blue-eyed Spanish lady destined as his bride.

When many years had flown over the heads of the children—and more than one head had gone to the scaffold to make the path clear and firm for this marriage—Prince Arthur went through a formal rite secretly in the royal chapel of Bewdley Manor, by the Severn. On the 19th of May, 1499, he sacredly ratified the contract of marriage, and at lovely Granada, on the 20th of December in the next year, Lady Catharine, "La Princesa de Gales," went through the same form. After the solemn engagement at Bewdley, the Prince and his betrothed corresponded in the most affectionate terms—in as excellent Latin as the tutors at the two courts could write. In unconventional expression of regard Arthur's letters have the best of it. A portion of a *billet-doux* written by him, or for him, on the 5th of October, 1499, will give an idea of the style of complimentary courtship. It is dated from Ludlow Castle.

"I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness lately given to me, and from them I easily perceive your most entire love for me. In sooth, those letters, in your own hand, have so delighted me, so cheered and gladdened me, that I fancied I saw your Highness, conversed with you, and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you how earnestly I long to see your Highness, and how much this delay about your coming annoys me. . . . Like as I cherish sweet remembrance of you night and day, so do you preserve my name ever fresh in your breast. Hasten your coming to me, that instead of being far away we may be present with each other." The Infanta is addressed as "The most Illustrious and Excellent Princess the Lady Catharine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, etc., my most beloved spouse."

At last the young namesake of the great mythical hero of the ancient Britons was to have his longing for the fair-haired and blue-eyed Catalina satisfied. When she departed from the Alhambra a heavy cloud of grief hung over it. Isabella's only son and eldest daughter were dead. The Queen said good-bye to her youngest child within the stately palace of woe, never to look upon her face again. When the Princess had struggled on to the seashore, in the hot August weather, resting by the way in wretched country inns, the autumn winds and the waves of Biscay dealt angrily with her frail vessels and drove them into a harbour in the north of Spain.

Some of our daring English tars sailed to the Spanish coast to meet her. They were to have brought her right up the

CATHARINE OF ARAGON AND GRANADA.

Thames to London; but the "crafty mariners," put to sore distress by the raging billows and by the storms, which tore the shrouds and "entranced" the masts out of their sockets, sought a nearer haven. They landed her safely, with her plate and jewels, dons and donnas, chaplains and Moorish slaves, on the sweet shore of Devon. Cheers rung along the cliffs at Plymouth—a happy contrast to her mother's chill farewell. She advanced by gentle stages towards London, amid a train of English nobles, knights, and prelates. King Henry and his weak but comely son rode along the rough and sloppy roads to welcome her. In the Bishop of Bath's palace at Dogmersfield, Hants, they saw her face to face; hitherto she had been veiled like a Moorish bride. Prince Arthur was enchanted with his little Guinevere.

On Friday, the 12th of November, 1501, she passed from Lambeth Palace over London Bridge, and through the huzzas of the festive streets, mounted on her mule, and dressed in gold and silk. On the next Sunday morning, at the altar of St. Paul's, the Prince and Princess of Wales—he, all clad in white, and she wearing a hooped gown and a veil of silk and pearls—were pronounced man and wife and blessed by Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury.

When the jading round of banquets and jousts was over, an unwonted paleness was noticed in Arthur's cheeks. At the beginning of the next year the young people were sent away to the castle of Ludlow, from which Catharine might remember the Prince had addressed to her a pretty *billet-doux* two years before. The chilly winter among the hills and meads of Shropshire could not bring health to his feeble constitution, nor could it be very pleasant to the Spanish beauties from the land of pomegranates. Catharine crowned the victors at the jousts with her own fair hands. Arthur led a gentle life; he waited on his bride with the courtesy of a true knight; he ruled his court in peace. "He sought to strengthen and preserve the law, and gave his soul and body to the service of Almighty God."

Men said he was too good to live, and in that Border fortress—perhaps in "Prince Arthur's room," still shown above the buttery of the ruined castle—he breathed his last on the 2nd day of April, 1502, aged fifteen and a half years. Catharine had not been five months a bride when she became Dowager Princess of Wales.

I shall pass over the story of the astuteness of her parents and the avarice of King Henry, and simply mention the fact that the widowed Princess was solemnly betrothed to Arthur's brother Henry on the 24th of December, 1503. Previous to this, she had led a dull and sickly life at Croydon Park amid her Spanish maids, more like that of a conventual sister than of a lively, fresh-hearted sunflower of the South. After her engagement to Henry of Greenwich, Prince of Wales, she stepped out again into the light of day, and mingling in the gaiety of the Court at Richmond and elsewhere, she had the enviable privilege of meeting the blithe and sturdy boy to whom her heart clung with the only passion of her life.

But Henry was not then fourteen. No sooner had he attained that responsible age than his advisers induced him to repudiate the contract. Poor Catharine was once more relegated to the solitude of Croydon. She had no female friend to turn to; her Spanish mother had died at Medina; her English mother, Elizabeth the Good, had died also when still young and beautiful, and now lay, untroubled by earthly cares, in the Abbey of Westminster. For months and months Catharine was enfeebled by a tertian fever; a heap of debt was growing on her; the six ladies who had crossed the seas with her had no fees paid them; she herself had not had a single maravedi since her arrival in England but what was given to her for food; her servants and maidens had not the wherewithal to get clothes. That was how a Princess of Wales, a daughter of the mighty sovereign of Spain, was treated in the year of grace 1505!

In these years of agony, poverty, and neglect, one little ray of sunshine stole through the chinks of her seclusion. A ship in which her beautiful and merry sister Joan, and her husband, Philip, were sailing from Zealand, was driven on the English coast in 1506. Catharine had the delight of spending a Sunday at Windsor with her.

The horizon grew darker and darker. She was forbidden to take the title of Princess of Wales; she was told plainly by the king that Prince Henry had renounced her hand; she had to part with her jewels. Yet one thing her proud nature had determined—that she would live and die in England, if only she could win the youth she loved. She wrote to her father that she was sure of him; and she was right. The clear, haughty, honest face, the pretty mouth, the sunny hair of the southern Princess had bewitched Henry, and when his father died the marriage knot was secretly tied one June morning in 1509, in a little chapel of the Franciscans at Greenwich. She was afterwards married with splendour in a robe of white satin to the merriest Prince that ever wore the Crown; the two lived as happy as the days were long, and the gallant boy declared in the madness of his joy, that he would not exchange her for any other woman in the world.

When she reached her fortieth year she was already an aged and enfeebled woman, for the bright flowers of the South do not last long in our Alpine climate. Of all her children only one girl had survived. Henry began at last to fear that the curse of heaven lay upon their marriage, and, proud as he still was of his haughty Kate, his soul had lost the generous goodness of youth. He was charmed, too, by the learned, witty, and accomplished Anne Boleyn. Thomas Cranmer, the good, but undecided Primate, delivered a decree in 1533 that Catharine was not the King's wife; she was now to be styled Princess of Wales, as Arthur's widow; and in the month of May Anne was crowned Queen of England.

Sad indeed were her last solitary years at Hatfield, Ampthill, Buckden, and Kimbolton Castle in Hunts, now a seat of the Duke of Manchester. The keenest of her griefs was that she was not permitted to look upon the face of her one surviving child. Sick in body, sick at heart, she prayed and plied her needle. Besides the many images and crucifixes in her closet at Kimbolton, she had a little gilded cage for a singing bird. The country people pitied the broken-hearted Queen. It is said that a peasant near Grantham turned up some treasure-trove with his rude plough; is was an old brass pot, containing some parchments, some silver chains and other jewellery, and brought it to her.

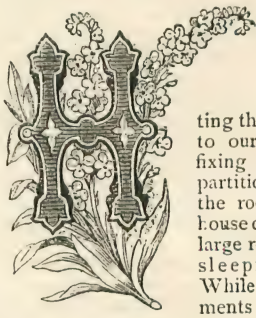
"The hour of my death draweth fast on. The tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safety of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all; yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you."

Such was the tenor of her last message to her estranged lord. Her wish was to die in England. She sank to rest at Kimbolton on the 7th of January, 1536, spending the night before her death in talking of her innocent young days in Spain.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART III.

UP COUNTRY—CONTINUED.



HAVING parted with the last of our cheery and hospitable company, we set about putting the finishing touches to our house, such as fixing the doors on, and partitioning off a part of the room (for the whole house consisted but of one large room), to act as a sleeping apartment. While these arrangements were being carried out, we continued to cook and bake at our camp fire, sitting round it for our meals, a picnic which lasted some days, and which was highly delightful in the beautiful atmosphere, so warm, yet with a refreshing breeze; and amid the lovely flowers of those hills just bursting into bloom.

There, in the evenings, when the wind was in a suitable quarter, we fired the long dry grass for many acres around our dwellings, and in the valley where we were going to plant our crops. In my last chapter I believe I described the *modus operandi*, so will only say that it was a beautiful sight, and afforded us much amusement in stopping its course at the proper places, and grand fun for the children to witness at a safe and respectable distance.

The next thing to be done was to prepare the ground for our crops; and having got a couple of steers from a Polander*, they were yoked to a plough in order to commence operations on the virgin soil in the valley, about 500 yards from our shanty, and alongside of which ran the creek, which contained our water supply for home purposes.

Well, do you think those beasts would stir? Not a bit of it! "Gee-up" and "Wo" had no effect on them whatever, and when at last they consented to move, they went round and round, and in all directions but the right one; so they were taken back to their former owner as useless for ploughing. Truth to tell, the animals were good workers, and on the Polander taking them in hand himself, did their duty well, but were only accustomed to the Polish lingo, adorned by a few Mexican oaths, which latter they seemed to understand in a most marvellous manner. There being no time to teach them English, or for us to learn the elegant dialect to which they had been used, we left them with the Polander, and sought elsewhere, and obtained, another pair, to which the English language was not altogether unknown.

As we were so late for the season of planting, we could not do very much in the way of crops, but managed to raise some very good potatoes—Irish, as they call them in the South, to distinguish them from the yams, or sweet potatoes, which are more commonly grown here. Also some beans, onions, peas, watermelons, &c. The ground had then to be fenced round to protect it from being trampled by the herds of cattle passing over the land. This was done by cutting small trees down, making posts of them, and twining the branches in between.

Our food at this time consisted of bacon, very fat as it invariably is here; corn-meal, and bread made with white flour, and eggs from our chickens. Also beef when there was any to be got in Bandera city, where they

* Name given to the Polish settlers there.

killed one beast only, once a week. Then there was game to be had, such as deer, wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, &c., throughout the winter months; but during the hot weather they retire into the recesses of the forests, and could not be obtained except by the regular hunters, who gave up their whole time to their pursuit. It soon became too hot also to get beef, or if bought, it would be quite fly-blown before it could be brought to the ranche, even when carefully covered. We found the small wild rabbit, known there as the cotton-tail, very good eating, and very plentiful. These we drove out of the brush by means of dogs, whence they would make for hollow live-oak trees, as they do not burrow as with us here. We would then block the hole, and with an axe chop an opening, about two feet from the ground, in the trunk of the tree, thus easily taking the rabbit out with our hands; keeping our cartridges for better sport. Cat-fish were the largest fish to be caught in the river, and very good eating. They weigh up to 60lb., and will devour any bait, live or otherwise. Black bass, perch, and eels were also very plentiful. The river was, however, infested with garfish—the alligator-gar as they are generally called. They are a terror to the other fish, and we lost a great many lines by them, as they would snap them and swim off with the bait. We would throw out floating baits, and when they rose, shoot them. They have a hard, scaly skin, and a jaw quite four inches long, full of a double row of sharp teeth. These fish run often up to three feet in length.

Coffee was our drink, as is usual in Texas, for every meal, and drunk without milk or sugar; for milk is a scarcity, and sugar an expensive luxury. We were very anxious, however, to get a cow for our little one, but, strange as it may seem, in that land where cattle abound, a milch cow is hardly to be obtained for love or money. We tried in every likely place, but with no success at that time. The large cattle-men do not trouble to milk the cows in their herds, and so they wander through the country increasing and multiplying. Sometimes one may see a cow with a family of two calves, a yearling and a little one keeping alongside of her. Those who keep their cows for the sake of their milk will not part with them.

The early part of April was very hot, and it was then that we had a terrible time of trouble, for our little boy was taken suddenly very ill, and before many hours he was in strong convulsions. A kind gentleman from Ohio, who owned a ranche some miles off, and who had formerly practised as a doctor, came over and did all in his power for the poor little fellow, who lay insensible for many, many days. We had to fetch a physician, too, from San Antonio, and he told us there was little or no hope. It was a sort of sunstroke, coupled with dysentery and blood poisoning. Again we tried to get a cow, and, with a great deal of persuasion, induced a woman to part with one of hers, together with its calf, for a fancy price; and no doubt the milk, from which the child had been deprived for three months, assisted greatly in pulling him round, though he never was as strong again.

In order to get the milk we found it necessary to pen the calf, and so depend on its mother returning to it every day. Many a time, however, she would join a herd of cattle and wander off a long distance, having to be "cut out of the bunch," and "rounded up" by my husband on horseback before she would return, after an absence of thirty-six hours.

Cattle not being housed or fed as in our colder climes, they instinctively attach themselves to the wandering herds and graze far away from home, even apparently forgetting their calves left behind.

Other cows we had later, but they required to be roped and secured before they could be milked, so unaccustomed are they to the operation.

The country was at this time, until the end of June, in its glory. The shrubs and cacti were beautiful, and the ground was a gorgeous carpet of flowers up to the doors; and every day we discovered fresh beauties among them, many resembling, if not exactly similar to our carefully-tended foreign hothouse plants, and which were there blooming in profusion around us. Only the pen and brush of Miss North can describe their varied forms and tints. As far as the eye could see, the bank appeared a living carpet of ever-changing loveliness. Day after day we filled our shanty with fresh specimens of the choicest blossoms, whose perfume deliciously pervaded the air, and which made the little place sweet and cheerful within, as well as bright without.

By the river side (the Medina) the scene was one of indescribable charm. The sluggish stream, at this point about 100 feet wide, wound its way between steep bluffs on the one hand and soft grazing land on the other; but fine cypress and cedar trees grew along either bank. Many of them had been cut down, the former for lumber, the latter being mostly cut into "shingles," used for roofing houses; but their fine trunks remained, many of them being 12 feet in circumference, and covered with a luxuriant growth of creepers with lovely blossoms and wild vines. Here, by the river, the flowers grew in the wildest profusion, the eye being almost dazzled with the brilliancy of the colouring, the dark foliage of the trees setting off their beauty still more.

We often came here to fish, at least up to the end of June, for it was too hot later to ride the two miles there, and very little chance of sport in the heat; but once there, we would be forced to stay till the sun had set, and then ride home by moonlight. From choice we did not care to do this, for the river and banks were infested with snakes, the most obnoxious of which was the mocassin, whose bite is deadly. Many a time we shot as many as half-a-dozen during the course of a day's fishing; and often we have seen them dive into the water from the opposite bank, and make direct across to us; and unless we were always on the alert would have struck us silently, swiftly, and surely. The mocassin is about four to five feet long, not so big as the rattlesnake, and of a dark grey colour. They have not the nobleness of the latter, which always warns its enemy, and only strikes in self-defence.

An Englishman, who was fishing with us one day, had a narrow escape from one of these mocassins. It was moonlight, and we were preparing to return home, when he drew his line from the water, feeling a strong pull, and hauled out what he took for a fine eel. In another minute he had it in his hand, and with the other was going to take it off the hook, when someone near saw what it was, and made him drop it, and it was quickly despatched.

Occasionally we found them under the house and near our water-hole, or in the creek, when we blew them to pieces with gun or pistol. Needless to say we were always armed, never stirring from home without a loaded gun, such being the invariable and very necessary custom in the backwoods and prairies.

There are several other kinds of snakes which abound in Texas. The chicken-snake, a large reptile often eight feet long, is not venomous, but is a terrible thief, lying in wait for young chickens and eggs, and after gorging itself would retire into a bush, where we would find it coiled among the branches, and, too torpid to move after such a full meal, allowed itself to be shot or otherwise killed without offering much resistance. I heard an amusing anecdote of a chicken-snake which happened to some neighbours. I must tell you first that these snakes will come into houses at night in search of mice, or, better still, eggs, and we have often heard them gliding about the floor of our shanty.

Well, one night our neighbours heard one in their room, but being well used to them did not trouble about getting up to hunt it away. Towards morning there was a commotion in the cupboard, where the wife had placed some eggs for safety as she supposed. On rising to discover the cause, they found a large snake wriggling about amongst the crockery, trying to extricate himself from a very great dilemma. He had discovered the eggs, and had swallowed one or more, and in endeavouring to reach another had passed his head through the handle of a jug. He had taken another, when something must have disturbed him, as he was hastily preparing to beat a retreat as our friends approached him, but found it more difficult than he had calculated on. He could neither advance nor retire, for the eggs inside of him forbade it either way. There he was helplessly fixed, with the thin part of his neck in the handle, and the eggs swelling him out at both sides. Mr.—— and his wife were so amused, they waited to see how the creature would get out of his difficulty. They had not long to wait, for his struggles brought both him and the pitcher to the floor, as he was either unwilling or unable to disgorge the latter part of his booty; and, smashing the jug in his fall, was free, only to pay the penalty of his greediness and want of perception.

There is a very beautiful snake called the king or coral, but I do not know the scientific name for it. It runs mostly from two to four feet long; its colours—red, black, yellow, and white—are laid in regular rings round its body, the red and yellow bands being about an inch wide, divided by narrower rings of the black and white. This gives it a most dazzling appearance as it glides along in the sun. Some reckon it among the venomous kinds; others, Texans and Mexicans principally, deny that it is so. They aver that it is perfectly harmless, and will pick them up and twine them round their sombreros, and let them remain there while they ride or walk, as long as the beautiful snake likes their company. However, we did not care to make an experiment with them on ourselves, and made a practice of killing all reptiles we came across.

The vine snake is very pretty too; it is small, only about two feet long, and is usually found in the tendrils of the wild vines, and being of the same shade of delicate green as the leaves, it is almost safe from discovery while resting quietly.

I need hardly describe the rattlesnake, he is too well-known—at least by description. Suffice to say, we killed a great many of them. One large one we found within 200 yards of the house; my husband "rocked" him first, and as the creature turned and bit itself, maddened by its wounds, he sprang quickly on its head, crushing it to death. We kept the skin afterwards, together with the rattles, nineteen in number, therefore it must have been twenty-one years old. It was over six feet long.

Of lizards there were plenty, but they are such active little creatures that it is no easy job to catch them. One large one we caught among our garden crops. He was an extraordinary looking beast, about a foot long from his mouth to the end of his tail, and he had an arrow-shaped head (much resembling that of a rattlesnake), which is believed to be the form of any venomous snake or lizard. Whether he was so or no I cannot say, only he fought furiously when caught, snapping and biting at a stick or stone put near him, his sharp teeth holding on firmly. We killed it, of course, and, strange to say, we never saw another like it while we were in Texas. It was of a grey colour, marked with darker shades and green,

and had a bright yellow band round the neck, which gave it the appearance of having a snake's head fastened to a lizard's body.

The quaint-looking little horned-frogs were great pets with us all. We generally found them in the grass by the water, when we would catch them without much difficulty, and bring them up to the houses for the children, for they are quite harmless. They are about four inches long and of a grey colour, and covered with sharp (but only in appearance) points on their skin; two little horns project from the forehead, and as they look up at one, they resemble more than anything the comical little imps in the old prints from Holbein, and the fanciful heads so often to be found in our ancient architecture here, more frequently in the sculpture of our old churches.

They are terrified of the snakes, and if teased with anything like one will make a curious little cry, not unlike the bark of a very tiny dog. These funny little things will exist for a long time without food, and have been sent on long journeys in cardboard boxes, and even in a strong envelope; the stamping at the post-offices not seeming to affect them in any way. Had we been returning direct to England we would have brought some of them over.

Our days were spent much alike, indeed so much so that we hardly knew what day of the week or month it was. The time we could always tell by the sun, also to guide ourselves by it and our shadows in the daytime, and by the stars at night when away from home. We rose at sunrise, as early as four o'clock in the heat of summer, and cooked and ate our breakfast, after which my husband went to work, and I put a large sun-bonnet on our little boy, and let him run about near the house or stay with his father until the sun became too hot for him, which, after his illness, would be about seven or eight o'clock; after that hour he would have to take shelter from the sun indoors till five in the afternoon. Meanwhile I cleaned the rooms, made the beds and baked our corn-meal, or white bread, or did whatever washing and ironing there was to be done. The washing I found the hardest work of all, especially in the very hot weather, not having been used to it before. Here it may not be out of place to pass a few remarks on a subject of which I often thought and spoke then, while leading a wild and rough life in the backwoods.

Why should not all girls, in whatever sphere of life they may move, be taught, not theoretically only, but made to practise, the household work necessary to be done should they go, as I did, to an almost uncivilised country, where they can obtain no help, and must perforce work for themselves, or live in a state of perpetual untidiness and dirt?

Perhaps they think they may never go abroad, or have any need to work; but who knows what may happen to us at any time? Miss —— may to-day marry a wealthy man, and having been brought up in every luxury, with no idea of work in any form, gives no thought of looking forward to a rainy day; never dreaming that their wealth may become a thing of the past—that there are such misfortunes as failures in business, breaking of banks; wars, which influence the markets and undervalue the bonds in which their money is secured. All these things and worse may come to pass at any moment, and the husband ruined, and unable even to afford a servant, must begin life over again, naturally looking to his wife to assist him to the best of her power and share the burthen.

How is this to be done if the woman knows nothing whatever of management or needlework or household work? How is she to set about buying and cooking the dinner, washing and mending the linen, keep her rooms clean and tidy, and look after the children, if she have them?

Not having learnt before, she will find it very hard at first; but to those who have had parents sensible enough not to consider it *infra dig.* to make their daughters practise the humble arts of life, it will not come so irksome to them, and they will easily fit the shoulder to the burthen, and cheerfully show their husbands that they can make themselves good housewives at home, as well as shine as ornaments in society.

Let me add a few words more on this subject. I have seen a great many self-styled "ladies" who think it degrading and lowering themselves to do any little menial office, fearing it will spoil their hands or their complexion or their figure, or again what people—people of their own set—may say of them. These are, generally speaking, the women whose intellectual capacity can go no further than in following the fashions, and trying to outvie their neighbours and friends by the extravagance of their toilette, fancying that money makes the lady; whose mornings are spent in bed over a trashy novel, and their evenings in attending balls and parties.

They do not seem to remember that good old saying, "like mistress, like maid," and that if the mistress neglects her duties, she cannot expect her servants to trouble themselves about theirs, and they will never respect her. These are the women who put on the airs and graces and fastidious manners which they seem to imagine to be essential to a lady, considering it quite beneath them to enter their kitchen, examine their larder, handle a piece of raw meat, mend a sock, or ride in a third-class railway carriage; totally forgetting, or rather seeming to ignore the fact, that no amount of menial work or poverty can alter a lady born. If she is a lady, she will always remain one; it is an indelible stamp which nothing but the loss of her own self-respect can efface, wherever she may be, or to whatever position and hardship she may be brought.

Well, after having had my little say, I must now return to our everyday life in Texas.

During the very hot weather I let the stove fire die out after baking, &c., and sat in the doorway at my needlework until four or five o'clock, when I re-lighted the fire and cooked our supper. At noon we contented ourselves with some milk and bread and honey, or molasses, preferring to have our bacon and beans, &c., when the heat was less intense. This, our last meal, we always tried to have over before the sun went down, on account of the number and variety of winged insects which, on the arrival of the lamp, would flock into the room, covering our food. This nuisance began about the beginning of April, and continued throughout the hottest part of the summer. It was a case of continually clearing our eatables and coffee; and without the lamp on the table, or close to us, we could not well see the invaders. The evenings, too, are so much lost time after dark for the same reason, as one cannot do any needlework or reading in peace for the little creatures buzzing and crawling everywhere, on our necks and faces, and up our sleeves, and darkening the lamp with the bodies of the too venturesome. We gave it up as hopeless, and used to sit outside till we retired to bed. The nights were glorious; the stars so brilliant, and the atmosphere so clear that it was our pleasantest time sitting outside our shanty looking forward to the cool breeze which usually blew from the Gulf of Mexico before midnight. Often, when it was too hot to sleep, we would wander about in the moonlight, sometimes chasing the "cotton-tails," for everything was as clear as daylight for miles around, without the glare and dazzle of the sunshine; and, flooded with the soft radiance of the Queen of Night, the country was lovely indeed.

(*To be concluded.*)

LIFE.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

A LITTLE basket cradle-bed,
A little shining curly head;
A little workman, spade in hand;
A little footprint on the sand.

A little cloudlet in the sky,
A mother's pang, an infant's cry;
An autumn leaflet, crisped and sere,
A thoughtful brow, a pensive tear.

A tremulous star, a wavering flute,
Two souls that speak, though lips are mute;
Two touching faces fixed above,
Two kindred spirits, one through love.

A moonlit cypress, zephyr-stirred,
Two moving shadows, silver-haired;
Two mounds of grass upon the lea,
A gleam of light beyond the sea.

CISSY'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

TIRED OF HOME.

"I THINK it'll soon stop raining, Cissy, don't you?" said little Effie.

"Yes," Cissy answered, absently.

"I can see a tiny bit of blue sky right over ther-," Effie pursued; "and it's coming this way. We won't have to wait a great while longer, will we, Cissy?"

"No," was the reply, as absently spoken as the previous "yes."

"I think the drops are beginning to trickle through the leaves, and we'll get wet in a very little while, won't we, Patch?" addressing the little rough-haired terrier by her side in default of a better listener.

But while Patch wagged his little stump of a tail, and wriggled closer to his mistress, thankful for a word of notice, Effie was glancing rather anxiously into her elder sister's face, wondering to herself what was the matter with Cissy.

It was evident that something was on her mind, but what it was Effie could not divine. The two sisters had been for a walk across the fields to the neighbouring village, but Effie—who always regarded a walk alone with Cissy as a great treat—had found this a very disappointing one. For Cissy, who usually had such a store of bright talk for her little sister, and long stories which held the child enthralled with wondering interest, had scarcely had a word to say all the way. And now, when

IN THE RAIN.

they had sat down side by side under the spreading branches of a tree to seek shelter from a passing storm, Cissy had subsided into complete silence, sitting there with her chin upon her hand, and a perplexed absent look on her face. Certainly her arm was round her sister, but Effie might have been miles away for all the thought the older girl had to spare for the small person whose little hands were holding the big umbrella so patiently over them both, with rough, eager Patch crouched between.

A bonny, bright-faced girl was Cissy Nelson; a typical English girl, with warm brown hair and clear, healthy complexion, not pink and white, but ruddy with health and tanned with exposure to sun and weather.

She looked younger than her eighteen years, by reason of her simple country costume—a sensibly short dress and broad, shady hat—while the life she had led in her happy country home had not been one to make a woman of a child, and spoil the happy years of girlhood, as so many of our young maidens have their youth spoiled.

She was, too, in the main, of a happy, cheery, contented nature, only inclined to rebel a little sometimes at the quiet and monotony of her country life, and Effie seldom found her such an uninterested companion as to-day.

The child wondered what was the matter, continuing to send little quick troubled glances in the direction of Cissy's averted face, as they sat waiting for the rain to cease.

"You aren't cross with me, dear?" she ventured, at last, timidly to ask.

"Cross?" echoed Cissy, roused from her own thoughts. "Why in the world should I be cross with you, Effie?"

"No; only you seemed as if you didn't care to talk, and I was afraid perhaps you were angry with me," the child answered, her sensitive little mouth beginning to tremble.

"You poor little girl!" cried Cissy, with compunction. "Why, Effie, I don't think I could be cross with you. No, darling, I was only thinking about something. Do you know, Gwenny Stanhope has asked me to go and spend a long time with them at Ravensholme, and I want to go most awfully, and mother doesn't seem as if she wanted me to go—and I'm feeling dreadfully disappointed, that's all. For I do want to go, Effie, more than you can think."

"And leave me, and papa and mamma, and the ponies, and the cows, and the chickens, and the harvest, and—and—and—Patch?" cried Effie, incredulously. "Oh, Cissy, how can you want to run away, dear? We can't spare you! And what should we do without you? You don't love Gwenny Stanhope better than me, do you?"

"Of course not, my silly little darling," Cissy answered, fondly. "I never could love any other girl as I love you; but you're too little to understand. You don't know how I long for a little change sometimes. I'm older than you, and I want to see a little life—something more than the cows and the chickens and Patch. You know I've hardly ever been anywhere but just last year at school, and there I used to hear such long stories from the girls of all their gay doings at home, that even this dear old place feels very slow sometimes, and I'd give anything just to have a peep at something different. You know I've hardly ever been anywhere in my life for a change."

"Why, dear, we've been lots of times down to Aunt Charlotte's, you know," Effie answered; "and we went to Dovercourt once for a month, and to Seaford another time, and I remember how you enjoyed yourself. We both did ever so much."

Cissy made no reply. She was half ashamed to tell her discontent to the child, who, of course, was too young to enter into her feelings. So she let the remarks pass, and taking the umbrella from Effie's hands, she gave it a shake, furled it, and sprang from her seat under the trees.

"We'd better be off home now," she said, the rain's quite over, and look how blue the sky has grown. We'll have to use the umbrella for the sun directly. Come, Effie, I'll race you to the next stile."

Effie sprang up too delighted, and dashed off heedless of damp grass and raindrop-laden shrubs, eager and excited.

But though Cissy tried to forget herself for her sister's sake, she could not shake off her own thoughts, nor banish from her mind the subject which was occupying it so persistently.

The invitation in question had arrived that very morning, and Cissy had grown almost breathless with delight at the prospect it held out to her.

Gwenny Stanhope and her sister Irene had been schoolfellows of hers during the one year she had been at a boarding school completing her education. They were the only daughters of a wealthy man; fabulously wealthy it seemed to Cissy's innocent mind, and the two girls were in her estimation the happiest and most highly-favoured pair of sisters there could be.

How often since had she thought and talked about them! Surely they must be perfectly happy! Surely neither had a single thing to wish for in the world! They were both beautiful and accomplished—perfect paragons in the eyes of the simple country girl. Their parents spoilt them to their hearts' content. They had but to express a wish, and if it were possible it was supplied. They had money for anything; a house in town, horses to ride, and servants to wait upon them at every turn, and above all, a lovely old home in the country, situated in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery of Buckinghamshire; an ancient house, dating back several centuries, and full of treasures of art and history, and breathing all sorts of romance and old associations.

It was to this country home, whose beauties Cissy had heard described again and again, that she was now invited.

Gwenny had written to her to beg her to come and stay with them for an indefinite time. They had had a very gay season in town, she said. Both she and Irene had come out that spring, and she could assure Cissy they had made quite a sensation, and had been the belles wherever they went. They had been as full of engagements from morning to night as could be, for weeks and weeks, until they were both quite worn out, and glad to get away from the heat and noise and dust of town to Ravensholme, where they now were for some time to come.

"Not that we are very quiet, I assure you," she wrote; "for we have the house as full of company as it will hold, and our time is well filled up with boating, tennis, pic-nics, and dancing every night. By-and-by the shooting will commence, and the hunting, so I expect we shall be as gay as can be right up to Christmas. But do come. We want to see you ever so much, and it will do you no end of good. How you can endure to lead such a quiet life is more than I can say. I should die of the blues in no time if I had not plenty of amusement and society, and dancing and admiration. I am afraid Irene and I are only very frivolous creatures you will think, but one must enjoy one's life as much as one can, you know."

And a good deal more to the same effect, all of which had set Cissy's heart beating high with eager longing and excitement.

She did not think of taking any discount off Gwenny's highly-coloured accounts; nor did it enter into her mind to take any exception to the self-laudatory strain of her friend's letter. She had such an ardent admiration for the two sisters, and in her eyes they lived in such a charmed sphere, that it was the most natural thing in the world to hear of the admiration they had received, and to imagine them treading a constant round of pleasure and delights, with never a break in the sunshine, or a single thorn on a rose.

Cissy had handed the letter across the breakfast-table to her mother as soon as she had read it, and watched Mrs. Nelson's face eagerly as she looked through it. She had a vague, uncomfortable idea that her mother would not like the tone of it, but it never entered into Cissy's mind to keep it back for all that. She was not faultless, by any means, but she was honest and open as the day, and never sought to hide anything from her parents.

But she knew her mother had never seemed quite to admire her friends as she did, and never entered into the rhapsodies of their praise, in which Cissy was fond of indulging. Mrs. Nelson had seen the girls once or twice when she had paid her own daughter visits at school, and though she did not tell Cissy all her impressions, they had struck her as nothing better than two pretty, selfish, vain, empty-headed girls.

But Cissy had set them up on a pedestal, and worshipped them with the blind admiration which girls of her age often feel for others; while Gwenny and Irene accepted her homage with a kind of careless good-natured patronage, and found the simple country girl who always listened with the deepest interest to their stories of themselves an anything but unpleasant companion. And it was the remembrance of Cissy's innocent outspoken admiration and faithful allegiance that had prompted Gwenny to send the invitation.

"I'm afraid you don't want me to accept, mother," Cissy said anxiously, when Mrs. Nelson had folded the letter in silence and returned it to her.

"I hardly know what to say, my dear," was the reply. "There is no need to ask you what you want, and I should like you to have had the pleasure, only——"

"Only what, mother?" cried Cissy, a trifle impatiently.

"I do not know Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope," her mother answered; "but from what I have heard of them, and judging, too, from your friend's letter, I am afraid they are such thorough people of the world, that I doubt if my little daughter would be happy with them."

"Oh, mother!" in expostulation. "And when they are such dear, sweet girls—Gwenny and Irene, I mean—and they seem so fond of me! I do want to go. I want to go most awfully. I can't tell you how much, for I think they must have such perfectly happy lives every way. I don't think they ever have any worries or bothers like other people, and I should like to be in their lives for a little while, just to feel what it is like. Do let me go, mother dear, please?"

"Ah, Cissy, when you have lived as long as I have, you'll find no life is thoroughly happy; there is never a rose without a thorn. It was never intended we should go through the world just to be gay and merry always, and the only way to be truly happy is to study the happiness of other people, and leave our own to take care of itself."

Cissy gave a little impatient jerk; she was not in a humour to listen to her mother's words; and besides, as she said to herself, half-defiantly, she had heard them all before, and how could mother know about Gwenny and Irene as well as she did?

"Well, what am I to say to Gwenny, then?" she asked, rather sulkily, twisting the letter in her hands impatiently. "I suppose I shall have to say 'No!'"

"I will talk to father about it first, dear," her mother answered, in her usual gentle tones. "There is no need to write before evening."

Mr. Nelson—a well-to-do gentleman-farmer by profession—was already out superintending the labours of the men in the harvest-field, so Cissy had to restrain her impatience until her father had been consulted; but it is to be feared she went about her light duties with rather a sullen expression of countenance and a heavy cloud on her brow. She had made up her mind that she would be obliged to decline the invitation, and she felt herself a much-injured maiden in consequence.

(*To be continued.*)

A WATER BOUQUET.

By Lady Hope.

OME and see our flowers."

A friend had just welcomed us to a cup of hot tea before a blazing fire in a large central hall surrounded with tapestry and fine old pictures. A carved gallery ran round the upper part of the staircase, and while our tea was being poured out—most welcome after our cold, windy drive—we took a look at the pretty things round us. But the best was to come last. We were led through various rooms, all shining more or less gaily with the colouring of azaleas, camelias, and various roses, placed here and there in ornamental groups throughout them. Then we entered the conservatory—literally one mass, one blaze of foliage. Oh, how gorgeous those brilliant colours looked, as they towered up over our heads in a double-mirrored light, their beauties blending one with another, till you felt as if you were in some strange dreamland!

How long we might have lingered in this little paradise I cannot tell, had not our friend raised the question—

"Have you ever seen a water-bouquet? We have just finished one, and, I think, rather successfully."

We all professed ignorance on the subject, at the same time expressing our curiosity to see it. So we were escorted up the winding stairs, and into a lovely little sitting room, where, placed upon a table in the immediate light of a window, stood the most exquisite arrangement of flowers I had ever beheld. How shall I describe it? I will do my best!

Try to picture a cluster of the lovely white spirea, grouped with maidenhair, and tiny blue forget-me-not, within a bell-shaped glass, and upon a crystal stand—the flowers appearing to be dusted all over with sparkles of the purest liquid silver. Like little spray beads, the silver garnished every stem, and leaf, and petal. The flowers in themselves were lovely, and their grouping perfect, but their appearance in the crystal surroundings, natural and artificial, was perfectly exquisite.

They were completely enveloped in water, the glasses being airtight; and when we asked how long the bouquet would continue in its present freshness, we were told, to our surprise, that it would last one month! But no air must reach those lovely flowers, or they would instantly decay.

Our readers may imagine that it was not long before we were all eagerly trying to accomplish a water-bouquet for ourselves! I may also add that we have succeeded; and in case any of our friends should like to do the same, I will describe the process, which is an exceedingly simple one, though it requires care and niceness of touch in the first arranging.

You first of all provide yourself with four essentials. First, a crystal plate; second, a crystal bell-glass, or shade (about fifteen inches high by twelve in circumference, if you want to begin with a small bouquet; third, e glass stopper of a decanter, with a flat top; fourth, and, after all, this is the most important part of the proceeding, a cluster of flowers gracefully arranged, and delicately placed together.

These flowers must be fastened firmly to the stopper, which is turned upside down, resting upon the crystal plate. You then take your appliances to a bath filled with water, and place the crystal plate with the flowers upon it, at the bottom of the bath; then very slowly place the bell-glass over the flowers. Carry it firmly to a table, and there let it remain without being touched or handled.

And here I ought to mention that no flowers of large petal should be used for this decoration, as they get weighed down by the water, and their shapes distorted. The lighter and more graceful the sprays that are used, the better will be the results.

For dining-room or drawing-room decorations, I can hardly imagine anything prettier to look at, or more pleasant to make, than a water bouquet!

VARIETIES.

Learning and Common Sense.

Common sense is better than learning, unless learning is guided by wisdom. Listen to this Indian tale of the men who gave life to a dead lion.

There were four men residing in the same village, all intimate friends. Three of them were men of great acquirements, but they had no common sense. The fourth was an intelligent fellow, but he was destitute of learning. As they were poor, they resolved one day to go to some country where learning was patronised, for three of them at least felt sure that they would speedily be enriched with presents from the king.

They accordingly set off, but they had not gone very far when the eldest cried out—"It never occurred to me before that our fourth friend here is illiterate. He is a man of sense, to be sure, but that will not entitle him to any reward from the king: we shall, therefore, have to relinquish to him a part of what we get, and it would be fairer, I think, for him to stay at home."

The second was of the same opinion, but the third took a different view. "We have always," he said, "been friends and companions from infancy: let him, therefore, share in the wealth we shall acquire."

The other two at last agreed to this, and all went on in harmony.

As they passed through a forest they saw the scattered bones of a dead lion.

"I have met," said one, "with an account of a method by which beings can be reanimated. What say you? Shall we try the experiment, and employ the energies of science to restore life and shape to these bones?"

They agreed. One undertook to put the bones together, the second to supply the skin, flesh, and blood, and the third to communicate life to the figure.

When the first two had accomplished their task, the third was about to begin his, but the fourth stopped him.

"Consider what you are going to do," he exclaimed: "if you give life to the lion, the consequence will be that he will devour us."

"Away, blockhead," replied the sages, "are we to project things in vain?"

"Wait an instant, then," said the man of sense, "till I get up this tree."

So saying he climbed up into a tree, and his learned associates finished their task.

A substantial living lion was formed, who fell upon the three philosophers and destroyed them. And when the lion was departed, the man of common sense came down from the tree, and made his way homewards in safety.

Pleasant Things.

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please. *Spenser.*

Errors in Study.—That time and labour are worse than useless which have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a treble fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

Emulation and Envy.—Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes that she may lower another by a defeat.

Played Out.—Some people are very entertaining for the first interview, but after, they are exhausted and run out; on a second interview we shall find them very flat and monotonous. Like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but, unlike those instruments, they are not new barrelled easily.

Good in Evil.—There is this of good in real evils—they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

The End of Education.—The purpose of education, whether we hold what are called utilitarian views or not, is to fit its recipient for life. Education which does not fit its recipient for life, or which does so imperfectly, is to that extent imperfect, defective, misdirected, useless.

A Prayer for the Bad.—A Durweish in his prayer said: "O God, show kindness towards the wicked, for on the good Thou hast already bestowed kindness enough by having created them virtuous."—*Saadi.*

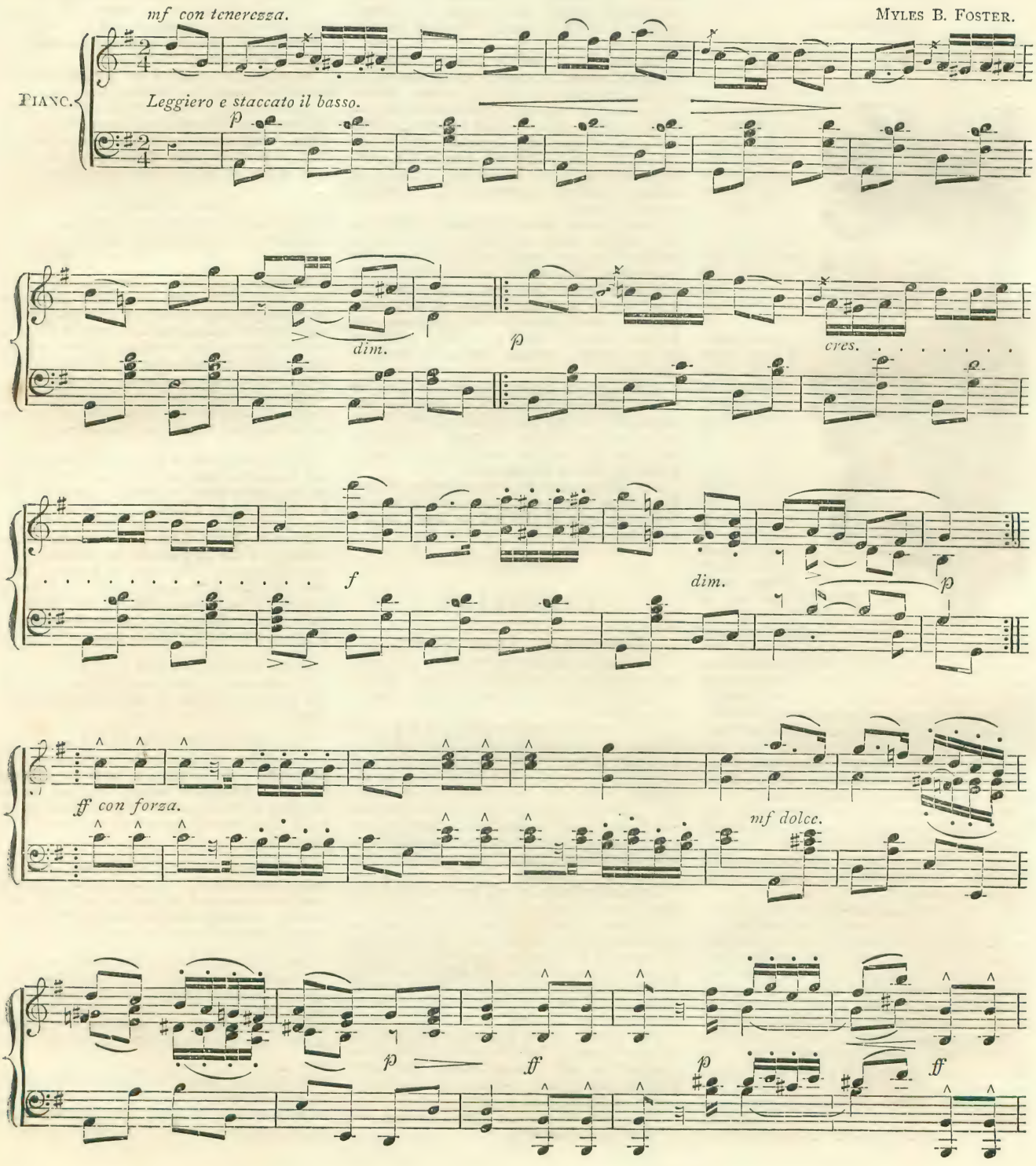
Once Wise.—A professor asked his class: "What is the aurora?" A young lady student hesitatingly replied: "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "That is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor; "the only one in the world who ever knew, has forgotten it."

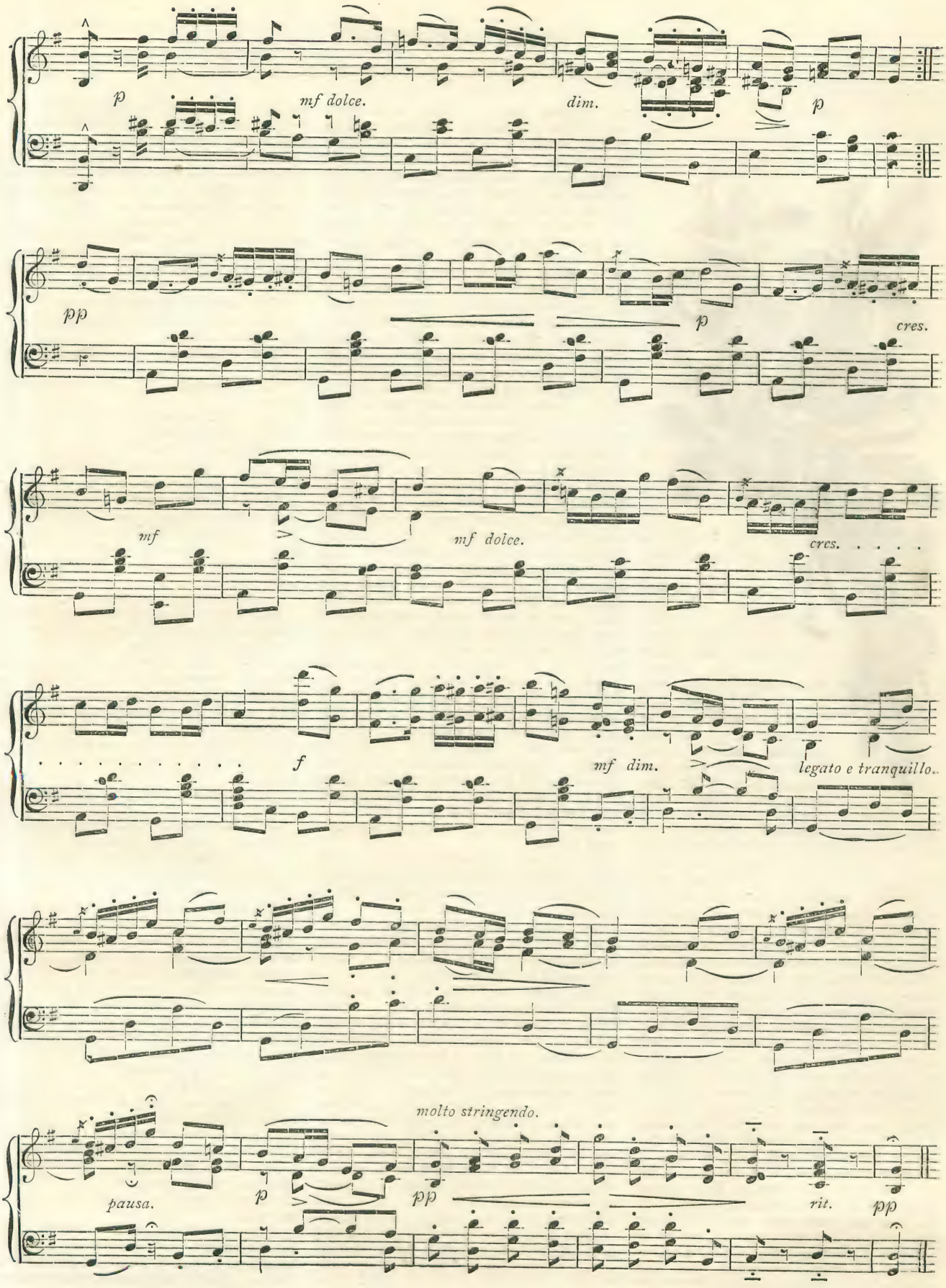
In Season and out of Season.—All business should be done betimes: and there's no little trouble in doing it in season too, as out of season.—*Sir R. L'Estrange.*

Andante Scherzoso.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

MYLES B. FOSTER.




p
mf dolce.
dim.
p
pp
p
cres.
mf
mf dolce.
cres. . . . .
. . . . . f
mf dim.
legato e tranquillo.
molto stringendo.
pausa.
p
pp
rit.
pp

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STORM.

ALL that night the wind roared round the turrets of Balacluva and tramped over the low roofs of the neighbouring cottages. How many people slept? How many women peered at their windows, and could see nothing in the darkness except the rain dashing against them? How many old folks lay, snuggled in their box beds, and whispered of great storms they had known, and of who went down on such a night, or of who was saved as by a miracle?

Margaret could not remain in her bed. She arose and dressed herself, and went wandering, soft-shod, through the old house. She could hear the wakeful servants talking to each other in their own chambers. Profound silence seemed to reign in no room save her father's. If he was not sleeping, certainly he gave no sign thereof. This almost frightened Margaret; and then, again, that very fear half comforted her, seeming to prove that her vague yet irresistible unrest and terror were due only to her own high-strung nerves, and not to any real presentiment of evil. She strove to argue it out with herself. "I know there is danger on the sea to-night," she said. "I know—ah, by too many experiences!—that the island will have tidings of disaster to-morrow; and yet it will be only one ship which will go down out of many which will outride the storm; it will be but a few men who will never come home, for scores who will return in safety. Therefore, why should I allow myself to dread too much that the ship which carries Fowlis will be the doomed one? It has been gone some hours; it may be beyond the edge of this storm; it may have found safe anchorage." She even said to herself that there was something unnatural and improbable in such an accumulation of woe as would be involved by any misadventure to Lord Fowlis following hard on her mother's sudden death, and on their surrender of Balacluva. Surely such things did not happen outside Greek tragedy! There were those who believed the book of Job to be allegorical rather than historical. Yet Margaret soon found there was no real comfort in these arguments, iterate them as she might. Counter arguments came crowding in—grim old proverbs about troubles never coming alone—sad life stories which she had known, whose heroes and heroines she had seen and spoken with. If the book of Job was an allegory, then surely the truths it depicted must have but a larger scope than any mere isolated historical fact could have! "Job's days" have passed into a saying, to describe those terrible storms which most lives encounter somewhere between the cradle and the grave, when the messengers of evil follow each other with the same dread monotony with which the blasts of the tempest were breaking over the Balacluva roof-tree. No, there was no comfort in any doctrine of probabilities, no comfort in any uncertain hopes, no comfort anywhere but in the faith that the storm was in a Father's hand, and could do nothing outside His will. She could not say she found consolation even there, only a sudden strength, a conviction that if the winds and the waves did their worst, she and those she loved were akin to the Master mind which ruled them, and not to the mere matter of which they could make such grim sport!

Oh! it was an awful night. Only those well acquainted with the wild ways of Shetland weather could realise how it was now exceeding itself in rage!

And what a long, long night it was! How well Margaret learned the full significance of those words, "as they who watch for the morning."

She could hear the waves lashing themselves against the rocks. Sometimes it seemed to her as if she heard voices in the wind. Once she would have declared, had it been under other circumstances, that she heard her own name called twice, "Margaret; Margaret!" But she knew the tricks which our nerves can play us; and though she could not help their shaking, she would not let them disturb her reason. She knew, too, that there were weird stories of such fancies finding strange fulfilment; but she realised that unless they find fulfilment they are simply never heard of, and that, however that might be, and even if it were possible for a mutual agony to rend the veil which limits individuals and their senses, it could have nothing to do with her duty, which was simply to be quiet, to disturb nobody, and to stay herself on the Lord.

Verses from the Psalms floated through her mind—verses that suited alike Fowlis in the buffetings of the tempest, and herself in the agony of her vigil.

"Let not the waterflood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up."

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waters arise, Thou stillest them."

"The sea is His, and He made it."

"He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters to flow."

"He treadeth upon the waves of the sea."

"He divideth the sea with His power."

"He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand."

"Whatsoever the Lord pleased that did He in heaven and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places."

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it."

"And there was no more sea."

She kept repeating these while she tried to knit a sock she had begun to work for Fowlis. The homely labour of love had a sort of sense of reassurance about it: it seemed like a practical assertion of faith that all would be well! But again the storm broke out with redoubled fury, and again Margaret felt there was no comfort in any faith planted on a lower ground than the stern old rock.

"Though He slay, yet will I trust in Him."

At last, surely the wind was abating! Margaret was not aware of growing sleepy; rather she felt as if she would never sleep again! Yet, as the tumult lulled, she suddenly lost consciousness, and when she regained it, it was with a start. She seemed to have wakened with the sound of her own voice, for she awoke speaking, and with, for one second, the vivid recollection of a peaceful and pleasant dream. But she never knew what she had said, and in less than the twinkling of an eye the memory of the dream utterly vanished, while the recollection of the storm and of last night's misery returned.

The room was full of daylight, in which there was even a faint suspicion of sunshine. The wind was quite at rest, and nothing remained to tell of its recent fury save the big waves still rolling in on the beach. But whatever mischief the tempest had wrought was done now, and no future calm could undo it.

Margaret made a few hasty toilet arrangements, and went from her own chamber into the public rooms of the house. Early as it still was, she found

the place astir with tidings of damage and misfortune. There were old women and young girls coming up to the Balacluva stables to seek help concerning unroofed byres and torn-down dykes. None of the boats had come in, and their safety depended solely on what harbourage they had found. A piece of wreck had been already thrown up on the shore, like a prophecy of evil which none could avert. The hours of anxiety might be prolonged into days, for, from some cause not yet ascertained, the telegraph was no longer working, and if anything had gone wrong with the cable connecting the island with the mainland, Shetland might be easily reduced to a long period of her primitive silence and suspense.

"We won't rebel at having for once to bear what our forefathers and foremothers had to bear always," said Margaret, trying to speak cheerily to the wailing women. There was not one of the group in the big, heavily-raftered kitchen of whom the wild ocean did not own a priceless pledge; and even the most sanguine could not hope that it would restore them all. The tarrying tidings which would give joy to some would surely bring despair to others. To whom? Their hearts were warmed and softened with the doubt and the wonder, and the petty spites and prejudices, too common to near neighbourhood, vanished in this sisterhood of sorrow. Oh! what a terrible place this world would become without its shadows! It is of the very depths of God's mercy that He has decreed that so long as there is sin, there shall be also death, and parting, and pain.

Patient waiting is a duty which is best discharged in unison with active service. Margaret gently suggested that whatever should be done in any direction had better be done at once; that would only make them the better prepared to meet either the joy or the sorrow that was surely coming to each of them. She started the half-grown lads and sturdy lasses to help the poor "old wives" with new divots and dry straw to shelter and succour the "poor beasts," over whose hardships they made more moan than over their own. She set some of the women to look over old stores of half-worn flannel and ancient "body linen," which were turned out of the deep Balacluva cupboards in preparation for the incoming Orion-Stewarts, and which might be turned to good account when the buffetted and famished crews should begin to return. She and the Balacluva maids went on with redoubled diligence at their task of setting the house in order, and eliminating from the family possessions the mere trifles which Margaret chose to regard as personal property.

The evening of the second day was far advanced before the telegraph was at work again. A light in the window of the little office announced the fact to the many eager eyes that were straining for it. This window was just visible from one of the windows of Balacluva, and to that window Margaret had constantly resorted during those two days. She was looking from it when the longed-for sign appeared! All the woman's heart was alive in her! She could not send for tidings, she must go herself. True, that she need hardly send, tidings would come up to Balacluva soon enough, for she felt sure she would hear something; and just for one moment that seemed to suffice. But she could not wait one moment, and also she should be on the spot, to sustain and cheer others who might hear nothing yet awhile, for some of the fisher folk were so slow and thoughtless!

She took up her heavy cloth cloak, which she had brought from Flanders, and with whose ample hood she was accustomed to cover any daintier headgear from the rude frolics of the capricious climate. To-night the hood alone would serve, and hastily thrusting her feet into capacious snow boots, she sped away, through the hall, over the better-kept garden paths, and down the wild rough road, which was now like a shallow water-course. She passed other figures in the darkness, unable to discern who they were, and not caring to pause for parley.

The telegraph office, which was little more than a corner of the village shop kept by the postmaster, stood in a roughly-paved courtyard, whose walls sheltered it somewhat from the first rough onslaught of the wind from the North Seas. Light was streaming from door and window, and both office and courtyard were full of people, and as Margaret passed among them the sound of sobs warned her that blows had already descended on some longing hearts. One or two women passed out with light steps, carrying glad tidings to bed-ridden old folks or little crying children.

Special telegrams were coming in rapidly, but there was a long general telegram for the postmaster, which he unhesitatingly proceeded to read aloud, knowing that the people had come there prepared for the worst, only that their suspense might be ended.

"Smack 'Mary Jane' put in at Kirkwall, dismantled; crew safe. 'The Wizard' put in at Stromness, damaged; boy washed overboard. (A low cry from a group of women). The 'Norna,' at Kirkwall, dismantled; crew safe; skipper, leg broken. Passed the yacht 'Osprey' off Fair Isle, a total wreck, all hands must have perished."

The person sending the message had probably not known that Lord Fowlis was travelling in that vessel. But the simple folk in the cramped post-office knew it well enough, and a low exclamation of grief and dismay broke from every lip—except one. Margaret uttered no sound. Yet what was it which drew every eye at once towards her? Not before had they noticed her presence among them. The postmaster paused in his reading; he had not heeded the name of the yacht, and he wondered what had so thrilled his audience.

Margaret turned and walked straight out of the office, with head erect and unfaltering step. The people made way before her. On she went down the dark road to Balacluva; one or two kindly women followed, stumbling after her, but keeping a due distance between her and themselves.

She passed through the house, cloaked, and went to her own room, and its door closed heavily behind her. The women ran to the kitchen with the dreadful tidings. One old servant, whose husband had been drowned forty years before, on the day after his wedding, went up to her young lady's room, knocked at the door, and was admitted. The two sat together, side by side, all through the night, in utter darkness, and spoke no word.

And that was the last that was ever seen of the bright, beautiful young Margaret, mistress of Balacluva. Next morning——

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TRULY GRATEFUL.—Rank's "History of the Popes" is dry, but the only one we know. Smith's "Text Books" on the Greek and Roman histories, and Macmillan's "Primers" would answer your purpose. You should have introduced the gentleman to your sister, and if you so often converse with people you cannot pass them afterwards without a bow.

ANNIE ROSE M.—To be considered eligible for the college for training teachers of the deaf you must be well educated. If certificated, you will have a good chance of being accepted; but, in addition to a high-class education, you should be gifted with more than ordinary patience and a love of the vocation itself. If you desire to obtain further information, write to the secretary, Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, Castlebar Hill, Ealing. We are disposed to think that a situation in a Kindergarten school might be more suitable for you. If you be of the same opinion, write to the Training College, 31, Tavistock-place, W.C., or to the hon. secretary, Miss Hart, 86, Hamilton-terrace, N.W., or else to the college at 21, Stockwell-road, S.W. (secretary, Alfred Bourne, B.A.). This institution is under the auspices of the British and Foreign School Society.

EDIE might join a correspondence class. To this end she might write to Mrs. Ewing, 17, St. Giles's, Oxford. The institution is in connection with the Oxford Association for the Higher Education of Women, and it prepares students for the University examinations. There are four terms in the year of two months each. The fees are one guinea a term for pass subjects, and £1 5s. for honour ones, and an entrance fee of five shillings.

HOUSEKEEPING.

E. S. S.—Washing the cupboards out with a strong solution of alum is said to keep away the ants. Some people fill a sponge with sugar and water and have it in a saucer in the cupboard, and when full of ants they drop it into boiling water and kill them at once.

COWSLIP.—The red flannel petticoats should be washed in tepid, never in hot water, you will then find that the colour will not run at all.

EDELWEISS.—Soak the inkey cover in cold water, changing the water constantly to weaken the stain.

EXPERIENCE.—We are obliged to you for the advice you give to those who have spilt ink over a carpet, American recipe: Dip a sponge into a pail of cold water, wring it and take up the ink quickly with it, then take a second sponge and a fresh pail of water and repeat the operation. Keep two pails of fresh water continually changed and rub the carpet until the ink disappears. Then rub dry with a clean cloth, and in half an hour no trace of the stain will be perceptible. If the ink be dry before discovered, cold water must be poured on it and left there for a short time before the mopping and subsequent rubbing be commenced. Ink from boards and any stains on earthenware may be easily removed by scrubbing them with turpentine and sand.

COOKERY.

SARA must refer to our article on German cookery, at page 75, vol. v., where we described the dishes about which she inquires.

CARWARDINE.—Shake some sugar amongst the corn, and pass the popping machine through the steam from a kettle.

PUSSY.—We suppose you do not make the jelly stiff enough, or dip the moulds in cold water before filling them. See "Jelly, and How to Make it," page 234, vol. iii.

JETS.—For a recipe for "Oatmeal Cakes," see page 127, vol. i. (monthly number for February, 1880).

NANCY.—To make American "Corn Mush" take 1 pint of patent prepared maize—corn meal, 1 pint of milk, 1 quart of water, and 1 tablespoonful of salt. Boil the water, mix the meal, salt, and milk together, and pour the mixture gradually into the boiling water, stirring well. Boil for half an hour, stirring often. We have not tried the recipe, but believe it to be a good one.

KATHIE.—Your question has been again answered, and very recently.

MUSIC.

ROY'S WIFE.—Eplingen, in Wurtemberg, has the credit of having produced the first printed musical notes, A.D. 1473. They appeared in a book entitled "Collectorium super Magnificat," which was printed by Gerson.

MAY DAVIES.—You are fatiguing your voice. Make your practising of short periods at a time. 2. Your second question is not one of a kind which we undertake to answer.

A LOVER OF BIRDS might be able to play the piano correctly by attention to all the musical notes and directions; but that would not be any criterion as to her ability to play an instrument like the violin, as the notes have to be made by the performer, who should have a peculiarly fine and delicate ear for tune. If you fail in this point, we do not think you would be successful.

EXCELSIOR.—Write to the hon. secretary of the Royal College of Music, Kensington-gore, London, S.W., and a prospectus and forms to be filled up will be sent you. The secretary is Charles Morley, Esq. No competition papers can be returned; their number is so enormous. You write well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.—The New Zealand emigration authorities not only give a free passage to respectable young Englishwomen, and a ship-kit gratis, but they also pay their railway fare down to Plymouth. The wages of dairymaids, as well as general servants, vary from £26 to £40 per annum; but many things are dearer out there than at home. Take letters of recommendation and introduction with you from your clergyman and other respectable persons, such as a magistrate of your own neighbourhood. Such credentials are sometimes very valuable, and we should advise you to go at once on arrival to the clergyman or magistrate of your district, or of the town to which you sail, and present yourselves. Show your testimonials, and ask for advice, but always keep your papers carefully. A copy of the entrance made of your birth and baptism in your own parish register would also be of value to you as a stranger in a new and far-distant home.

STUMPY and DUMPY.—It is said that when getting up from a long illness in bed young people are taller than before, though perhaps but a temporary acquisition of height. Also a complete change of climate and a long sea voyage tend to make them grow. But poor "Stumpy" and "Dumpy" may take comfort from the reflection that short backs are usually stronger than long ones. "Dumpy" writes a good hand.

M. PARKER.—You do not read our answers to correspondents, or you would have seen much on the discovery (for the phrase is simply the statement of a fact) of stilling the rough waves of the sea by means of pouring oil upon them. At one of our northern ports, pipes for the purpose are laid on, so as to enable ships to enter with safety over a dangerous bar. The method is only an ancient one revived, and the statement of the simple fact has been adopted as a proverbial phrase, synonymous with one by Solomon—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." The subject need not be one of any family "dissension." We do not undertake to write private replies.

FRED SMITH.—We regret that we do not know the name and address of our correspondent "Edelweisse," who inquired about a sister of yours, Miss Taylor Smith, late of 47, Church-street, Birkenhead. Our only plan, therefore, is to give Edelweisse the address you now supply (Roslyn, Clifton-park, Birkenhead), in the hope that she may chance to see it, and direct a letter there.

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.—We cannot give the address of any particular shop. It would be an advertisement. But you will always find them near your own churches, and the windows full of pictures, cards, etc.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—There is the West-end Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, and Epilepsy, at 73, Welbeck-street. It is a free hospital, and no letters are required. Those who are able, however, are expected to pay one shilling a week. In-patients may have treatment as out-patients until they can be admitted. Write to the lady superintendent or secretary.

HILDA ROBINSON.—A riding habit would be much too long to wear when riding a tricycle. The dress should be plain and short, and rather thick, as it should have so little trimming. There should be nothing likely to catch in the wheels or any other part of the machine. 2. Leave your moustache alone.

ERNESTA.—If your mother desires you to go to church with her, it is your duty so to do, and you will find more blessing in an act of dutiful submission than in selecting a church where the service would be more congenial. Your mother will appreciate your so doing, and by-and-by she will not mind your going to the one you prefer, at times when she does not require your company.

GRANDMAMMA.—We regret that the verses which show so much affectionate feeling are not sufficiently correct in composition for publication and general reading.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Certainly you would be stepping quite out of your place and beyond your course of duty if you presumed to speak or write to the gentleman, who you say does not go to church. The best work that can be done is that accomplished by means of example. It would be very far from seemly and modest in any young woman to assume the office of teacher and reprover towards her acquaintances and elders. If you desire missionary work, complete your education, and then obtain employment as a district visitor. You may talk with your brothers and sisters, and friends of your own standing in age and position, as freely as you like, or as they may please. Show piety at home and requite your parents or your employers. You may do the best "missionary work" in this way.

THE UGLIEST GIRL.—When people are plain they should be only the more careful to improve their manners, to have a gracious word and kindly smile for those who address them. That you should be plain as to features is no fault of yours, but that you should have an unpleasing expression, and a nasty abrupt (otherwise rightly described as rude) manner, is altogether your own fault. Try to improve, and be obliging to everyone, and you will soon be liked. 2. We do not give recipes for confectionery.

SPRING.—We feel a sincere interest in the well-being of well-trained, respectable servants, who are not above the station in life in which Divine Providence has placed them. Crests and coats of arms were anciently conferrred for distinguished military and other services to the State, and are inherited by the old families of the higher ranks of society. But many rich people not of ancient lineage, and not so rewarded for public services, have paid large sums at the Heralds' College to get new crests and coats of arms made up for them. If their name chanced to be the same as that of some other family that had already inherited or purchased them, perhaps a little variety was made in the same arms to distinguish one family from another. But everybody has certainly no right whatever to assume arms any more than to assume titles to which they can show no legal claim. Anyone, however, may choose a mere device and a motto, and use them on their letter paper, but this cannot descend as a legal inheritance to their children. You may call yourself "Queen-cake" or "Queen-bee" if you like, but it would be only a fancy rank and title after all.

A. R. A.—Your question has had very many answers already. No institution wants any old postage stamps, and those supposed to want them in return for giving a home to a child, absolutely deny it.

A. S. A. G.—Dear young friend, we have read the sorrowful account of all your religious conflicts, and can with perfect certainty assure you that you are tormenting yourself for no just cause. You say you would "prefer to grope after God in the dark, to walking in the light of the world;" to you, therefore, the promise applies, which you will find in Isaiah l. 10. Of course, continue to be a communicant, and think more of your Saviour, His merits and promises, than of yourself and your shortcomings. Such perpetual brooding over the latter in the way you do becomes morbid, and, if indulged in, might end in melancholy madness, so banish thoughts of self, and when you wish to repeat anything to yourself, repeat the hymn beginning,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

The over-study from which you are suffering is very dangerous.

JUNE ROSE.—We are sorry for you, but you are reaping the results of what you have done. Clandestine meetings with any man, as a young girl living under your parents' roof, were highly reprehensible. We suppose that you are very young from the style of your letter and spelling. You must submit yourself to your parents, for they are "over you in the Lord." Perhaps they will forgive you soon, and possibly relent as to your engagement.

MAHARAJAH OF JHANSI.—The address of the National Indian Association, of which Miss E. A. Manning is the hon. secretary, is 35, Bloomsbury-road, Maida Hill.

A LONGING ONE wants to know if it be proper to send "Leap-year proposals." What is she "longing" for? We regret that we cannot cheer her nor assuage her pangs by an answer in the affirmative! Surely this query must be meant for a joke? When babies cry for the moon, their nurses soothe them by the substitution of a rattle and bells, or the feeding-bottle. As you are older, your mother might present you with a soldier or sailor doll.

MOLLIE (Brazil).—No catalogue of the London clubs and their several members is published for the use of the public in general. Each club has its own list of members, issued for their benefit only. We thank you for your kind letter, and are glad you so much approve of our paper. You write a very good hand.

DORA D.—1. Taking in a paper is subscribing for it. We answer all who write to us, whether subscribers or not. 2. If needing a tonic, consult a doctor about it, and avoid over-fatigue.

GRATEFUL READER.—If the oculist said, "I do not see any reason why you should lose your sight," why not accept the comfort his opinion affords? Have you been to an eye infirmary, or large London Hospital to obtain a further opinion about them? You should not depend, in so serious a case, upon the opinion of a single man. At the same time, prepare for the worst. Learn to knit, crochet, and play some instrument with your eyes shut, and likewise to write thus. Desks are sold for the use of the blind, with guides for the hand enabling them to write evenly. It is well to be fore-armed. If cataract be forming over the uninjured eye it may be removed when sufficiently thick, but not generally until both eyes are blinded by it.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Your case is one in which some relaxation of a general rule must be conceded. But you should, if possible, avoid being out alone after dusk, even for a rapid walk home from your house of business at eight o'clock, but at any rate you ought to have a steady companion with you, if you have, for health sake, to take a walk in the evening after such an hour. There is daylight up to 9 p.m. at midsummer or thereabouts, but this is only for a brief period, and you ought never to be out walking after that hour. 2. Perhaps your friend would like to have a small leather writing-case, a silver pencil case, a leather workbag, a tin box of moist colours for painting, a pretty high back comb for her hair, a fold-up case for holding *cartes de visites*, a card case, or a leather lettercase. Without knowing the tastes of the individual, or what they have already got of such little articles, it is difficult to give suggestions.

FAITH.—To you, dear little friend, we can only repeat what we have said to others; your way of letting your light shine is to show piety at home and requite your parents, submitting yourself to your teachers, and setting a good example of diligence, good-temper, kindness towards your companions, strictness in your religious duties. 2. We never heard of using good red wine as a wash for making the eyelashes to grow. You should obtain a doctor's advice as to the treatment of your eyes.

A SCOTCH GIRL.—Say "to whom I am to write." A sentence should not terminate with a preposition. 2. Duty is charged on new unworn articles of clothing, pieces of silk or other materials, boots, packets of kid and leather gloves, and fur cloaks and jackets. Wear all that you can a few times. Plate is liable to pay duty. The Canadian protective duties are high. This paper may be had from Canadian booksellers, or it may be ordered from Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Take care to order the Summer and Christmas numbers, also the index, coloured engraving, title page, and cover.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We are glad to have heard again from you, and commend your determination to see justice done towards the poor young foreign governess.

CHARLOTTE REMFRY (Spain).—Hypatia was a female philosopher, the daughter of Theon, who governed the Platonic school in Alexandria towards the end of the fourth century. She was of the eclectic sect, and her extensive learning, elegant manners, and tragical end rendered her name immortal. Her great genius, good judgment, eloquence, and learning obtained for her the distinguished position of preceptress in the school over which various celebrated philosophers had presided, and all the learned crowded to Alexandria to see and hear her. Her modesty and humility were as remarkable as her personal beauty. Being a great friend of the Governor, Orestes, a liberal minded man, who resented Cyril's encouragement of the populace to plunder the Jews, partizans of the latter attempted the life of the governor, and then the band of assassins seized the innocent Hypatia and tore her limb from limb, Cyril being accused of countenancing, if not instigating the horrible crime. You have our best thanks for your kind wishes.

GUI AND NELLIE.—If you have read the book, you know all that anyone else knows about the flower. The name was a fancy one, as applied to the plant, signifying small, or little; it is not a botanical name.

BUL-BUL (Constantinople).—Yes, the nightingale does sing by day as well as during the night. We are glad that our paper is so much appreciated in your far-off home.

LES DEUX PIGEONS.—There is a new hospital for women at 222, Marylebone-road, N.W., and of which you may read an account in the number for February, 1884. Send the money you have collected to the matron, Miss Hunt, and tell her you wish it to be spent on some little comforts or useful things for the poor sick girls and women there. If enough to be divided equally between them, they might choose what they liked. Some might want scissors and thimbles, and other materials for work or for writing, or a book, or a handkerchief.

INQUIRY.—The monthly numbers may be had, not the weekly, and so can the indexes, title-pages, and coloured pictures. Write to Mr. Tarn if you require them.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 246. SEPTEMBER 13, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL, young, handsome, beloved, surrounded by troops of friends, idolised by his devoted and admiring pupils, dying still so young, at the height of his brilliant career—Raphael stands out to all minds as the very ideal of an artist. We seem to have known this prince of painters, as we remember the portrait in the Uffizi Palace at Florence, painted by himself at the age of twenty-three, the pale, youthful face, the dark, serious eyes, framed in with luxuriant brown locks that fall in waves to the shoulders! It represents the very beau ideal of a poet-painter. So, indeed, he really was! Looks have not here deceived us. Other great men and good painters of very different types there have indeed been—as Michelangelo, who was the very impersonation of profound thought, as Titian was of dignity and nobility, or Leonardo da Vinci of the subtle spirit of intellectual inquiry. But of Raphael we may assert that he commands the universal love and sympathy of mankind, even from the largeheartedness of his own spirit. His loving heart seems to have gone out to his fellow-creatures, and given back in his work that full measure of love which his own infancy had received from parents who idolised him.

His father, Giovanni Sanzio by name, was an artist of considerable ability, and also a poet. His mother, Magia Ciarla, a sweet and good woman, was a most tender mother to the little Raphael, her only son; and the small household in the hills of Urbino appears to have been a very nest of domestic happiness, too rare in those, or, indeed, in any times. This dear mother died when the future artist was but eight years old; but he must have been very fond of her, and evidently retained tenderly her features in the recesses of his childish memory. We cannot help fancying that it was his own loved and cherished infancy that enabled him to portray so well the divine peace and love of the Holy Family, which he has realised more intensely than any other painter, even the features of his own dear mother serving often to represent those of the Virgin Mary herself.

Raphael was born on Good Friday, April 6th, 1483, in the town of Urbino, in the Umbrian hills, in Central Italy. It is a lovely secluded spot, shut in by the mountains from access with the busy world. There the spirit of religious feeling still reigned supreme, uninfluenced by the great changes that the spread of classical and scientific knowledge were

All rights reserved.]

THE TRANSFIGURATION, AFTER RAPHAEL.

effecting in the rest of Italy. It was from this secluded region that the pious early Christian painters, such as Fra Angelico, had emerged. Here still dwelt the remnant of that modest school of fervent painters who saw in art only a means of expressing their feelings of austere piety, the daily occupation of their souls. It has been well said of Raphael "that he inherited all that was really fruitful in this school. He possessed genuine native piety, while his artist nature imbued his works with all that study could add of grace and knowledge."

From his earliest infancy he showed the most decided natural talent, and even in childhood was able to assist his father, who was his first instructor in art. He lost his father when scarcely more than a child, and was then placed by his guardians with Perugino of Perugia, as pupil. He was, however, very shortly considered an assistant. Whilst still with Perugino, he painted several of those lovely pictures of the Holy Family in which he excelled all other painters in depicting the Virgin Mary, the young mother, pure, chaste, and tender—a woman, but the very ideal of woman; the Divine Child, playful and caressing, but the divinity marked upon his infantine brow. In the National Gallery we possess one of these, known as the "Garvagh Madonna," from its having been in the collection of Lord Garvagh (No. 744). The Virgin is seated on a bench under an arcade, dressed in the usual red dress with blue mantle. She holds the Divine Child on her lap. He offers a flower to the little John the Baptist, who stands on the other side of her, leaning eagerly forward to receive the gift of the younger child. The Virgin seems to say, "Come, take whatever He offers to you." The manner and expression of the two children is strongly contrasted, and is full of that suggested meaning which Raphael, above all others, was able to impart to his delineations of the Holy Family, while at the same time retaining an air of pure naturalness.

No. 168 represents St. Catherine of Alexandria, as a sweet girlish figure, leaning calmly on her wheel (the type and instrument of her cruel martyrdom), and looking up to heaven with that seraphic expression of loving resignation that draws our hearts towards the people of Raphael's creation, as if one had known and loved them. Both in this and in the Virgin Mary in the group of the Holy Family we have just mentioned we recognise the same tender glance and pure expression that we attribute to the painter's recollection of his mother.

No. 213. A dainty little miniature picture, entitled "The Vision of a Knight, or Duty and Pleasure." In the foreground a young knight in full armour lies sleeping on his shield at the foot of a laurel tree, the tree of fame. On one side stands Duty, represented by a female figure, holding out a book and a sword. She invites the dreamer to study and to engage seriously in the struggle of life. On the other side Pleasure, a female in a gayer dress, enticingly offers him a spray of myrtle, the type of love and pleasure. This picture was painted before Raphael was twenty years of age. He had then already felt that life was a struggle between duty and pleasure, and that a choice must be made. His whole life was certainly devoted to no useless or idle pleasures. The original design, a drawing in pen and ink, of this exquisite little painting, was purchased at the same time as the finished work, and is interesting as showing with what extreme care this man of supreme genius prepared for his pictures. The drawing shows that the outlines have been pricked for transferring to the canvas.

All the works of Raphael, until the age of twenty, bore a strong resemblance to those of his master, Perugino. He continued with him up to that age as assistant; and some of the work which passes under the name of that master is supposed to be by the pupil. I may instance No. 288 in the National Gallery. This is considered the finest specimen we possess by Perugino. It is a picture in three compartments, or rather it was originally three portions of an altar piece. In the centre the Virgin kneels adoring the Infant Saviour, who lies on the ground before her. The compartment on the left represents the archangel Michael; that on the right the archangel Raphael, leading the youthful Tobit, who looks up confidingly to his heavenly guide. The right hand compartment is supposed to have been entrusted entirely to Raphael while he was the pupil of Perugino. This picture is painted in oils. Perugino was amongst the earliest of the Italians to avail himself of the advantages of the then new method. It is full of quiet, rich colour, and of devotional sentiment. With much grace, piety, and sweetness, Perugino was, however, very limited in power compared to the giants in art who arose at this time.

At the age of twenty Raphael quitted the studio of his early master and visited Florence. Here he saw some of the powerful drawings and large and varied compositions of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. He saw something, also, of ancient art in the fine collection of antiques that Lorenzo de Medici had made, and which that munificent patron had placed in his gardens for the benefit of artists and *virtuosi*. Raphael was at once inspired with higher aims and fired with larger views. He set himself to study with renewed vigour, and soon was able to commence work of a more vigorous and ambitious kind than any that he had before conceived of.

At the age of five-and-twenty he was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., who already had in his employment Michelangelo, as well as Bramante, the architect, and other notable men. Raphael painted the portrait of this pope soon after his arrival in Rome, which we have now in our National Gallery (No. 27). It is a fine study of an intellectual old man full of character and energy. He is seated in his papal chair, wearing the crimson cape and cap, and with the papal ring on his hand. Pope Julius, being anxious to complete the pictorial decorations of the halls of his palace, the Vatican, which were commenced by his predecessor, and feeling his own great age, would brook no delay, and Raphael had to leave many fine works he had in progress in Florence to be finished by Fra Bartolomeo and Ghirlandajo, his artist friends there, and to repair with all speed to Rome. At the South Kensington Museum may be seen careful copies, in small, of this series of compositions, which represented in life-size, and with many and varied incidents, the important subjects of theology, poetry, philosophy, science, and art. Besides these rooms in the Pope's palace, Raphael was commissioned also to complete the great pictorial scheme of the Sistine Chapel, the Pope's private chapel in the Vatican.

This scheme was conceived by the famous Michelangelo, who had already represented on the vaulted ceiling, in a succession of marvellous frescoes, the early history of the world, with subjects illustrating a theme so grand as the final redemption and salvation of man. We there behold, firstly, the Creation of the World, the Separation of Light and Darkness, the Creation of Man, the Fall, and Expulsion from Paradise, the Deluge, the Sacrifice of Noah. These subjects are followed by others typical of the Redemption of Man; David beheading Goliath; Judith with the head of Holofernes; the Punishment of Haman; and the Brazen Serpent. Below are ranged the Prophets and Sybils who foretold the coming of our Lord. At the end is depicted the Last Judgment, wherein we see the Divine Judge in mid-air surrounded by saints and martyrs, while below a world rises from the tomb.

To Raphael was given the task of carrying to completion this marvellous cycle of Bible history by representing the mission, the sufferings, and the triumphs of the Christian church. This subject he elucidated chiefly by the Acts of the Apostles, and carried it out in ten large important compositions. These are known as the famous cartoons of Raphael. As we are so fortunate as to possess these magnificent works, I will here describe them in detail. They are now placed in a spacious room at the South Kensington Museum, where they can be well seen by the public, called the Raphael Room.

The first two refer to St. Peter, as the head of the Church, namely, the first call, and the "Feed my sheep."

No. 1. *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.* "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me: for I am a sinful man, O Lord."—Luke v. 8.

The scene depicted is the Lake of Gennesaret, and the boats on the lake. In one of the boats some of the apostles are dragging at the nets with an effort that shows their great weight; Christ is seated at the prow of the other; his face and attitude are full of dignity. Peter flings himself at his feet, with awe and humility, using the words of the text.

The figures stand out in strong relief against the sky in the broad, open daylight. The clear waters of the lake ripple round the bark in which the Saviour is seated; His figure, in pale blue vest and white mantle, appears all light and radiant with beneficence. On the distant shore are seen the people to whom our Lord has been preaching from the boat. On the shore in the immediate foreground stand three cranes, strange black birds, that seem to look on, and by their presence give an air of naturalness to the sacred scene, while they add much, by contrast, to the pictorial effect.

No. 2. *The Charge to St. Peter.* "Feed my sheep."—John xxi. 16.

We see here again the lake, but in the far distance. The risen Saviour is partially robed in long white drapery, which was originally spotted with golden stars. The figure is noble, dignified, sad. He points to the sheep, type of His Church, with one hand, while with the other He gives the keys of heaven to Peter's charge. The other disciples stand around.

The Pope's seat, when he held a solemn conclave, was always placed facing this last subject.

No. 3. *The Stoning of Stephen.*

The death of the first Christian martyr came next. The cartoon for this subject has been unfortunately lost.

Then follow two of the miracles that St. Peter performed.

No. 4. *The Healing of the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.* "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up."—Acts iii. 6, 7.

By the gate, which is called Beautiful, we recognise the dignified figure of St. Pater, and with him the youthful one of St. John, the beloved disciple. They stand together between the elegant twisted columns of the colonnade that surround that entrance to the Temple of Jerusalem. The lame man, miserable and deformed, is huddled up on the ground before them. They take him by the hand. He looks up with an expression of wonder, and of eager, joyful anticipation. We see that they will raise him up, and that he feels and knows that they will do so. Another cripple, leaning on his staff, anxiously and doubtingly awaits the result. He has not felt the touch of Divine power like the other. People with offerings of doves, etc., pass into the temple, and turn to gaze as they

pass on, while some few pause with an attentive look that leads us to hope that their wonder will turn to belief, and that the seed with them has been dropped into no barren soil.

No. 5. *The Death of Ananias.* "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."—Acts v. 4.

Ananias in the foreground has just fallen convulsed in the agonies of death, struck down by the word of Peter, who with the other disciples stand together in a dignified group, raised above the spectators on a platform or daïs. We see before us no longer the simple-minded fishermen of Lake Galilee, such as we saw them in the first picture. They have quitted their nets to become the divinely-appointed teachers of the Gospel; and St. Peter has now the dignified air of command of his elevated and sacred character. He raises his hand to heaven with the words, "Thou hast lied to the Holy Ghost." He speaks as with the voice of Divine judgment, and Ananias falls, struck dead by those awful words. Sapphira is seen behind the spectators counting out her money, unconscious of the terrible scene in the foreground, continuing the very sin for which her husband is so signally doomed.

The subjects to the right of the altar illustrated the life of the Apostle to the Gentles, St. Paul.

No. 6. *The Conversion of St. Paul.*

As might be expected, this is the first subject of this series. It is unfortunately one of the three missing cartoons.

No. 7. *Elymas, the sorcerer, struck with blindness.* "And, now, behold the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand."—Acts xiii. 11.

The Proconsul, Sergius, is seated on a throne on a raised platform, in the centre of the picture, and gazes with terrified amazement at Elymas, on whom blindness has fallen at the word of the apostle, who faces him in an attitude of command. The spectators show wonder and astonishment, while Elymas gropes his way forward towards St. Paul, as if to avert his fate.

No. 8. *Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.* "Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people, which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes."—Acts xiv. 13, 14.

This picture shows us the impression made by the inspired eloquence of the Christian preachers upon the ignorant mob. They would bow down and worship them, and offer the sacrifices that would be acceptable to their own heathen gods—"burnt offerings, the flesh of bulls and the blood of goats"—taking the strangers for Jupiter and Mercury (the god of eloquence) descended upon earth. The Apostles rend their garments, horrified at the sacrilegious idea.

No. 9. *St. Paul preaching at Athens.* "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."—Acts xvii. 22, 23.

The next cartoon shows us Paul among the learned men of Greece, at Athens, the very heart of ancient refinement and civilisation. These people do not bow down and worship him, like the ruder and more superstitious inhabitants of Lystra, as shown in the last cartoon; but they are equally impressed by the wonderful eloquence of the apostle to the Gentiles. Behind the impassioned speaker are to be recognised philosophers of the different Greek sects—the Cynic, the Epicurean, and the Platonic. These listen with a cold admiration for the brilliant powers of the orator; they listen, but they do not believe. Next we see, just in front of St. Paul, a group of the Sophists, eagerly disputing the subject amongst themselves. Then come many figures who listen, and ponder the words they hear, some with feelings of anxious doubt, and some with willing faith. Many, we see, will join the little band of the new Church. Quite in front, half-kneeling on the lowest step of the temple in front of which St. Paul stands, are the two faithful converts, Dionysius the Areopagite, and the woman, Damaris, who "believed and clave unto him." Behind the whole group are the beautiful temples for pagan worship, and a statue of Mars, the war god, whose back is towards the little band of Christians—present, but not of them, nor they of him.

No. 10. *Paul in Prison.*

The pictorial history concluded here, the last-named being one of the lost pictures.

From these the spectator would raise his eyes above to the awful Last Judgment of Michelangelo.

With regard to these famous cartoons, which we have now the good fortune to possess, I ought to explain that they were done as designs from which tapestry was to be worked. The tapestries were made the same size as the cartoons, and were rich with silk and blazing with gold and silver thread. It was they that were to be hung in the Sistine Chapel, and not these precious designs from the master's own hand. These tapestries are still kept in the chambers of the Vatican with the greatest care, and on state occasions are hung as originally intended. After the tapestries had been worked in the looms of Arras, by the Flemish artificers, the splendid original designs were, curiously enough, treated with neglect, and for a time their very existence was forgotten. Rubens, the painter, discovered them at the tapestry manufactory, stowed away in some garret, just a century afterwards, where they had probably remained since they had been first worked from in 1519. He mentioned them, when in England, to our king, Charles I., who at once purchased all that then remained of them. The original ten had been reduced to seven. The designs of the three that are lost we know only by the tapestry copies. They were sold with the rest of the king's fine collections, but immediately purchased back for the nation through the influence of Cromwell. After a lapse of two centuries, William III. had them stretched on canvas, and ordered Sir Christopher Wren to build a room for their reception at Hampton Court Palace. They occupy now a large room in the South Kensington Museum. We are proud to possess such great artistic treasures. There is also in the same room a large copy, in black chalk, made by a contemporary artist, of the "Transfiguration," which was the last and most finished of all Raphael's paintings. Mr. Wornum observes that this drawing and the cartoons together show Raphael's talents and great powers to more advantage than they are to be seen anywhere else.

The original picture of the Transfiguration was the last painted, and is considered the finest of all Raphael's many fine pictures. We have, therefore, selected it as our illustration. The picture is now in the gallery of the Vatican.

The Transfiguration.—"In the upper part Christ has quitted the summit of the earth, and is seen, as it were, ecstatically suspended in the air, between Elias and Moses, whose floating garments show them to have just descended from heaven. This part of the picture is perfectly luminous, Christ Himself being the focus of the light shed over the figures, an expression of divinity glowing through the whole scene. These three truly celestial figures contrast well with the three apostles, who, struck with dazzled amazement, prostrate themselves on the top of the mountain. One of these has thrown himself with his face to the earth; the other turns away his head, and is in the act of falling; while the third covers his eyes with his hand, as if to shield them from the light which his sight cannot endure." The picture, as a composition, is divided into two halves. The upper part represents Christ in a glorified state, transfigured on the summit of Mount Tabor. In the lower half, "the apostles, remaining at the foot of the mountain, await the return of their Master. Here, a family, attracted by the renown of the miracles of Jesus, have brought Him a young demoniac, in order to implore His divine power against the evil spirit which agitates and torments the unfortunate child. All the apostles appear filled with various sentiments of confusion and terror; but they all seem to say, and some to express it in their gestures: 'He whom you seek is not with us; wait for Him; He is on this mountain;' several raised arms point to that height on which the other scene is taking place." I quote this description of the picture from the able critic, Quatremère de Quincy.

Artists admire this sublime picture for its admirable composition; for the drawing of the limbs, the living actions, the flowing draperies, and the varied character of the heads. The whole style is broader and grander than in any of the painter's works.

Vasari, the historian of art, concludes his eulogy on this *chef d'œuvre* with these words: "But, as if that sublime genius had gathered all the force of his powers into one effort, whereby the glory and majesty of art should be made manifest in the countenance of Christ; having completed that, as one who had realised the greatest effort of an art which could advance no farther, this last term of the painting marked also the term of the life of the painter. He never touched pencil more."

His body lay in state, in his own house, according to the custom of the time and country. His immortal picture of the Trans-

figuration still hung suspended on its scaffold, the colours not yet dry, awaiting a few final touches, which had to be given by a pupil! The immortal creation of art stood, as it were, a living image, beside the corpse of its now inanimate creator. Raphael was buried with great pomp in the Pantheon, one of the most beautiful of the monuments of ancient Rome (then called the Church of the Rotunda), and was followed to his last resting-place by troops of sorrowing friends, pupils, artists, authors, and personages of high rank, amid the general grief of the whole city.

Raphael occupies a pre-eminent position in that famous century of artists which boasts of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, the mightiest of designers, and Titian, Tintoretto, and Correggio, the finest of colourists. We are fortunate in possessing in England some of the choicest of his works, and to a greater extent than those of his great contemporaries. So that we are in a position to judge of him better than we can the others.

The so-called Roman School is considered to begin with Raphael's arrival in Rome, and to end when the long list is concluded of his immediate pupils and followers, who worked with him and completed the many grand designs in Rome which were left unfinished at his death.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHRISTMAS DAY came and went into the past, to be numbered with its many predecessors. Loving greetings and gifts were exchanged, and not least amongst the latter was that prepared as a surprise for Mrs. Oakley by her twin children.

Much adorned with evergreens, Bob was led to the hall door and duly presented by Jack and Janet. Their mother manifested such genuine pleasure on receiving her present, and was so thoroughly charmed at his docility, that the delight of the donors was unbounded. She promised to use Bob in accordance with their plan on her behalf, and it may be here said that, long after the stables at the Hey were well tenanted as of old, he continued to be a valued servant and gentle pet of his kind mistress.

Aunt Lydia and her husband were in Cornwall with Miss Penwarden, but were to return to Treneweth early in the new year. The old lady's advanced age rendered it inadvisable for her to leave home in the winter, and the relatives who owed so much to her generous affection would not allow her to be long without seeing them. So Geoffrey, Lydia, and their two children—Philip Vivien having now a three months' old sister—had been Miss Penwarden's guests for several weeks past. But for this, the Oakleys would have gone to Treneweth; but it was arranged that they should meet there immediately after the return of the family from Cornwall.

It was hoped that Frank and his wife, and some of Maurice Oakley's olive branches, with their parents, would meet them at Treneweth, in order to celebrate Hilda's birthday by a family gathering near her first home, though not beneath the old roof.

Silvermere had been leased for a term which would expire when the young heiress reached her twenty-second birthday, in accordance with the will of Mr. Cranswick. It was, however, thought right to mark Hilda's twenty-first birthday by giving a little treat to the tenants on the Silvermere estate, amongst whom she was deservedly popular. Her frequent visits to her aunt at Treneweth had enabled her to go in and out amongst the people, and to keep up the interest they felt in the girl who was, at no distant time, to be absolute mistress of that fair home and the estate included under the name of Silvermere.

Her actual birthday was spent at the Hey, and there she heard from her uncle the purpose for which the twenty thousand pounds was placed in his hands by Mr. Cranswick.

"I have a tale to tell you, Hilda," said Mr. Oakley as he led his niece into the library soon after breakfast on the morning of December 28th. "You are already well acquainted with the provisions of your father's will, but you do not yet know why he placed that large sum in my hands. I am glad that the time has arrived when I am at liberty to explain your father's object in setting it aside to remain untouched until a given period. Sit by me, dear, and listen."

Hilda obeyed, and clasping her uncle's hand in both hers, said, "My father made the best possible provision for his child's benefit when he placed me under your care. No words can express my sense of what I owe to you, my dear aunt, and cousins; you have all helped me—oh, so much!—and been my best earthly friends!"

"And your aunt and I feel that the misfortune which deprived you of parents gave to us another dear daughter. Now let me tell my story, which will not take long. You know already that the Silvermere estate did not come to your father by inheritance; it was bequeathed to him by an old bachelor great uncle on the mother's side. He was called Everard Cranswick. The estate came to your father quite unexpectedly, as he had seen very little of the relative to whom it belonged, and being himself an only son, he was abundantly provided for before there was any question of his owning Silvermere. Your father's name was originally Sinclair, but he added that of Cranswick to it, in compliance with the wish of his great uncle.

"I go over these particulars, Hilda, though I believe you are already acquainted with part of them, in order that you may better understand what follows, and how Silvermere came into your father's possession.

"Mr. Everard Cranswick had adopted an orphan nephew, the only child of a much younger brother, or, I should say, step-brother, for he was the son of a second wife. This lady was really a little younger than Everard himself, but she was equally remarkable for her beauty of mind and person. Between her and her grown-up stepson a warm friendship existed, and he not only admired her for her devotion to his father, but was sensible that her influence over himself had been wholly for good.

"The children of a second marriage are not always warmly welcomed by those of a first, but in some cases, as in this, the little ones become objects of deep and devoted affection to elder brothers and sisters.

"It was so with Everard Cranswick. The one boy that followed the second marriage was almost idolised by him, and he used to say that, as he should not marry, this child would, after him, inherit Silvermere. He knew the estate would be in his absolute disposal should he survive his own father, as it had been bequeathed to the latter for life only, and to Everard after him, with power to leave it to whom he chose.

"The younger brother married early, but lost his life by an accident. The shock of his death so seriously affected the young wife, that a terrible illness followed, and soon Everard Cranswick found himself sole guardian of his three-year-old nephew, the child of the young brother to whom he had been so tenderly attached, and named, like himself, Austin."

"I think I understand everything so far," said Hilda; "but you must let me ask a question or two, or I fear I shall become confused. How was my father connected with Everard Cranswick?"

"I ought to have told you this before, my dear. Your father was grandson to Everard Cranswick's only sister, who was older than himself. There were just the three—Hilda, after whom you are named, and Everard by the first wife; Austin, five and twenty years younger, by the second. The sister married a Mr. Sinclair, and living at a great distance from Silvermere, saw little of the family at home. I am afraid she and Everard did not agree very well, and were really better apart. They took opposite views about their father's second marriage, and it unfortunately widened the breach between them. Owing to the great difference between the ages of Mrs. Sinclair and Everard and the young step-mother, your father, though a generation lower down, was very little younger than Austin Cranswick. So you see that Everard was uncle to his young ward and great uncle to your father. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Hilda. "I hope I may not have to interrupt you by asking more questions."

"After Everard became master of

"THEIR MOTHER MANIFESTED GENUINE PLEASURE ON RECEIVING HER PRESENT."

Silvermere he insisted that his step-mother should remain there as its mistress, and this was another cause of offence to Mrs. Sinclair. She, being now a widow, thought that her own brother should prefer her and hers to his step-mother and her son's child.

"But Everard Cranswick was not to be moved from his purpose, and I am afraid the thought of his sister's annoyance rather intensified his resolution. Sharp words followed; the two so nearly related parted in anger, and all intercourse ceased between Mrs. Sinclair and her brother."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Hilda. "I think family quarrels, or even misunderstandings, are dreadful things, are they not, Uncle Edward?"

"They are indeed, my dear," replied Mr. Oakley; "and they almost invariably prove the truth of the words—'A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.' I know that Everard's step-mother tried every means in her power to reconcile him and his sister, but in vain. She could hardly have asked anything else and be refused, but in this one matter her step-son set his face like a flint, and merely laughed at her entreaties.

"'Spare yourself the trouble,' he said, when she pleaded again and again, telling him she would fain earn a peace-maker's blessing by bringing them together once more. 'You think, perhaps, that my sister will give you credit for pure, unselfish motives in trying to reconcile her and me; you are mistaken. I believe in you, and wish I could grant what you ask; she does not, and if you brought her to Silvermere she would leave no stone unturned to oust you and Austin from it. Let well alone, if you are wise.'

"Mrs. Cranswick could not think it well, but she was obliged to be silent, if unconvinced. She knew the impetuous unflinching character of her step-son. She had personally experienced the faithfulness of his friendship, but was well aware that, if he became embittered against an individual, he was equally unmovable in his dislike.

"He almost idolised his nephew, but with increasing age new infirmities of temper showed themselves, and Everard would sometimes over-indulge the youth and at others act in an arbitrary manner, exacting a blind obedience which was almost inconsistent with the possession of reason.

"While Mrs. Cranswick lived, however, she exerted an admirable influence over both Austin and his uncle, but she died when the young man was twenty-two years of age.

"Austin was a little like you in one respect, Hilda. In his early days he was much tied to Silvermere. You, Hilda, though a girl, found the quiet monotonous life intolerable; and yet you had many resources which Austin Cranswick never possessed, and which were not available in his early days.

"Old Everard Cranswick provided his nephew with excellent teachers, but, having never travelled much himself, he set his face against what he called the new-fangled ways of a later generation. He had done very well without certain things and cared little for new sights or scenes. Why should Austin long for them?

"Your father's mind had been enriched by observation and the society of men of culture, as well as by travel and study. He had endless stores of information for you to draw upon.

"Austin Cranswick had none of these, or any definite occupation, and was expected to yield implicit obedience to this warm-hearted but very obstinate old man. He wished to learn a profession, and expressed his willingness to let his uncle choose one for him.

"The old man was angry at the mention of such a thing for the heir of Silvermere. 'What could a man want with a profession who was to step into his shoes?' was the immediate reply. Perhaps within an hour he would be angry at some mere trifle and remind his nephew that the estate was his own to leave as he chose.

"Austin would wish to spend a few weeks in travelling, the answer would be, 'Why cannot you be contented here? If Silvermere is not home good enough for a man, he deserves to know what want means.'

"Whilst Mrs. Cranswick lived she did all in her power to smooth matters, but at her death Austin became possessed of a small competence, and began to ask himself whether even the prospect of inheriting Silvermere could make amends for the life he was leading in the meanwhile."

"Poor fellow! He was to be pitied." said Hilda. "Such a life must have been hard indeed for a high-spirited, intelligent man."

"No doubt it was, and yet Austin owed a deep debt of gratitude to his uncle, not merely on his own account, but for his mother's sake. During more than forty years, Everard Cranswick had been like son, brother, and friend combined to his father's wife and widow. Faithful from first to last, he had been a source of strength and protection to her, while at the same time acknowledging that he owed much of the brightness of his home life to her gentle presence and womanly influence. He meant to be kind to his nephew, and wished him to be happy. He spent money lavishly and ungrudgingly to gratify every wish of Austin's, provided that it fell in with his own views for him, but he could only imagine that a young man could be made happy in an old man's way."

"He wished to be kind to Austin and made him miserable by petty tyranny. He meant to secure his happiness and used the wrong means, and did not even satisfy himself, I suppose," said Hilda.

"Exactly so, my dear, and yet, hard as all this was upon Austin, I think he should have tried to bear with the old man, of whose affection he could not entertain a doubt. His uncle was becoming very infirm, and the trial was not likely to be a long one. We are not patient and forbearing by nature, but even irksome duties become light and toil becomes a pleasure when undertaken in the spirit of Him 'who pleased not Himself.' You know something of this now, my child, and I am not going to preach, but to finish my story as quickly as possible.

"Mr. Cranswick told Austin that he wished him to marry, and the young man, with a smile, expressed his willingness to comply with this request, and owned that his affections were already engaged, but that he wished, if possible, to have the approbation of his uncle before taking any decisive step.

"This communication was evidently as unexpected as it was unwelcome to Mr. Cranswick, and he asked, very abruptly, the name of the lady in question.

"'Felicia Ormerod,' replied Austin.

"I do not think he in the least anticipated what followed, for Felicia was the daughter of a clergyman of high character and good family, with whom Mr. Cranswick was well acquainted, and of whom he always spoke in terms of respect. But he was comparatively poor. Felicia was his eldest child; he had boys to educate, and she, with a view of helping her parents, had for a couple of years past acted as daily governess to the children of a friend.

"She was a charming girl, beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, one for whom any man might well have thanked God as a good and precious gift, whether as wife or daughter. I firmly believe that had Austin spoken against Felicia Ormerod as an unsuitable person, old Everard would have taken the opposite. He told the truth, declared his affection for her, and the perverse old man broke out into a storm of passion; called her a beggarly governess, even alluded tauntingly to the fact that her costly education, finished abroad, had been paid for by her godmother, and ordered his nephew neither to think of nor speak to Felicia again.

(To be continued.)

OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

DONKEYS AND GOATS.

"Man's cruel baseness to his beast!
—Poor uncomplaining brute,
Its wrongs are innocent at least,
And all its sorrows mute.
They cannot have deserved their woes,
As these bad masters can;
And evil is the lot of those
Who serve the tyrant, Man.

The cruel man—lament his fate,
For he can reach no bliss;—
The tortured beast—its future state
Shall recompense for this."

Tupper.

The patient donkey is, in this country, put down as the emblem of gravity and stupidity. Well, generations after generations of human beings have used the poor beast in so heartless, cruel, and ignorant a fashion, that no wonder he is grave. Sadness and sorrow are born in him, but I doubt if, as a rule, he is so great a fool as he looks. I would far rather say—because I feel I shall be nearer to the truth—that in his worst form the donkey is a living monument to man's inhumanity to his beast!

When I think upon the amount of pain, misery, and discomfort this poor honest animal has to endure, then, instead of writing a plain practical article to my girl readers, I feel wholly inclined to pen a lecture against cruelty to animals, taking the domestic ass as my text. But I must refrain.

The donkey is an exceedingly hardy animal, and therefore people are apt to think that too much work cannot be got out of him. This is very unfair. He ought to have his regular times of work and rest, just as the horse has, and he should never be made to do too much work in one day.

It is cruel to overload the creature, or to drive him too fast.

We hear the donkey called an obstinate animal. That he at times is self-willed must be granted, but I maintain that this is entirely the result of bad usage. We should never, therefore, be unkind to him, or neglectful of his creature comforts.

I know hardly any other animal that makes a better pet for young folks and children than a donkey does, with the exception of the dog, and the donkey has this advantage over the dog, he can carry his little masters and mistresses on his back—two or three at a time, for that matter.

Donkeys, in my humble opinion—and I have studied the ways and habits of the animals both at home and abroad—are most kindly dispositioned, especially towards those who treat them well; they are exceedingly willing to work, very affectionate, and possessed—strange though this may read to some—of a playful temper. This playfulness, however, degenerates into a tendency to be downright mischievous if they are not well used.

Donkeys not only make capital pets, but they are very cheap; a good young one can be bought for a few pounds. It will do you no harm to know the points and general appearance of a really good donkey, in case at any time or other you make up your mind to purchase one.

In buying a donkey, then, get a very young one, so that you can train him to suit yourself, and look for the following properties:—1. He should be of good size, strong, and well built. 2. He should be pretty level on the back, not weak spined and hollow. 3. Smallish in the head. 4. High in the withers. 5. Long in the neck, and also shapely and strong in neck, with a broad crest (the crest is the part of the neck from which the mane grows). 6. The limbs sturdy and strong, and the knees good. 7. The skin must be thin, or, at least, not too lumpy and thick. 8. The coat should be good. 9. The nostrils full, and the eye bright and big, with a general appearance of sprightliness and intelligence.

Having told you his points and properties, let me now tell you how you are to treat him when purchased.

1. FEEDING.—Feed him with regularity in the same way as you do a horse, only the donkey is far less dainty, and whether he prefers coarse herbage and tough food or not, at all events, he eats it and says very little about the matter. But do not imagine, for all this, that he cannot appreciate an occasional feed of good oats, carrots, or mangolds. Try him and see.

2. WATER.—See that he has water given him three or four times a day.

3. GROOMING.—Some people never groom their donkeys at all. If you wish to have your favourite sleek, and fat, and happy, have him groomed every day.

If the donkey is meant to run in a trap, it may be as well to keep the coat short in summer. If he has only slow walking work to perform, then let him keep his ulster on.

Keep him always clean and tidy, and house him well, and do not forget that he must have plenty of exercise and fresh air.

The expense of keeping a donkey is very little, say about half-a-crown, or even less, a week.

* * * * *

The goat may well be permitted to take rank as one of our four-footed friends. It is indeed the friend of many a frugal family in this country and of many a sickly child and invalid as well.

I believe that if more were known about goats, many more people would keep them, or keep one, at all events, for the sake of its milk. There are several prejudices against the animal; of this I am well aware, and I would fain remove one or two of them at least.

Goats are said to be very mischievous. It must be confessed that some of them are, but without interfering too much with the liberty of the subject, the goat can easily be kept within due bounds. If you tether Nanny in the orchard, close to the plum or pear tree, she will undoubtedly amuse herself and whet her teeth by stripping off the bark; but then there is no occasion to tether her there. Indeed, goats do very well kept in their shed almost constantly, not, mind you, that I advocate this plan, as I think it cruel to deprive any animal of its liberty. But anyone with even a back yard can keep a goat.

There is a prejudice against the flesh, but kid's flesh is not only tender, but, when carefully and well cooked, most delicious and wholesome. Nevertheless, if you have kids and do not care to have them killed, then by all means sell them; you will always find a ready market for goats.

There is a prejudice, possessed only by few, against the use of goat's milk. It is a very foolish one, for goat's milk is not only very nutritious, but it is more easily digested than that of the cow; it is therefore eminently suited for invalids and for delicate children. But in families where goat's milk is not appreciated, and where, perhaps, Nanny is kept merely as a young folks' pet, the milk can be sold. Near towns it can always be disposed of, and when I mention the fact that it often fetches five shillings a quart and more, I need not add that the keeping of goats may very easily be made a source of great profit.

But, say some of my readers, "Goats are such a bother to milk; I know I should never learn to milk one."

I do not think that there is, as a rule, either much trouble or skill required in milking a goat. One wants a lesson or two, that is all. One wants a lesson or two if one wants to learn to do anything well in this world. But, between me and you, reader, I have seen many a girl mounted on a piano-stool, who, I am sure, would have looked infinitely more charming seated on a natty wee milking-stool, to say nothing of the greater utility of the latter employment.

Goats must be milked regularly; if you delay relieving the animal at the proper time, she is much more likely to be cross, to say nothing of the influence brought to bear on the subsequent amount of milk by such delay.

A friend of mine, who is secretary of the British Goat Society, recommends that Nannies be milked three times a day for the first three months after the kids are born, namely, at seven in the morning (or sooner), at one in the day, and nine in the evening. After three months they need only to be milked twice a day, namely at seven in the morning and seven in the evening.

Always give something to eat when milking; the Nanny will then stand quietly.

For dairy use you will require one or two utensils, such as a pretty little wooden milk-pail, a milking stool—the piano-stool will not do—a tin skimming saucer, a strainer, and a flat dish or two of earthenware to put the milk in.

The quantity of milk a good goat will give varies, say from four to seven pints, but some give much more than this.

It is a well-known fact that two goats may be very profitably kept instead of one. The labour of feeding is not much increased, and the food itself goes very nearly as far.

People must not expect to buy really good goats for almost nothing, but a good animal is cheap at what may seem to some a long price. My advice to those who want to procure a fair specimen, is not to purchase without seeing, and to take the advice of some practical farmer or dairyman. Such advice can always be had. We must remember, too, to get a young Nanny, and one that is healthy, lively-looking, and of a good breed.

THE GOAT HOUSE. — Accommodation of some kind is needed even for a goat, and those who cannot keep it comfortably should never think of keeping such an animal. It is surely a small return for the creature from whom we receive benefits to house and feed it well.

The goat may be kept in an out-house, but the place should be clean and well ventilated. Some people build regular sheds for the goat, and this is a good plan. The shed need be neither very large nor a very expensive affair. Simply a lean-to against a sheltering wall or in a corner, about six or eight feet square, made of rough wood with a sloping roof covered with zinc, or with boards or felt.

There should be a good strong door, with bolt and lock; the floor ought to be sloping, slightly only, else it will be uncomfortable, and made of hard concrete. There should be a rack and manger; on the latter is a short chain with a collar to go round the Nanny's neck.

Straw or dry litter of any kind will do for bedding, and if sawdust is thrown down under the straw, so much the better.

Now about feeding this useful four-footed favourite. The donkey, we know, is not a dainty animal. The goat is even more easily contented in the matter of diet. If you live in the country and have a paddock or field, then for nine months in the year your goat may be kept in that, and will need but little in addition. She must be tethered, however, beyond the reach of trees, but I do not approve of the plan of tying the legs together. If the goat can possibly have the full range of the field then all the better. There is a kind of triangular collar made for free-ranging goats, which, while very light and by no means cruel, effectually prevents them from breaking through hedges.

Take your Nanny home pretty early, and let her then have a feed of chaff, with which a handful or two of grain of some kind, crushed oats, beans, peas, or Indian corn has been mixed. If fed in the house, as in towns they must be, give them all kinds of garden refuse and leaves, even the cuttings of hedges and rose trees—in fact, everything green, with now and then some hay and grain.

When in milk it will be found advisable to give grain mixed with chaff, as well as roots of various kinds.

On the whole, it would be more easy to say what kind of vegetable food was unsuitable to the goat than what is proper and edible. A goat is the most easily and most cheaply kept animal of any we possess. In summer, when there is plenty of green stuff, she will not need so much water, but at any time she ought to have as much as she cares for, and morning, noon, and evening.

The food should be cleanly, and in all cases a large lump of rock salt should be left in a place where they can lick at it when so inclined.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

WHY that look of tender pity
  Mixed with mirth and kind surprise,
While I tell you of my birthday,
  Little friend with laughing eyes?

Fair fifteen! You hold it dreary
  That I number twice that sum?
All is faded, cold, and cheerless
  In the years that needs must come?

All delight and all enjoyment
  Dwell with youth? Nay, never think it!
In the cup of life there's sweetness,
  Trust me, whensoe'er we drink it.

Every year brings something precious
  (Dearest, do not lift your brow);
There are pleasures in the future
  That you cannot taste of now.

For the mind that thinks and reasons
  Hath a beauty of its own,
Which hath barely reached its promise
  When the pride of youth is flown.

Not the years you may have numbered
  Take as test of age or youth,
But the power you bring to study
  What life holds of varied truth.

Close that page, and you are aged,
  Though you count but fifteen springs;
Keep it open, then no matter
  What the score your birthday brings!

CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

By M. E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER VI.

THE train arrived with a rush and a bustle at a quiet little Welsh station, one autumn afternoon, as if it had achieved a mission of importance, and was loath to underrate its own dignity. Here and there a weary passenger put his head out of window and remarked upon the beauty of the station-master's garden. The roses were still in full bloom, climbing the grey stone walls and looking in at the windows, and a fuchsia grew, like a young tree, only a few yards from the rails.

"What's the name of this place?" a yawning lady inquired of her husband.

"Well, my dear," was the answer, "I can't undertake to pronounce these absurd Welsh names correctly, but it looks like Llancymcaerh."

At this, the gentleman in the opposite corner got up in a hurry, and stepped on to the platform, where he was received with enthusiasm by the station-master and the porter, as the sole passenger by the express, on whose account the banging and steaming and shaking had taken place that day.

Could he have a fly and drive over to the village? he inquired. Yes, and welcome. Williams of the White Hart always sent a trap to meet the express; it had been waiting this half-hour.

And would have waited with patience any number of half-hours, to judge by its sleepy appearance, Lex Romaine thought, as he looked at the gaunt white horse, and the stolid driver, who was peacefully slumbering on the box. The carriage had large wheels and a small body; it had been originally constructed to open and shut, according to the pleasure of the owner; but, from extreme age, its opening powers had become so seriously damaged that Williams, of the White Hart, had years ago given up struggling with it, and it had finally descended to the level of a close station fly.

It was a lovely September afternoon, and the sky was brilliantly blue; the common over which they passed was purple with flowering heather; the stone walls were crammed with delicate ferns, and the hedges wreathed with clematis and fast-changing blackberry leaves. At one point the road mounted a high hill, and Lex Romaine could see the yellow sands glittering in the sunlight, and the limestone rocks, at the foot of which the waves broke in silvery foam.

The driver had not much to say for himself; occasionally he stopped to put on or take off his drag, and then he would point out the places of interest, observing that a number of visitors came over in the summer months, and that they seemed to like it.

Lex Romaine was in no mood for eliciting information; or, indeed, for admiring the lovely view. More than a year had passed since he had said good-bye to Celia Lake, and posted her letter in the pillar at the corner of George-place. He had not believed then that it would be such an easy matter for her to change her mind and accept Mr. Hewing's proposal, but so it was. Mr. Hewing had bided his hour, and Alexander Romaine (after being forced by business to put off his return from month to month) had come back just in time to be present at the wedding. This was the news that had greeted him on the occasion of his last interview with his lawyers at Youngsport—that Miss Lake's marriage with Mr. Hewing was arranged to take place in the autumn.

Lex had heard occasionally from Mrs. Lake and from Janie. By the bye, it was sad that Janie's had become so delicate—poor little girl!—but there had been no mention made of the engagement; he supposed it had not been a long one. Anyway, there was no one to blame but himself. The Lakes knew of his intended arrival; they would expect to see him sooner or later, so he had followed them down to this out-of-the-way little village. He would stay for a few hours, and then he would go back to Victoria, or to Hampshire—it didn't much matter which. After a long drive, they turned into a broad road, with high hedges on each side. At the bottom of the hill, where a tiny stream flowed across the highway, stood the White Hart Inn, shaded by two tall chestnut trees. The white blinds were half drawn down, the pink balsams in the window-sills drooped their heads, a lazy cat sat blinking at her own shadow on the doorstep; the whole place looked as if it had been sent to sleep by the rustling of the water and the singing of the birds.

At the door was a bath chair, and a lady was being helped out by a girl in a straw hat. The lady turned round, and, catching sight of Lex, uttered a little cry of joy, and held out her hand. It was Mrs. Lake, grown wonderfully young, and looking marvellously happy and bright.

"How do you do?" she asked, as Lex advanced to meet her; "this is good of you! The girls will be so pleased; we hoped perhaps you would come. Let me introduce you to Miss Hewing, though I think you will remember her? Janie's friend, Maria."

Lex declared that he remembered Miss Hewing quite well, and he shook hands with her. As he gave his arm to Mrs. Lake, whose delight at seeing him kept on breaking out in little disjointed sentences, he could not help feeling that it was very pleasant to be met like this, even if you couldn't wind the threads of fate round your fingers.

"'TAKE CARE! OH, DO TAKE CARE!' CRIED LEX."

They went into a cheerful drawing-room, looking on to an old-fashioned garden, with stiff hedges, and flower-beds red and violet with geraniums and verbenas.

"And we have so much to tell you," said Mrs. Lake, looking at the smiling Maria. "Did you receive our last letters?"

"No; I haven't heard from you for months; but the news of your daughter's engagement has reached me across the water. You must let me congratulate you, Mrs. Lake. I do hope that she will meet with every happiness."

This was the little speech that he had come resolved to make, and having made it, he was seized with a wild desire to get up and say good-bye. But such a course of proceeding was manifestly impossible; kind Mrs. Lake had so much to tell him.

"Then you did not hear of the wedding? I hoped you would have arrived in time; but we rather hurried it on, as dear Mr. Hewing had business in the West of England, and wished to take his wife with him. It is a surprise to you, I can see, Mr. Romaine," continued Mrs. Lake, for Lex uttered no word of comment. "It was a surprise to me, too—to all of us. Dear child! she is so young! It is most fortunate that you should have come this week, while they are here. Mr. Hewing will be rejoiced to meet you."

"Are *they*—is Mrs. Hewing staying with you?"

"Yes; and they are all down by the sea. It is such a lovely day, Janie felt well enough to walk so far. Maria insisted upon remaining to keep me company. It was so kind of her. Will you go and meet them? Perhaps Miss Hewing will walk with you?"

But no, Miss Hewing said she was too tired, and, as she went away to take her hat off, Mrs. Lake whispered, "It does seem extraordinary—such a young step-mother! Celia was afraid at first that Maria would object, but she is delighted beyond measure. The girls were always friends as children, and there really is no obstacle except age, and he is devoted to her—simply devoted; he seems to have become quite young since his engagement!"

Mrs. Lake herself seemed to have grown years younger, and centuries more energetic than she used to be.

By-and-by, when she had exhausted the subject of Maria's sweet temper and of Mr. Hewing's benevolence, she again proposed that her visitor should join the others by the sea. Alexander Romaine found his way through the quiet village, where the white-headed children were making mud pies and playing at the side of the stream that ran gurgling along its stony bed. After a while the stream grew wider (the village was left far behind now), till it lost itself in the sands, or got swallowed up in the dancing blue waves.

The tide was going out fast, and the little pools in the rocks were full of bright, clear water and floating seaweed. From one rocky point to another Lex walked over the wet sands, while the seagulls sat sunning themselves on the highest limestone walls, and at the extreme end of the bay the waves flung themselves up into the air like fountains. Except for the distant moaning of the sea, there was absolutely no sound to be heard; the whole scene was one of repose and quiet; the long sea line, the blue sky, the golden sands, and the bold grey rocks (some of them covered with brilliantly green grass, where a few sheep were cropping their scanty supper)—it all told the same story. Everywhere there was calmness and tranquillity, except in Lex Romaine's heart. Now that he stood face to face with his disappointment and his trouble, he felt that he had better not have come; his "sorrow's crown of sorrow" was harder than he could bear; he would go—he would never——

"Mr. Romaine! Mr. Romaine!"

He looked up. A few feet above him, on one of the ledges of rock, stood Celia; the wind had disordered her hair, and her light summer dress was stained and wet with the salt water.

"We saw you coming along the valley from the top of the hill, and I said it was you, and that I must come down and meet you. I saw the arrival of your ship in the paper. How nice of you to come!"

"Take care! Oh, do take care!" cried Lex, alarmed at her unsafe position. "Wait till I come and help you."

"It's not a bit necessary, thank you," said Celia, stepping nimbly from one slab of rock to another; "it's just like a great staircase, and I am so accustomed to it."

With both hands in his, she gave one jump, and alighted by his side on the sands.

"It is not a very dignified mode of descent, is it? Mr. Hewing and Janie are close behind, but I thought I would take a shorter road. Have you seen mamma?"

He was standing close to her now, and looking at her anxiously. She seemed to him to be entirely unchanged; it might have been but a few days, instead of eighteen long months, since he had given orders for the payment of the legacy.

Yes, he said, in answer to the question, he had had a long talk with Mrs. Lake, and she had told him where to look for the rest of the party.

"I am pleased to see you again," he went on. "I don't much think of coming to England any more after this visit; I can't well be spared, things are not looking their best over there. But I didn't come to talk to you about that; you have very different matters to think of. First, let me congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Celia, and he fancied that a shade passed over her face. "I suppose mamma has been telling you about the wedding; it was settled in a great hurry. You see, Janie has been an anxiety to us the last year. The doctor says she ought to go abroad for the winter, and Mr. Hewing will take her to Italy before the fogs begin; he is so thoughtful and considerate." Then, with a little embarrassment—"The others don't know anything about the letter I wrote just before you left last year. Do you recollect posting it for me?"

"Yes; I recollect it perfectly."

"Of course, now, that is all just as if it never had been; you won't mind my asking you to forget all about it too? Mr. Hewing—Richard, might not like it."

"Very likely not," thought Lex, as he promised to efface the scene from his memory.

"Richard will go back to town to-morrow," began Celia again; "he says he has so many arrangements to make."

Lex had also intended to leave to-morrow, but the prospect of a long journey with Mr. Hewing not being soothing to his feelings, he made the first excuse for going at once that suggested itself to him.

"I shall have to be studying the train-books before that; my friends in the North expect me, and I must catch the last train to-night. It is getting late and cold already. I must be going back to the inn."

"Oh! don't go yet," exclaimed Celia; "it is such a long way to come for one afternoon, and we—mother and Janie—have so looked forward to seeing you. Here *is* Janie at last. How do you think she is looking?"

They had turned a sharp corner and entered a little bay; here a group of extreme interest met Lex's astonished eyes. Mr. Hewing, in shining boots and a preternaturally rough yachting suit, with a tourist's hat to match—Mr. Hewing, looking curiously self-important but yet less pompous than of yore, was helping Janie over a small rock with the greatest care and deliberation, and Janie was smiling and holding his arm with an expression of confidence and repose, as if she considered the very elements powerless to assail her when under such safe escort.

"Ha, ha! my young friend Romaine!" said Mr. Hewing, in hearty tones, after having ascertained that Janie had not got her feet wet during her perilous descent; "and how do you do, Romaine? My wife and I have anticipated your visit with pleasure. It is hardly necessary to introduce you to my wife, I presume—is it, my love?"

(This was to Janie, who, with the prettiest blush in the world, held out her hand, and said that she hoped Mr. Romaine had not forgotten her as soon as that).

Alexander Romaine stood gazing at Janie, who, in these few months had gained quite a matronly air, and went on chattering (covering his awkward silence) about her wedding, and mamma, and the beautiful scenery, and Richard's sagacity in admiring it as much as Switzerland, where he meant to take her by-and-by.

"Janie married to Mr. Hewing! Janie!" that was his one thought; but he, fortunately, preserved sufficient presence of mind to keep the sentiment buried in his own breast.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.—Our civilisation is founded absolutely and wholly upon the family, and the wife and mother determines the character and life of the family. Is it not worth our while, therefore—nay, is it not our highest and most imperative duty—to take care that our girls, upon whose shoulders such tasks as these are presently to fall, shall be fitted by every means in our power for the due and happy discharge of functions so important?

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.—Carry religious principles into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. The world passeth away. The things seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world," will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and moan over the perishableness of earthly things; it finds in them the seeds of immortality.

SAD SMILES.—There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at; but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

SWEET REPOSE.—When the pulse is almost paralysed by anxiety, half an hour's repose will cheer the circulation, restore tranquillity to the perturbed spirit, and dissipate those heavy clouds of ennui which sometimes threaten to eclipse the brightest minds and the best-hearted. Child of woe, lay thy head on thy pillow, and bless me for directing thee to the true source of Lethe and most sovereign *nepenthé* for the sorrows of human life.—*Dr. Kitchener.*

GOOD FRIDAY BUNS.—In the houses of some ignorant people a Good Friday bun is still kept "for luck," and sometimes there hangs from the ceiling a hard biscuit-like cake of open cross-work, baked on a Good Friday, to remain there till displaced on the next Good Friday by one of similar make. This is supposed to preserve the house from fire!

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER THE STORM.

EXT morning, Margaret came out of her room, a pale woman, with a strain across her brow and a strange light in her eyes. Her youth lay behind her. She had served God hitherto in her days of triumph and happiness and love; and whatever else was changed, He remained, though she must serve Him henceforth in solitude and patience and faith.

The island roads were well nigh impassable after the storm, but William Thomson contrived to ride over from Lerwick to Balacluva. When Margaret heard that he had arrived, straightway she desired to see him. That was what they noticed of her—that she denied herself to no one, and withheld herself from no duty. "You should spare yourself for awhile, dear lady," one of the old servants had ventured to whisper. Margaret had looked at her with surprised eyes, and had asked quickly—

"Why? What I leave off now, when shall I begin again? It will be always the same."

And they looked at each other and remonstrated no further.

When young Thomson came into her presence, she went up to him, and holding out her hand, said calmly—

"Of course—you know?"

He did not know what to say to her. All expression of sympathy died on his lip. He only answered, "Yes, we know: my mother and May—Miss Castle—are coming as soon as a vehicle can traverse the road."

"No," said Margaret, quickly, "please don't think of such a thing. I could not let your mother run such a risk. Besides, I shall be in Lerwick, and I will see her there. You know we have promised to be out of Balacluva early next week."

"But surely," began William Thomson, and then he paused. He was going on to say that surely the Orion-Stewarts would not press the fulfilment of such a promise. But it struck him that this remark might jar, since they might really have done so.

Margaret seemed to divine his thought. "We wish—my father and I—to go at the time appointed," she said. "Mr. Orion-Stewart kindly came over to entreat us to fix any other date which might suit us better. But why should we do so? All which is changed since we fixed it, only makes it more desirable that we should leave Balacluva at once. We can but cast a shadow on the incoming of its rightful owners; we do but sadden all our old friends." As she said that, her lip quivered.

"And you will not change your plans at all?" questioned William Thomson, rather wistfully. He and his mother and May had cherished a dream that Margaret and her father might stay a little while in Lerwick with them. The Thomsons' house was substantial and refined; though its rooms were few in number, they were not much more cramped than those of Balacluva, always excepting its great drawing-room. Mrs. Thomson would not have hesitated to offer a frank hospitality to the Balacluva people, had there been any occasion, in the days of their honour and prosperity. But she and her son were delicately reticent on the matter now. It is not at the moment that a beloved chief is deposed that his loyal followers will abate any tittle of ceremonial observance, though they might have smiled at such etiquette in brighter times.

Again, Margaret seemed to catch his meaning. "I think Mrs. Esselton will still wish us to join her," she said. "I am sure to have a letter from her at the first opportunity; and I don't doubt what it will be. If there is any necessary delay we can leave Balacluva as arranged, and await its readjustment in Lerwick. I shall ask your mother to take us in. There is nobody else whom I could dare to trouble with such sad visitors."

That was a tribute which William Thomson never forgot.

The few dark days wore by. The laird lived through them like a man in a dream. His vitality was failing. His heart and brain had given way before the terrible blow that had overtaken his own past and his own old honest pride. They seemed mercifully muffled now against the keenest edges of the strokes that had fallen since. He had felt himself smitten into a failed man, whether he was to cower over a bare fireside in a hired attic, or to sit in state by the hearth of a son-in-law who was a Marquis of Fowlis. It was very sad that the young man should be taken away in the days of his youth; but then everything was sad, and doubtless he was but taken away from the evil to come. It was an awful blow to Margaret; but she was a good girl and would not rebel; they would bear on together till the end. It seemed as if he thought there was nothing else in life but waiting for the end, and quite forgot that there were nearly forty years between him and his daughter, and that the heat and burden of the day were before her.

Mrs. Esselton did not disappoint Margaret. She did not wait to write a letter. She sent a long telegram, though that honourable lady had all her life had to look at her shillings far more carefully than many a shopkeeper's wife does. But if she was refined in her thrift, she was noble and wise in her little extravagances, and if she had often walked a weary mile to spare a cab fare, she knew of no better use for her shillings than to pour them out in a swift expression of her sympathy and reassurance of her sisterly helpfulness. "If I can give Margaret one soothed feeling," she thought, "it is better than offering a wreath to Fowlis' memory. My darling Fowlis!" Tears were streaming down the lady's cheeks, for hers was the genuine sympathy of mutual pain and loss. "Fowlis" had been good to her—the one bright spot of hope and love left in her life since her own "Charlie" had been taken from her. But sorrow did not stun the Honourable Mrs. Esselton. She had been experienced in it from her youth up, and she knew how the dark days of grief are followed by the long grey days of struggle and endurance. The true situation of the Balacluva family had begun to dawn upon her. "I expect the poor things will have scarcely a penny of their own," she mused. And who was to become responsible for the *carte-blanche* which the drowned man had given her for her hospitality towards them? Not that she wavered a moment in extending it, no—only it must be adjusted to the new facts. She trotted off to the pleasant roomy apartments which she had engaged for their visit, and of which she had not dreamed of taking possession till the day before they should come.

The landlady was a plain woman of the working classes—a cook, who had married a tailor, and being left a widow, had sold his business, and purchased the first-class lodging-house whose management would be within the compass of her own powers. Like a real lady, Mrs. Esselton attempted no evasion, threw no disguise over the truth. She said frankly that the death of one on whom the whole party had claims, and in whom they all trusted, had made it undesirable for them to incur so much expense as had before seemed legitimate. She did not wish to break her bargain and go scathless; she was ready to offer some compensation, being wise by experience to know that "the first loss is least." The landlady proved easy to deal with, as people often are if treated with candour and justice. The worthy soul named a moderate sum to save herself from loss, dropped a few tears, and said "she knew what change and sorrow were herself," and confided some of her own homely history to the Honourable Mrs. Esselton, whose culture was quite liberal enough to recognise the essential human elements under the lowly and trivial details. It did Mrs. Esselton good. She felt admitted to the freemasonry of misfortune, and it was cheering to find that this plain woman, who did not think herself irretrievably worsted and was bravely prepared to fight her battle of life, would certainly think herself quite wealthy if she could securely hope to earn about half what Mrs. Esselton still possessed in her own right. Some women might have felt that "that was quite a different matter." Not so, dauntless, thorough-bred Mrs. Esselton. She felt the balance was all on her own

side, because, she argued, "I've had enough of the fineries of life to know how little they can really do for one, and I have enjoyed that higher tone of education and thought which should set one above the petty rivalries and heart-burnings which are half the misery of narrow means." She and the good landlady parted on the best of terms, the latter finally advising her where she could get as many rooms as she had hoped to hire in her house, for as low a rent as she had paid for the fewer apartments Mrs. Esselton herself had hitherto occupied.

To this recommended quarter the lady instantly resorted. She was not surprised to find everything very different from all she had been accustomed to. To expect otherwise would have been to imply that hitherto she had been grossly imposed upon. But Mrs. Esselton accepted the changed situation, engaged the rooms, and instantly removed her own personal belongings to them. "I will occupy these for a few days alone," she thought; "that will enable me to discover their weak points and to find opportunity for strengthening them." And so a glaring carpet was hidden beneath a plain crumb cloth, and a few yards of tasteful cretonne worked wonders with the stiff horsehair furniture. A soft Syrian curtain, costing but a few pence, screened an outlook into a dingy back yard. Mrs. Esselton hung up her own dainty etchings (nearly all of them gifts from Lord Fowlis) in place of the gaudy chromos, and set forth her book-shelves, and a few rare bits of china," which were able to give distinction to any room." She found comfort in doing all this. It was her tribute of devotion to Fowlis' memory. And it was very odd that she felt richer now, trying to make every shilling do the work of two, for the sake of those to whose burdens she had resolved to put her own strength, than she had when indulging herself to the utmost of her means, lest any of her economies should give a too jarring sense of her poverty to the wealthy and noble who were willing to extend their luxuries to her.

"I begin to think I've learned how to be poor at last," she said to herself, even musing after her own humorsome fashion, "and once one's learned one's lesson, it always seems easy. I've no doubt the widow of Sarepta began to find it very exciting to watch how long that barrel of flour and cruse of oil would hold out; that possibly it seemed a little tame at first, when she got back to many barrels and several cruses of oil! I wonder if being poor develops one's sense of fun? Charlie said it did. Or does Providence allow the high-spirited and cheerful to be poor, because neither it nor the world could bear the moans and groans the dull ones would make if their mouths were not stuffed with lollypops? There's something very wonderful waiting for us when we get behind the arrangements of Providence—I'm quite sure of that, else it would not be Fowlis who would be cut off in his youth, nor Margaret who would be left to live just because she must—or my Charlie who—— Are these tears of mine for Fowlis or for Charlie? Ah, the old sorrow is always ready to break forth the moment any new grief gives it decent excuse! The secret of weeping for other's woes lies in taking them as opportunities for weeping over our own. Ah me! and it is such a short, short time since that sunny day in Fowlis Park, when the two poor dears did so set their hearts on doing the duties of their station! What a warm bright day that was, and now it is so cold! And I wonder what has become of May Castle! I hope that sweet Quixotic Margaret realises the changes enough to know better than to bring her here. Unless, indeed, her talents have developed so far that she can paint pictures for the common good of us all."

Mrs. Esselton need not have feared on that point. Margaret had instantly recognised the danger of living under the influence of old habits of thought and life which could no longer exist, and in consciously applying herself to set these aside, she had nearly gone to the other extreme. One of the old Balacluva servants caught her actually trying to cord one of her trunks, and during her last days in her old home she did everything for herself as if there was not a domestic in the house. Perhaps her instinct of duty did her real good in another way, for nothing so relieves an overburdened spirit or braces a breaking heart as manual work — that simple labour which wearies the body—an anodyne of God's own providing!

Margaret gave away her mother's favourite plants, carrying them with her own hands to the cottages of the poor neighbours, who could not look into her bright, solemn eyes because of the tears which blinded theirs. She gave away her mother's wardrobe and her own down to every scrap of bright ribbon. There was nobody whom she had known who did not receive something from her hoards "to remember her by." They would not need that, they said.

She was spared any further visit from the Orion-Stewarts. They themselves shrank from any such thought. Her supreme sorrow had surrounded her like a consecration, and even their mean natures would require some time to rally their forces of envy and belittlement.

It was odd, too, how the thought that her eyes had been vexed and her heart rasped by their presence after her last parting from Lord Fowlis seemed to Margaret the bitterest drop in her cup. It even seemed like a cloud between herself and the last pure radiance of her vanished joys. "I can't see them again if they come," she said, forlornly; "I need not, need I? It isn't my duty."

It is a terrible commentary on us when the sad shrink from us. The tenderest truth is told of the God-Man when we are taught that "the bruised reed He will not break and the smoking flax He will not quench." For "friends," as Bishop Jeremy Taylor tells us, "are necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are freinds in our sadnesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents."

Margaret now discovered why she had always found such delight in little Mrs. Thomson. It was that she was one of those who heal the wounded without hurting them. As she sat by her side and held her hand, all the bitter changes, even the great agony, seemed to alter their aspect. It did not seem to matter so very much that Lord Fowlis had passed out of the world at twenty-five instead of living in it till seventy; it only mattered that he had been brave and gentle and true, and that the world had been the better for his short life in it. It did not seem to signify much that she and her father had had to give up the name they had worn so proudly, but only that they had kept it without stain while they bore it. Sitting within the sound of Mrs. Thomson's gentle voice, and the sight of her sweet eager eyes, the dead mistress of Balacluva and the drowned Lord Fowlis did not seem far away or lost to Margaret, but only veiled by the soft mist of her own tears; for she had not wept much before, but she wept on Mrs. Thomson's shoulder.

As for May Castle, she stood apart yearningly showing her love and sympathy by all sorts of mute attentions. For she felt, rightly, that the terrible experiences and supreme anguish which Margaret had been through had set a real inequality between the two girls very different from the mere inequality of birth and wealth over which Margaret had lifted her with such noble ease. And yet May was having her own experiences. "Love teaches the lesson of loss" beforehand. And she measured what Margaret had lost in Lord Fowlis by what she was learning to feel she had found in William Thomson! And she felt angry with herself for daring to be happy when such sorrow had fallen on the one who had opened for her the gates of joy! It was true that William Thomson must soon go away on another voyage, but it seemed almost cruel that she was to be left busy with her beloved work, sitting by his mother's hearth, lapped in love, with poor Jock purring on the rug, while the gates of Balacluva closed behind Margaret and she went out alone into the cold world with no protector but one to whom in reality she must be henceforth shield and protection.

Mrs. Thomson read May's thoughts, and had her soothing ready for her too.

"Ah, my dear, don't pity Margaret. There's no happiness quite safe on this side of sorrow. She's in the shock of it just now, but we've got to wait and see what she'll be and do afterwards.

'"Tis in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won.'

Because it has fallen on her so early, she will have the longer day to work for her Master. And she'll soon find that she and Lord Fowlis cannot be really separated when they're both on God's side."

And to Margaret herself the good woman said, "Don't be afraid, when you hear yourself laugh again, my darling! Why, your first joyful thought may be a very gift from him you love! What do we know? We believe in ministering spirits, don't we? Well, the good Lord won't send strangers to

us when we have those of our own who love us. You won't forget; no, my dear, you'll remember more fifty years hence than you do to-day." (How that assurance from one who had suffered and who knew, comforted Margaret!) "But still you'll find that

> 'Tis natural to be glad,
> And no man can be always sad
> Unless he wills to have it so,"

by refusing the faith which God plants deep in our very nature. And you won't do that, my dear."

And so Margaret stood, in the wintry dawn, amid the roar of the fierce North seas which had refused to surrender more of the secret of the Osprey's wreck than a few shattered spars and the corpse of one poor sailor lad, and said farewell to her friends on the deck of the ship which was to bear her and her father far from the beloved home of their lives. She looked into the kind widow's face, and could express the resolution of her heart in no words better than the old child-like promise—

"I will try to be good: I will, really."

(To be continued.)

A DUTCH GIRL.

By Louise Stratenus.

GREAT scholars have told us in their books that though the earth might be covered with several feet of snow, not a single one of all the millions of falling flakes would be completely like another of its white brethren; yea, they may go further and state that no two drops of water are quite similar, as each contains different atoms and insects. Considering this amazing diversity in nature, we cannot wonder that there should exist such a great difference between each living soul in creation. Even where two children are brought up together, under exactly the same conditions, by the same parents, the same instructors, we often fail to find the slightest resemblance in character, and I need not say that, when reared in two different countries, the gulf of dissimilarity which divides them grows wider and wider.

In Holland, for instance, the sweetest of a girl's dreams is very often that of being some day able to cross the Channel, and to behold that land of marvels they call England. Even if they have never seen a child of Albion, they assure you, with something like enthusiasm, that no woman on earth is like her, and, notwithstanding the thousands of caricatures the French illustrations contain of John Bull and his daughter, a Dutch girl would esteem herself a beauty for life if told that she has the type of an Englishwoman. Many girls, especially at the Hague, use pens that will help them to a kind of English handwriting; and every dress, or book, or ornament that looks splendid in their eyes is pronounced to be "So quite English." As for the language, when all the other idioms of Europe seem rather a bother to them, many a girl who has not had the opportunity of learning English will teach it herself by taking a book and seeking the meaning of the words in a dictionary, which becomes henceforth her favourite companion. I knew a girl who began under similar circumstances with "Hamlet," and continued for a fortnight reading and reading it over, until it became quite clear to her mind. She spent her whole day at it, and learned in the evening, by heart, all the words she had sought in the dictionary. This will show you the great sympathy the Dutch girls feel for all that concerns England or the English people. Since the line Queenborough to Flushing was opened to the public, most of the English travellers who wish to take the easiest route to Germany go by Holland, and nothing is more amusing than to see the crowd of Dutch girls who come with their parents to the platforms of the stations of small country towns to watch with eager faces the English tourists who steam by in the mail-train, and who little guess with how great a sympathy they are greeted by so many young people, who would not dream of going to look at a passing train full of French or German people.

And why all this sympathy?

The Dutch girl would answer—Simply because they are English. She has never thought of seeking a reason for her enthusiasm, and still the roots of it lie very deep in the difference which exists between the two nations, or rather between the English and Dutch girlhood; and that difference we cannot describe better than by saying that the English girl represents the ideal which the Dutch child hopes to attain some day.

You will look surprised at this, dear English reader, but still it is quite true, and not meant to flatter you in the least, for the Dutch girl, who is brought up in a happy and simple home, and who has heard morning and evening the beloved voice of her father or mother read to her the sacred consolation of the Gospel, often feels it her duty to be something more than a doll, who goes from party to party in the hope of finding a husband to maintain her; and still no other way is open to her. She hears people telling of how the English girl, without casting off her womanly manners, her graceful ways, or her gentleness, is often the support of a household left poor after the death of a father. She hears of how the English girl, though still a gentlewoman in manners and ways, goes into the post office, the telegraph office, and numerous other respectable employments. She hears how a lady can enter the literary profession and still be considered as a lady. In Holland nearly everyone was frightened to death when some two years ago a young countess undertook to publish a book under her own name, and I may add here that it was a book of quotations which you could have given to a baby, so innocent they were. Some of the members of her family were very angry, although the girl herself pointed out to me the English papers containing the news that the English Princess Beatrice had done a similar thing.

The Dutch girl does not wish to resemble the French girl, who spends her girlhood in seclusion, and then has a match arranged for her with a man she has perhaps never seen, or for whom she may have an antipathy. She would not lead the fast and unhappy life the Frenchwoman leads, a life which makes you often doubt whether they have ever heard there was a God in heaven - a life full of pleasure and frivolities. And she feels even less sympathy with the German woman, who, though able to cook, is looked upon as merely a slave to father, brother, or husband, for if a German woman's dinner happens to be spoiled by the stupidity of the cook, all the gentlemen of the house will reproach with it its mistress, as if it were high treason.

But as regards the English girl, she is supposed to be a soft and ladylike being, who has learnt all she has to learn, and is ready, if needed, to earn a livelihood for her little brothers and sisters. Still, she is quiet, and does not choose employment for the sake of showing what are women's rights, but merely to maintain herself or aid her friends; while entering upon the different occupations open to her, the notion of "emancipation" does not enter her mind. This is the Dutch idea, and the girls sigh from the bottom of their hearts, "I would I were like you English."

For, as I have already said, if a lady of noble birth or position works, she loses caste because she is considered "an emancipated woman," which is a term of reproach—the voice of the Dutch people says, "marry or be a governess," the only alternatives for a young lady. So it is no wonder that the girls look on England as the land of promise, where woman, though not *un*womanly, can be independent and still considered.

Allow me to give you after this preface a little sketch, founded on facts, that may serve as illustration.

Aleida van Dormolen was seventeen years of age. Her chief objects in life were her little sisters. Their parents were dead, and they lived with an aunt of the father, who, a rather kind-hearted but disagreeable old maid, had consented to receive them into her house. Aleida was far from happy, but she tried her utmost to comfort the three little creatures who, she thought, were trusted to her care, and to be as a mother to them. Aunt Johanna told them invariably every day that she was very poor, that she had only taken them out of compassion, and that they would have to show themselves grateful for all the trouble they cost her, by learning as much as they could, and becoming governesses.

But Aleida thought her little darlings far too gentle and delicate to become, perhaps, the slaves of low-bred children, who might consider them beneath themselves in social rank, and whose parents would put the governess with the servants in a second-class carriage, while they and the children were to travel first class. This she had already seen. So, one day, when she was just seventeen, she made up her mind, and addressing her aunt, said with trembling voice—

"Aunt Johanna, I would like to say some words to you."

The old maid looked up from her knitting-work, and, taking off her spectacles, said: "Well, my dear, I am ready to listen to whatever complaint you wish to make, for I know youth is always ungrateful."

A bright flush coloured the cheeks of the young girl.

"It is not that, aunty," she said, with faltering voice. "Of course, my sisters and I shall always feel and appreciate your kindness to us; but I wish to earn some money for myself, so as to be able by-and-by to support the little ones."

"You do not mean to say so!" exclaimed the old maid, this time quite roused from her indifference. "You are too young as yet to pass your examinations."

"I know that, Aunt Johanna," was the quiet reply; "but then it is not the position of a governess that I aim at."

"And what position then, pray?" cried old Miss van Dormolen, with a wicked look in her green eyes, as if she intended to scratch out the violet ones of the young girl.

"I intend to gain their bread by getting translation work," stammered poor Aleida.

She might as well have killed Miss van Dormolen's favourite big grey cat, about the only living being that ever suffered itself to be petted by her, and was tenderly loved by its mistress.

"To translate!" screamed the old lady; "that means to work for the press, or, in other words, to become an authoress! You

ought to be ashamed of yourself, Aleida. We were never rich, but in none of the past centuries has a Miss van Dormolen thought of such a thing. I hope you won't disgrace your name—about the only thing left to you."

"It is just because I was not left with anything else that I wish to become independent of the kindness of others, and work for my little sisters," answered the young girl, while she tried her utmost to conceal the tears that gathered to her eyelids.

"Don't be silly. Be a governess," said her aunt. "Many girls in your condition do the same thing, and it is not at all unpleasant if only you know how to make yourself agreeable. A hundred orphans have done so before you."

"But then they had no little sisters," sobbed the poor girl.

"And what difference, pray, can that make to you?" spoke the old lady, in a very disagreeable tone. "They are well attended to, well nourished, and happy here. As soon as you earn money yourself, you may send some for them, and I will buy them new dresses. I do not see what more you could wish for them."

Aleida did not answer again. She only bowed her head, and two big tears fell down her cheek. What she wished for the little ones was no splendid food, no rich dresses—nothing whatever but a little motherly love, such as she alone could give them.

From that day Aleida never breathed a word about her projects for the future, and her aunt thought her quite converted to better ideas, and attributed it only to her little disappointment when she heard her neighbours complain of Aleida's distractions, her sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks. But before another year had passed Miss van Dormolen had the greatest fright she ever recollected to have had in her life: she saw her name, her own name, in print in the newspapers.

When she had a little recovered from her fit of rage, she rang the bell and sent at once for Aleida, who was studying in her bare little room.

"You are going to leave my house," she cried, as soon as she caught sight of the young and trembling girl. "Even if you were to go down on your knees, I would not keep a person under my roof who has disgraced her name and mine."

Aleida grew very pale.

"I do not understand you," she said, slowly.

"You don't? Well, I will explain," sneered the old lady. "You know I told you before that no Baroness van Dormolen would condescend to see her name in print."

"But—I did not know mine was already in, aunty!" said the girl, with faltering voice.

"You did not know it! Then what means the announcement of the book, '"Kinderleed:" written by Aleida van Dormolen'?"

With a desperate look in her large eyes, the young girl threw herself at the feet of her aunt.

"Listen to me," she said, with a low and beseeching voice. "I did not know my book was already published, and would not have written it under my own name were it not that the editors only consented to its publication on those terms. They said a well-known name was everything in a small country like this. And you see, if I disobeyed you, it was because I could earn money for the little ones."

Miss van Dormolen rose with difficulty from her easy-chair, and putting her cat and knitting aside, walked straight to the door by which her niece had entered, and opening it, said—

"Since you gain money in a way that ought to make you feel ashamed, you have only to leave this house. I am not going to protect anyone who does not deserve it. As for the other children——"

"Oh, let them accompany me!" implored Aleida. "I will work for them; they will be my joy, my consolation, my all!"

"They will stay with me," answered her aunt. "I wish to save them from such an example as yours."

* * * *

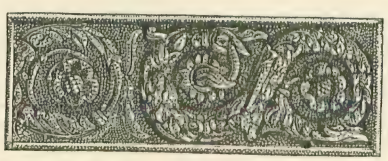
Some years after this a young and handsome lady, dressed in black, was returning home. She thought of the words just quoted, and felt a sharp pain, for though her apartments were rich in books and manuscripts, these were her only companions; for she was one of those outcasts of society who have never a friendly voice to welcome them and to make their house a real home. What had been her guilt, my readers? Do follow me just one moment more, and you will see.

It is a nice little room, that in which Aleida van Dormolen composes her poems and other writings, and several portraits on the walls show that she has more than one good friend, especially among the authors of her country. In a box on her writing-table are laying four medals that might show you she has been fortunate in her publications, were it not that the young poetess herself does not even remember that they are there, and has never cared for their possession, since none of her sisters has ever touched them. But then, glory often comes when uncalled.

She has one thing only she treasures more than all the laurels fame could give her. It is an envelope containing three locks of hair; three yellow curls. Those from whose beloved head she cut them once have now hair of other shades, and would laugh if told that those fair curls once belonged to them; and indeed it may be, after all, that the eldest sister kissed them into gold, since a love like hers leaves ever a golden hue on the object it dotes upon.

But though she has loved them thus—those little angels of her youth—none of them was ever given back to her. Educated under the far greater control of their aunt, they learnt to adopt her way of viewing things, and to believe the life of Aleida a disgrace to their name. Still this eldest sister has sent all the money she could save to "the little ones," as she still persists in calling them—having not only written, but taught languages to gain it. Two of them are already married and happy, and the youngest is to follow her bridegroom to India towards the beginning of next year, and then—Aleida's task will be done. There will be no longer anyone to work for. She thinks of this, and her poor heart fails within her.

Yet only for a minute, for Aleida van Dormolen's soul is brave, and she thinks of Him who, after having chosen to wear a crown of thorns on this earth, left us the poor to tend and comfort when He ascended into heaven. She kneels down and beseeches her Heavenly Father to grant her the courage to live and work for the sick and the afflicted. And though there is no light of happiness in her poor dimmed eyes, though she is forsaken by those to whom she devoted her young and glorious life, a sunbeam from without comes and kisses her head, and glances thence to the picture of a cross round which the words "Ask in faith!" are glistening in this light from Heaven.



CISSY'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II.

RAVENSHOLME.

"I SHOULD let the child go," Mr. Nelson had said, in answer to his wife's objections to the proposed visit. "She has set her heart on it. She believes that Ravensholme is a sort of enchanted palace of delights, and that its inhabitants are far above all ordinary care and sorrow. Let her go and see the truth for herself. Nothing teaches like experience, and it will be better for her to go and see for herself that life is not unbroken sunshine anywhere."

So it was decided; and when Cissy knew she was to be allowed to accept Gwenny's invitation she was thrown into a state of rapturous delight, dashed only by a feeling of remorse for her sullenness of the morning.

And the next ten days she was in a constant whirl of excited preparation for the visit, preparation in which her mother helped her so kindly and thoughtfully, entering apparently so fully into her daughter's anticipated pleasure, that Cissy could not but experience a feeling of self-condemnation that she should be so glad to leave that tender mother.

She clung to her at the last with many a tearful embrace; kissed her and Effie over and over again, feeling for the moment that not all the delights of Ravensholme could make amends for losing their sweet company even for a few weeks.

But she was in the train at last, driven to the quiet country station by her father; had bidden good-bye to him, and seen the last of his dear familiar face as he stood on the platform, and the train steamed slowly out; and as every turn of the wheels brought her nearer the end of her journey, her spirits rose with every mile, and her heart fluttered with pleasant anticipation.

It was not a very long journey, "as the crow flies," from the sleepy little country village where Cissy lived to Ravensholme; but it was a tedious cross-country journey, necessitating frequent changes and weary waits at wayside stations, and it was consequently nearly five o'clock when at last the train drew up at the picturesque station where Cissy, hot, weary, and dusty, was to stop.

She looked round rather eagerly as she alighted, hoping to see either Gwenny or Irene on the platform waiting for her; but instead, a neatly-dressed groom came forward, and, touching his hat, said—

"Miss Nelson, I think? Please, ma'am, the young ladies sent their excuse, but they have a lawn tennis party at home, so could not come to meet you. But I have the victoria here, and will see to your boxes if you would kindly tell me which they are."

Poor Cissy could not help a slight chill coming over her. It seemed to her such a poor welcome, to send only a servant to meet an expected guest; and she thought rather ruefully how she would have met Gwenny or Irene so joyfully had they been coming to her instead. Would any lawn tennis party have kept her at home? No, indeed!

But she had no time to indulge in such thoughts, for there was her modest luggage to claim, and when she was once seated in the phaeton, that was waiting outside, and driving swiftly along the dusty road, she had no time to spare for anything but admiration of the lovely country through which she was being carried; for the road ran between overarching woods of pine, and the whole air was redolent of their sweet pitchy fragrance, while every now and then came little peeps of undulating country, with stretches of the silver river and green pastures spotted with cattle quietly grazing.

Ravensholme came in sight at last, a venerable pile of buildings, with its hoary ivy-crowned turrets, pillared balconies, long rows of windows reflecting the sunshine with dazzling light; its well-kept garden, with bright parterres of flowers and a background of rich cool green.

Up the smooth drive they swept, and as the carriage turned the corner to the front of the house, they came directly upon the lawn tennis party; some busy with the game, and some grouped round the tea-table, where Mrs. Stanhope sat dispensing cups of tea to her various guests, lounging comfortably between times in the depths of her low basket chair, under the shade of a huge white lace parasol.

Irene was the first to observe the new arrival, and came tripping gaily to meet Cissy, racquet in hand, followed almost immediately by her sister.

Cissy's first thought was one of unbounded admiration. How exquisite the two sisters looked in their white flannel dresses, each with a pale blue handkerchief knotted carelessly round her throat and a coquettish little cap of the same colour perched on the top of her coil of fair hair, and matching so well the blue of her eyes; her second thought was how delightfully cool and fresh and neat they looked; and her third what a dusty, grimy, hot and tired contrast she must present after her long journey through the hottest part of the afternoon.

She was uncomfortably conscious that her hair was coming down; that her face was hot and red, and that there was a sooty smudge on her cheek.

"Poor dear, how hot and tired you look!" was Irene's first greeting, as she kissed her friend lightly on the cheek, while Gwenny held back, saying, with a laugh, which made Cissy miserably uncomfortable—

"How do you do, Cis? I think I'll reserve the pleasure of kissing you until you've washed your face. You do look as if you'd been in the dust and smoke all day."

"Never mind," said her sister, more kindly, while Cissy tried to laugh carelessly, as if she did not mind an atom. "Come along, and speak to mamma. You shall have a cup of tea and some strawberries and cream, and then you shall go and wash your poor little face. Mamma, here's Miss Nelson," leading Cissy forward. "She's dying for a cup of tea after her long journey, so please give her one at once."

"Of course, you must be," said Mrs. Stanhope, in a tone which was meant to be kind and cordial, but which sounded cold and artificial to her guest. "Come and sit down here by me in the shade and rest."

"And you, Mr. Baldwin," said Gwenny, in a tone of authority, to a tall young man in flannels; "come and make yourself agreeable to Miss Nelson. You've just lost that last game for me, so I do not want you again for a time. Besides, I am sure you will be charmed to talk to Miss Nelson. She is from the country, and knows nothing of town life, so it will be quite a refreshing change to you. So come along. Cissy, my dear, this is our friend, Mr. Baldwin, who will make himself agreeable to you while I go and make up another set. You won't mind my leaving you, of course?"

Cissy had flushed up angrily at her friend's words, thinking they conveyed a covert sneer at her countrified appearance, and suddenly began to be miserably conscious that she did present a very different aspect—apart from the soil of travel—to the fashionable, well-dressed group of people around her. And Gwenny had noticed the difference, and intentionally had drawn the young man's notice to it! It was very unkind of Gwenny, and Cissy felt, all at once, that she was, in truth, only a stupid country girl without a word to say.

Meantime Mr. Baldwin had dropped lazily into a low chair at her side with the half-lisping remark, "So you've just arrived, Miss—ah—Nelson?"

This was such a self-evident fact that Cissy could think of nothing to say but simply, "Yes."

Then a silence ensued, during which she stole a glance at her companion just sufficient to assure herself that he was a very plain young fellow, with a very stupid expression, who was yawning surreptitiously behind his hand. He was tall, but clumsily built, with sloping shoulders and slim, white, useless-looking hands, and feet shod in narrow pointed tennis shoes of the smallest possible size, which, in the intervals of yawning, he appeared to be admiring tremendously.

His manners, appearance, and drawling lisp all filled Cissy with aversion, and she felt indignant with Gwenny for planting such an uninteresting companion upon her, a man who seemed to think it too much trouble to say anything to her, or even ask her to have a second cup of tea, though he must have seen how long she had been holding her empty cup in her hand nervously wondering how to get rid of it. He presently began to talk across her to Mrs. Stanhope, who answered him most graciously, and seemed bent on making herself as agreeable to him as might be. But both ignored Cissy, who was heartily glad when, at last, she was shown to her own room to unpack and dress for dinner. So, declining the offered services of Mrs. Stanhope's maid, she locked herself in her room, flung the window wide open, and sat down to breathe the fresh air, feeling more dull, lonely, and even homesick, than she could have believed would have been possible on the first day of her arrival.

"What a poor welcome I have got!" she said to herself, rather bitterly. "Neither Gwenny nor Irene seems the least bit pleased to have me here; I've hardly had a word with either, while Mrs. Nelson scarcely speaks, and I am sure she looks down upon me. I don't think I'd have come if I'd known how little they cared to have me, only Gwenny seemed to want me dreadfully when she wrote."

And here, tired, lonely, and dispirited, poor Cissy let fall a few hot tears.

But she soon pulled herself up. What a foolish girl she was to make a trouble about nothing; to be fancying slights when there were none in reality; she who had always said she thought it was so stupid and self-conceited of people to be always looking out for slights, and taking offence when none was meant. What a goose she was! Of course, Gwenny and Irene were really glad to have her, only when they were surrounded by so many other guests she must not expect all their attention to be bestowed on her. Of course not. How ridiculous that would be!

She dashed away the hot tears, and with a resolute attempt to be cheerful and enjoy herself, she poured cold water into the basin and bathed her hot face and hair, and then set to work busily to unpack and have all her small belongings tidily stowed away before the gong rang for dinner.

But before she had finished knotting her abundant hair and had donned her simple dress of grey cashmere there was a knock at the door, and upon her opening it Gwenny entered unceremoniously; Gwenny looking lovely in her perfectly-fitting dress of soft cream silk, with a big bunch of Gloire de Dijon roses on her shoulder.

"I haven't had a word with you yet," she began, throwing herself into an easy chair, and rapidly glancing over Cissy from head to foot with eyes that let nothing escape them, and which made the poor girl exceedingly uncomfortable. "I couldn't get to speak to you while tennis was going on, so I hurried over my dressing to come and have a chat before dinner. Yes, my dear, you certainly look more reputable than you did when you arrived, so hot and dusty, and with a great smudge on your cheek. Your dress isn't a bad colour for a little Puritan as you are, but it fits atrociously. You must let Hortense, my maid, alter it for you to-morrow. And I'd put some of those dark red roses," she went on, coolly, unconscious of having said anything rude, or that she had made Cissy's cheeks tingle with shame and annoyance, "there, from the vase on the dressing-table, at your throat. You want something to relieve your sombreness. And now tell me what you thought of Mr. Baldwin."

"Mr. Baldwin?" echoed Cissy, rather taken aback by the suddenness of the question.

"Yes, Mr. Baldwin. Isn't he a nice fellow?"

"He hardly spoke a word to me," was the cautious answer; "so I can hardly judge."

"Ah, I daresay he saw you were from the country, and so did not know what to talk about," Gwenny said, coolly. "You see he's a thorough man about town, and doesn't know much about the rotation of crops and so forth. I dare say he thinks you aren't interested in anything else," and she laughed airily. "But, tell me, don't you think he is very good-looking?"

"If you want my candid opinion," Cissy replied, rather hotly, vexed with both Gwenny's tone and words, "I don't think he's the least bit. And as to my being interested in nothing else but country matters, he can't know anything about it, for he did not address more than one remark to me."

Gwenny laughed again. "Well, don't be cross, there's a dear. You'll think him an awfully nice fellow when I tell you about him. Why, do you know he's next heir to a baronetcy, with only a dreadful old uncle, nearly a hundred, between him and it; and he's awfully rich now, while as to what he will have some day, when the old man goes off the hooks, it is impossible to say. He'll be a millionaire at the very least. Why, my dear, the girls are all wild after him, and there isn't one in this house who isn't making a dead set at him, and who wouldn't give her eyes to catch him. But, privately, I believe he's divided between Irene and me, and I can assure you I do not mean my dear sister to steal a march upon me in this thing. We've quarrelled about him no end already, and I declare I sometimes almost hate Irene when I see her laying herself out to catch him."

"Oh, don't, don't," cried Cissy, horrified. "What dreadful things you say, Gwenny! You couldn't hate your own sister, and you'd never lower yourself to try and catch any man, as you say, no matter how rich he was. Don't make yourself out so bad, dear. I'm sure you don't mean it."

"About the girls trying to catch Harry Baldwin?" retorted Gwenny, defiantly. "But I do. It's true every word, and I'll wager you'll not be far behind, when you've had a chance, in spite of all your holy horror now. But never mind that," she went on, quickly, as if anxious to change the subject, "I want to tell you about our season in town, and what a success we both were. On the whole, I don't think Irene was so much admired as I was; but I'll tell you, and then you can judge for yourself." And then, until the gong rang, Miss Gwenny rattled on about her triumphs in the past months, with a host of frivolous details, hardly giving Cissy time to put in a word, still less to tell of any of her own affairs, which, to tell the truth, were matters of supreme indifference to selfish Gwenny.

When the gong sounded, she linked her arm in Cissy's, and the two girls tripped down the wide shallow staircase together to the drawing-room, where the rest of the party were already assembled.

As they entered, Cissy, who had been looking into her friend's face, was struck to see the change that suddenly came over it. She had been gay and smiling, and in a moment her face looked like a thunder cloud. What was the reason? Only that her quick eye had espied her sister sitting on the curtained seat of one of the windows, side by side with Harry Baldwin, who was holding a skein of crewel silk for her to wind, and holding it so awkwardly that the two were laughing together over the light task as merrily as two children.

The sudden anger and jealousy on Gwenny's face were unmistakable, and Cissy almost shrank from her in dismay and revulsion. That look, and Gwenny's few careless words, had shown a side of her character which Cissy had scarcely known before. Her great admiration had blinded her hitherto to the trivial schoolgirl tempers and jealousies Gwenny had shown; but the thoroughly selfish, worldly life the girl had led since had made her worst faults increase and flourish, and the sudden revelation came like a shock to poor Cissy.

It haunted her, too, through all the long courses of dinner, making her watch the two sisters furtively the while, and she could not fail to see the angry glances which each shot against the other from time to time, while all the while they were smiling sweetly, as if neither had a thought beyond the light banter going on around the dinner table.

(To be continued.)

"OLD BRUCE WOULD ALWAYS RETURN WITH MY DEAR G. O. P. IN HIS MOUTH." *Vide Emily's letter to the Editor.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

B. E. F.—You had better write to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and ask her advice and a recommendation of any school with which she is acquainted. You might also look for advertisements in some paper; for instance, in the *Guardian*.

Old Tom.—The "Educational Year Book," and another, called "Our Schools and Colleges," may be obtained by ordering them at any booksellers. The degree of "B.A." means that of "Bachelor of Arts."

Rest.—There is no fault to be found, we think, with the French spoken at Lausanne, when the two young Princes of Wales were sent there last winter to improve their French, and Lausanne was selected by their father. We could not comply with your request.

Bird's Eye.—You will find Harland Coultas' "Home Naturalist," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., a very useful book. We could not say what day the 21st of ——, 1883, was unless we knew the month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Angelina.—Your handwriting is a good one. We are glad to hear from your friend Seraphina that our paper is as welcome to you (in Germany) as water in a desert, and from you that "it is quite as useful in a house as *borax* baking powder!" This sounds very nice. You are only too good in proposing to call and see us at our office, but no one is admitted unless on editorial business, and we regret that we cannot have the pleasure of an interview.

Bella Sunnyside wishes to know why all German gentlemen are not as good-looking as English, and why they nearly all wear glasses. Why are the North American Indians "red-men?" Why are negroes black? Why have monkeys tails? and why have guinea-pigs none? As to their wearing glasses, it is because they have poor sight and weak eyes, which, having probably been overstrained for several generations, the defect has become hereditary.

M. Spout.—Soup is cheaply made, and filling at the price; we know of no other reason why Germans should take it all the year round. We are glad that you relish our paper so much more than your daily soup. Your handwriting promises well.

An Uneducated Factory Girl.—Try to be calm. Nevertheless there is nothing to feel ashamed of in blushing. Working in a factory is likely to make you pale, and a little pink in your cheeks could not disfigure you. Very likely your digestion is weak, and a trip into the country, such as you propose, is likely to do you good. We wish you a pleasant holiday.

Campbellian Rose.—We should strongly recommend your friend to procure a suitable wash for her face from a doctor. He would give a preparation that she could use without fear, and possibly the skin might be more or less restored in time. You write a nice hand, and we thank you for the commendation bestowed on our paper.

A Greek Girl.—"When Greek joins Greek, then is the tug of war," is a quotation from the drama of *Alexander the Great* (slightly altered), the reference being to the obstinate resistance of the Greek cities to Philip and Alexander, the Macedonian kings. 2. The word "literature" should be pronounced as spelt, but the last syllable is very usually sounded as if written "chur."

Nuisance.—So long as the world lasts, and the present dispensation continues, the laws which God has ordained for its government shall be carried out as regards both it and man. His decrees cannot be set aside or reversed, and His laws for man's rule of life are those of holiness, justice, and mercy.

C. Cameron.—Love-birds require great care, and should have very much larger cages than are usually bestowed upon them. Their diet should be mixed, fruit being given, and a certain amount of hard food, such as almonds, otherwise their bills will grow out of due proportion.

J. L.—The centigrade thermometer is almost universally adopted in scientific works, is chiefly used in France, and is in general use on the Continent of Europe, as well as in America. Reaumur is employed in Russia and Sweden, and a good deal in Germany also, and Fahrenheit by the English. The scale of the centigrade or thermometer of Celsius is reduced to Fahrenheit by multiplying by nine and then dividing by five. That of Reaumur to Fahrenheit by dividing by four instead of five. The scale of Fahrenheit is divided into 180 degrees; that of the centigrade into 100; and of Reaumur into eighty also. We have not space to enter into explanatory calculations respecting the three modes of measuring heat and cold.

Mawseed.—The bird needs more exercise and air. Let it fly about for an hour daily, in an empty room, and give it an empty reel to peck.

Pauline.—We think cheerfulness can be cultivated like any other quality, so if you desire to be a nurse, or to be with children, you must study to be cheerful.

Good for Nothing.—We can only advise you to try to become good for something as soon as possible. Conduct and habits are quite in your own power, and, aided by the grace of God, you can do everything.

La Petite Fadette.—We fancy you mean Conrad, afterwards called Lara, the hero of "The Corsair," a poem by Lord Byron, continued in "Lara."

Excitable Sixteen.—It is probably some temperance order; why did you not inquire at the time? Acknowledge the receipt of the wedding cake in a kind note.

Bella.—The reason of the association of chimney sweepers with the old rites of Mayday does not appear to be known. Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, who died in 1800, gave an entertainment to them for many years on Mayday. It is said that it was to commemorate the circumstance of her son having been found amongst them. The celebration of Mayday dates from heathen times.

Purple Iris.—There should be water plants in the glass globe in which your gold and silver fish are kept, and the water should not be very frequently changed. Very fine bread-crumbs, flies, worms, and dried and powdered yolk of egg may be given to them in very small quantities. You will find more directions respecting them in previous numbers of this paper. 2. The 4th of August, 1872, was a Sunday.

Fred.—You may get rid of black beetles by keeping a hedgehog. 2. Magpies will eat insects of all kinds, worms and beetles, bread, finely-chopped meat, fruit, and vegetables, almost any kind of food, and they are very voracious.

Plain Thirty-five.—We could not possibly pronounce an opinion on any of the multitudes of depilatories recommended by those who make them. The wash for removing sunburn which you name does not produce the growth of hair of which you complain, so far as we have been acquainted with it. Some persons show a natural tendency to such superfluous growths, and it is better that they should restrict themselves to the use of gentle friction with pumice stone.

Very Unhappy One.—As you have been bound for two years to the business of confectionery, you can only make it your duty to learn it well, and when that time is completed you can only leave the next step taken to the direction of your parents. Perhaps they would wish you then to make use of your acquirements for your own support, rather than to return home and depend upon them. We do not think that you need be unhappy about your choice, as your parents consented to it.

Edie.—We give certain addresses—those of charitable or educational institutions, or of religious societies, and we allow two questions to be asked.

Lily of the Valley has our very warm thanks for so encouraging an expression of gratitude for our paper. Reduce the size of your handwriting, use a better pen, and dark ink. Your writing of the name substituted for your own is not legible. You might be admitted free and without letter at Guy's Hospital, Borough, S.E., at the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, King William-street, and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, West Smithfield, E.C. Apply for a prospectus, stating your case, to the secretaries of all these, and decide for yourself.

Irene Roy.—You cannot expect to find all the events in the history of the Christian Church recorded in the Holy Gospels nor the Book of the Acts. Much that has been asserted in reference to it (that history) rests entirely on tradition. Certainly no mention made in the New Testament of our Saviour having made the appointment to which you refer.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—No. 247. SEPTEMBER 20, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"HAD Everard Cranswick contented himself by expressing disapproval of his nephew's choice, Austin might have bided his time, and at last induced his uncle to consent. But the bitter words stung him, and he answered firmly that he had already borne too much from one who would not hesitate to wreck the happiness of those he professed to love in order to gratify his temper.

"Felicia he scorned to defend, and added, 'Leave Silvermere to whom you will. But, that I cannot separate my mother's memory from it, I would try to forget the scene of my bondage. I will never pass another night under its roof.'

"It is sad to tell this, Hilda," continued Mr. Oakley, "but I must do so in order to make all plain to you.

"A scene of ungovernable passion and bitter recrimination followed. The two parted in anger, and met no more on earth.

"Austin was not dependent on his uncle, and he went straight to Mr. Ormerod, told him all, and asked his consent to his own marriage with Felicia, should he succeed in winning her's.

"Mr. Ormerod liked and had often pitied Austin. His character was good, and, even without Silvermere, he would be no bad match for his daughter, whose happiness he believed to be involved. Probably, too, Mr. Ormerod was angry at the manner in which Mr. Cranswick had spoken of her, and consented the more readily out of opposition to him. He was well convinced that Silvermere would never come to Austin, and, indeed, that nothing would induce him to accept it if it were offered.

"So the marriage took place, and Austin left the neighbourhood with his wife, only her family being acquainted with the destination of the young couple.

"Then Mr. Ormerod was preferred to a valuable living at a distance, and this one connecting link was lost. It was merely rumoured that Austin and his wife had left England for Australia."

"I understand now," said Hilda, 'why the name in Mr. Brooke's letter startled you so much."

"Partly, my dear; but I have more to tell. I believe old Everard hoped for the return of his nephew, for he did love him, and was willing to forgive. But Austin made no sign. Then came news of his marriage, and, in a tempest of rage, the old man bade his lawyer summon your father, then Charles Sinclair, to Silvermere.

"'I WAS WRONG IN PLAYING THE TEMPTRESS.'"

All rights reserved.]

"How Mrs. Sinclair would have triumphed had she been living! But probably if she had the invitation would never have been sent. It was accepted, and Mr. Cranswick found in your father a different man from Austin. He was already rich, and cared little for increasing his wealth. He was kind to his aged relative, but there was no pandering to his prejudices, no flattery, no blaming of Austin to curry favour with Mr. Cranswick. The old man felt from the first that he could not take liberties with Charles Sinclair, and he treated him with a respect he had rarely shown to anyone before, except to his parents and his stepmother.

"Your father tried to reconcile the uncle and nephew, and strove to find the latter, but was thwarted by Austin's abrupt departure. So the estate was left to your father on condition of his taking the name of Cranswick. He was also bound never to convey any portion of Silvermere to Austin, whose name was only mentioned in this way. In vain he pleaded for a division of the property.

"'Take Silvermere or leave it,' said Mr. Cranswick. 'If you refuse it, Austin will not be a penny richer.'

"You know the result, Hilda. Your father always hoped to find Austin and share with him the property which he owned before Silvermere came into his hands. During the year the old man lived your father spent much of his time with him, and, without preaching, strove to lead his mind to higher and better things.

"Many said that Everard Cranswick had never been so loveable as during those last months of his life. He had been more moved than he liked to own by your father's pleading.

"A short time before his death he whispered, 'Charles, if you ever meet with Austin, tell him I forgave him and was sorry I had been so hard.'

"'I will,' replied your father, 'and I will strive to find him and deliver the message. Will you not do more? A new will might yet be made.'

"'Too late. Austin is far away. All would be unsettled. But, if you find him wanting help—you are rich, give it for my sake.'

"'I will, as to a brother,' was the answer. The old man's face lighted with pleasure, but he never spoke again. His last effort had been made for Austin, his last hour was cheered by the thought that he had been enabled to forgive, and to ask for him the friendship of a true-hearted man.

"When we are drawing to the close of life, we think less of the wrong done to us, while our own share of the blame looks larger in dying eyes. What we want, when about to appear before our God, is the power to say from the heart, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

"These things happened long before your father and I knew each other. He was above forty when he married my sister, a girl of nineteen. Then my brother Maurice married his cousin, and the families were doubly connected. He and I became deeply attached to each other. He gave me his entire confidence, and all I have told you came straight from his own lips.

"It is forty-eight years since your father took the name of Cranswick and became heir of Silvermere. While he lived he never ceased his endeavours to discover Austin, but his efforts were vain. The message of old Everard has never been delivered, and your father left it in trust to me."

"Along with that money, Uncle Edward?" asked Hilda. "The twenty thousand pounds is held in trust for Austin or his descendants, is it not?"

"Partly, dear. You will not be of age for a year. There are no accumulated rents, so the trust money alone is available in case of emergency."

"Such as would result from your finding any one belonging to Austin Cranswick?"

"Yes, but you were to be told the whole story on your twenty-first birthday, in any case. Cautiously worded advertisements have been inserted at intervals through all these years.

"I believe that Austin Cranswick was informed about his uncle's will and your father's assumption of the name, but persevered in his determination never to communicate with anyone connected with Silvermere, or to see it again. He may not have bound his children, but until Christmas Eve I thought and hoped we had heard the last of him and his."

"How would the coming of this cousin affect me?" asked Hilda. "The trust money could be well spared, and I should be delighted to see him and do my share in carrying out my—shall I call him?—very great uncle's last wish. Austin may even yet be living. He married when so young."

"He would now be a little over seventy. But, Hilda, what your father said was, 'I leave this money to meet any need that may arise in connection with this matter which has long lain near my heart. Use it, if necessary, before Hilda is of age. If afterwards you make a discovery, let her make amends in her own way. I may have been over-indulgent, but she is a girl of generous impulses, and will do what is just, or even a little more.'"

The girl's face brightened, though her eyes filled.

"Oh, Uncle Edward," she cried, "I am so truly glad that, in spite of all my wayward, selfish ways my dear father could trust me. Let me know his wish; I will carry it out with all my heart."

"Once, dear, he wanted to restore Silvermere to Austin, but the will prevented this, and the old man repented too late. A year hence you may do as you choose, but I could not say to you, 'Give up Silvermere to any distant cousin who may appear.' You could not be expected to do it now. But I promised not to influence you. For another year the trust must be in abeyance, unless it should be wanted to carry out your father's wish. Should no kinsman appear, it will be absolutely yours twelve months hence."

"The responsibility will remain, Uncle Edward, only then it will rest on my shoulders," said Hilda. "Now you share it by keeping that money intact."

"Thank God it is intact. I shudder when I think that I might have used it. I truly believed that only you could be affected by its loss, and I thought this an impossibility. Then, after fifty years of silence, who could guess that we should hear of Austin Cranswick?"

Hilda clasped her uncle's snowy head to her breast and said, "I was wrong in playing the temptress, but that trouble is past and gone, and the path of right made plain to me, too, as the path of happiness. It is all the brighter now, because the cloud of temptation once hung over it. About other matters we can only wait. But when the time comes you will strengthen me to carry out my father's wish in its entirety."

After this conversation, Hilda had enough to think about. She was glad that the mystery was solved and that she understood her father's will and could talk over its details with Mrs. Oakley. Silence would have been almost unbearable, and her uncle was much occupied and had little time for fireside conferences with Hilda.

"My trouble, mother dear," said the girl, "is this: I am so rich in prospects, so poor in present power to use my money. This myth of a cousin is the only person I can help in any case, for that wretched trust money must remain as it is. I shall never use it for Austin Cranswick or his heirs if they do appear. I have settled what to do for them."

"Time enough to decide, my dear, when you see for whose benefit you are about to act."

Hilda mused a little, then changed the subject. "We start this day week for Treneweth, do we not? All around has suggested trouble and anxiety for a long time past. It will be good for you to get away from Brinnington."

"For all of us, dear, and I hope we shall be fitted for renewed effort when we return. We start on the 4th. On January the 5th there is to be the Oakley gathering. We shall fill the grand old house, Hilda."

Then the mother's face fell a little, for she thought of Allan; but Hilda suggested that good news would certainly come soon.

The intervening days seemed long to the twins, but they passed in due course, and on the evening of the 4th all the expected guests, and one beside, were gathered at Treneweth.

It was growing late, and the mothers were hinting at the propriety of retiring, especially in prospect of the morrow's festivities.

"Just five minutes more," pleaded the twins, and truly it seemed a pity to disturb such a picturesque group as the youngsters presented, so Aunt Lydia interceded.

"Honour bright, then, Jack, five minutes only. I trust you," said Mr. Oakley, and the youth nodded assent.

But Jack was not held to his promise. There was a sound of wheels on the gravel, and then a carriage stopped at the hall door.

"Who can be coming?" said Uncle

Geof. "We cannot accommodate another guest, and we expect none."

Another moment and Jack exclaimed, "I know whose voice that is."

He did not finish his sentence. The room door was opened, and there stood Robert Brooke. What cries of surprise and welcome followed! What clasping of hands and expressions of joy at the sight of that bright face, which forbade the thought of bad news waiting to be told. At once Mr. Brooke said, without waiting for a question, "I left Allan well, happy, and usefully employed. I know all here were longing for just this piece of news," and he added with a laugh, "I have occupied myself for the last few minutes in composing a sentence which would tell it quickly."

The mother's look thanked him, though words failed. Her heart was going up to God in thanksgiving for this great mercy and relief after the tension of past months.

"What a pleasure," said Mr. Brooke, as he looked round at the welcoming faces. "Under this one roof I find every human being I most wished to see on my arrival! Thanks, Mrs. Penwarden, I need no refreshment. My fellow-traveller and I have been already cared for. We halted on the road, perforce, and spent the hour in dining, as there was no train to go on by. We reached Liverpool this morning, and went straight thence to Brinnington. Finding you were absent and here, we followed with as little delay as possible."

"Is your fellow-traveller in the carriage?" asked Geoffrey.

"Do not trouble about him. He is comfortably housed at the Penwarden Arms, where I shall join him when relieved of my budget of news. I know Treneweth is just overflowing," replied Mr. Brooke.

"Always room for you, Brooke. You must come to us."

"Willingly, afterwards. But I am in England for good, so shall have time enough to accept your hospitality."

Was it by chance that Mr. Brooke looked at Hilda? Did he see the rosy flush that rose to her cheek, though she turned so quickly away, and bade Jack and Janet "look at the clock." But Mrs. Oakley said, "You may stay longer, dears. It would be cruel to send you away, now."

So they settled themselves round the fire, and Jack, by way of beginning, said—

"Tell us about everything, Mr. Brooke, and as fast as you can."

"Willingly, dear lad; but first, Mr. Oakley must tell me what he knows already."

This was soon done, and Robert Brooke exclaimed—

"There has been a strange fatality attending our letters. You know why the first were delayed, and how the missing mail-bag was found, after months of concealment. Also, how we were placed at the time.

"I am sorry to say, I was a cause of additional trouble to Allan. Mrs. Oakley, you may be proud of your son. I was rash—he, truly courageous, though years my junior. I paid the penalty of my rashness by an early break down, and was for days hovering between life and death.

"I should have died but for Allan. He twice nursed me back to life, for I took cold, and had a relapse. However, particulars are needless. I am here, alive and well now.

"That fever season was an awful time. Next to God many a one thanks Allan for life and strength to-day. He was as tender as a good woman, brave as a lion, and thought and cared for everybody.

"About his silence? You see, everything was out of joint then. I wrote at great length, when I was really recovering, for we had then heard how things were at Brinnington, and I hoped—— Well, it was intended to put help for the workpeople into Mr. Oakley's hands."

Mr. Brooke hesitated a little. Really, the letter was to advise Mr. Oakley of a large sum placed to his credit.

"Thank you for your wish to help, though I never received the letter," he said.

"You have only the will to thank me for. That letter was given to a trusty messenger, but the man was suddenly stricken with the fever. Through all his illness, the unlucky epistle remained in the pocket of his unused coat, and was subsequently found there when the man was well enough to need his garment. He was almost the last patient to recover, and was sorely troubled about the mishap of which he had been the unconscious cause. I blamed myself for not having found out whether he had posted the letter, but I thought of this too late. I could not leave Allan till the great trouble was over. But when that second letter was found, and Brinnington news reached us, we were grieved to think that you were rendered additionally anxious on Allan's account."

"And yours," said a chorus of voices.

"Thank you; I am sure of this. Well, I thought it best to come, instead of writing, and here I am! Here is the overdue letter, Mr. Oakley. Read it at your leisure."

Something in the speaker's look said, "but not just now," so it was put aside with thanks.

"Lastly, let me add, that if you could all see Allan at his work, you would say he is the right man in the right place."

Tongues and looks were eloquent in thanking Robert Brooke for his good tidings, and all the listeners' hearts were glad to receive such.

But Hilda was longing to ask a question. Her uncle's thoughts went in the same direction, and he inquired, "Did the young man recover who first brought the fever to your neighbourhood?"

"He did. If he had died there would have been a sorrowing mother. He is an only son, but Mrs. Ormerod, now quite an old lady, has daughters and grandchildren settled around her. She was born in England, but has spent most of her married life in Australia."

Hilda started from her seat with an eager, excited look on her flushed face, and said, "Tell me, please. Is this Austin Ormerod in England?"

"Yes, Miss Cranswick. He is my fellow traveller."

Mr. Brooke's smile as he answered was re-assuring. He evidently thought that the stranger's coming would give pleasure, and appeared anxious to be questioned. Even the children's presence seemed no hindrance, for Jack, stretched on the rug, leaned against him in a state of measureless though sleepy satisfaction, while Janet occupied a low stool at the other side of her friend. Only Mr. and Mrs. Oakley and Hilda looked uneasy.

Mrs. Penwarden made a movement amongst the youngsters at this moment. "Jack and Janet, you must go to bed now, or there will be no shaking you out of it in the morning."

"It was mother who gave us leave to stay when Mr. Brooke came, or we should have gone before," said Jack, somewhat aggrieved.

"I know, dear boy. But you have seen Mr. Brooke and heard the news, and now I must pack off all you sleepy children to bed."

"They will not own to being sleepy—children never do—but I am, and Dorothy is tired, so we will set a good example," said Gladys.

Frank and his wife followed. Only Hilda remained, and when Mr. Brooke proposed rejoining his friend at the Penwarden Arms, she begged him first to answer a question or two.

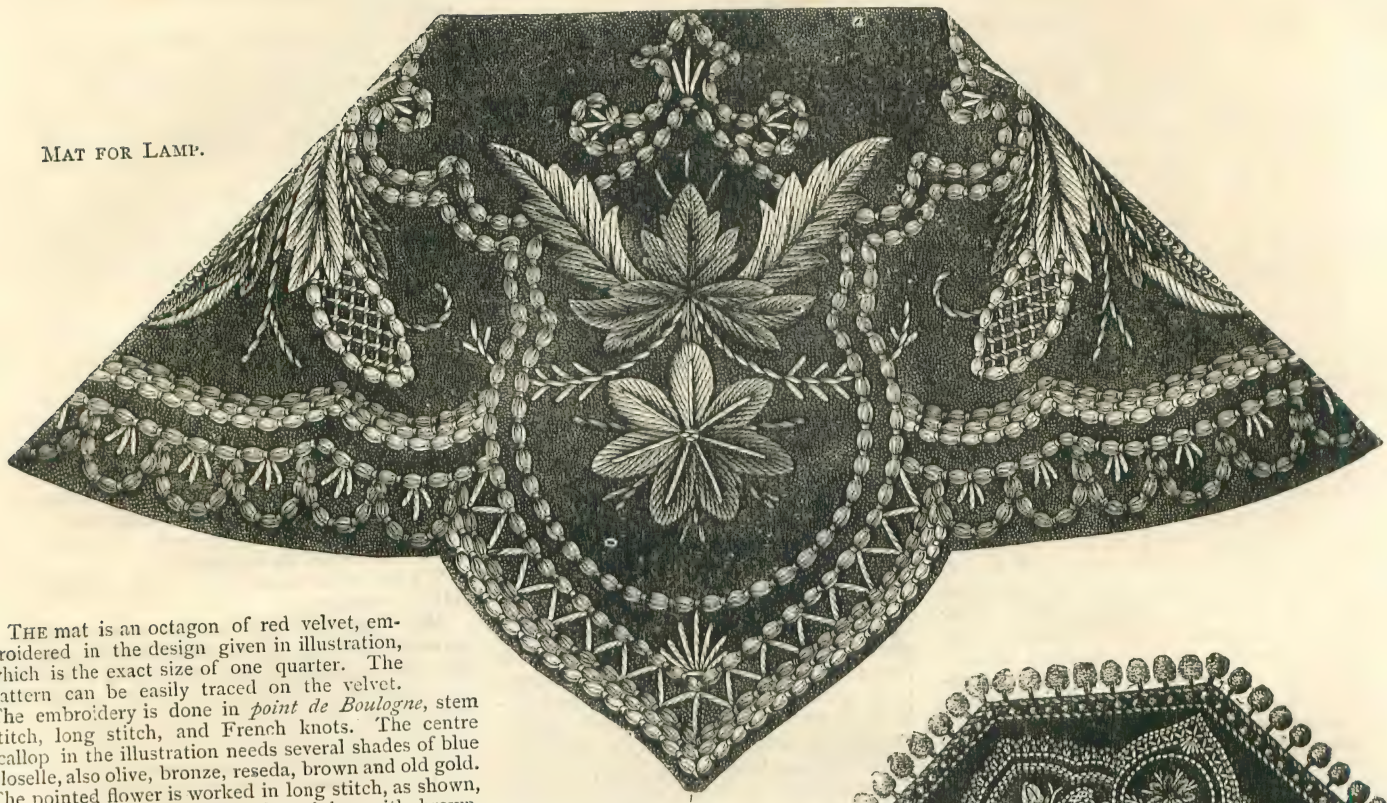
"If I am sent to bed with unsatisfied curiosity I shall not have a moment's sleep," she said. "It is about your friend."

"And he, Miss Cranswick, wishes me to tell you all I know of him."

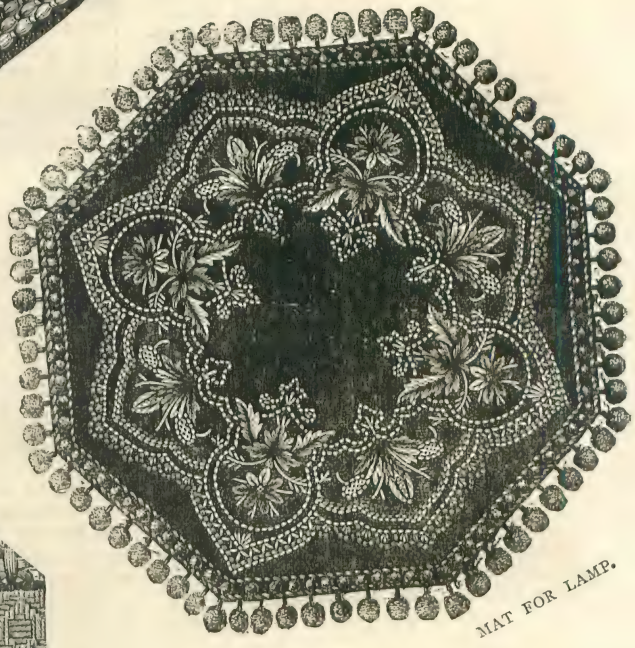
(*To be concluded.*)

MY WORK BASKET.

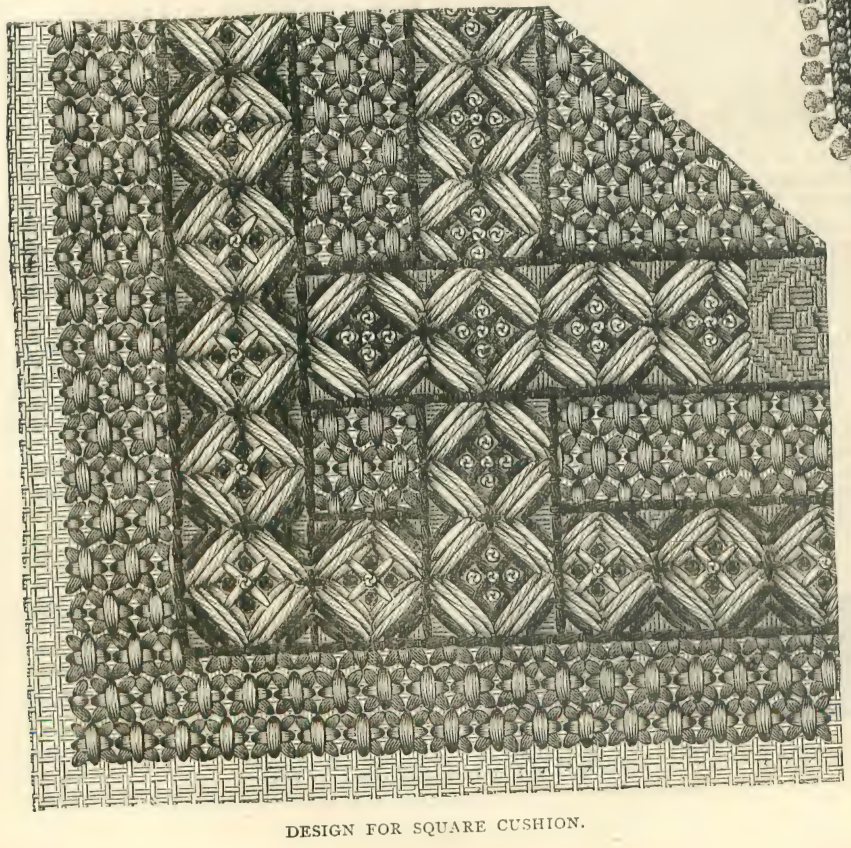
MAT FOR LAMP.



THE mat is an octagon of red velvet, embroidered in the design given in illustration, which is the exact size of one quarter. The pattern can be easily traced on the velvet. The embroidery is done in *point de Boulogne*, stem stitch, long stitch, and French knots. The centre scallop in the illustration needs several shades of blue filoselle, also olive, bronze, reseda, brown and old gold. The pointed flower is worked in long stitch, as shown, with several shades of blue, the veining with brown, the leaves in olive and reseda, and the French knots in old gold. In the other divisions, half of which is given, the lattice work figures are edged with rose silk crossed over with the same silk split. The lattice work in old gold fastened at each crossing with brown silk in tight stitches. The centre and side leaves are in bronze silk. For the double lines surrounding the embroidery of the large flower in middle scallop are worked with bronze silk crossed with the same, split. The vandyke border below is in old gold-coloured silk, and the three close outer lines



MAT FOR LAMP.



DESIGN FOR SQUARE CUSHION.

of rose, olive, and blue. The other divisions are edged wi three rows of shaded reseda filoselle, the row below of bron with triple *point de russe* dashes of old gold. The scallop edges are in dark blue crossed with a lighter shade. When t mat is worked and shaped, it is tacked over a piece of cardboa slightly wadded on the face, and lined with black cloth. T edge is finished with a double row of olive filoselle, cross with blue silk. A row of gold knots are worked between, a the edge trimmed with small balls of the different colours a shades used in the embroidery.

DESIGN FOR SQUARE CUSHION.

The stitches are *point russe* and Smyrna stitches worked canvas in olive shades and red brown split filoselle. Two se rated bands are worked in diamonds in *point russe* in t shades crossed with red silk, and the four knots in gold thre The bands of diamonds are edged with red silk, crossed wit lighter shade of the filoselle, split. For the grounding of bands a deep red filoselle is used sewed over with the same s split. The remainder of the canvas is filled in with Smy stitches, which is over two threads two ways with olive zep wool, the upper two stitches with filoselle of the same shade

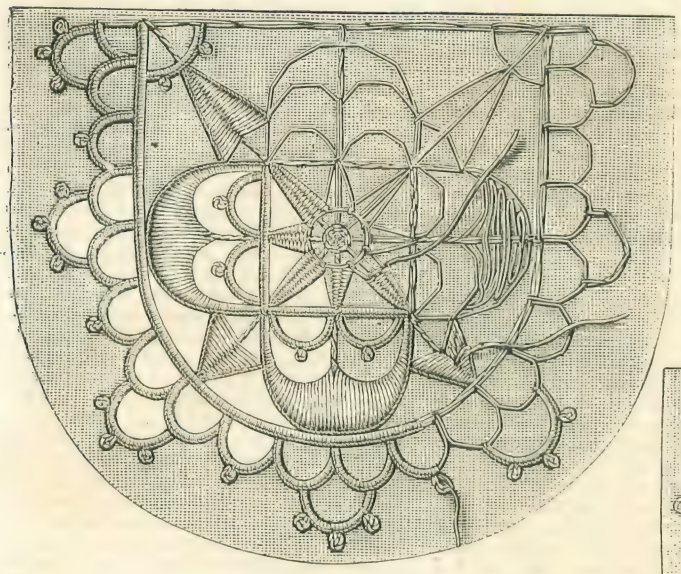


FIG. 2.—EDGING, GUIPURE LACE.

EDGING, GUIPURE LACE.

Trace the design on prepared paper, and go over the outlines with single or double lace thread, having previously laid some fine mull muslin over the paper. Then work the connecting bars, which must lie loose from the muslin; the working thread being carried across once or more times, and then worked over, either in overcast or button-hole stitch. At the points where these bars cross, a wheel is worked, the outline of the circle being worked in close button-hole stitch, with purls, as shown in the illustrations. Fig. 1 shows the method of working the first scallop, which hangs down from the square patterns of the edging. All the purls must lie loose from the muslin; each purl is made with four chain stitch, the first stitch starting from the preceding button-hole stitch, and the fourth stitch being worked in the first chain stitch. The rest of the embroidery is done in point de reprise, overcast, and button-hole stitch. The close patterns in fig. 1 are worked over several times to raise them, and then finished in interlacing *button-hole stitch, first* on one side and then on the other, starting from the centre, and letting the stitches of the second row come between those of the first row. Fig. 2 gives the pattern for the second scallop which hangs down from the border, and shows clearly the way to go over the muslin with the thread before working the button-hole stitch or point de reprise. The squares above these scallops (see fig. 3) are worked in the same stitches, the vertical lines (exclusive of that at each end of the border) are worked in interlacing button-hole stitch. The vertical line at each end, and the horizontal lines are worked in plain button-hole stitch. The muslin is then cut away from the work, as shown in the illustration.

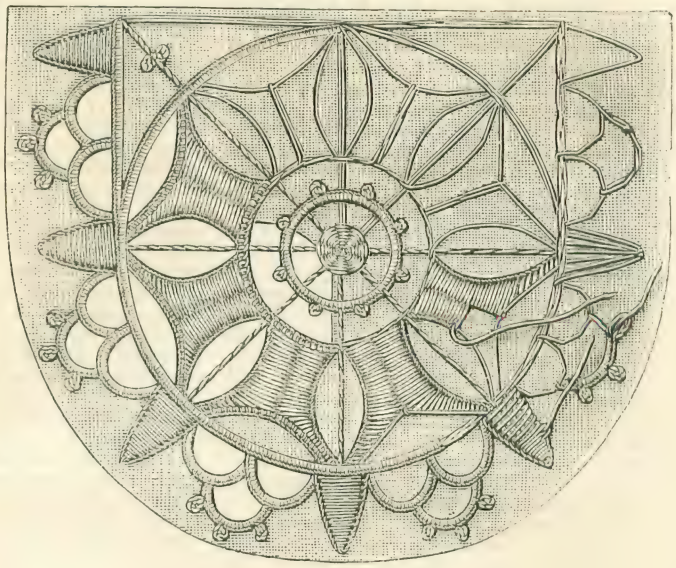


FIG. 1.

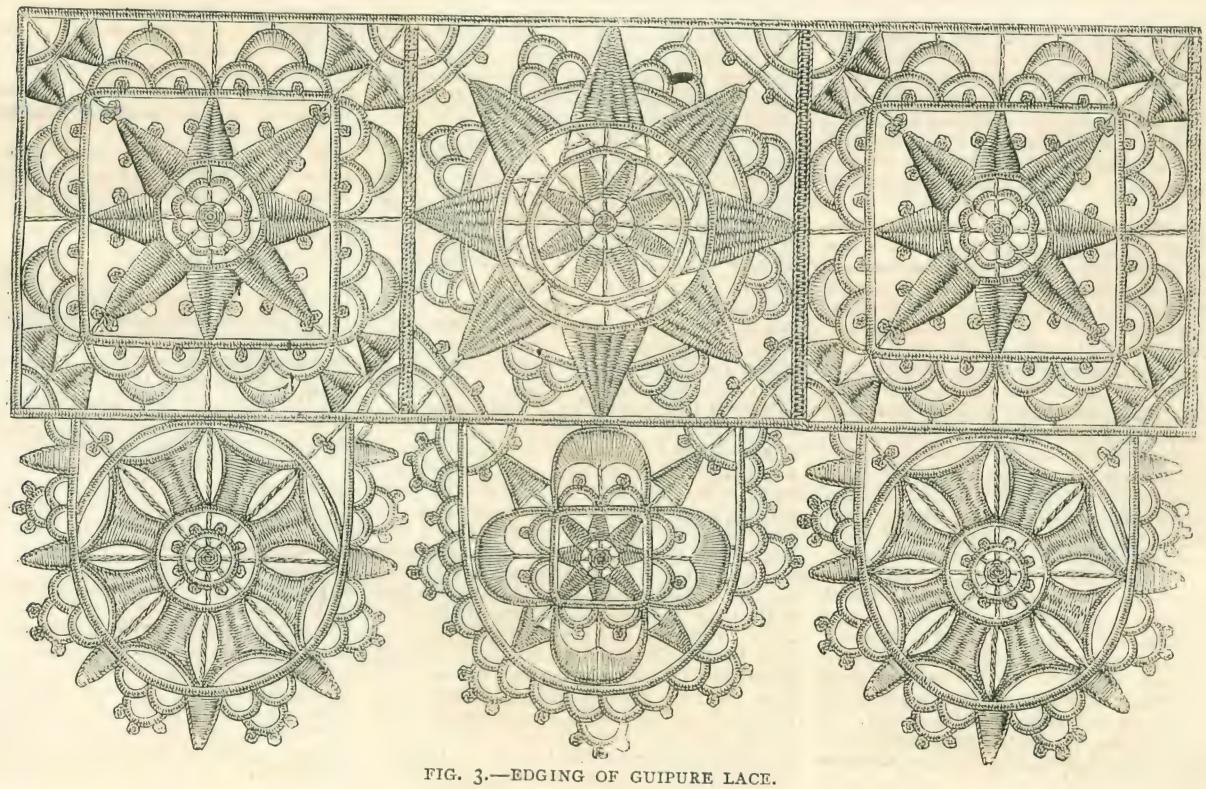


FIG. 3.—EDGING OF GUIPURE LACE.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART IV.

OSSIBLY my readers may be interested if I mention a few of the insects which annoyed us so much indoors, together with some others. Moths of all varieties, large and small, dull-coloured and beautiful, cockchafers, or may-bugs, as they are sometimes called; flies of all sorts, and later on in the very hot weather came some most extraordinary looking insects, many of which were venomous. Among the numerous specimens of the grasshopper there was one of a very beautiful shade of pale green, quite three inches long, and with extremely long legs. While still they are exactly like a leaf folded, and when in the branches of the trees in the daytime are not easily distinguished from the leaves. They are very noisy too, and make a loud chirruping, and will keep up their music all night long in the rafters, and in the trees day and night. There was a smaller kind, of a grey-brown colour, which caused us more trouble than all the other insects, excepting the ants; for it was continually to be found in the beds and mosquito curtains, and the dresses, etc., hanging on the wall. It would make great holes in them, eating them away far quicker than the moths, and was difficult to catch and kill, for it would spring at us from a great distance with a loud chirrup, and bite.

Of mosquitoes, those noisy little revellers of the night, we had enough, but they were in far greater numbers in the cities like San Antonio, where the land lies low, and by the rivers and swamps. They will attack newcomers for preference, passing over old stagers to taste the blood of the last arrival. We had mosquito curtains, or bars as they are called in America, but when very hot we found it almost impossible to keep them around us, as they seemed to exclude the air. Towards morning the flies were, if anything, more tormenting than the mosquitoes, and during the day they gave us no peace, till at last we set a trap for them, and thus got rid of thousands daily.

Perhaps the most curious-looking insect is a creature of the grasshopper kind, for it has long legs, and can spring a great distance. It is called the devil's horse, and is venomous. Some are small, and I believe they are harmless, though we did not care to try, notwithstanding that we heard that people made pets of them. They are of a light brown colour, and when they settle resemble a man kneeling at prayer with his hands folded. The neck is long, and they have a large round head, with very prominent eyes, which they turn about in all directions, apparently watching everything. The large ones are three to four inches in length. We often amused ourselves watching them and the large green grasshoppers, between which there seemed to be constant war; and wondered at first why the devil's horse kept the two front antennæ folded in such a curious manner under the mouth, but were not long in discovering the motive. The ants, of which I shall speak presently, would run over the table, and here the devil's horse would sit, and, as they passed by him, would drop these arms or claws on them, and pop them into his mouth. It was amusing to see how the green grasshopper would fly in and creep round in the shadows and prepare to make a spring on the devil's horse, and the other, always on the look-out, would spring at the same instant and hide in the bouquet of flowers which I always kept on the table. There was another curious insect which varied in length, sometimes being four inches long, and was of a grey or brown colour, and which was so like the slim twig of a dead plant that, until it moved its slender legs, which seemed to form the shoots and small branches of the twig, it was quite impossible for an inexperienced eye to distinguish it from the dead grass or plant on which it invariably settled. We understood that it was a poisonous insect.

Of scorpions we had plenty, often finding them in the wood collected for the fire, and sometimes on ourselves and in the beds, but luckily none of us received a sting from them. Their sting is very painful, making the part affected swell and smart for several hours, but is not dangerous. We discovered a nest of them under a cupboard, and close to the head of one of the beds. The large centipede, often eight inches long, is very venomous. Each leg has a sharp claw, and in crawling over a person injects poison at each step it takes.

The tarantula spider is perhaps the most dreaded of any insect; its bite is said to drive a man mad if he do not die. We killed a great many of them, one being on the pillow in the bed as I laid our little boy down for the night. Another we found at the bottom of our corn-box when we were destroying some nests of mice. I killed one which I saw crawling across the floor of the sleeping-apartment one night. The largest we found were about two inches across the body irrespective of the legs, and were covered with hair. They would sit up on their hind legs and show fight directly they were approached, and had nasty-looking fangs and claws for attack and defence. The dogs, too, would keep a wide berth when they scented or saw one, and always called our attention to its presence, when, if it were hiding under a bit of rock and would not come forth, we blew it up with gunpowder.

The ants, of which there were several kinds, gave us a great deal of anxiety, for they would make a raid on our vegetables, and in a night destroy a crop which the day before was almost ready for consumption. These were the large red ants, nearly half-an-inch long, with large heads, and they would suddenly appear in myriads where none were to be seen a few minutes earlier, their presence being accounted for by a piece of bacon-rind or rabbit thrown outside for the dogs. These ants sting terribly; indeed, if a child were to fall on one of their nests, it would be stung to death in a very short time. Of their voracity you can judge, when I tell you we have killed and thrown the body of a large snake on one of their nests, and in a day or two at the utmost have found nothing but the bare bones left.

The musk ant is a still greater pest. It is small and red, with a strong musky smell, so strong that everything it touches or gets into tastes and smells horribly of it, rendering it almost, if not quite, uneatable. It will work its way anywhere and everywhere; nothing is safe from it. We tried suspending a tin of honey from the rafters, but they found it out, and crawled down the string, and, though the tin was covered, some managed to get in, and flavour it so as to destroy it. Kerosene oil rubbed on the legs of the tables had no effect after a short time, and the cupboard and our provisions swarmed with them. To stand everything in tin and place them in water was the only way to baulk them; but water was scarce, and thirsty dogs, cats, and chickens were sure to drink it up directly one's back was turned. If, by pouring boiling water on their nests, we tried to destroy them, they would reappear a short distance off and recommence hostilities; and then again water was too precious, and had to be carried too far, to allow of its being wasted in such quantities. It was wonderful to watch their ingenious plans, carried out in such marvellous order, and the rapidity with which they communicated intelligence of any fresh prey, or the removal of articles of food from one place to another.

The mud-dauber is a large insect, not unlike a hornet, but is black and has very long legs. They build their nests of mud (hence their name) somewhat in the style of swallows, all over the roofs of dwellings, and fly in and out all day long. We used to knock their nests down carefully and examine them. They were of an elongated shape, about two inches in height. The inside was divided into honey-comb cells, each of which was filled to the top with the bodies of small spiders. These were all in the same position, with their legs drawn together and brought forward over their head. On being taken from the nest and laid on the table, they seemed to revive, but were very feeble and not able to stand. We formed the opinion, whether correct or no I cannot say, that the mud-dauber had some means of rendering them torpid or insensible, so that (as a spider can live in captivity a long time without food) the egg, which it had laid at the bottom of each cell, as it hatched and gradually matured as a maggot, found its food fresh daily, which could not have been the case had the spider died. Each cell contained on an average a dozen spiders; and as soon as the maggot had worked its way to the top, it lay in a chrysalis state for some time; and after emerging from the latter state, would burst its mud cell and become a full-blown mud-dauber, and set about building nests on its own account.

The dung-beetle is a natural scavenger. It is large and black; the legs so formed that it can roll its load and crawl either backwards or forwards equally well. It abounds in other warm climates; Italy, Sicily, etc.

The granny-spiders, as the Texan children call them, have a small round grey body, with extremely long legs. They do not make webs, but appear in great numbers towards the end of summer on the walls and on the rafters of the houses, whence they seem to take a special pleasure in dropping on to one's face in the night. I do not believe they bite, but they irritate one sufficiently, in both senses of the word, to make amends.

Before passing on to other subjects I must say that, in order to balance the agreeable with the disagreeable, there are many beautiful and harmless insects too; to wit, the butterflies, which are large and lovely in colouring, and the fireflies, which glance in and out of the trees and bushes all night, their beautiful light proceeding from the under part of their bodies. They are easily caught, for they will fly into the house and alight on the dress or hair, retaining their bright appearance all the while. Then there are the charming little humming birds, so brilliant in plumage, and many other birds in the earlier part of the year and winter months.

Throughout the spring, until the end of May, we had very violent thunderstorms. The storms in our own country are but child's play to them. They are often preceded or followed by a "norther," and the rain would come down with such force that it seemed as if the shingled roof would fall in. Later, when the storms were few and far between, we put every available basin, bath, and kettle out to catch the rainwater, should there be any. We dug hole after hole in the valley, and succeeded sometimes in striking water, generally near the nests of the large ants; but in the course of a couple of days these would go dry too, and we had to begin again somewhere else.

This was very hard at the time that I was laid up, and my husband sick with the "chills and fever," the terrible illness which so prostrated Martin Chuzzlewit and his "jolly" companion. Often we each had to content ourselves with but half a pint of water a day, not knowing sometimes when we could get more, and this during the intolerable heat, and in fever. Many a day had to go by without being able to spare water for washing ourselves or linen.

One of our principal cares was to salt our cattle regularly every other day, otherwise we should have had them constantly round the house. We were much astonished at first to see the strange cattle come up to us, when we were hanging clothes out to dry, and deliberately chew a towel, pinafore, or anything else that was within their reach, and make off with it; and no amount of "rocking," *i.e.*, throwing stones at them, would induce them to stand and deliver. One cow, an ugly animal she was too, made herself so conspicuous as well as obnoxious by her powers of dodging us, and by securing something every time she happened to cross our ranche, that she was nicknamed the "munching cow." One night I was awakened by a violent battering of the wall at the head of my bed. My husband got up and went out to see what was the matter. It was the "munching cow," and she had partially broken with her horns our meat-safe, in order to get the bacon. My husband pelted her with rocks, and the dogs hunted her for some distance. Meanwhile I cleared the safe of everything, and then we went to bed again; but not for long before the noise recommenced. This time she succeeded in smashing it to pieces, and was busy licking the wood when my husband discharged a blank cartridge at her from his gun, which had the desired effect, and she retired from the scene of action, and left us in peace for a time.

As I have said elsewhere, these herds or "bunches" wander about from year to year without their owners looking them up, and of course are not salted, and so take what they can get as a substitute. Indeed, they will chew almost anything. At one time my husband and another gentleman were camping out on the San Jeronymo Creek, and while they were sleeping some cattle came up and munched their sombreros, which they had on, while lying by their camp fire. On rousing, they saw others busily engaged in chewing the harness, and they gave chase to the thieves, who dropped the harness bit by bit and made off. This necessitated them remaining awake to guard the place till daylight, not knowing where to put their hands on the missing pieces, there being no moon, and fearing a return of the beasts should they go to sleep again. That was not all. When daylight came they found the bacon and bread gone, and their ground coffee upset, and so, hungry and tired, had to ride forty miles before reaching any place where they could replenish their bag of provisions.

While on the subject of cattle, I may as well describe the process of branding them. Out here a man's fortune is judged by the number of his cattle, each being valued at 15 dols. (£3) per head. In order to prevent their being stolen, the owner brands them either in numbers, figures, or letters, which must be registered in the county. The beast to be branded is hunted as near as possible to the fire, lassoed, and the rope no sooner over the horns than the rider gallops round it, allowing the rope almost to drag on the ground, when a sudden pull is given. The animal's four legs are drawn quickly together by this means, and it is thrown sharply to the ground: the rider dismounts, the horse, being trained to this work, does not stir, and the man secures the beast's legs firmly, applies the hot branding-iron to the hide, gently applies some ointment kept for the purpose, and the animal is released.

My readers may imagine that when I say the cattle are allowed to roam at will from year to year, that, notwithstanding the branding, nothing more may be seen of them or their brand; but such is rarely the case; the owner, riding constantly about the country, knows pretty well where they are, and a cattle thief if detected is lynched.

When the traders come from the Eastern States to buy cattle from the large ranchemen, and they cannot themselves bring together the number required for their market, they seek for and employ the much-abused cow-boy—abused only by the genuine Yankees from the north and east, who know nothing of them or their hard lives beyond seeing accounts of scrimmages with firearms, and no allowance made for their hot southern blood being roused when an insult is offered.

The cow-boy is then told the brand, if he does not know it, which is rarely the case, and the number of cattle wanted, and these he is left to round up and drive to the spot assigned by the buyer, and is paid one dollar per head for all he brings up.

It often happened that "bunches" of cattle several thousand strong passed our ranche, and we were greatly interested in watching the movements of the cow-boys in "holding" them together, especially towards sun-down, when they would gallop round and round the herd flourishing their long cowhide whips until the beasts became quiet and at rest for the night. Even then the cow-boy's work was not finished, for while one or two made the camp fire and cooked the bacon, the others continued to ride round the "bunch" all night, each taking his turn at the fire and his share of food.

This would continue day and night till they reached their destination, often driving the cattle "on the trail" 1,400 miles, about sixteen cow-boys being in charge of three thousand beasts.

When a storm arises, the cow-boy's skill is put to the test, and nobody but a cow-boy could hold the herd then. The storms in these regions are often sudden and terrible, but infinitely grand and beautiful, the whole heavens seeming to open and be a dazzling mass of flame; the thunder, rolling majestically from hill to hill, appearing to come from the very bowels of the earth, and accompanied by rain in torrents. The terrified animals stampede, and if not checked by the cow-boys they would be dispersed and lost, and destroy crops, and perhaps themselves in their mad career. These gallant "boys" then gallop at full speed round the "bunch," and at the risk of their lives continue to do so until the storm has abated and the poor frightened beasts quieted.

Few know what hardships these men have to endure; for many months together they are out in the open prairies, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and sleeping out at night, often with no companion but their trusty mustang.

Wild as is the life they lead, and hardened as these men are to danger in many a form, still so sensitive are they to the least approach to doubt of their honour, that the offender would have to answer for it on the spot, unless, should he desire to escape from the deadly aim of the insulted cow-boy's six-shooter, he retracts and apologises. No doubt it is owing to this, and to the habit usual to them and others out West, when gambling in the saloons, to lay their revolver across their money on the table, as a challenge to anyone daring to cheat, that has given rise to the idea prevalent amongst most people that the cow-boys of Texas are a desperate and lawless set of men, all more or less of the Jesse and Frank James type.

This I most strongly deny, and short as was my stay in Texas, my experience of them during that period was not small, and I gladly and boldly stand forward in their defence.

Merry and light-hearted they always are, and never have I met such true gentlemen by nature, respectful and courteous to every woman; and, I venture to add, none more ready and willing to stand by and shed his last drop of blood in defence of a woman, be she who she may.

Of the Indians we saw nothing, though they occasionally came within a few miles. They were peaceable and friendly, but one never knows when they may cease to be so. A family of whites was massacred by them at no very great distance from us, during our stay there. Sometimes they made raids on the farms and ranches further out West, taking the horses and cattle; however, we did not fear any danger of an attack from them.

Ladies thinking of going out to Texas to live up country will no doubt be glad to know what things, clothing principally, they would be likely to require.

For winter use any ordinary dress of cloth, or serge made lightly, and in the hot weather, loose cotton dresses are the most comfortable and useful, and under-linen of a fine and light texture and make, having no more material in them than is absolutely necessary.

A riding habit is indispensable, and is best made of a strong though light material, and as short as possible. Grey of a light shade or pale brown are colours which would attract the sun the least.

An English saddle also she should take with her, although she would in all probability have to pay duty on it; but ours for men are of no use, those of Mexican make alone being serviceable, having the "tree" in front for the lariat, and for securing articles for camping out, etc.; also the stirrups are large, and have a covering of leather for the feet, as a protection in going through the "brush."

Men seldom wear any but the coloured flannel shirts, finding them in reality healthier than the linen and cotton next the skin, for the latter, in the heat, get saturated almost immediately with the perspiration, and strike cold and clammy, and are very apt to chill. Ladies, too, I feel sure, would find a soft flannel or merino vest to be an advantage; and with the necessary under-linen and white or coloured cotton petticoat and dress, sufficient clothing during the warm weather. Corsets, while it is so hot, are almost out of the question, for, as I said above, the looser the clothing, so much the cooler.

It is better to wear strong boots all the time up country, thin shoes being of no service when one is in and out of the house so much, the grass, etc., being full of tiny shrubs covered with thorns, and also as a slight protection from the ants and other stinging insects. Besides, the heat causes the feet to swell, and without the ankles are properly supported become unsightly as well as uncomfortable.

A large sun-bonnet made of any white or coloured cotton material is worn throughout the summer by all women and children: standing far out from the face to protect the eyes from the glare, and kept in place by slips of cardboard let in for the purpose. A long curtain at the back keeps the sun from the neck and shoulders.

I took out with me from England a good stock of needles, cottons, buttons, tapes, darning wools, etc., and I was very glad I did so, as everything in that way is very dear, a reel or spool of cotton costing 5 cts. or 2½d.—and so on with the rest. Cotton materials for dresses, etc., can be bought at the stores in the cities, but did not appear to be of a very superior quality.

I would advise all to take out a well-stocked medicine chest with them. Quinine in powder form is very necessary, and for the "chills and fevers" (malaria and ague), which are so prevalent there and throughout the States, is an invaluable article. It is very expensive if bought out there, and can only be got in the large cities. Cooling medicines, such as Seidlitz powders, citrate of magnesia, etc., which we brought in large quantities, proved very useful and refreshing, forming a delicious beverage when overheated and tired.

It was owing to my husband being so very ill with the chills and fever that we determined to leave Texas and go North. We had no difficulty in selling the lease of our ranche and belongings, as many were anxious to secure our land, as it was considered by far the best for grazing in the county.

When my little girl was born, my husband, sick as he was, had to act as doctor and nurse in one, so difficult is it to obtain any assistance. On the fourth day after, our little boy ran in to tell me the grass was all on fire; and so it was, and rapidly spreading towards the houses. My husband had left by moonlight the night before to go some fifteen miles off to "round" a cow up that had joined a "bunch." I got up and dressed, and prepared to get the horses, which were grazing in the valley, for the fire continued to spread, and though we had taken the precaution on first arriving of burning the long dead grass all round the houses, still we were seriously alarmed, for we were almost surrounded by the flames, and the heat was that of a furnace, with a blazing sun overhead. Some other ranche-men and cow-boys had seen the fire, and came to our assistance and beat the fire down near us; but it burnt all that day and night, and in the morning 400 acres were found blackened and useless for grazing that season.

My husband returned towards morning, riding home by moonlight. He was always better as soon as the sun went down, and at last, when the chills took such a hold on him, he became insensible every day about ten o'clock when the sun was almost at its height, returning to consciousness at sundown, and was then able to get about, though weak, and do the "chores"—a Yankeeism for the odds and ends of house work, such as drawing water, chopping wood, etc.

As soon as I could travel we bade adieu to our ranche and shanty, and once more started for San Antonio. We were some days on the road with the waggon, and camped out at night as before. The rainy season had commenced, and while it was cooler for driving, was not quite so pleasant under foot, the wheels of the waggon often sinking up to the axles, making it difficult to get along in some parts of the track, not being able to do more than twelve miles a day. Nevertheless, it was a great boon to be able to find water all the way both for the horses and ourselves. The heat being less intense, too, my husband regained his strength, the attacks of the "chills" being of less frequent occurrence.

Arrived in San Antonio, we remained a fortnight at a boarding-house kept by an Englishman who came out to Texas at the same time as ourselves, being a fellow-passenger on board the ship. Here we waited until the sheep arrived, which were being driven there from the hills, and were bound for the Chicago market. My husband went with them to Chicago, starting twelve days before me. I then left San Antonio with the two little ones for New York, where we had arranged to meet in a certain hotel. It was a Saturday morning when I took the cars, and very warm weather. On the Tuesday at eight a.m. we arrived at St. Louis, and it was bitterly cold, a dull day, and a hard frost.

The night before we had been shunted for four hours at Sedalia, a town where a few years back during the war there had been a terrible massacre of soldiers. The conductors and porters had a jovial time of it, for they took turns in going to the saloons, each spending a couple of hours in the town. I was the only lady in the Pullman car at the time, and so, not being able to go out at that time of night and get any food, the conductor sent a darkey to me with a "lunch," as they call any slight refreshment, consisting of a piece of fried chicken, a roll, and a cup of coffee. I went to bed, and was then left the solitary occupant of the car, except for the two children, for the better part of four hours.

Another night, when in bed, we felt a violent shaking and bumping, and all the men sprang out of their bunks and rushed frantically to the door where the conductor was standing. He quietly told them in answer to their inquiries that he "Guessed they had only gone off the line a little way." Somehow we managed to get on again after a short delay and a little bit more bumping.

St. Louis is one of the largest cities in the States, but of course I had not any opportunity of seeing it, except from the railroad, having the little ones with me. The waiting-room is very large, open to all in a country where there is no distinction of classes; and when we entered it was occupied by quite three hundred people, most of whom were German emigrants who had been there all night, waiting for the cars in the morning to take them out West. Some were awake and others still slumbering; the floor strewn with the refuse of broken victuals and paper.

There were a couple of stoves in the room, and a refreshment stand at the further end. To this we made our way, but with some difficulty, and managed to get some coffee and a stale bun for my little boy and myself; then we seated ourselves on our hand-bags almost frozen with the cold, for it was out of the question trying to get near the stoves. After a while I contrived to get part of a seat, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances with our wraps. Shortly after, a sad incident occurred. A very old lady, whom I had noticed seated by one of the stoves all day, and who, I understood afterwards, was expecting her daughter to meet her there, suddenly received the news that the young woman had just died on the way to her. The shock was too great, and the poor woman fell down in a fit, and was stricken with paralysis. The police, who constantly pass in and out of the room, lifted her up and desired me to let her lie on the seat and use my wraps. She lay there for some two or three hours before she was moved, and taken tenderly away by some friends in a dying state.

We had to wait in that room till seven p.m. for the cars to go on to New York. On the Wednesday we crossed the Detroit River into a portion of Canada. Passing thus into British Dominion, our luggage was examined, formally only, and ticketed accordingly.

That night late we arrived in Buffalo. This is the usual point for alighting to proceed to the Niagara Falls. Being dark, I could only see the great expanse of water, but could hear in the distance the grand thunder of the giant falls. We were now again on American soil, and the following morning (Thursday) at six o'clock arrived at Albany. There we had once more to change cars; and, strange to say, I had hardly seated myself, when in the dull grey light of the early morning I saw my husband walk through the car.

He had just arrived from Chicago, having been a fortnight on the railroad.

We greatly enjoyed the last few hours of our journey to New York. The line from Albany to New York is charming on a bright sunny morning such as that was, although the beginning of November. The railroad runs along the banks of the Hudson, through pretty country towns and villages and past a great many charming residences.

New York was reached soon after noon, and here we remained nine months before returning to dear old England once more.

So much has been written about New York and its inhabitants by more experienced travellers and authors, notably our own Charles Dickens, that I will content myself with saying that I hope this little narrative may prove of some interest and use to any lady contemplating a life in Texas, more poetically termed the "Lone Star State."

JULIA COURON.

VARIETIES.

DARK HOUSES.—A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula and rickets among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it.—*Miss Nightingale.*

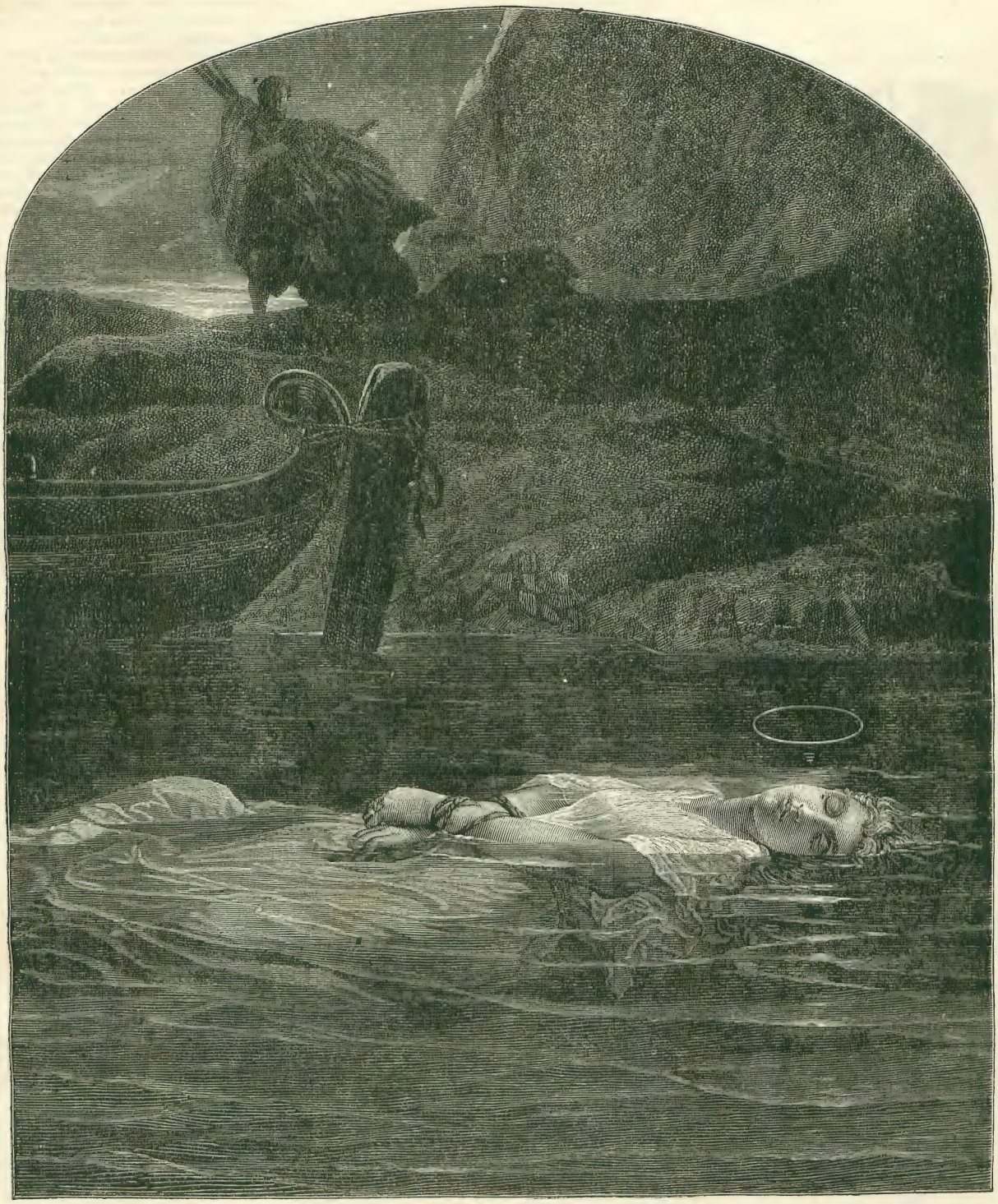
MUSIC AND MORALS.—The effect of music on the moral nature can scarcely be better expressed than in the words of good old Bishop Beveridge, who thus speaks of the influence of the divine art on himself:—"It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears truth commonly flows the clearest in my mind, and hence it is that my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony."

A TALE OF A ROOKERY.—A farmer rented a farm in the county of Essex some years ago, where he had not resided long before a number of rooks came and built their nests upon trees immediately surrounding the premises, and multiplied so much in the course of three or four years as to form a considerable rookery, which he much prized. About this time, however, he was induced to take a larger farm, which obliged him to change his residence and forsake his rooks; but, to his great surprise and pleasure, the whole rookery manifested such an attachment to him as led them to desert their former habitation and accompany him to his new abode, which was about three-quarters of a mile off, and there they have continued to flourish ever since.—*Bishop Stanley.*

FOR THE SAKE OF TALKING.—Some read to think—these are rare; some to write—these are common; some read to talk—and these form the greater majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purpose of this latter class, of whom it has been said, that they treat books as some do lords—they inform themselves of their titles, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

THE EFFECT OF CALUMNY.—Calumny can make a cloud seem a mountain; can make a cloud become a mountain.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF SUCCESS.—Success frequently does not add much to happiness. So long as an object is unattained we may clothe it in such ethereal colours as we please; when it is achieved, the ideal has become material; it is as good, perhaps, as what we ought to have expected, but it is not what we did expect.



THE GIRL MARTYR.

CALMLY she floats along the tranquil stream,
With marble face upturn'd towards the skies,
And eyelids closed, as if in happy dream,
While o'er her brow a halo seems to rise!
Her snow-white hands will meet no more in pray'r,
Her noble heart will never throb again,
For all it held is now no longer there;
Nor tranquil joys, nor long-enduring pain:
Its joys have flown to heav'n to bud anew,
Its pains have wither'd, ne'er to blossom more;
Her soul has risen thro' the morning dew,
In safety to the bright ethereal shore!

* * * * *

She liv'd, her only joy in faith to find;
She died for Him who died to save mankind.

L. N.

CISSY'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

APART from the uncomfortable feelings excited by Gwenny and Irene, Cissy enjoyed the time at dinner better than any since her arrival, for Mr. Stanhope, a kind-hearted, fatherly man, was seated on her right, and talked to her at intervals pleasantly and cheerily, with the view of making the quiet country girl feel at home; while on her left sat a young fellow, fresh from school, delighted to find a girl who could chat naturally on such subjects as he was interested in, and so different from the artificial and fashionable girls who formed the rest of the party, and with whom, as in a moment of confidence he confided to Cissy, he "could not get on."

But after dinner poor Cissy found herself once more as completely out of her element as she had felt on the tennis ground. The young people of the party had assembled in a group on the terrace, where the moonlight was beginning to shine, and where the air felt soft and fresh, and they were laughing and chatting about people and things which were unknown to Cissy, and who consequently was unable to enter into the conversation. So she sat quietly in a corner, listening with not too deep interest; while it apparently never occurred to either Gwenny or Irene that it was ill-bred to keep the conversation on topics with which one of the party was not familiar.

Foremost among the group, deferred to and appealed to on all sides, was Harry Baldwin, the girls forming a semi-circle around him, and paying court to him in such an open manner, that modest, sensitive Cissy almost blushed with shame for them.

Presently the young man, in the lisping drawl which Cissy already almost hated, began to tell a story interspersed with a good many "Don't you knows." It was a stupid story stupidly told, its only point being its irreverence, which to Cissy, who had probably never heard such a thing in her life, sounded so blasphemous that her blood ran cold with horror.

But Harry Baldwin, the wealthy young man, the heir to a rich baronetcy, had told it, and accordingly all the girls laughed as if they enjoyed the joke.

"I'm afraid there's some one who does not appreciate your story, Mr. Baldwin," said one young lady, rather spitefully. "Miss Nelson looks absolutely horrified, and has not even smiled."

The words were enough to direct all eyes to poor Cissy, who was covered with confusion at the sudden attack.

"Do you think it an awfully wicked story, Miss Nelson?" Baldwin demanded, in surprise.

Cissy felt they were all staring at her, and blushed furiously. But she looked up bravely notwithstanding; and, though her heart almost seemed to stop beating, she answered, quietly—

"Yes, Mr. Baldwin, I do not like such stories, and the one you have just told sounded perfectly dreadful to me, and I can see nothing whatever to laugh at in it."

Then she rose and walked away from the group of young people, feeling that if she stayed a moment longer she would burst into tears, while Harry Baldwin sat in silence, surprised out of his usual *sang froid* at such an unusual rebuff.

Gwenny presently found her friend in a shady corner of the drawing-room, whither she had stolen to be alone, and where she was sitting pretending to look at some photographic views, and inwardly longing to be at home again.

"You really ought to govern your feelings better, Cissy," said Gwenny, crossly, when she had found her. "It is such bad form to say such things as you said just now to Mr. Baldwin. I never saw a man so taken aback before. I'm sure he will hate you for ever now."

"But he asked me," said Cissy, "and I was obliged to tell the truth; and besides, Gwenny, it was a horrible story, and you must have felt it so, though you did laugh, Oh, how could you?"

"Nonsense, my dear," cried Gwenny, sharply; "what ideas you have! Such stupid, puritanic ideas! No one meant any harm, I assure you. You should never take a joke seriously; it is making such a prig of yourself. I repeat what I said, Mr. Baldwin will never like you again."

Cissy made no reply. Perhaps she was afraid that if she said anything, she might speak too warmly; but inwardly she was thinking it mattered very little to her whether Mr. Baldwin liked her or not. She had already made up her mind about him.

But Gwenny's prophecy was wrong, for from that very night Mr. Baldwin began to pay Cissy more attention than he paid to any of the other girls. Her brave onslaught upon what she considered wrong had first attracted him; and it was something new to him to find a girl who avoided rather than sought his society, and who showed no pleasure in being made the object of his attention.

But in spite of all the attention he paid her, Cissy's dislike remained, only she could not always help a little unworthy feeling of triumph in knowing that she—the simple country girl, whom the others had snubbed and looked down upon—had succeeded where they failed. But she had to pay for her triumph. Both Gwenny and Irene were furiously jealous, and, forgetting all the rules of good breeding and sacred duties demanded by hospitality, frequently succeeded in making poor Cissy miserably unhappy by the spiteful and unkind things they said and did.

Cissy tried hard to take no notice and not to mind, but often felt wretchedly uncomfortable. Then she would avoid Mr. Baldwin more than ever, and keep out of his way altogether, upon which transitory gleams of good humour would appear, and she would find her friends almost as charming as in the past.

She exerted herself to the utmost to be both useful and agreeable to everybody, and her persistent good temper gradually made way with those around her.

There was dancing nearly every evening in the long drawing-room, and as Cissy did not greatly excel in the amusement, and as she was a good musician—her one solitary talent—she was usually set down at the piano, and would sit there kindly and patiently, playing on unwearyingly until the dancers gave her a respite.

She was so quiet and unobtrusive, that people did not give her credit for being as observant as she was; but in her quiet way Cissy saw a good deal that went on behind the scenes, and what she saw often filled her with amazement.

Under the bright smiling exterior she often saw the miserable petty jealousies, the unworthy scheming; she heard the cruel scandal, in which some seemed to take such unfailing pleasure. She saw troubles made where no troubles need have been, and gradually learned that all is not unbroken sunshine, even where it appears to be; and that where people have no real sorrows to grieve them, they but too often make them for themselves.

She wondered why Gwenny and Irene were not happier, with everything this world could give to make them so. Why should they squabble so frequently and so miserably? Why be rude and undutiful to their parents? Why make themselves miserable over every crumpled roseleaf? A wet day, an intended visit postponed, the disappointment because some expected guest did not arrive, even the misfit of a dress—any one of these was enough to give the girls a fit of the blues. It puzzled Cissy exceedingly, but in time it taught her—better, perhaps, than any of her mother's kind, wise words could have done—how impossible it is for any one to be happy while he or she is only seeking self and selfish enjoyment.

Poor Cissy felt sadly out of her element, the ways of the Ravensholme household were so different from what she was accustomed to; and in spite of all the wealth and grandeur, there was not one-tenth of the cosy, cheery comfort of her own dear home, with its peace and unity and affection, for which Cissy began to long with an eagerness she could hardly have believed possible.

The Sundays were always trying days to her. They were so different from those she was accustomed to, when all the family would go to church, wet or fine, as a matter of course, twice a day; where she herself played the organ, and thought the service the sweetest and loveliest imaginable; then in the afternoon there was always her class of little children to teach—a task which was as great a pleasure to her as to the little ones; while in the evenings she would sing hymn after hymn to her father and mother, with Effie's sweet shrill treble joined, and family prayers with the whole household would finish up the calm happy day.

At Ravensholme family prayers were unknown. If Sunday morning were fine, several of the party would go to church, driving thither or walking across the fields, laughing, and joking all the way there and back, as if they were on a mere pleasure excursion, while the rest of the day was spent in idling about the house and grounds, in driving, singing, laughing, and flirting much as usual.

If the morning were wet, no one seemed to think of going out; and not infrequently the gentlemen would betake themselves to the billiard table to get through the long hours of the day, whilst the ladies dawdled through the time as well as they could, often exclaiming what a long day it was, and how they hated Sunday.

Cissy would betake herself to her own room at such times to read in quiet, for the whole atmosphere of the house jarred upon her feelings, and it was on Sundays that she grew more homesick than at any other time.

Altogether the people with whom she was surrounded were utterly uncongenial to her, and she began eagerly counting the days that must elapse before the one already fixed for her return home. That return she could not hurry, as she had promised to remain over the grand musical party which was to be given in honour of Gwenny's birthday.

To this party both the Stanhopes were looking forward with great delight, for it was to be a specially brilliant affair; several fresh guests were coming for the event, and nearly all the desirable county neighbours had accepted.

Cissy was not anticipating the evening with as great pleasure as her friends; nay, she almost began to dread it; for each new guest who arrived seemed more fashionable and more richly dressed than the last, and poor Cissy began to fear she would cut but a very poor figure in the midst of such a gay as-

sembly. For was not Miss Johnson, the rich Manchester heiress, whose diamonds were the talk of the house, coming? and had not Gwenny and Irene got new Paris dresses for the occasion; dresses whose rich elegance would utterly eclipse the simple "nun's veiling" of pale blue which was all Cissy had to wear? Would not the girls be almost ashamed of her simplicity?

But the girls were too much engaged in their own affairs to have any thought to spare for their little country friend; indeed, they even forgot to offer her a single flower out of all their own abundance, and if it had not been for the proffered help of their maid, poor Cissy would not have fared very well. But Hortense, who had been completely won over by Cissy's unfailing gentle courtesy (which was such a strange contrast to her young mistress's imperious ways), came to the rescue, and her deft French fingers soon transformed the plain and rather ill-fitting dress into a charming *toilette*, and when the girl was finally arrayed in her re-modelled gown, her abundant hair dressed simply and becomingly, her mother's row of pearls—her only ornament—round her throat, there was plenty of justification for Hortense's voluble stream of French compliments and gushing admiration.

She looked just what she was; a sweet, innocent English maiden, modestly self-possessed, and Cissy soon found that for that evening at least she need have no lack of either attention or admiration. Gwenny and Irene were radiant in their elegant French costumes, and Miss Johnson was there blazing with her much-talked-of diamonds, but there was more than one that evening who found simple Cissy Nelson more attractive than them all.

Of these Mr. Baldwin was one, and when he was not devoting himself to Miss Johnson—or rather to Miss Johnson's diamonds, as Gwenny remarked, spitefully—he was generally to be found by the side of Cissy, who sat most of the time quietly in a retired corner of the drawing-room.

Gwenny saw it all with a darkened face and rage in her heart. She had not expected this of Cissy! It was all very well to have her with them as a guest whom they could patronise and be kind to in their careless way, and who would act as a sort of admiring chorus to all that she and Irene did; but to have the girl setting herself up as a rival, and working in this bold way to attract admiration was more than she could bear. She would not have believed Cissy capable of such conduct, and certainly a stop must be put to it.

(*To be concluded.*)

AMERICAN COOKERY.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

CAKES and pies are commonly supposed to be the chief features of American cookery, but, like most sweeping assertions, this is only true to a certain extent. They are very fond of both, but it is only the country folk and the lower middle classes who indulge in these concoctions at almost every meal; the upper classes live very much as the upper middle classes in England, only better, for Americans are exceedingly fond of good living. In the country the chances are you will meet the inevitable pie at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; and you are certain to find an abundance of cakes of all kinds, hot and cold, for breakfast and tea. The cakes are always accompanied by molasses, honey, or syrup, which is poured over them, and eaten in large quantities; indeed, Americans are very fond of sweet things, and molasses and syrup are quite as popular as the pies and cakes. One of the most commonly used syrups is maple syrup, made from the sugar maple, or, as it is more correctly called, rock maple; this is usually eaten with hot buckwheat cakes for breakfast or tea. Another favourite syrup is called French honey, and is made as follows:—Take one pound of white sugar, six eggs, the juice of four lemons, and a quarter of a pound of butter; put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir over a slow fire till the mixture is as thick as honey. Serve when cold. These syrups are also largely eaten with milk puddings.

Besides buckwheat cakes, waffles and griddle cakes are sure to form part of an American breakfast or tea. There are various kinds of waffles—hominy waffles, rice waffles, Indian waffles, and mixed waffles. Griddle cakes, too, can be made of various materials—Indian corn, rye, buckwheat, squash, or hominy; but the one thing needful for griddle cakes is that they be fried, and for waffles that they be cooked in waffle-irons, which are something like two miniature frying pans joined together, into one side of which the mixture is poured, and then covered with the other side; the irons are held over the fire for a minute or two and then turned, and held for another minute or two; the waffle is then cooked, and must be kept hot until served. Ordinary waffles are nothing more than a thin batter, with a little butter and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda and salt added, and then cooked in the above way. Some people add sugar, and butter them before serving. Baking powder will do as well as the cream of tartar and soda. To make rice or hominy waffles, add to the batter as much rice or hominy as you have taken of flour. Indian waffles are rather more troublesome, as you must first of all boil a pint of milk, then pour it on to a quarter of a pint of Indian meal and a tablespoonful of melted butter (by which we mean butter melted, not a mixture of butter and water and flour), then heat the meal thoroughly, and, when cold, add half-a-pint of flour, a little salt, two eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter the waffle irons, heat them, and then pour in enough of the mixture to cover the iron, and proceed as above.

Griddle cakes are made much in the same way, but their speciality is that they are fried. For hominy griddle cakes, which are very good, add a pint of milk and a pint of flour to a pint of warm boiled hominy; beat up two or three eggs and add to the mixture, then fry them, and bear in mind griddle cakes are very thin. Americans call sponge cakes, buns, and all small cakes, biscuits; our biscuits they call crackers. In travelling in America, it is well to bear this in mind, for if you ask for a biscuit sure as fate some home-like cake will be brought to you.

Baltimore biscuits, for instance, as will be seen from the following recipe, are what we should call cakes. Take a quart of flour, and rub a quarter of a pound of lard well into it. (N.B. We should substitute butter for lard, but the recipe says lard.) Mix enough water to make a stiffish paste with this flour, first adding a little salt, and then beat it with a rolling pin for half-an-hour, or until the dough snaps; break it into small pieces, roll it as thin as a wafer, prick it all over with a sharp fork, and then bake in a quick oven till it is the colour of a cracker, that is, of a biscuit.

Hot rolls and different kinds of bread, some very nice, are also items of an American breakfast. Boston brown bread is very good, and here is a recipe from an American lady for making it, copied *verbatim*:—"Two cups of Indian meal, three cups of Graham flour, half a cup of white flour, one pint of sour milk, one half-cup molasses added to milk, one teaspoon saleratus—salt. Steam three hours in a tin steamer, covered tight. Don't let the water stop boiling. Make quite thin. If one pint of milk is not enough, add a little more."

Before we leave the subject of cakes, we will give a recipe for Hartford election cake, from a Hartford lady; a cake evidently not lightly to be made, we mean not to be slurred over, though it is to be made lightly, for it is a work that cannot be adequately accomplished in one day. It must be begun, so says our recipe, early in the afternoon; the hour is not mentioned, so that may, presumably, be left to the convenience of the cook; all that is necessary is that "by ten o'clock the next day, possibly later," the cake be light enough to add the rest of the ingredients. For on the first day you must take four pounds of flour, half a pint of yeast, a pint of milk just warm, and part of the shortening. You will require two pounds of shortening in all, half butter and half lard. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly, work them in a bread pan, cover them up, and set them in a warm place to rise. At ten the next morning, or "possibly later," mix in the rest of the shortening—five eggs, a little brandy and wine, two pounds of raisins, half a pound of citron, and some spices, mace, and nutmegs. Cover again, and set in a warm room, but not near a fire, till the next morning, and then bake in a moderate oven. These quantities are sufficient for five or six loaves.

Pie in America is applied to fruit tarts as well as to meat pies. They have squash pies, apple pies, orange pies, lemon pies, apricot pies, chocolate pies, and pumpkin pies, besides many others. Pumpkin pie, we are told, when well made is excellent, but the excellency depends entirely on the making, and not at all on the pumpkin, which has no flavour of its own, but is capable of absorbing any flavour it pleases the cook to give it. A very good pumpkin pie can be made as follows, and pumpkin pie is one of the most popular of pies in America:—Take a pint of milk, one egg well beaten, one cup of stewed pumpkin, half a teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, and half a teacup of molasses, with sufficient sugar to make it very sweet. Mix these together, and put them into a pie-dish, cover with a good light crust, and bake in a moderate oven; or, if you wish to be very American, line a "pie-plate" with paste, then put in the fruit, and add the top crust. Most American pies are made round, and in this fashion. Their meat pies and game pies are much the same as ours, but perhaps more spiced and flavoured, and fruit is often added for this purpose, which, to English taste, is not an improvement, but Americans have strange ideas about eating fruits or sweet things with meat; for instance, an American would not consider roast turkey worth the trouble of eating unless it were accompanied with cranberry sauce, which, after all, is no stranger than eating red currant jelly with hare and roast mutton, or apple sauce with goose or roast pork. Another popular pie in America is squash pie. A squash, be it known, is a fruit of the gourd kind, grown in America, indigenous to Massachusetts. Pumpkin might be used instead of the squash, and then the following recipe could be tried in this country:—Take a large pint of strained squash (or pumpkin), and add to it a quart of boiled milk, two cups of sugar, three eggs, two crackers (*i.e.*, biscuits) pounded and sifted, a few drops of lemon, half a teaspoonful of ginger or powdered cinnamon, and an ounce

of butter melted in hot milk. Stir the spice and salt into the squash first, then add the biscuit and sugar; when these are mixed, pour in half the milk, stir well, and add the remainder, and lastly the eggs. Bake in a deep pie-dish, lined with crust.

One of the first things which strikes a stranger on taking his first meal in America is the way in which that meal, be it what it may, is served. He will find, instead of having one plate put to him, he will have at least half-a-dozen, one usual-sized plate to eat off in the centre, and six little ones ranged round it, like planets revolving round their sun. One of these little plates will be just large enough for a tiny pat of butter, another will hold some syrup, another a griddle cake or waffle, another some salad, and, should the meal be breakfast, and our traveller call for some boiled eggs, these will be brought him, and, instead of egg-cups a glass, into which he is to break the eggs and mix them well up before eating them, if this process has not been done for him, which is highly probable. A glass of iced water is a regular accompaniment to every meal.

We must not forget to mention a purely American dish, which is constantly to be met with, called fish-chowder; there is corn-chowder also, chowder being a kind of soup, but fish-chowder is the more popular.

Skin and bone two pounds and a half of any kind of fish, boil the bones for ten minutes in a pint of water, slice and fry a quarter of a pound of pork and one large onion; cut into slices, as if for frying, a pint of potatoes; then cook the pork and onion for five minutes, add a tablespoonful of flour, some salt and pepper, and boil for another five minutes, stirring all the time; then add to this the water in which the fish bones were boiled, and strain all on to the potatoes and fish; boil for a quarter of an hour, then add three crackers (biscuits) and half a pint of milk—the crackers must be soaked in milk first; boil and serve.

Corn-chowder is made with green corn, which, by the way, is very much used in American cooking for soups, puddings, cakes, bread, and entrées. Here are one or two recipes.

For oyster corn-cakes, grate one dozen ears of green corn, add to it two eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, mix well together, and add plenty of salt and a little pepper; make the mixture up into cakes, the size of an oyster, and fry brown.

To make a green-corn pudding, grate a dozen ears of green corn, and add milk enough to make a thin batter; add a tablespoonful of sugar, and bake for half an hour. This is really the same as hasty pudding, only made with green corn instead of flour. A piece of butter added before baking is a great improvement. Indian corn, rice, hominy, corn flour, macaroni, rye, buckwheat, and oatmeal all enter largely into the composition of American dishes. They are fond of vegetables, and have various ways of cooking them, like the French. For instance, they will make rissoles of parsnips, and fry them in egg and bread crumbs; stew celery, and serve it with cream sauce; escallop cauliflower in the same way English cooks escallop oysters, with Bechamel sauce and grated cheese; boil, and then mince, spinach, cabbage, or lettuce, and fry it in butter, season it well, and serve it garnished with hard-boiled eggs. Tomatoes, too, enter largely into American cooking, and, indeed, almost all dishes are improved by a little tomato; they are excellent escalloped, or broiled, or fried, or stewed, and then put into a flat dish and covered with bread-crumbs, and baked for a few minutes in a quick oven.

A delicious dish, the recipe for which came from America, can be made with tomatoes in the following way:—To a pint of tomatoes, skinned and pulped, add a quart of macaroni swelled in water, and a pound of cold minced game, or chicken, or any white meat—game of course is best; season well, add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, a quarter of a pound of butter, a little mace; place the whole in a pie-dish, cover with bread crumbs, and cook in the oven till well browned; then serve. This is an excellent dish for luncheon, or that most difficult of meals, a tea-dinner. Tomato soup is very good; indeed, the Americans are great in soups, which they make of fish and vegetables as often as of meat. Clam soup is a common dish in America. Clam is a shell-fish, in shape like our oyster, and tins of clams can now be bought in England. For clam soup, take twenty-five chopped clams, to their liquor add two quarts of water, and boil slowly for an hour, and then add a quart of milk; mix five tablespoonfuls of flour, with a good sized piece of butter, and stir gently into the broth, then beat up three eggs, and add them carefully or the soup will curdle, for which reason the milk must be warmed separately before it is added to the broth; now strain out the clams to make it clear, and serve at once. Pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley should be added before the milk is poured into the broth.

Black beans are often used for soup, but as few English palates are educated up to black beans, we do not give a recipe for it.

There is a plant called okra, which is used a good deal in America as well as in the West Indies, where it is indigenous; the fruit is contained in a green pod, and it is these pods which are used for cooking purposes. It is made into pickles, and may be bought in England. It is sometimes stewed or escalloped, but is best stewed with tomatoes, taking half the quantity of tomatoes that you have of okra, then pare and slice both; add a little pepper, salt, and butter, and stew gently for half an hour.

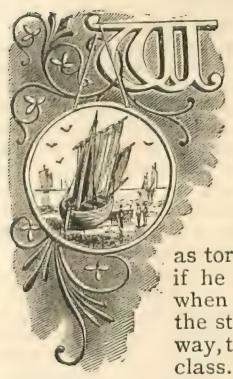
Of course okra, green corn, clams, and squash are far better when they can be had fresh than the tinned specimens we get in this country, so of these purely American dishes it would be unfair to judge unless they were eaten in America.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CALM.



WHAT a dreary arrival in Bath that was! Margaret had to manage all the details of the journey herself. Her father seemed not so much quiescent as torpid. She doubted if he even noticed that when they exchanged the steamer for the railway, they travelled third-class. For there was certainly no fear of Margaret's not practically realising that all things must be changed with them. She hoped Mrs. Esselton would not mind receiving them in this lowly fashion. Perhaps she would not come to the platform to meet them. But anyhow, it could not be helped. "The right thing must be done," thought Margaret. For her own feelings, she had none on the matter, being far too thoroughbred to care whether she sat on cushions or not, and far too right-minded to shrink from the "common people." They had only one fellow passenger, a vulgar, over-dressed woman, who evidently would have liked to shut up all the windows, and who was accompanied by a little undisciplined child, whom she allowed to ramble up and down the carriage, and who showed inclination to peep into Margaret's sandwich basket, and to wipe its sticky fingers on Margaret's dress. But Margaret could recall first-class fellow passengers who had clearly had as much vulgarity and selfishness in their souls, though slightly veneered by acquired manners. "And perhaps this woman's grandfather was an honester man than mine," she reflected.

And what was this going to Bath to be? Was it to be only a visit, as had been first arranged by Lord Fowlis? or would it end in their settling down there? What would happen? Margaret remembered the old French proverb, "There is nothing certain but the unexpected." And yet, what could happen any more to her? There are times when a dreary fog settles down on life, enclosing us in its grey walls so that we do not see where we are to take our next step. Well, then there is nothing else for us to do but to stand where we are, erect and patient—and wait.

And this was Bath; and there was Mrs. Esselton, with her quick grey eyes, glancing along the line, only to meet Margaret's with the kindest recognition. Margaret forgot all about the third class carriage in the revulsion of feeling caused by confronting the face which she had known only in association with her brief heyday of love and joy. Did Mrs. Esselton notice it? Ah, that she did, and drew a sigh of intense relief, for there are some lessons which it is far better all should teach themselves than require to be taught of others. Pleasant and genial acquaintances had the lady and the girl always been; but now they had not been with each other for half an hour before they knew that henceforth there was a new and a stronger tie between them, the tie of their mutual love for Lord Fowlis, and of their mutual loss. Nobody in the whole world could be to the Honourable Mrs. Esselton what

Margaret was, the girl of the choice of him who had been her dearest kinsman, the boy whom her own Charlie had loved so well, for whose future he had made such bright prophecies, the pure-hearted kindly young man, who, in keeping himself unspotted from the world, had also remembered the other part of true religion, and had cheered and sustained the widow in her affliction. And nobody could be to Margaret what Mrs. Esselton was, the life-long friend and faithful confidant of him who was the girl's first and last love, the form which had flitted across all her visions of the bliss to be, who, by glance, by tone, or by phrase, would often bring a living memory of him who was gone, and, more than all, whose friendship seemed to her to be a sacred charge, bequeathed to her heart by him.

That was how each took the other, as given to her. Those trust friendships are very sacred things.

However much Margaret's engagement with Lord Fowlis had been talked over in Fowlis and in Shetland, it had not become public property, and was scarcely rumoured beyond those outlying regions.

"Engaged to some lovely girl, too, wasn't he, poor chap!" said the men at the club windows to each other, discussing the fate of the young nobleman.

"And so the Balacluva Stewarts have lost their property," said ladies among themselves at afternoon tea in country houses. "Oh, only their land," rejoined others. "They could never have depended much on that. It could only have been the name of the thing. I believe it was so sterile and poor that doubtless they are glad to get rid of it. But the family are sure to have married a succession of rich wives. The last Mrs. Stewart was the descendant of a Viking, I understand."

"Do you think there was anything in the report about the daughter and poor, dear Lord Fowlis?" asked another. "What has become of her and her father? Where have they gone?"

The lady interrogated gave her head a dubious and deprecatory shake as her only reply to the first question. To the other she answered, more definitely, "They have gone into retirement on the

"TO GREET MARGARET WITH THE KINDEST RECOGNITION."

West Coast for a while—of course, the old lady's death, you know. After that it is likely they will travel. I should think it would be a very good thing for the daughter to be released from that terrible exile in Ultima Thule."

That was all. Society cannot bear to realise anything so horrible to its fancy as absolute penury attacking those whom it has regarded as its own. Where there is the least reason to imagine such a thing, it shuts its eyes, and waits till the possible sufferer is safely out of its sight, dropped down into those ranks who are supposed to be so accustomed to such things that they do not mind them! If the affair ends in some tragedy, open to the eyes of the world, then society shrieks out in dismay, and declares that this could never have happened if it (society) had believed it possible, and utters lamentable panegyrics over the honest pride of independence which hid the worst till it was too late, as if it could not be expected to know that this is what such honest pride has been doing ever since the world began!

These habits of society constitute a bitter lesson, which most of us have to learn in some form and at some time in our lives. Like most lessons, it is well learned early, because when we can estimate the right value of the sweetly-speaking acquaintanceship which surrounds us, we can take it at its right value and use it accordingly, and get out what good there is in it without burning our fingers or breaking our hearts in the end. When it is only learned late, it is too often accompanied by the painful consciousness of having stuffed life's treasures with mere wadding and allowed its gems to drop in the mire.

These days of Margaret's hard experience—and life has no experience harder to a warm and sincere heart than the discovery that so much of the world is cold and false—were not without the blessing which generally accompanies them. As the sham friends faded into the distance, the true friends came into their right position.

Margaret said not a word to Mrs. Esselton about the correspondents who dropped off; she only looked the more eagerly for May Castle's unfailing letter. She made no remark when sundry fashionable acquaintances passed through Bath and never called upon her; she only drew her stool the nearer to Mrs. Esselton's feet and nestled her head in her dress the more fondly. But she thought within herself that they need not have shrunk from her so readily; that they need not have feared that she would turn into one of those terrible females who hang on to the edge of fashion and sell fancy work to the philanthropic. No, she bravely faced the fact that bread would have to be earned, and she made up her mind that it should be earned only from the standpoint of her own abilities and energy, and from no ricketty pedestal of her birth, her blighted prospects, and her misfortunes.

After the sight of the old laird and Margaret arriving in the third class carriage, Mrs. Esselton's mind had been quite at ease. She felt that Margaret's sensibilities on the score of independence and duty would need soothing rather than exciting, and the one duty would be as pleasant as the other would have been rasping. On her philosophic temper and much experience most outward circumstances sat easily, and she said to herself that it really seemed as if her little income did more for three people than it had ever done for one, and again she compared herself to the widow of Sarepta! The pleasure, the interest, and the real heart-warming she had always got at Fowlis Lodge were gone from her life for ever, and she thankfully accepted the position she had taken beside Margaret and her father as a new form of pleasure, interest, and heart-warming. "Shabby, solitary gentility is a very terrible thing," she said to herself; "when you can't have perfect faith in your own bonnet and gloves, you want somebody at home to assure you before you go out that you look charming!"

She half wondered at first whether Lord Fowlis might not have made some provision for her in the event of his death. But she did not think it probable; she realised how young he was, how unlikely to have contemplated such a sudden end, how inexperienced in the hardnesses of facts and of hearts. She was sure he would have cared for her, had he once been brought face to face with the business of his marriage settlements.

Lord Fowlis's next of kin, the successor to the title, was a very remote relation, no connection on Mrs. Esselton's side of the family, and she had only met him once or twice in quite a casual kind of way. But he knew her to have been the marquis's familiar kinswoman and dearest friend, though he knew nothing more about her or her circumstances. So he handed her over all the little relics of the dowager marchioness and Lord Fowlis's desk, with his private letters and papers. Among these, Mrs. Esselton found a rough draft of the late marquis's wishes regarding his marriage settlements, and his intended allowances to herself.

He had evidently been preparing these for the hands of his legal advisers when he had hastily left Fowlis at Margaret's sudden summons. Mrs. Esselton reflected at her leisure over what she should do in the matter. She knew that such a paper had no legal worth, though it had an enormous worth to her, and this last expression of Fowlis's kind wishes made her feel quite a rich woman in heart. But she finally resolved to make this draft no basis for any appeal or even representation to the new marquis.

"It is impossible that he will give us what Fowlis wished to give us," she decided. "He will consider the claims of his new position and of his family of a dozen little lords and ladies. If he says that there is little enough for them, I know that he will only speak the truth. Probably he would give us something—a sort of a shilling to the pound of Fowlis's kindness—and that will make us feel as if we had filed a petition of bankruptcy against the dear, dead boy's wishes. And meanwhile, to get that, we shall have had to set forth all the horrors of our poverty, so that we ourselves shall writhe and chafe over what we shall still have to endure. No, no, we won't beg, not even by a look. We will manage somehow, and it is wonderful how far my money will go when we spend like rich, poor people, instead of like poor, rich people. Ah, there is certainly more in the right arrangement of those adjectives than grammars can define! I only hope Margaret's independence won't do anything to separate us. If she loves me and believes that I love her, she ought not to shrink from my help any more than I did from dear Fowlis. It is only help without love, money without mercy, which degrades people."

Mrs. Esselton secretly wondered whether Mr. Orion-Stewart might not be applied to for some arrangement for his evicted and aged kinsman. She thought that probably he had offered to make some such arrangement, but that the old laird, smarting under a chivalric sense of having been made the instrument of wrong, had refused to entertain the idea. Probably he would have done so, but certainly he had never had the chance. Mr. Orion-Stewart had intended to do something of the sort—he was, as people say, not a bad-hearted man. But then he was very rich, had, as he called it, "a great many irons in the fire," and some of them were always burning his fingers, and worrying him, and making him live under a sense of general loss and ruin, so that he was always planning new investments, and rarely made any mere expenditure, except in a sudden, thriftless way, to silence the clamours of Mrs. and Miss Orion-Stewart. Then his Shetland tenants aggravated him considerably, and between one thing and another, when once Margaret and her father were out of the island and beyond his ken, and he heard they had gone to a beautiful town in the south to live with some of the "Fowlis people," he began to feel rather as if they had done him a wrong, and had pushed off their poverty-stricken estate upon his hands—a very bad bargain!

It was three months after Margaret had left Balacluva that she entered Mrs. Esselton's room one day with a pale flush on her white face, and announced that she had secured an appointment as a morning visiting governess. This she had procured not by presenting herself to any circle as "a poor lady," but in a most professional way, by simply stating her acquirements upon a sort of private registry kept at one of the high class booksellers in the town.

Did Mrs. Esselton pity her and sympathise with her, and call her "a poor dear?" No, her feeling was far too true, and her heart too high for that! She kissed her on both cheeks, and said the work would be good for her, and that she only wished some of the new ideas concerning woman's duty had come more into vogue when she was a girl. She made quite a little festivity for the occasion. And when, a few weeks later, Margaret made application for employ-

ment to a London warehouse, sending up beautiful specimens of her skill, which procured her an order for some work that would occupy her leisure hours, Mrs. Esselton joined forces with her, and they both sat and sewed through the evenings, and were content and peaceful, until sometimes a soft laugh would actually ripple the even tenor of their conversation.

The quietness, the monotony, the unceasing occupation, which yet was no undue strain upon her powers, were all grateful to Margaret's over-wrought spirit. They were like the shadow of a rock in a weary land—like a secret pavilion from the strife of change and sorrow. But when her nerves grew quiet again she realised that this was not the life she would have chosen for the long run of existence. She craved more varied duties, a wider horizon, more stimulating claims on every part of her nature. She must find these in work now or go without them, for she had little leisure in which to seek them elsewhere. Yet the two ladies themselves might easily have got some colour into their existence—as pleasant, kindly women generally can, especially when one of them is past her first youth, and has no narrow experience of the world she lives in—but for the sad state into which the laird sank, and from which he never rallied. He made no new acquaintances: he would not even stir from the house unless Margaret accompanied him, and a slow and silent stroll by his side was her only variation of her swift "business walks."

His presence fell upon the ladies even at their work, the shadow of dreariness and despair and decay. Even Mrs. Esselton could not rouse him, still less cheer him. She did her best; she would fain have borne her full half of the burden, but Margaret lifted it from her entirely whenever she could, and insisted so stringently on her acceptance of the few invitations which ever reached them, or on the occasional luxury of a concert or a lecture, that there were many long hours when the noble daughter bore the piteous cross alone. And so she accepted bravely that there could be no enlargement of her life while her father remained on earth. It is a terrible thing when one's hope lies only behind a great sorrow, which so obscures it that one cannot bear to see it.

When May Castle sent up her gift of the painting of Balacluva, Margaret wrote to her the simple truth—

"I fear that you have given my father the last pleasure he will ever have, however long he lives."

She would not for worlds have wounded May by adding that, though he hung over the picture with pathetic delight, he never inquired after the artist, nor manifested any interest when she volunteered the information that the young girl to whom he had so frankly tendered his old-world hospitality had profited by it so much as to have already "exhibited" with much praise and profit. He showed a little more interest when he heard that she was engaged to marry Mr. William Thomson, for that was a name which went deeper down among the memories of his own happy days. But he soon relapsed into his usual apathy.

This was the life which Margaret took up—the daily duties among strangers who knew nothing of her past, the patient industry in the poor little rooms, the devoted tendance of one whose love now found no expression beyond a feeble caress and a murmured "Peggy." No time for any study outside her teaching work, no chance of stirring contact with fresh, bright minds. Nothing but work and remembrance! Nothing else? Only God and communion with Him.

Oh, how far away it all seemed, that other life, which must have been surely lived in another world; that life of glad scampering along the bright beach, of galloping over the breezy moorland; of evening music in the big drawing-room, or of eager discussion in the library with minister, doctor, or tourist guest. Or that sweeter life still, of long wanderings in the woods of Fowlis; that time of tremors, and dreams, and aspirations which had all been quenched in the wild North Seas. And the world went on just the same! There was a far keener intellectual life around her now, but it never touched her. There was lovelier scenery, too, perhaps, but it was not, and could not be, the landscape of her life, even if she had leisure for ramblings and explorations.

There are thousands of women in the world who have to take up such a part as had fallen to Margaret's lot. They are the nameless heroines of life's trenches, all the braver that they know their patience and their courage are not regarded and will meet with no recognition. Their only battlefield is in their own hearts, with God Himself for sole spectator.

We see them sometimes when they grow old, these women, and we may think them a little limp and faded. Well, what does that matter if they have been worn out in the Master's service in the place where he chose to use them? We may be sure that their vanished youth and beauty have left behind a something which shall spring into new and stronger life in due season, as the seeds left in the mummy's hand brought forth wheat in the strange country after centuries of dryness. But there are some rare cases among them where the youth and beauty do not vanish, but seem visibly transfigured, passing, as it were, from earthly mortality to spiritual immortality, even before our eyes. It was clear to Mrs. Esselton, looking at Margaret, that she would be one of these. How could it be otherwise, when Margaret, though with tears in her eyes and a patient pain in her heart, could still truthfully say to herself that to-day was better than yesterday, and that she had found such secret treasures in the Valleys of Humiliation and of the Shadow of Death, that she would not willingly go back to the old heedless days of happiness even to recover her vanished darlings, but would rather cheerfully press on to the Celestial City and find them there?

She did not shrink from others' joy. A gift from her—a loving labour wrought in hours snatched from sleep—held the place of honour among May Castle's wedding presents.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LOUIE LENDRUM.—Applicants for the Post Office employments must not be under fourteen nor over eighteen years of age. If you be sixteen now, you can enter yourself as a candidate for the next examination.

UNE JEUNE IRLANDAISE.—Many thanks for your kind letter, and your list of books, which is very good and the works judiciously chosen.

CALPHURNIA.—A governess who takes a holiday engagement gets a salary if possible. There is no rule, for many are glad of a home for the time without any pay at all. But such matters should be clearly understood between the parties concerned at the time of engagement, and by letter, as memory cannot be trusted in business transactions, nor are verbal agreements legally binding.

R. A. and ELLA.—There is a residence for lady students in London at Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C., of which the principal is Miss Cail; to her all applications must be addressed. There is also the College Hall of Residence for women students at 1 and 2, Byng-place, Gordon-square, close to University College. The terms for board, residence, fire, and light, are rated at from £51 to £78 15s. for the University College session, and for the session of 37 weeks, from £58 to £88 10s. Apply to the principal, Miss Grove.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAPHNE.—You should serve from the outer court, one foot touching the outer line. Why do you not procure a book of the rules of lawn tennis? We thank you for your kind expressions in reference to our paper. You do not form your letters correctly, and thus your handwriting is not very legible. For instance, you write "outer" thus—"ohter," and the final "r" only half formed, as also the "u" in the word "you."

OLD NELL will find an answer to the query respecting the eagle lectern before she sees this reply to her last letter, as we have just given it again. We regret your having felt overlooked, but we have not time to search the correspondence columns for you.

FORGET-ME-NOT is recommended to read our series of articles on the subject of good breeding and the usages of society. You do not give your card to the servant unless the mistress of the house be not at home. Pronounce your name distinctly that she may make no mistake in announcing you. We do not admire your fanciful "f," otherwise you write fairly well.

BOB.—We do not approve of eating much fat. Very little is sufficient. It is bad for the liver and disagrees with some people. It is a heat-giver. We do not give recipes in confectionery. Beware of what are called lemon drops, as a corrosive acid is employed instead of lemon juice, which is destructive to the enamel of the teeth.

DANTE'S BEATRICE.—We have attended to your wishes as to the subscription. The "weary feeling" of which you complain may be attributed either to want of tone and strength in the system, constitutional or temporary, or else from lack of regular and interesting employment. If physical, climate or the situation of your residence may have brought depressing influences to bear upon you. If mental, procure some active employment, divide your day, and allot to every portion its own special work, leaving some for the taking of rest and food. We do not recommend the book you name.

CARL S. GUNNERY.—If you do not eat salt you will be infested with parasites. It was a form of torture once adopted (not in England) for the punishment of malefactors in prison to deny them the use of salt, and the consequences were terrible, death being a lingering agony. We do not give addresses of shops.

M. W. A.—Take the cat to a veterinary surgeon and show him the swelling.

AN INTERESTED READER.—Sir Henry Lawrence was one of the distinguished and heroic band to whom is due the honour of saving the Indian Empire during the dark days of the mutiny, but he died at Lucknow during the siege, before the news reached him that his services were known and rewarded.

DIOGENES was a Cynic philosopher of Sinope, and a pupil of Antisthenes, who was the head of the Cynics. He renounced every other object of ambition, and distinguished himself by his contempt of honours and riches. He wore a coarse cloak, and depended on casual contributions for his daily food. He was said to have taken up his residence in a tub, but whether this be true or not, he undoubtedly practised rigid abstinence and self control.

HOPE DEFERRED.—The articles by "Medicus" are inserted at intervals, not by any means regularly.

SEEKER FOR CHRIST.—The more you seek for Him and advance in spirituality of life, the more faulty and inconsistent your own life will appear to you. Of course you are not too young to be a disciple of Christ, nor to feel grateful to Him for His goodness to you and forbearance towards your faults. Try to love and serve Him, and it will become less and less difficult to correct your own omissions or misdoings. 2. Use prepared chalk in the morning, and Castile soap or unscented curd soap at night. Give your squirrel nuts of all kinds, beech-mast, wheat in ear, fir cones, boiled potato, a stale crust of bread, milk, bread and milk, acorns, and even a tiny scrap of cold meat.

A SAD ONE.—Without engaging your lawyer to draw up your will you should simply ask him whether you have the legal right to make one, and if so you can purchase a form at any stationer's and fill it up. Two witnesses of your signature will be required. We sympathise much with you in your great trials. 2. No girl should learn singing until she be sixteen, as the voice then becomes much stronger than it was previously.

BLACK AND CHOCOLATE GLOVES.—Get a dictionary and look for the two words "Exchange" and "Robbery," and do not give us unnecessary trouble. 2. Refer to our indexes, and you will find all that we can tell you about the hair.

FLORENCE L. L.—How could a person who has never seen you, nor has any acquaintance with your habits and surroundings, and what produced your nervous debility—how could a perfect stranger tell you how soon you may expect complete recovery? You should ask your medical attendant, and abolish the cause of your illness. Of course you may give him a bouquet from your garden in the country. We should think that magnetic treatment would be of use in your case; but if living out of town you will probably find some difficulty in obtaining it.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—A situation in a florist's shop would be very agreeable, more so than at a confectioner's. But either, with respectable, kindly people, would be a pleasant position. You write neatly, but your spelling is bad.

CHARLES KERSHAW writes to ask 'Streonestrath" to give the answer to the riddle given at page 511, in the number for May, 1883.

AN ADMIRER OF CATS.—Many thanks for your anecdote, which is very interesting.

ROSALIND.—The past tense is "beaten," and pronounced "beeten."

SWEETBRIAR asks a needless question. The best way of waking in the morning is to open your eyes and get out of bed the moment you are called, and if no one is at hand to call you, procure an alarm clock.

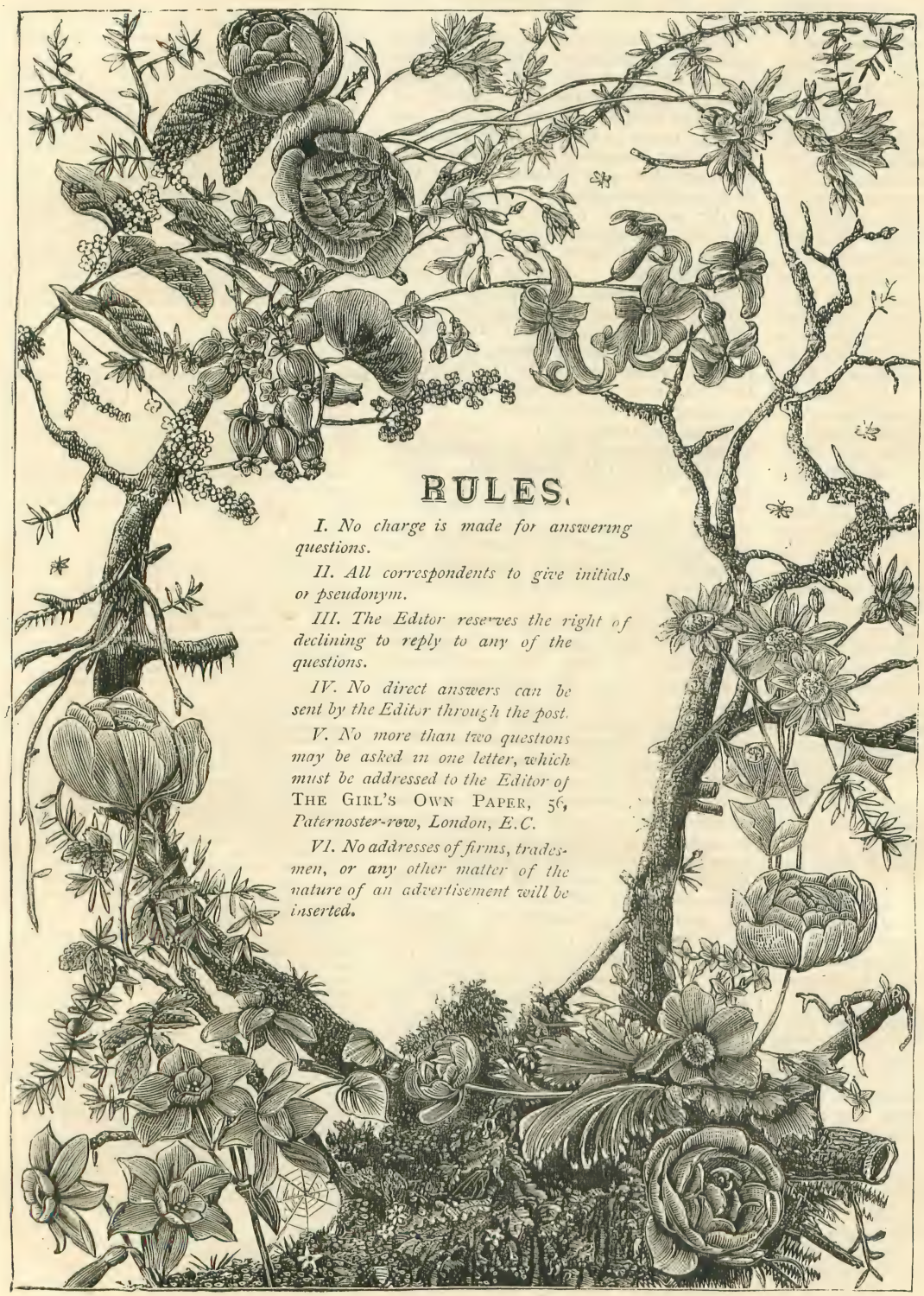
IVY.—The answer to your letter is easily given. You began by jilting the man to whom you were engaged for no fault of his, then pledged your faith to another and jilted him likewise. You meet your originally betrothed husband again, and, finding him unchanged, and willing to forgive your ill-treatment, a second time pledged your word to him, and was received as a daughter by his mother. Do not talk about "looking for signs." If you pray sincerely for guidance you may be perfectly satisfied that it will not be God's Providence that leads you to break your vow and play the jilt a third time. You are bound in honour to marry your affianced husband. "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? . . . . . He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." Psalm xv. 1-4. Try to correct the fickleness of your disposition. We should be glad to hear that you have done your duty.

TROUBLED ONE.—We must refer you to the monthly numbers for April, June, and July, 1880, as we decline to repeat all we have so often said respecting the hair and complexion. We are glad you were much pleased with our articles on good breeding.

LITTLE NELL.—Your letter deserved better of us than to be thrown unanswered into the waste-paper basket. We are glad you like our cookery recipes, papers on painting and on good breeding, but especially that you so much value the religious principles expressed throughout it, and the teaching which the "Answers to Correspondents" supplies. Your writing is defective in the tops and tails of the letters that should have any. Lengthen them, cross each "t," and slope from right to left. You have our best wishes.

W. E. S.—"Evelina" is pronounced as "Ev-e-leena." There is a hospital of this name in London.

SILVERY WAVES will find the story of the Chinese "Willow Pattern" in the monthly number for April, 1881, given in reply to "Alpine Sapling." It is the story of two lovers who were turned into doves to escape from the punishment of death. Write to Mr. Tarn for the number, as we cannot repeat stories.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL IT ALL LOOKED!"

"Her Own Choice," page 818.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. V.—NO. 248. SEPTEMBER 27, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I BELIEVE you will find a relative in my fellow-traveller, Miss Cranswick," said Robert Brooke; "for, though his parents have chosen to be known as Mr. and Mrs. Ormerod, the real surname of the family is the same as yours. All the children have Ormerod as a second Christian name; but until the first marriage took place, even they did not know that they were entitled to call themselves Cranswick also.

"Some family quarrel caused the parents to leave England in early life, but of that period the young people know nothing. My friend, Austin, is only sure of one thing, that the whole life of his parents contradicted the idea of anything dishonourable in connection with the change. It was one of quiet good-doing. The children do credit to the careful training given them; the daughters have married well, and my friend's mother is a lovely old lady, at over seventy years of age. In Austin Ormerod Cranswick there is nothing to make even you, Miss Hilda, ashamed to own him as a kinsman."

"I believe he is one, and I shall be glad to own him," said Hilda.

"Wait, my dear," interposed Mr. Oakley, smiling at her eagerness. "What was that about this young man seeking Allan in the first instance?"

"I forgot you had not been told the reason. The particulars are in that un-

All rights reserved.]

"AND HOW DID HILDA ANSWER?"

opened letter, but I can now tell you more quickly. You know the history of certain advertisements inserted from time to time during many years in English and Australian papers?" asked Mr. Brooke.

"I do. Part were inserted by Hilda's father. Later ones by himself. None produced any reply."

"In looking over his father's papers, Austin, junior, found numbers of these on slips of newspaper ambiguously worded, but always conveying the same thing—a wish to communicate with his father. Austin appealed to his mother for information. All he could learn was that a quarrel had separated his father from his English kin, and that he had determined not to communicate with them again. The widow calmly told her son that the only other person concerned in the quarrel died soon after it occurred.

"Her own married life had been happily spent far from a younger kinsman, who now sought to open a communication with her husband or his family. He was one of whom they knew little, and for herself she wished to end her days undisturbed by those who had no associations in common with herself.

"She just added that this relative had benefited by the quarrel between her husband and his uncle.

"He had taken the name they had renounced to inherit the English estate, but she was quite convinced he only sought to trace her husband in order to show his goodwill towards him."

"That is true. It was my own dear father," cried Hilda.

Robert Brooke's face beamed with kindly sympathy as he added, "I have almost done.

"The young Cranswicks, Austin especially, wished to know more, and when he saw Allan's advertisement in the *Argus* he was struck with the coincidence of names. He left his home to visit the Australian Brinnington Hey, and, as you know, was taken with fever. At one time his life was in danger, and, wishing to communicate with his friends, we were obliged to examine his pocket-book. His luggage was labelled Austin Ormerod. In his pocket-book was the baptismal certificate of Austin Ormerod Cranswick.

"This startled us, and I exclaimed, 'Ever since I first saw this young man I have been haunted by the resemblance of his face to some other. He is like Miss Cranswick; and he is like you,'" added Mr. Brooke.

"To shorten my story. When the sick man recovered things were talked over, and an acquaintance sprung up which has grown into friendship. Austin is the youngest of the family, is just over thirty, and rich in sisters, nephews, and nieces. I have seen most of them. There is one lovely girl of nineteen, who lives with the grandmother, and bears her name, 'Felicia.' The members of the family are a good deal scattered; but we think little of distance in Australia, and, having become acquainted, we managed to see each other often."

Hilda was very silent, and it was Mr. Oakley who asked what had induced Austin to visit England.

"He had long wished to come, and I persuaded him to hasten his preparations and accompany me. I knew if Mr. Oakley could give him information about his father's family he would do so. He wants nothing at their hands but the goodwill he is prepared to reciprocate." Then turning to Hilda, "I expect you will thank me for bringing this new kinsman."

"I will thank you in advance, Mr. Brooke," said Hilda, with a radiant face; "I have only known for a few days the other portion of the story you have partly told to-night. I hope the coming of this cousin will help towards the settling of old scores which troubled my dear father during many years of his life."

"You will tell him, from Hilda and myself, how glad we shall be to see him," said Mr. Oakley. And his sister-in-law added, "From me, too, for I shall be a degree nearer akin to him than Hilda is. I belong to the same generation as your father, Hilda, though we shall be but far-away cousins, after all," said Mrs. Maurice Oakley.

As Hilda stood alone in her pretty room she thought over what had passed during the evening. By what a strange coincidence Robert Brooke had been brought into the family history! How wonderful that he should be the means of bridging over the separation of half a century, by bringing together the scattered members so strangely severed! That he should return to England just at this time, with Austin Cranswick, the two having come in contact in such a matter-of-fact way! But Mr. Brooke knew nothing as yet of the trust which she had inherited from her dead father.

The girl went to the window and looked out on the fair country landscape below. The soft light of the waning moon, aided by the white snow, enabled her to discern its features. In the distance the Silvermere—frost-bound, but still meriting its name—wound in and out among the snow-clad grounds.

How beautiful it all looked!

To-morrow there was to be a tenants' dinner and a feast for the young folk. They would ask her when she was coming to make Silvermere her home; and what could she say?

"Never!" was the answer in her mind. "My father ought not to have had it, and would have given it to Austin Cranswick. What will his son say? He wants no money, but who could refuse Silvermere, of which I once spoke so lightly? It is so beautiful, and, if I lived here now, I might be happier and more useful than I once was. I know now what my ignorance was and is."

She closed the curtain with a sigh. Memory was showing her, in succession, the varied charms of her old, fair home, which had never seemed half so beautiful as now, when she was preparing to renounce it in favour of one whom she had not yet seen. Perhaps he would choose the money. She could give that at once. To bestow Silvermere she must wait a year. Would her resolution hold good now she could see the charms once lightly valued? Then came to mind her father's dying words. "He trusted me," she thought; "may God help me to carry out his wish and do what conscience says is right."

In another room Mr. and Mrs. Oakley had just read together Robert Brooke's letter.

"How nobly he had planned to help us!" said he. And "May God reward him!" was the prayer of husband and wife alike.

To repeat what passed when Austin Cranswick and Hilda met would make a twice-told tale. Enough to say that there was abundant evidence to prove that the young man was the son of old Everard Cranswick's disinherited nephew. The latter had obtained a large grant of land when he first emigrated; had purchased more, and continued to reside in the same place until his death.

Mr. Oakley had warned Hilda not to be rash in her offers. The first interview showed him that the newly-found kinsman would be most unwilling to receive anything at her hands, and that the question must be left in abeyance.

Robert Brooke was well satisfied when Hilda told him that her cousin justified his eulogiums.

"I am proud of him, and glad that he, a Cranswick of the old stock, should be here to-day. I hardly feel myself to be a proper Cranswick now I know all."

Hilda's eyes followed Austin's figure with a look of frank admiration, but that look brought a shadow to the face of her companion.

Robert Brooke's nature was, however, too generous to allow of its continuing there, and he answered, "There is no finer man present than Austin. I wish his niece, Felicia, were here to represent the ladies of the family. There could hardly be a fairer maiden than she is."

Surely the shadow was now on Hilda's face, and the speaker saw this, for he added, "I believe she is the fairest in Allan's eyes. But keep this a secret; I judge not from his words, but my own observation."

So the shadow passed, and Hilda went about looking her bright fair self, while admiring eyes watched her and homely tongues said, "In another year, Miss Hilda, you'll come to bide among us."

Then it oozed out that the stranger was a Cranswick, and aged folk recalled and told the long-forgotten tale of half a century past, as to how Silvermere passed to Hilda's father, wondering the while if the stranger's coming boded evil to her.

Some predicted that, as this Austin was a "proper man," it would be well if the young lady and he were to strangle old differences in a matrimonial noose. Robert Brooke overheard these remarks, and, glancing at Hilda and her cousin, who were together, resolved to leave unsaid something he had longed to say from the early days of his own acquaintance with her. He had discerned the better nature, despite the effects of over-indulgence, and knew

something of her inner struggles and yearnings after a higher life.

He had thought to tell her his tale of deep, true love before leaving England; but, with the prospect of absence, he decided to wait. She was so young, and, even with Mr. Oakley's consent, he would not try to bind her. Then Allan had given him his confidence, and he must not betray it.

So the brave man, who ever put self in the last place, had locked his secret in his heart's inner chamber. The love that filled it strengthened. Letters from home told how Hilda had changed for the better. She had been insistent in seeking strength to persevere. But she little knew that the man who had given her the deep affection of his true and tender heart was ever asking God's blessing on her behalf and rejoicing in her self-conquests.

Mr. Brooke knew that Hilda had encouraged no suitor for her hand. As to Allan, he had not said that another fair image now filled his mind, but he had owned that Hilda was his "dear cousin, and no more."

Every obstacle seemed to have vanished. He had counted the hours on the voyage, and, last night, resolved to speak to-day. Now, idle words coupling the names of Hilda and Austin were sealing his lips.

Had he brought a rival in his friend? He crushed out the thought; but it was in other minds, even those of Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, who saw in such a union the solution of the present difficulty about Silvermere. The words that had trembled on Mr. Brooke's lips remained unspoken. He would yet wait and watch.

He and Mr. Oakley had a business talk afterwards. The latter found that Brooke's Australian experience enabled him to suggest new openings for Brinnington wares, and the head of the firm saw that by carrying out his plans they would become independent of home demands.

"I am deeply interested in the prosperity of the works," said Mr. Brooke, "and I once told you how I should like to be one in such a concern, and, through it, to influence, I trust for good, the many workers and their families."

"No words can tell how grateful I am to you," said Mr. Oakley. "If the works were in the state you first saw them in I would say, 'Join Frank and me,' but I cannot bid you come on board a sinking ship."

"Then I say, 'Take me into the firm, and I will sink or swim with it,' though I have no fear of failure, or even loss. You return to the Hey in two days; may I go with you?"

"What! and leave Geof, Lydia, and all the rest? I return alone, you know."

"Not unless you forbid me to join you. As to the works, I am not much of a commercial prophet, but there is already a little movement in the direction of returning prosperity, like the first rustle amongst the trees when the wind is rising."

"I do not feel it yet, but I trust you may be right. I should be only too glad to have you with us; but you must see things as they are before you decide."

Much to the consternation of the rest of the party, Robert Brooke left Treneweth with Mr. Oakley, and Austin Cranswick stayed behind as the guest of the Penwardens. If Mr. Brooke could have looked in upon the rest of the party during the days that followed he would have been convinced that his absence had not increased Miss Cranswick's enjoyment. She was graver and quieter than usual, and when tender Dorothy would fain have known the cause and offered sympathy, Hilda kissed her, and said, with a rather wintry smile, that she had been growing old very fast of late, and was becoming sorrowfully conscious of a past girlhood.

Dorothy's wistful look could not penetrate the mystery, but she knew there was some hidden trouble which she could neither reach nor remove.

A few more days and they were all back at the Hey. Not Austin Cranswick. He having everything to see, and being new to the country, was going to London with Mr. Penwarden.

What was there in Hilda's face when she again met Robert Brooke that for ever scattered his misgivings and quickly unsealed his lips? Just a look of great gladness as she saw him approach the carriage, and then a crimson flush on her cheek and a shy shrinking before those honest eyes which the twins so well described as "keen and kind." Her glance was but momentary, yet it told Hilda that the mere fact of her presence brought great joy to Robert Brooke. He felt the girl's hand tremble in his, yet, though she turned quickly from him, and her answer to his greeting was so low as to be almost inaudible, these signs did not discourage him.

The low voice, the trembling hand, the quick turning from his eager look and words of welcome, were not marks of coldness or indifference in a girl like Hilda Cranswick. And so it happened that before she slept that night Robert Brooke had told the tale he had so long kept back even while wishing to utter it, and she knew that the true, warm heart of this good man was in her sole keeping.

And how did Hilda answer?

Well, whatever she said, Robert Brooke was satisfied that, even as she was the one love of his life, so he alone had gained an abiding place in her affections.

"I ought to tell you, though," said Hilda, with a touch of her old playfulness, "that I once considered myself engaged to Geoffrey Penwarden, whose 'little wife' I was in my pinafore days. When we met on the road to Fell Foot, and before I knew anything about him and Aunt Lydia, I wove a charming romance, in which I renewed the old intimacy, and figured as the fairy princess whose dower was to give him back Treneweth. I built a card castle and peopled it, but on the next day it was for ever demolished, and the hero took his proper place in my regard, as a perspective Uncle Geof. Fancy my mortification when I found that Aunt Lydia, whom I was accustomed to call the 'old maid of the family,' was the true heroine of the love story of which Mr. Penwarden was the hero."

Robert Brooke joined in the happy laugh which followed, but it soon died away, and then Hilda whispered, "I am not good enough for you. But I have been fighting against my many faults, and though not always victorious, I have higher aims than I once had. You will help me?"

"We will help each other, dearest, and work together, God helping us both," was the reverent answer.

Then Robert told Hilda how he had known of her visits to the cottagers near Fell Foot, and her efforts to add to their comfort and to do them good, though he had kept her secret, adding—

"Even then I knew you better than anyone else did."

"You thought me better than I was, and I fear you still judge me too kindly," said Hilda.

We will not tell the answer, but, after awhile Robert led Hilda to those who had so lovingly filled the place of parents to her; not to seek Mr. Oakley's consent—he had secured that beforehand, but to tell them that his wooing had not been in vain. What could follow the news but the heartiest congratulations from each and all? As to Dorothy, she threw her arms round Hilda's neck, and whispered, between laughing and crying—

"I know the secret now. I am so glad for you, darling; but it will be too dreadful to lose you."

"You will not lose me, dear," was the prompt answer. "We do not mean our future home to be very far from the Hey."

"But Silvermere is——"

"Tenanted by other people at present, and I—this is a great secret, Dorry, dear—I think I know who is likely to be the mistress of Silvermere, when the present tenants leave it. Her name is not Hilda, and I am well-convinced that its master will not be Robert Brooke. This is a riddle, in a whisper, Dorothy. You must wait a little for the solution, but we may be happy in the thought that you and I will not be far apart."

Further communication between the two girls was prevented by a remark from one of the twins. Janet and Jack were wild with delight at the prospect of having their favourite as a real cousin, and expressed themselves in an equally hearty and characteristic manner. "We were always very fond of you, Mr. Brooke. If we had not been, we should not have called Bob after you." A merry laugh followed this speech, whereat Jack continued — "There's nothing to laugh at. If Bob is a donkey, he is the gentlest, kindest, best-dispositioned donkey that ever lived."

"And it was because of his goodness that we called him after you," chimed in Janet, who was hanging on Robert Brooke's arm in her old, childish way, for it would be a long time yet before Janet would pose as a young lady.

"It was very good of you, dear children," said Robert, "and if these misguided people do not appreciate the compliment, I do."

A pair of youthful heads nodded

approval, and the tongues pertaining thereto remarked, "We knew you would."

Good news flies fast, as well as bad. It did not take long for Brinnington folks to spread the news of Hilda's engagement, and as she went in and out, as usual, amongst her humble friends, accompanied by Robert Brooke, many a kindly wish and heartfelt prayer were offered for their continued happiness.

"But they say your gentleman comes from Australia, and is bound to take you back with him. Eh, Miss Hilda! What shall we do without you?"

"You have got the story the wrong way about," said Mr. Brooke. "It is I that am bound. Miss Cranswick has got me fast, and I cannot get away, so I shall stay in England, and not far from the Hey."

"That is good hearing," replied the woman, and with a brightened expression she added, "May you be as happy as the day is long!" and went on her way.

"Surely I know that person," said Robert, and the moment afterwards he remembered the scene which was his first introduction to Susan Barton, and wished the words unspoken.

"She forgave me long ago, and we became great friends," said Hilda, as if answering the thought.

Robert did not speak, but pressed more closely the hand which rested on his arm, and the look on his face was enough for Hilda.

Four years have passed since Robert Brooke took his young wife to the home he had prepared for her reception. It was only a pleasant drive or a short railway ride from the Hey, but further removed from Brinnington works and others of a similar kind. The last lines of the story must, therefore, be retrospective, but they will offer a succession of bright, if momentary pictures, in which each of the characters will appear, and then finally vanish.

Let us look in at the Hey first. There is no longer any sign of care on the master's face, for Robert Brooke's prophecy has been fulfilled, and the present prosperity of the works is far in excess of anything known in the days before he became a partner there. His wide experience and business talents have done more even than the capital he brought in, and all came just at the right time.

Mrs. Oakley, sweet and motherly as ever, has only Jack and Janet under the old roof now, though the Hey is subject to invasion from small individuals of a younger generation, who help to fill up gaps made by the flight of the elder nestlings.

But where is Gladys?

We must look for her at Silvermere, where, as the wife of Austin Ormerod Cranswick, she reigns supreme, a charming Lady Bountiful.

Hilda carried her point, and conveyed her old home to her cousin, though he held out against it for some time. At last a compromise was effected, and inasmuch as the estate had become more valuable, owing to the sums expended on it by Hilda's father, she agreed to accept an amount equivalent to half the increase.

The old church at Brinnington being alike too small for the needs of the worshippers and in want of restoration, an offer was made by some persons unknown to rebuild the same on an enlarged scale. But Mr. Oakley could have told that the money with which the work was carried out was that which passed from Austin Cranswick to Hilda, but never went into her pocket. And with the accumulated interest of that trust-money a charming rectory-house was built and furnished for the new Rector of Brinnington and his bride, *née* Dorothy Oakley. So Hilda's determination not to be far from the sweet confidante of her girlish days has been literally fulfilled.

Jack is just ready to enter the works, for there is room for more young blood there, now Mr. Oakley is taking things very easily, as befits his years. When Jack is twenty-one the father will withdraw and leave business to the younger men, only giving them the benefit of his greater age and experience.

Janet is the mother's help and comfort, and she and Jack are nearly worshipped by all the tiny people who can claim kindred with them.

Geoffrey Penwarden and his wife are wearing mourning just now, for Cousin Vivien died whilst they and their children were in Cornwall on a visit to her, or rather she passed away like a child falling asleep.

They heard her murmur "Philip," in a half-unconscious way, and they lifted their eldest-born for her to see him. But the dim eyes discerned him not, and it was another Philip whose name was the last uttered by those kind lips.

The old Cornish home will remain as it is, and the memory of its aged mistress will ever be fresh in the hearts of those who owed so much to "Cousin Vivien."

Allan has been once in England with his wife, for Robert Brooke in this also made a shrewd guess, and her Christian name is Felicia. But his work is not at Brinnington, and his friends are content to know that he is equally happy and useful, though far away from the land of his birth.

Did Hilda feel no regret at parting with Silvermere?

Yes, it cost her more than she had calculated it would to part with the place of which she formerly spoke with contempt. She had seen Gladys as its mistress, and knows how she finds endless opportunities for good doing, and she realises, too, all the loveliness of that which has passed out of her possession.

But Hilda is very rich in the love of her good husband, who, with the means to indulge every fancy, finds his happiness in working for the benefit of the many. She is rich, as a young matron, in her two bright children, and in the affection of the toiling people amongst whom she now knows how to carry sunshine.

And she says, "How could I once call those people 'common,' and despise them because they did not possess the blessings which God had bestowed on me in such large measure? To stay near them, to care for them, to make them happier, and to deserve the affection of these warm hearts would now, if I had the whole world to select from, be my own choice."

THE END.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

A Reader of the G. O. P., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss C. Loversidge, 6s. 9d.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; A Wellwish, 1s.; Egham, 1s.; Fatima, 5s.; Birdie, 5s.; Collected by Miss Linda R. Wade, 5s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Annie Siddall, 15s.; E. B. M., 5s.; From a Reader, 7s. 6d.; A Thank-offering from one who has received the gift of the Holy Spirit in Confirmation, 5s.; "Towards," 1s.; E. M., 1s.; Ada, 1s.; Miss Alice M., 1s.; Miss M. Rogers, 4s.; Collected by Miss Alice Keefe, 2s.; The Alexandra Early Rising Association, 7s.; Collected by Miss M. Sturgess, 5s.; Collected by Miss Farley, 13s.; Miss Scott, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Hollingworth, £1; Mr. T. Hollingworth, £1; Mrs. E. D. Mannering, 5s; Miss J. Leney, 10s.; A Friend, 2s.; Mr. F. Wright, 5s.; "G. W.," 6d.; Mrs. A. Spencer, 5s.; Mr. Alfred Spencer, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss J. Rose, 16s. Total amount received to June 30, 1884, £863 10s. 4d.

Collected by Miss M. E. E. Winch, £2; Collected by Miss Lynch, 15s.; Miss Doyle, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss B. G. Grant, 8s. 3d.; Collected by Miss G. Williamson, £1; Collected by Miss Lilly Norton, 18s.; Collected by Miss Mabel L. Fell, £1 2s.; "Francesca," 3s.; Collected by Miss E. Kerr, £2 4s.; Miss E. K. Bennett, 1s.; Collected by Miss N. Manning, 2s. 6d.; Collected by "Three Scotch Lassies," 10s.; Collected by Miss G. Sinclair, 13s.; Julie, 5s.; Collected by Miss E. M. Stewart, £1 7s. 6d.; Collected by "Stumpy," £1 10s.; Miss M. A. Webster, £1; Miss S. Lawson, 2s.; "From a Dying One," £5; Kittens, 5s.; Green Fields, 2s.; Carlotta, 2s.; Miss C. Hiscock, 6s. Total received to July 31st, 1884, £883 9s. 1d.

"CAVENDISH" ON LAWN TENNIS.

To the surprise of the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER it has been pointed out to him that an infringement of copyright was committed by the insertion, without acknowledgment, of passages from the above book in the course of a story entitled, "How I Learned to Play Lawn Tennis," published in this magazine, October, 1882. The Editor wishes to express his regret that this use of Cavendish's treatise (De La Rue and Co.) was made without due acknowledgment by the writer of the papers, and without consent.

CISSY'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IV.

POOR GWENNY.

THE night was so warm, and the rooms had become so close and heated, that, in an interval of the music, Cissy stole out upon the terrace to enjoy the sweet, fresh, midnight air, and to admire the crescent moon rising over the dark trees.

She leaned against the stone balustrade, thinking, with a throb of delight, that to-morrow she would be at home once more—her own dear, quiet, peaceful home!—away from all the stir and unrest, the petty jealousies and the mean little schemings which she could not help seeing all around, and which filled her soul with pity, not unmixed with contempt. One thing, at least, her visit—which had by no means been an entirely happy one—had taught her, and that was that where there was everything to make life happy it by no means followed that happiness was there.

From her reverie she was suddenly roused by the sound of Irene's voice at her side.

"What have you come away all alone for you little owl?" she asked.

"It looked so tempting out here," Cissy answered; "and the rooms were so hot, and so I came here to get cool. Are you enjoying yourself very much, Irene?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready answer; "well enough. I suppose nothing ever quite comes up to one's expectations. But I'm afraid poor Gwen isn't enjoying herself. Did you see what a rage she has been in for ever so long?"

"No. Why should she be in a rage?" asked Cissy.

"Oh, because she had set her heart on finally capturing Baldwin to-night—and surely her Paris dress ought to have accomplished that!—and I promised to keep out of her way

"SUCH TALK WAS SO UTTERLY DISTASTEFUL TO HER."

and give her a good chance, as it is her birthday, you know. And there, what does my young gentleman do but persist in making himself agreeable to no one but you and the Johnson diamonds! Gwen's in a fury; and it is too bad of him, for I believe he only does it to put Gwen in a rage. And Irene began slowly furling and unfurling her fan, admiring her long, well-fitting glove the while.

Cissy made no reply. Such talk was so utterly distasteful to her, so revolting to her sense of maidenly dignity, and she hated to hear Irene speak so. To see the girl standing there looking so sweet and gracious while she talked so—oh, it was monstrous!

"So you're both standing there, are you?" cried a harsh voice suddenly, and immediately after Gwenny had joined them, her voice hoarse with suppressed feeling and her face ablaze.

"Yes, but I'm just going back," Irene answered, giving Cissy a glance of comic dismay at Gwenny's very evident state of perturbation.

"I want you to stay," her sister replied, indicating Cissy; and then, when they were alone, her anger suddenly blazed forth.

"I do wonder at you, Cissy!" she cried. "I could not have believed it possible you would have behaved so!"

"Why? What do you mean?" asked Cissy in dismay, utterly taken aback.

And then all Gwenny's anger, jealousy, and disappointment broke forth in a torrent of rage and accusation. Cissy was a wicked, designing girl; her conduct was disgraceful; anyone could see how meanly she had planned and how openly she had worked to get Mr. Baldwin's attentions to herself, and rob her, Gwenny, of them. It was disgraceful, and ungrateful, after all the kindness that had been shown to her—wickedly ungrateful! She would not bear such conduct! And much more to the same point.

Poor, unhappy Gwenny, who had been bitterly disappointed in the results of her birthday party, to which she had looked forward so eagerly; and unable to visit her rage and jealousy upon Miss Johnson, vented all upon the head of poor Cissy, who was utterly innocent of any intentional offence. What did Gwenny mean by saying such cruel things to her? How dare she? Then, looking into the other's face, disfigured with passion, while the slim hands were clenched in anger, Cissy told herself she despised a girl who could behave as Gwenny was doing, and she was glad that her unmaidenly schemes were failing her.

"I do not know what you mean by all you say," she said, at last, with quiet dignity, when, from sheer want of breath, Gwenny paused in her tirade. "I do not see how I am to blame if Mr. Baldwin prefers Miss Johnson, or even me, to you; but if you mean that I have lowered myself to try and 'catch him,' as you say, I tell you it is utterly false, and you know it. Why, Gwenny, when I see you and the other girls making such a set at him or any man, I declare it makes me ashamed of being a girl at all!" And then she turned away hastily, that Gwenny might not see the hot teardrops that would rise and overflow.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Gwenny, recklessly; "you know you'd give your eyes for such a chance; and to say you're above trying—a silly country chit like you! don't expect me to believe such rubbish. I hate you! I wish we'd never asked you here! But I never thought you'd be so wicked as to interfere with me this way." And she broke into a storm of angry sobs.

Cissy was about to make a hasty vehement reply, and then checked herself. What was the use of continuing such an unseemly quarrel? She had always been taught that quarrelling was ill-bred, to say the least of it; and to reply to Gwenny when she was in such an excited state would be only worse than useless, so she said nothing, but stood silently leaning over the balustrade, and battling down her anger and indignation. And as she thus struggled with herself, better feelings came; feelings of intense pity for the unhappy girl who had let her passion master her so completely.

Gwenny's rage spent itself at last, all the sooner because it met with no resistance; and when at last she ceased, Cissy crept to her side and whispered, in gentle, winning tones that had not a trace of resentment in them—

"Don't, dear; please don't. I never meant to do anything to vex you. Forgive me if I have, and don't be angry with me."

But Gwenny was not to be so easily won over. She flung off Cissy's soft detaining hand with an angry gesture, and left her alone without a word; while poor Cissy, repulsed and miserable, hid her face in her hands and wept as if her heart would break.

The air was filled with the strains of music; through the uncurtained windows could be seen groups of graceful figures; nearer at hand were sounds of voices and low laughter; the night breeze was full of fragrance; but to poor, miserable Cissy, a blight seemed to have fallen upon everything; her enjoyment of the evening was spoilt, and she longed, with a sick yearning and a hopeless sense of pain and disappointment, to be away from it all.

Was it for this she had wanted to exchange her happy home life, with its peace and unity; its busy usefulness and simple round of duties; to exchange it for an empty fashionable life, spent in chasing the bubbles of pleasure, which constantly eluded the grasp or melted away to nothing?

Gwenny was more than half-ashamed next morning to meet Cissy again, after her angry outbreak, but at the same time too proud to offer any apology. But Cissy had apparently forgotten all cause of offence, and greeted her as kindly and pleasantly as ever; and hers was by far the brightest of the somewhat tired and fretful faces which gathered round the late breakfast table. She had reason to be bright and gay, she would have told you, for was she not going home?

"Many, many thanks for my nice visit," she said as she kissed the two girls who came to the front door to see her off.

"You seem pleased enough to be leaving us, though," said Irene rather reproachfully.

"I'm very sorry to say goodbye to you all," Cissy answered, feeling inwardly self-condemned that she did not feel more sorry; "but you see I'm going home, and it seems ages since I saw them all there."

"Poor little thing, I'm sorry she's gone," Irene said, with a slight sigh, as the carriage drove off with Cissy's beaming face watching them to the last from the window. "I'm afraid we haven't done our best to make her visit as pleasant as it ought to have been, Gwenny; and she's such a good-hearted creature that we might have been kinder to her."

Gwenny made no answer. She was watching the disappearance of her friend, with feelings far more self-reproachful on her account than she would have admitted even to her sister. And perhaps in the future Cissy's unconscious example will not have been without its effect upon the selfish, frivolous girl.

Meantime Cissy was swiftly speeding on her homeward journey, feeling so gay and light-hearted that she could have sung aloud from very gladness.

At length the landscape grew familiar: she was very near home now; there were the well-known white roads along which she so often walked or drove, and now they were pulling up at the station; there was the low carriage waiting for her, and, on the platform, dancing with eager impatience, was Effie, who spied her sister in a moment, and shouted frantic welcomes before the train stopped and Cissy could spring from the carriage.

Then came the delicious drive through the cool fragrant lanes, until the old home was reached, and there in the doorway stood the dear mother, shading her eyes from the level sunbeams waiting to welcome back her child.

What a long, long talk mother and daughter had that evening, sitting in the semi-darkness on the creeper-covered verandah, when tea was over and Effie safely asleep in her little bed; a long talk that did Cissy's heart good, as she sat on a low footstool at her mother's feet, one hand clasped lovingly in both her own.

"I can't think however I came to want to leave home, mother," she said, penitently; "however could I think I should be happy away from you all? I know better now."

Mrs. Nelson smiled lovingly upon her as she answered, stroking the girl's bright hair, "My dear child, it is quite natural that young people should like a change, and it would be a bad thing for you never to leave home at all; change is good for everyone. But I am glad you have paid this visit. I think it has at least taught you this lesson, that it by no means follows because people have everything they could possibly wish for they must necessarily be happier than those who seem to have less. Real happiness is far more in ourselves than our surroundings."

"But it oughtn't to make people unhappy just because they are rich and have everything they want," Cissy answered. "It is not wrong to be rich, and yet, with all they have, I do not believe that either Gwenny or Irene,—who I used to think must lead perfectly happy lives—has half the good times I have. Do you think it is all their own fault, mother?"

"I do not know enough of their lives to answer that, my dear," her mother replied; "but this you may be very sure of, that a life spent only for oneself can never be really happy. It is sure to be disappointing and unsatisfying. We were never sent into the world simply to live for our own pleasure, and true happiness always goes hand in hand with duty. I do not mean to say that life was not meant to be happy. Very far from it. I often think a man's religion has done very little for him if it has not made him happier; but what I mean is, that we should follow duty first, and leave happiness to take care of itself. As my favourite, old Thomas à Kempis, says, the Cross is everywhere, and we cannot escape it; but the best and surest way of lightening its weight is helping others to bear their burdens. Don't you remember the lines—

'For the heart grows rich in giving, all its
wealth is living grain;
Seeds that mildew in the garner, scattered
fill with gold the plain'?

So that it is only when we try to live for others, and not for our own sake merely, that we can be really happy."

[THE END.]

CLERKSHIPS.

By Alice King.

The first two indispensable requirements for a female clerk are a good, bold, legible hand, and a thorough knowledge of spelling; these are not out of the range of ordinary capacities, they only need patience, a resolute correction of faults, and careful watchfulness. Lively, high-spirited girls, however, do not always like to practice themselves in the exercise of such good qualities as these, which are not exactly what naturally suit them; yet, to be female clerks they must compel themselves, in these respects, to do what is not very congenial to them. It is uninteresting work to write page after page, striving merely for clearness and distinctness in the formation of the characters, and thinking nothing about the words; it is dry work to learn by heart column after column of a dictionary, and then commit to paper what has been learnt, without leaving out a single letter. Yet, notwithstanding all the dulness and the dryness, such things must be done in the very best way that they can be, by those girls who wish to be female clerks.

The other subjects always entered upon in Government examinations for female clerkships are: arithmetic, geography, and history; therefore the girl who will make this her calling, must devote herself to these studies to the exclusion of others; they must all be gone into thoroughly, nothing like superficiality will meet with success. There must be no skimming, no swift leaping at conclusions, such as quick, intelligent female intellects are too apt naturally to indulge in, but everything must be studied slowly, steadily, and with full completeness. Another art which must be well mastered by young aspirants to female clerkships, is the art of punctuation: this is best done by frequent writing from dictation out of a printed book, and by carefully comparing together the printed page and the MS.

When a girl, meaning to be a clerk, is well assured that she writes a clear, legible hand, and that she knows how to place her stops with precision and correctness, she may next make it her business to learn shorthand, which will be a very useful acquirement in her calling. She should also, if possible, make herself mistress of French and German, so far as to be able to translate both these languages into good easy English, such as will fully convey the meaning of the foreign idiom. The best way of doing this is to take some superior French or German author, and to put a chapter from one of their books into English. There are frequent occasions in which Government clerks and clerks in mercantile houses have to translate French and German letters and documents into intelligible English.

Another point upon which girls, anxious to become clerks, should train themselves for their future duties, is in acquiring extremely methodical, regular, orderly habits. It is entirely impossible for anyone to make a good, reliable clerk without order and method in the way in which they go about their work; and this is why the young girl, training herself for a clerkship, must be very resolute to make these virtues her own in her daily work and habits; even the orderly arrangement of a drawer, or a workbox, or a portfolio, is a useful step in this direction.

If slovenly, disorderly habits are to be especially avoided by those girls who would obtain clerkships, so are all habits of wasting and trifling away time. A little while ago, in one of our humorous journals, an account was given of a supposed visit made by a gentleman, wanting to send a telegram, to a telegraph office where only female clerks were employed. One young lady was reading a story in a popular magazine, and could not possibly put it down till she had reached the end of the chapter; a second was leisurely lacing up her boots, and would not stir till the operation was finished; a third, instead of attending to the business on which he had come, engaged him in a discussion about some interesting topic of the day. Thus it came to pass that so much time was wasted, it became too late for the telegram to be sent at all. The satire was a trifle severe, perhaps, but still it contains a useful lesson with regard to the proper value of time for all our girls who wish to make their calling in life that of a clerk.

The age for the admission of young women into clerkships in all our Government offices is from eighteen to twenty. It is, therefore, needful to begin very early in the training of our girls for clerks. As it is a respectable and also a tolerably lucrative way for unmarried women to gain their own livelihood, the salaries varying in the Government offices from £60 to £100 a year, it would be well if parents and schoolmistresses, and all those who direct the education of our girls, would carefully pick out those whose mental faculties and general capacities seem most likely to fit them for such work, and thoroughly prepare them for it; an industrious, persevering, clear-headed girl would, of course, be the one on whom the choice should fall for such training. In shops and similar places of business the salaries naturally run lower than in public offices; in these places the yearly salary is sometimes not more than £30. In all public offices a female clerk is dismissed when she marries, but this rule may, perhaps, not be so strictly observed in other places of business.

The hours of work for female clerks in our public offices are not excessive, and not at all beyond what an average woman's strength and health can bear. In these every possible arrangement is made for their comfort with regard to appointed times for meals, etc., and no one, except those who come on business, is allowed to disturb them during working hours. Still, a girl who enters on this calling must not conceal from herself that she will have to go through a certain amount of real, earnest, steady, continuous work, and that she must endure cheerfully some degree of restraint. She must not expect home-comforts and home-freedom; if she does, she will simply find herself grieviously mistaken. She cannot have the good regular salary and at the same time sit lolling in her arm-chair reading a journal of fashion, or carrying on light gossip with her companions. If, however, she is ready to work with a will, and to work steadfastly and resolutely, putting her best endeavour into what she does, and not mind a few unavoidable inconveniences, she cannot choose a better calling than that of a clerkship.

The young woman who holds a clerkship has, of course, her own peculiar class of temptations and difficulties—and for which there is but one safeguard, one cure; namely, high Christian principle. Let those, then, who are training girls to take these situations endeavour to furnish them well with this armour of proof—this provision for the way; and let the girls themselves strive earnestly and prayerfully to make it their own. We must not and ought not to conceal from our girls that the vocation of a female clerk has temptations which do not attack young women in any other positions in life, But if they are true Christian girls—then we may send them forth with the calm and bright assurance that they will meet the struggle, and triumph in it by their great Captain's strength.

In the first place, in all houses of business there are temptations to dishonesty and falsehood, for of necessity great confidence has often to be put by the employer in his clerk. One first essential for such work is thorough, unflinching, uncompromising truthfulness; let our Christian girls be trained to be true as steel.

Another temptation is to idleness. The female clerk is often left for many hours without the eye of a superior resting on her; therefore, if she chooses to cheat her employers by loitering over her work and wasting in laziness the time for which she is paid, she can do it with impunity; or she can add up a column of accounts in a spirit of careless idleness, making, as she does so, the most egregious mistakes, and very likely without ever being even dimly aware of what she has done. She, however, who is the true handmaid of the Master, will never do her work in this slovenly way; she will keep in mind, as she sits down to her desk, the words, "Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, fearing the Lord."

The young clerk, too, is more her own mistress, in some ways, than is usual for girls of her age. She has the guardianship of her character and her respectability very much in her own hands, and she should, therefore, wrap closely round her a veil of delicate modesty, a mantle of quiet dignity. The purity of her Christian womanhood should make a perpetual halo about her in which she should move, as she treads a path which must, of necessity, often bring her in close contact with things and people that are of the world, worldly, In this respect a young clerk needs more especially to have her feet set firm on the Rock of Ages.

When a young woman is thus well furnished with all the power and all the sweetness of Christian womanhood, there cannot be the smallest objection to her making a clerkship her calling in life. There are, we are aware, still strong prejudices in the minds of some people on the subject, but they are prejudices simply without any reasonable foundation. They say women are not reliable enough for such work, but if they are deemed reliable enough by their Heavenly King to have placed in their hands, as mothers, the training of children who are inheritors of eternal life, surely they are reliable enough to have the work of the office or the counting-house entrusted to them. Some people have a vague notion that the work is not womanly; but why should there be anything more unwomanly in handling a pen than a needle? It is work which requires neatness, and order, and silence, and collected thought; it is work that does not require physical strength; surely then it is work which is essentially womanly.

Our girls may perhaps think, and so may their relations and friends, that such an earnest, realistic calling as that of a clerk will burden their young lives so heavily that all the sparkle and spriteliness of their youth will be pressed out of them, and that they will thus be made old women before their time. This is, however, an idea which may be dismissed at once, if a girl has a well-balanced, healthy mind, such as we should strive to train all our young women to have, as part of the fair endowment with which we would send them out into life. When business hours are over, a girl whose spirits are bright, and cheery, and bird-like, as the spirits of every Christian girl should be, will laugh as gaily and tread with as airy a step, and shed as much sweet radiance from her eyes as she who, instead of sitting behind a desk intent on grave, responsible duty, has been loitering away her day in a string of vain trifles; she will slip softly out of her business trammels, and, for the late grave restraint, will be all the brighter in her home.

Let us train our girls, whom we intend to be clerks, to be true to themselves, to be true to their employers, most of all to be true to their Master in Heaven. Let our girls, who would make clerkships their calling, so train themselves, putting their best effort with Christian strength into what they undertake from the beginning, and they shall walk through the world on a high, fair path, till they reach the gates of the Golden City.

EVERYDAY DRESS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

" 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
For splendour borrows all her rays from sense."—*Pope.*

THERE has been no period, I believe, in which a woman could dress both cheaply and well like the present. The prices for all ordinary materials are most reasonable, and the materials chiefly worn are emphatically good, excellent in texture and colour. This is especially true of the thin tweeds, serges, nunscloths, and cashmeres, that are suitable to all ages and to all classes in life. For the realm of dress is a true republic, the sovereign and her subjects using the same materials and patterns.

Amongst these universally-worn textiles lace may now be classed, for it has never been so popular as at present, when it is worn from the early morning to the dewy evening, and on all kinds of apparel. The change and improvement in the manufacture, too, are immense, lace being made the width of the skirt, in charming designs and at reasonable prices. Beige lace is the most liked, and wide flounces are more worn than narrow ones, the latter being gathered up with silk flounces of the same width, and they are much fuller than lace flounces were ever before worn.

Visitors to the "Healtheries" have, I hope, taken notice of one of the most useful of stuffs —the real Irish frieze, the most durable of all manufactured materials in the known world when made of homespun and undyed wools, and on the old-fashioned looms. As clothing for boys and girls and men's rough suits, it cannot be surpassed. This Irish frieze and the Irish vegetable-dyed yarn for knitting are both exhibited by the committee of the Donegal Industrial Fund, who have taken offices at 38, Wimpole-street, W., and are anxiously endeavouring to stimulate this branch of Irish industry.

In one of the numberless glass cases I saw a most interesting exhibit by a city firm, which was intended to demonstrate practically the relative value of each material by means of vests and jerseys in all the known materials. To this end they are arranged with thermometers, which record the exact degree of heat that each retains, the relative heat of dyes, and, consequently, the coolest raiment for hot climates and the warmest for cold. For example, jerseys of exactly the same wool, size, and manufacture, but of different colours

HOLIDAYS BY THE SEA.

(blue, red, and black), are marked by the thermometers as—blue coolest, red next, and black the warmest of all. Of the undervests of merino, llama wool, lisle thread, cashmere, Shetland lamb's-wool and Welsh flannel, Shetland lamb's-wool is the warmest. Next come llama, fine Welsh flannel, and merino. Thirdly, spun-silk, thin silk and wool mixed—known as Indian gauze; and, coolest of all, is lisle thread, made from flax.

Nothing shows the entire revolution which has taken place in the minds of women on the subject of the usual underclothing better than the materials exhibited at the "Healtheries." They are of every description, save the usual kind of thing which we have worn for years. The first to be mentioned are, I think, the "health crapes," which resemble coarse crape in appearance, and are so elastic they fit the figure without a single wrinkle. This material is made in all silk, and two mixtures of wool and silk and lisle thread and wool. It comes from Switzerland, and is claimed to be thoroughly sanitary in its properties of absorption and porosity. Then come the articles made of Lairitz "pine wool," a fabric said to be made from parts of the pine tree in Norway, but really, I suppose, made of wool saturated in the resinous oil which exudes from the pines. On the Continent this curiously-scented material has a great name for relieving gout and rheumatic pains. Yarn for knitting is also sold, and soap for washing the articles. But the resinous virtues require to be restored occasionally with pure pine-wood oil from the tree.

Next to these the silk longcloth must be mentioned, which is shown by several exhibitors, but which seems a bad name for the article. It is really a twilled brown silk of a pale shade, having much substance and none of the chill that silk fabrics generally present to the touch. Of course, foulard, Corah, and Indian silks have been constantly used hitherto for the same purpose, but none of them have combined the same qualities as the new silk longcloth, which, in addition, is porous and absorbent. The only difficulty to experienced eyes would lie in the washing, and I fear soda and chloride of lime would both have a ruinous effect upon it.

Meanwhile, many ladies, both old and young, have adopted fine flannel, tweed, winsey, and serge as the best material for the one garment which is to supply the place of the white cotton ones usually worn, and they make it high to the neck and down to the wrists. Upon inquiry I found only one opinion existing as to its virtues, and that wholly favourable—one lady adding further that "she had never been comfortable during hot weather before, and that the woollen next the skin was much cooler and pleasanter than cotton, besides which, however hot you were, you would never catch cold enveloped in it." One petticoat is enough, and the favourite hue for that seems to be grey.

And now I must return to the ordinary dress of the month, premising, first, that very little novelty is to be found just now, and the only things we can judge of are the continuance of new shapes now in favour during the coming winter. One of these aforesaid new shapes is the waistcoat bodice, which a friend of mine, who has lately seen them at a fashionable French watering-place, calls the "railway porter's dress," and, in good truth, it resembles nothing so much, with its corduroy or velveteen fronts and back, and its sleeves of linen. The new bodice has fronts of brocade, and the back and sleeves match the vest of the dress, in a brightly-hued brocade. I hear that the effect is very ugly.

The other introdution is of the Zouave type, and resembles a loose jacket put on over a full bodice, such as used to be worn some years ago. The jacket now comes only to the waist line, and the under-bodice is of lace or muslin, or consists of a pleated bodice to match the skirt. The back of the jacket is like a habit-bodice, and the sleeves are plain coat sleeves.

The "housemaid" style of skirt, with its severe and rigid folds, does not promise to be very popular, and, in fact, is only suitable to the very young, and with a full bodice. It is made of plain breadths and is not gored. The lower edge has three or four tucks as the sole ornament. The material must be plain, not figured.

Black lace dresses over a colour and cream or beige lace have been so popular for young girls, we may expect them to last over the next year, so many people found out an economical way to use up old materials, either light dresses or old lace flounces and trimmings. The favourite colours are grey, lilac, or peach for married ladies, and pale blue for young girls. By means of constant change of trimming, they can be utilised on various occasions, and many ladies have plain batiste bodices, and underskirts made for afternoon wear, and silk for the evening.

The bodice linings are made low to wear beneath the lace, and the transparent lace sleeves are no longer tight, but are gathered into the armhole, and again into a band, with frillings of lace below the elbow. This is a new sleeve, and it bears a historic name, as it is copied from the pictures of Queen Henrietta Maria, that much tried Queen of Charles I. It is made at present in thin materials, and we shall probably see it, in the winter, worn with heavier textiles.

Many coat sleeves are made with a puff of plain silk at the wrists, and some have a puffing of lace and lace frilling on either side.

Two flounces of very deep lace are worn on these dresses, the top one reaching to the waist, and it is raised on one side like a tunic, with bows of ribbon. This is an easy style for the home dressmaker.

The bonnets at a recent and very grand wedding in Paris are said to have been worn to match the dress exactly, which is a return to an old idea. The new hats are reported to be very high in the crown and peaked in the Alpine fashion. They have also a wide brim, pinched into a point, which shelters the face. Small trains were worn to the bridesmaids' dresses, a fashion which I hope will not spread to England.

One very pretty way of trimming dresses much adopted at present is with gold braid in bands, not bright gold but dead gold. This braid is chiefly used on what are called "low-toned" dresses of grey-green, mushroom-brown, or the dull green called "tea leaf." It is not used in large quantities, only a band of braiding at the neck, a little at the wrists, and also a braided belt. This was also applied to white and cream nun's veiling, and biscuit colour cashmere dresses are much worn with a vermicelli-like braiding of narrow gold braid at the collar and cuffs. Another very favourite method of trimming is to have collar, cuffs, and trimmings of dark-hued velvet, sapphire blue, cypress green, or a deep rich crimson. These form a happy contrast to dresses of the dull or low-toned kind.

When a gown is trimmed with gold or silver braid, the bonnet or hat should show a little of the same, and I have lately seen some small bonnets of gold braid, beads, or fancy straw, which have bunches of pink roses or monthly roses on them, with an edging of moss or leaf green velvet, and strings of the same. Carnations, with their grey green leaves, are also in high favour.

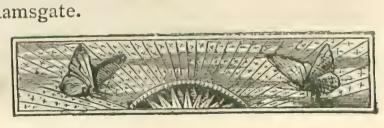
No article for this season would be complete without mention being made of holidays at the seaside, so I have selected that as the subject for the week's illustrations, and shown dress on the shore and bathing dresses for the water. There is but little novelty to chronicle in the latter, as only two shapes are much affected by bathers. The combination trousers and corsage in one, with a belt, and perhaps a short tunic, and the other the trousers made separately and the upper part in blouse shape, with a band. This is the usual style favoured by very stout ladies. Blue and red cottons, or thick cretonnes, are new materials, the latter being trimmed, as well as the former, with coarse lace. Then some young ladies who are very good swimmers have adopted the striped woollen jersey of the fisherman, and wear it with full knickerbockers of blue serge.

The best material for bathing dresses, however, is a good flannel serge of dark blue, trimmed with braid in the manner illustrated, which prove respectively the best colour and style. A thin dress is better for fresh-water bathing, and especially where one is learning to swim, which art is better learnt in fresh than in salt water, there being a buoyancy about the latter that is very deceptive. Many people appear good swimmers in it, that an experiment made in fresh water proves to have only partly acquired the art. Many anxious letters from fathers have lately appeared in the daily papers, calling attention to the fact that greater care should be taken at all bathing-places, for now that young girls have taken so much more to swimming than they formerly did, they are very venturesome, and frequently go out too far. One father says that he regularly takes a boat when his three young daughters are bathing, and remains near them; and he considers that one or two boats ought constantly to be rowing to and fro near the bathing machines, as some accident is sure to occur sooner or later. So I hope all our girls will be careful.

I only wish that coarse straw hats were more generally seen, and that shoes of some kind were usual. The American ladies use stockings for surf-bathing, and the effect is much better than the bare legs and ankles seen at English watering-places.

The "Zulu" hats are still in favour this year for the garden and the country, They are trimmed with a pretty bouquet-spray of poppies and grasses in front, and are lined with a thin, light silk, and make a most successful headdress.

In our large sketch by the seaside our artist has taken a portion of the beach at Ramsgate as a background for his figures, and everyone looks thoroughly comfortable, as if their holiday was a real one, not a sham. The dresses are—on the extreme right, a cream-coloured nun's cloth dress, with a Swiss belt of pale blue, and the same colour on the hat. This figure wears one of the new tunics with a puffed front. The next figure wears a black lace dress, made up over grey silk; for a young lady any light colour might be chosen; and the figure facing us wears a coloured batiste, with Venetian embroidery. The figure at the extreme left is wearing one of the straight accordeon-pleated skirts, which are called "housemaid." The bathing scene, with its two bathing figures, is so carefully copied from the original dresses that there will be no difficulty in copying them. The straps of the right-hand dress are of braid, or, if preferred, may be of turkey red twill, the same material that forms the sash of the left-hand figure. It will amuse our readers to know that the tiny maiden in the foreground was sketched from life on the beach at Ramsgate.



GRADUATES IN HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW THEY QUALIFIED.

By Dora Hope.

"I am sure the bread we have been having lately at Spike House does not deserve the name of the 'staff of life,'" remarked Minnie Selby, at the breakfast table, meditatively cutting the crust off the comfortable-looking cottage loaf. The girls were still at the seaside, but the holidays were nearly over, and their thoughts began to turn homewards.

"No, our bread has been bad lately," said Narcissa; "it is so spongy, sometimes, that one feels equal to eating a whole loaf without being satisfied; and at other times it is heavy and lumpy. But Miss Gwen is quite aware of its faults, and there are to be reforms."

"Is there not a regular bread-reform league somewhere, Miss St. Adrian?

"I don't understand all this fuss about bread," interrupted Rose. "It must be made of flour, and as long as it is not heavy or sour, I don't see how one way of making can be better than another."

"I did not know either, Rose, till I began to inquire, at Miss Gwen's request, for the sake of improving our bread at school; and I was surprised to find how much difference there is in the satisfying qualities of bread. There is a bread-reform league, Minnie, but I have been getting information from a good many other authorities as well. The reason so many doctors recommend whole-meal bread now is that almost all the nitrogenous substance, that is, the flesh and heat-producing part, as well as some saline substances, which are very important for their bone-making properties, are in the bran, which in white bread is removed by the miller; so that whole-meal bread is altogether much more nutritious than the finer kinds."

"But there are one or two objections to brown bread; for one thing, it is not, as you imagine, economical, because, strange to say, bakers always charge a higher price for very coarse bread than for white; although, on the other hand, as you just said, Ruth, a smaller quantity is generally required. Then, again, though there is so much nourishment in the bran, many people cannot digest it, and consequently, of course, it does them no good. For them it is better to have part of the bran removed, which makes the bread less coarse. These different degrees of coarseness are easy to obtain, if people will take the trouble to make a few inquiries, as the miller always passes the flour through several sieves; the first, a very coarse one, only removes the coarsest of the bran; the next a little finer, and so on, so that you ought to be able to get flour with just as much or as little bran as you chose."

"I like aerated bread the best," remarked Rose, "though I should think there is not much bran left in it. I wonder why it is called aerated."

"Because that name exactly describes what it really is. The flour, instead of being mixed with ordinary water, is made into a paste with water into which carbonic acid has been forced, very much the same thing as ordinary soda water, which, as you know, is full of bubbles of air."

"I wonder why yeast makes bread rise. Do you know, Miss St. Adrian?"

"It is really a process of fermentation. There are several different kinds of yeast. The simplest way of procuring it, is to have a little dough over from one baking to the next; if this is exposed to the air, certain parts of it become decomposed, and in this state it is called leaven, and when leaven is mixed with fresh dough, it has the power of converting the starch in the flour, first into sugar, then into alcohol, and finally into carbonic acid, which produces bubbles and makes the bread rise."

"But, Miss St. Adrian," put in Rose, "I do not see why leaving the old dough for a week should change it into yeast."

"The real reason is that, as you know, the air is full of tiny living germs; if the dough were entirely excluded from the air, it would not change, but, being left uncovered, these germs of life come in contact with the moist flour, and multiply very rapidly, and it is these living organisms which really act upon the starch, and make all the changes in it."

"What a very unpleasant idea!" exclaimed Minnie Selby. "I shall always be on the look out for minute animals in my bread for the future; and only think of a person with my teetotal principles having been unconsciously imbibing alcohol all my life!"

"You are not very likely to find your minute animals, Minnie, because, in the first place, the germs belong to a low form of plant, and not animal life; and, in the second place, what little life there is, is killed by the baking, which also evaporates the alcohol, so you need not be anxious about your principles. This old-fashioned leaven is not generally used now, as brewer's yeast or German yeast are found to be more convenient; but in country places, where these are not easily obtained, leaven is still used, and all the time I was in Germany I never saw the black bread made with anything else."

Miss Gwen's time had been filled during the vacation by looking over the papers prepared by the girls at the close of last term. Miss Gwen, who liked to do everything differently from other people, departed from the usual method of examination—the giving the girls a set of questions, which they had to answer; instead of this, every girl was expected to write a summary of each subject she had studied during the past term.

In addition to these summaries of the subjects they had studied, the elder girls were expected to give an account of the chief historical events which had taken place during the past year, with any special reasons why they were considered specially important; also a list of the six greatest men who had died during the year, and the manner in which they had distinguished themselves; and finally, an account of any great scientific discoveries or inventions which had been made.

Then there were cookery examinations, both practical and theoretical; and each of the girls who was leaving school had to undergo a severe cross-examination on the principles of cookery, as well as having to provide two or three meals entirely alone, her own arranging, purchasing, cooking, and serving; and only when this had been done satisfactorily, would Miss Gwen give her a certificate, stating that the student was fit to leave school, and, if necessary, take charge of a household.

When all this was over, and the prizes awarded, a special picnic, or garden party, was given to celebrate the close of the examinations. The rejoicings this year were mingled with pensive feelings to some of the girls, for it was their last year at school. Ruth Stanley was to leave at Christmas, to take her place as mistress of her father's house; Minnie Selby was going home at once; and several of the elder girls were to leave before long.

There is always a pleasurable excitement about leaving one sphere of life to set out on a new path; it is specially the case with girls leaving school, for life seems to lie so pleasantly before them; but none of those at Spike House could think of leaving without a pang of regret that the happy school days were over. The picnic passed off very merrily, and the general satisfaction was rendered complete by the presence of Jim, with his character cleared at last.

It happened thus. Green was very proud of his skill as a gardener, and fond of trying various admixtures of soil, and took pride in varying the mould for special plants. One day he was going to lighten the quality of some rather heavy loam by a nice mixture of cinders, which he was sifting with the delicacy of a cook preparing a custard, when something bright caught his eye, which, on examination, proved to be Minnie's long-lost ring. Everyone was glad that it was found, but still the mystery remained unsolved.

"We must trace it back," said Miss Gwen, solemnly, "from Green's sieve to the piano ledge. I can easily imagine that it might have travelled unnoticed from the fireplace to the cinder-box, but for it to get from the piano to the fire accidentally, is impossible."

"Oh, Miss Gwen," said Minnie, falteringly and covered with blushes, "I believe I remember that I did move it from the piano to the chimneypiece; I thought it jingled when I was practising, so I moved it."

"Do you mean to say you have only just remembered that?" asked Miss Gwen, severely.

"I remembered it before, but not till after Jim had gone, and then I thought it would not do any good to mention it; I did not see that it made any difference either way."

"Of course it made a difference—all the difference in the world," replied Miss Gwen, in her severest tones. "It would be the easiest thing possible for it to be dusted off into the grate below, and no doubt that is the explanation, that Jim actually did himself dust it off, though accidentally. Of course you ought to have told every detail, when the boy's character was at stake. But there, don't cry, child; we must be thankful it is all cleared up at last, and get the boy back if he chooses to come."

So a note was despatched to the sausage maker, with the result that Jim was soon installed in his old quarters, a little more staid and quiet than before, and his old habit of pilfering quite gone; but with his pride in his personal appearance as great as ever, and with very little alteration in the quaint ways and odd speeches, which made him such an amusement to the girls.

On leaving school, Minnie gave him the ring which had been the cause of so much sorrow, telling him that if ever he wanted a friend, he must write to her, and her father would help him; and, in the meantime, he must keep the ring, to remind him of her promise. Jim bore her no ill-will for the unintentional harm she had done him, and secretly begged a piece of ribbon from his chief patroness, Ruth, with which he hung the ring round his neck, "to put him in mind," as he explained to her, "as how it's easier to lose your character than what it is to get another, so you'd best keep honest."

Narcissa, at the end of her year's probation, found that there is no life so happy as that which is filled with useful work; and though she often longed to see Adrienne and her father, she felt that she never could endure again the useless, aimless life she had led, with no object in existence but to hide from the world the fact that they were poor.

And here we must leave the girls, some remaining at Spike House for a few more years' training, under Miss Gwen's odd but efficient superintendence; the rest starting out into their new life, half fearing and half hoping for the future, but each one receiving a farewell injunction from Miss Gwen to remember that as they must live and die at home, it was more important for them to consider the happiness and welfare of their own homes than to acquire learning sufficient to rule the affairs of a nation.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PRINCESS IN HER OWN RIGHT.

MARGARET and May did not meet again for years. They kept up a very faithful though not a very close correspondence. Letters never failed each other at the dates when they looked for them, and occasionally one came in between—an unexpected pleasure!

May went on living in Shetland, cheering her mother-in-law's home during William Thomson's long absences. In course of time, as the young man prospered, they removed from the pretty little house in Lerwick to a more spacious residence outside the town, renting it on lease from a needy absentee landlord. Of course their life there could never have the prestige which the Balacluva life had had, but it soon fell quite naturally into many of the Balacluva ways, for at every turn May remembered Margaret, and thought what she would have done under such circumstances, and then went and did likewise. Her letters often gave Margaret a strange and almost weird thrill of pleasure—somewhat like that which a disembodied spirit might feel, could it see the thoughts of its heart being still carried out by other hands.

And if among her poorer neighbours young Mrs. Thomson did not stand, as Margaret had once done, on the vantage ground of a long and honourable descent, and of power generously wielded from generation to generation, at least she came before them as the possessor of a gift which seemed to their eyes marvellous even to the degree of mystery and magic! Her pictures brought a new pleasure to their lives, by helping them to see the wonder and the beauty of the sky and sea and rock around them, for the common run of poor human nature has to be taught to admire, as it has to be taught to speak, since most eyes only look but do not see! Her pictures helped them, too, in a homelier way, because, hung in southern city galleries, they served to turn people's thoughts to the quiet, far-off islands, where they might find a peaceful respite from the hurry of life; and so more strangers came, bringing prosperity and a wider range of life among the natives, while they sought rest and health for themselves. And young Mrs. Thomson had little cause to fear lest she might do more harm than good in this way, for in the wild waves of her guardian seas Shetland has an impregnable defence against any demoralising horde of holiday-makers.

All the old bitterness had died out of May's heart; it had only left one pain behind—and that was the memory of itself. The one shadow on her peaceful, protected life was the remembrance of the hard thoughts which she had once cherished against the Heavenly Father, whose purposes are all alike of love, though in adversity. Our patience may fail to bear them, as in prosperity our humility and self-abnegation may fail to carry them out. In the sunshine, May learned to realise that she had needed the dark days, now her sole regret was not that her discipline had been severe, but that she had writhed too restlessly under it, and so had failed to carry forth from it so large a blessing as she might

"SHADING HER KIND EYES WITH HER HAND."

have done. Few bewail the tasks and penances of their school-days, but many lament the little profit they made of them. May felt that such root and richness as her present happiness had, lay in the deep ploughings of compulsory pain and patience. How much deeper and richer would it have been had she been able to rise to her Father's will, and to drain the cup He had offered her without spilling it in struggle and impatience! Ah! when in adult life most of us, thinking of our youth, are inclined to cry, "How many opportunities we wasted, and how unworthy we proved of the pains and the wisdom our parents invested in us," let us remember that we stand in the same relation to our Father who is in heaven, and so strive to learn the lessons He sets us, and to do the tasks He puts into our hands (instead of rebelling against the one and shrinking from the other), being assured that He has wise aims and purposes in each, and that if we could see as He sees, we would will as He wills.

It was nearly ten years after Margaret had left Balacluva that May paid her first visit to the quiet little home in Bath. Even then circumstances made it both sudden and brief. She had come without any preparatory warning, and she could only spend one day with her old friend.

During these years Mrs. Esselton and Margaret had shifted their quarters. They had given up living in furnished apartments, and had taken a tiny cottage for themselves. It was Margaret's instincts which had turned in that direction. She was one of those true women who cannot be homeless, because they are home-makers; and it seemed to her that in home life, however lowly and narrow, the heart and the loving service of a woman can get scope and exercise which they cannot get elsewhere at any cost. By having a kitchen which she could call her own, she could there tolerate and train one of those rough, willing girls whose honest and hearty labour has often to sink to the dregs of the market for lack of such patience and culture. From her own little patch of garden she could carry bunches of homely flowers to cheer the sick or the aged, and there, too, she could make a refuge for the poor mongrel pup whom cruel boys were stoning.

The poor old silent laird, too, could take pleasure in it; once he had pottered about the tiny beds, but by the date of May's visit he was grown too feeble for that, and could only sit in his garden chair in the shade of the solitary dwarf tree. And in a home of one's own one could welcome visitors—the very sort of visitors who do not care to encounter the hostile regard of a landlady. Margaret had made friends—she would never cease to make friends while she remained in the world. She was a busy woman, but busy people can find time for other busy people, and even for those who are idle, because they are in the woeful case of wanting work and finding none. She found time to cheer and counsel little teacher girls, who would slip in of an evening to tell her their woes and to discuss their prospects. She had books to lend to young lads, beginning life's work in lonely lodgings. She could give to her proffered cup of tea and slice of toast a flavour of hospitality which many a gorgeous banquet lacks. She could always fulfil that wonderful definition of charity, "smiling in thy brother's face." Is that a too cheap form of charity? Try it.

Margaret and May met with a low cry of delight and a passionate embrace. Each stood to the other as a symbol of so much in the past. They did not meet merely as they had parted. The tie between them had been growing all the time. There are such experiences in this present life which suffice to show us what we may expect in the next.

Then they sat down and began to talk. May had her little girls with her, her little Margaret and May, and Margaret drew them to her, one at each side, and put her arms about them. Mrs. Thomson saw that there were many silver threads in her friend's hair. The rounded line of the young face had gone, but that only showed how noble were the deeper outlines beneath. Margaret was not pale; her face had the healthy bloom of a woman who walks and works and sleeps happily. The steady light of her eye was stronger than it had been before, and if its leaping fire was not quite so ready, it was still there. What did it matter that Margaret's dress was but a cheap black alpaca, with unmistakable traces of careful wear? and that her only adornments were the plain muslin frill at her throat, and the simple gold ring with its single pearl, which Lord Fowlis had put on the finger of his betrothed? It did not matter in the very least. What Margaret always had been that she still was. She was still God's lady, though she had ceased to be the lady of Balacluva. A King's daughter does not lose her royal lineage because it is her Father's will that she should be "all glorious" only within and not without.

Oh, how the two women talked! They took the two children to the old laird seated on the garden plot, and they told him these were "William Thomson's girls;" and that old name stirred his sad torpor, and he patted their heads and blessed them.

May had much to tell Margaret, for May had but recently been through scenes which Margaret had never revisited since the old days—May had been to Fowlis. Tears rained down Margaret's face as she asked after remembered names and faces—aye, after familiar houses and favourite trees! But, despite the tears, a light was in her eyes and a smile upon her lips. The old sorrow was still there; it was not growing dimmer or less—no, it was only growing clearer and brighter, changing day by day into that joy to which we know all sorrow shall at last be changed!

May told her how she and her little girls had spent a day in the woods gathering wild flowers to put on the grave of old Mr. Rowan, the minister of Fowlis.

"It was rather a bare grave," she said. "The parishioners had put up a substantial headstone; but, you see, he had left no children to remember the flowers, and I thought I had a right to care for that grave. You know I always felt that whatever belonged to nobody belonged to me!"

"Ah," said Margaret, "I recollect your love for 'Jock!'"

"And he's living yet," answered May, "and I care for him as much as ever, though I don't take him on my travels now. What a queer girl you must have thought me! Do you remember that afternoon in the ruined room of Fowlis Castle? How much good you did me then!"

The moment May had uttered those words she wished them unsaid. They seemed like a heartless reminder of the transposition of their destinies. And yet May knew she had uttered them, because she found it impossible to realise that such transposition involved any loss to Margaret. She herself had indeed gone forward, and stood now in life much where Margaret had stood then; but she felt that Margaret had gone forward, too, and was still far ahead. She, then the utterly lacking, had found treasure on earth; Margaret, once the richly endowed, had now stored her treasures in heaven.

"Ah, do I not remember!" said Margaret, softly. "It was very good of you to listen so patiently to the words of one who was speaking out of no experience into the depths of yours. And that proved to be a sermon to myself, after all, May! I don't think I was far wrong in the precepts I laid down, but the practice of them is the test, May—the practice of them is the test!"

"Don't call that a sermon," whispered May, "that was the text. Your life has been the noble exposition of it. You are a conqueror, Margaret."

Margaret shook her head.

"The best of me is outside, May," she said. "There is no victory within—nothing but one long effort and struggle, in which I feel that the ever-present help of God alone saves me from shameful defeat."

"Why, that is the truest victory!" cried May. "To say otherwise is to fall into the mistake of the soldier, who thought himself a coward because he trembled as he walked up to the cannon's mouth."

"But what have I to complain of if I was wise enough to see things in the right light?" asked Margaret. "I have been able to return to my dear father some of the loving service that my parents gave my infancy. I have work which interests me, and which gives me a right to standing room in the world. I have found a true, true friend in Mrs. Esselton, and it is no hyperbole, May, though people often act as if it were, that—

"'A world in purchase of a friend is gain.'

I have your love, May, and all your kind thoughts of the past. I have my Shetland friends who remember me, and other friends near at hand who help me in every way, and most of all, when I am able to help them a little. And yet, May, my foolish heart will sicken when

a visionary breeze from Balacluva blows across my forehead, or a visionary sound of Fowlis's voice is in my ear. Ah, May! and in counting my blessings to you I did not count that which lies nearest and dearest of all—the love I had, and have, and cannot lose—the love our Father took to Himself and keeps in that 'Above,' whence all best gifts and blessings come."

"Oh, Margaret!" cried May, "how do you bear this life-long separation? When I look at William and think how could I bear to lose him, I think of you and of your lot, my darling, darling Margaret!" As William's mother says—

"'Love teaches the lesson of loss.' Oh, Margaret, I cannot find courage to think that I may know some day the pain which you know always!"

May was weeping. Margaret smiled sweetly, and laid her hand on her friend's shoulder.

"God does not ask you to find courage till you need it," she said. "He shelters us in sorrows—not from the shadows of sorrows. The disciples understood very little about the resurrection until they looked into the gloom of their Master's grave, and heard the Angel whisper, 'He is not here.' When we will go out to seek sorrow, we must go alone: when God brings it to us, He comes with it. There is no separation in real love. Love cannot know separation. Only not loving is separation. None of us can quite understand this, May—till we know!"

"I think you have the happiest face I ever see, Margaret," said May. "No, not the happiest face, that is not quite the right word, but the face most joyful, most glad. And the people round you look so happy! The servant's face struck me the moment she opened the door—she seemed quite pleased to see me, stranger as I am. And how bright Mrs. Esselton is, and how clear it is that she loves you!"

She had to pause there; she could not say that the old laird looked joyful or happy, and yet even he was not sad, only like a man living in a dream. Margaret noticed the pause.

"We dare not hope to cheer my father now," she said, calmly. "I don't think he suffers—I don't think he has ever suffered much, only the blows stunned him, and he never rallied. As his mind fails he seems a little cheerier; his fancies and mistakes are dreary ones. Sometimes, now, he will speak of this place as if it was Balacluva. He said the other day that the dwarf tree in the garden was not bad for Shetland! But my father's share of our troubles and their effect upon him have been by far the saddest bit of it all, May. He has been separated from me as my mother and Lord Fowlis have never been! Ah, May, the terrors with which we drape death belong by rights to life!"

"And are you to go on like this—always, always?" cried May. The old, impatient, rebellious nature of her was scarcely conquered. If she had learned wisdom enough to wish that she had been strong and submissive in her own day of trial, she had not yet faith to be strong and submissive for her friend. Surely, something might happen! What, she could scarcely have suggested, for if she had been pressed on the subject, she would have been ready to admit that.

"Wealth, title, dignities, a golden chain,"

would be almost as little worthy of Margaret as of an angel in heaven.

"Why should it not go on?" asked Margaret, serenely. "There will be no change of any sort while my father lives. If God takes him to new life before I am quite an old woman, there is a certain mission I should like to undertake to some very sad and suffering people, far, far away from Great Britain. If I go there, Mrs. Esselton says she will come with me. It is a work which nobody could undertake who was not quite free from every other duty and claim. Thank God, as long as there are trouble and sorrow in the world for anybody, there will be also some such work left for them to do."

A very few hours later they parted. As May, walking between her two little girls, turned back at the garden-gate, she saw Margaret standing on the pathway, shading her kind eyes with her hand, while the silver hair on her saintly head glistened in the light of the setting sun; and, as May thought of what their lives had once promised, and how contrarily those promises had been fulfilled, she could not help recalling Southwell's pathetic lines—"Times go by Turns."

"The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall
Who least have some, who most hath never all."

And now do you feel as if you had heard too sad a story? Surely not! Surely that cannot be a sad story which may give you a helpful thought or a cheering example in the time of trial and loss, which is sure to come into each life somewhere! Surely that is a gladder story than those which can only please a trivial fancy or wile an idle hour!

Whom did the angel salute as the "blessed among women?" Was she some young beauty — some spoiled favourite of fashion? Was she some great genius, whose fame was to echo round the world? Was she an empress or a queen? Was she not a lowly woman, Mary, the maiden of Nazareth, whose life was to be spent in homely duties, who was to be the prey of calumny and misunderstanding; to become first a homeless fugitive in strange countries, and at last a lonely mourner, through whose heart a terrible sword was destined to pierce, as the shadow of the cross fell athwart all her maidenly dreams and motherly ambitions? Has not the "blessed among women" become the symbol of all the service and love and anguish of our sex?

Is it not possible we are labouring under some misapprehension concerning "blessedness" and "misfortune?" A story which ends by leaving a soul at the gates of heaven cannot be "a sad story." We need pity no one who has proved her birthright as "the King's Daughter."

[THE END.]

CELIA AND HER LEGACY.

By M. E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER VII.

HAVING fairly grasped the situation at last, Lex burst forth into a flood of congratulations, and expressed his deep regret that he had come too late to be present at the ceremony; then he complimented Janie on looking so well (as indeed he might); and finally shook Mr. Hewing by the hand with such vigour that that gentleman began to entertain serious doubts as to whether so much travelling might not be very injurious to the nerves; young Romaine, though usually a quiet, sensible person, was evidently suffering from over-excitement; he hoped sincerely that brain fever was not likely to ensue!

They walked on together, talking and laughing; Janie, who was still hanging on her husband's arm, presenting, in her handsome dress and jacket, a marked contrast to Celia, in her crumpled cotton. It was one of the minor afflictions of Janie's married life, that poor dear Celia could not be induced to dress like other people.

Gradually the sun sank lower and lower into the blue sea. Mr. Hewing declared that it was getting too late for Janie to be out, and, as he did not care about risking her neck and his own, performing acrobatic climbing feats, he proposed that they should be moving homewards.

"It is such a beautifully warm evening, won't you stay out a little longer, Miss

Lake?" asked Lex, having entirely forgotten that, like Osric, he had a few minutes ago declared the wind to be "indifferent—cold."

Yes, Celia said, she would stay, and show Mr. Romaine a short cut back to the village. "We shall be home almost as soon as you are," she cried, waving a farewell to her sister and brother-in-law.

"She looks very well and happy, doesn't she?"

Mr. Romaine, pursuing a solitary shell with his walking-stick, said, yes, she certainly did.

"I'm glad that you have seen them together," continued Celia. "We have been rather anxious about her. Her marrying Mr. Hewing was such a new idea to me. I haven't got accustomed to it yet. I can't even remember to call him by his Christian name, though I promised Janie I would. Mamma is quite satisfied, and Janie is very fond of him; she would never have married him if she hadn't been. It's not for the sake of his money, indeed."

"I am sure it is not," said Lex, and then came to an abrupt pause. "Do you know," he continued, "a most erroneous report reached us at Youngsport. Smith and Abercorn had heard that the eldest Miss Lake was engaged to a Mr. Hewing."

"And did you believe it?"

They had stopped now in the tiny bay, where the rocks were still dripping with water, and the sand shone golden in the slanting sunlight; the shells had been thrown up in heaps on a little ridge at their feet. But Lex Romaine saw nothing but the questioning look in Celia's eyes.

She felt sure that he had believed the report before he answered, incoherently—

"I heard it on the best authority. I ought not to have told you. It was a mistake altogether."

"But you remembered about the letter?" asked Celia.

"Yes, but I imagined—never mind that now. I was very foolish. It was all my mistake, and I am so sorry. I mean I am glad; it makes me very happy. Now, at last, I may say what I never could before, there are no more mysteries. Celia, tell me truly, honestly, were you glad to see me just now?"

She did not reply at once, but stood looking out on to the distant sea; then she said slowly—

"We had been expecting you. I was pleased."

"There is not much to explain now," he said hurriedly; "I came down here just to see you all once more. I could not bear to be in England without paying you a short visit. I meant to have gone back by the next mail, but that doesn't matter. There is nothing now that stands between us, is there?"

"No," said Celia.

"I remember you once told me that we could never be friends; it must have been my fault. Will you forgive me? Shall we start fresh, and forget all that?"

She turned her head away from the sea at last, and whatever he read of doubt and distress in her earnest face, it did not discourage him.

"I have treated you very badly," she said; "there is nothing to forgive."

"I would not tell you this when we walked in the square that last day," he went on; "if there had been no will and no legacy it would have been all the same. When I said 'Goodbye' to you on the doorstep I cared far more for you than I could have believed was possible, and I meant to have waited patiently. Perhaps it would be wiser to wait now, but, you see, my patience has come to an end all at once. You must have thought I was an unmitigated bear when I gave you up so easily; it was not to please myself. Now, we need have no more misunderstandings, need we?"

The water from the rock behind her dripped carelessly into the pool at her feet; the seabreeze had loosened her fair hair, and blown the colour into her face. As she listened, the scene of that well-remembered day rose up before her, the dingy street, the old sycamore trees, the grim rows of houses (amongst which she had grown up), the roar of the distant traffic, and the voice of the friend whom she had persistently regarded as a stranger and an intruder.

"I think you may trust me," he had said, and she knew that his words were true.

"Shall we put our misunderstandings on one side?" he asked, gently.

Celia's head was bent low, and her answer was long in coming; then, with a happy smile on her bright young face, she looked up:

"I tried my hardest not to like you," she said, "but I couldn't help it; and that morning when you behaved like an 'unmitigated bear,' indeed I liked you best of all!"

With this explanation Lex Romaine was well content, for it seemed not unlikely that the old uncle's peace-offering would be accepted—though so late—and his dying wish fulfilled at last.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROSALIE.—There are correspondence classes in connection with Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. These are open to students abroad as well as in the United Kingdom. Write to Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4, Buckingham-street, Hillhead, Glasgow. These classes have been instituted for the last six or seven years, and seem to have proved successful. 2. For travelling and morning dresses small checks will be much worn, and plain materials of one of the shades may be combined with them. In colours, greys of various tints will be favourites, such as dove, blue, pink, and ash greys. Réséda, and peacock-green, china-red and light grénat will be worn by those who prefer more colour. Pleated skirts, in either wide box-pleats, alternating with groups of narrow flat folds or large pleats with a space between each group, trimmed with perpendicular rows of velvet ribbon, are amongst the styles likely to be generally worn. But you must consult our articles on Seasonable Dress for each month.

DESIDERATUM.—The duties required of a nursery governess are usually a matter of arrangement, and depend on whether there be a nurse in the house or not. Your letter is carelessly and badly written, and does not look promising as regards your efficiency.

SNOWDROP wishes to know "at what age she could apply for a nursery governess." There is nothing to prevent a centenarian from "applying for a governess" if he or she wanted one for a child or ward; but a girl as young as eighteen might apply for a situation as a nursery governess, if very steady for her age and educationally competent. "Snowdrop" has not yet learnt to express herself in correct English. Singeing the ends of the hair may prevent its splitting. Your writing is very good.

WINKLE.—Procure full information respecting the various departments of the Post Office, and select, if able, that which you would prefer. We can neither tell which you would like the best nor for which you would be the most eligible and efficient.

LUCY DEDWYDD.—Write for all information to the secretary at the Brompton Consumptive Hospital.

GLUCK AUF.—It is scarcely possible to give advice such as you ask. We think that a private engagement would be preferable to one in a school. If you have friends in England they might find one for you, or you might advertise. There are homes for governesses, and those who subscribe to them may obtain a pension after a certain number of years. There is one in Harley-street, W., No. 47; secretary, Charles W. Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville-street, W. There is also the Educational Inquiry Office, and Registry for Teachers, 190, Brompton-road, S.W. Write to Miss Brough. Consultation fee, 2s. 6d. Your handwriting is pretty.

MUSIC.

ST. CECILIA.—You cannot do better, as you live in the neighbourhood, than attend the academy of which Madame Bodda (Miss Louisa Pyne) is the principal. There you will be able to obtain excellent instruction in all branches of music, at reasonable terms. The address is Bonally, 87, Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill, and the new term begins in September.

MARMION.—Do not be persuaded to strain your voice; be contented with the notes you already have. Weakness of the voice is sometimes a matter of health.

AN EMPTY VESSEL.—We have not heard of it. You had better get Bertini's Studies, and then Cramer's. Do not attempt to write poetry; your specimen shows a lack of all the qualities needful.

ANNETTE.—Inquire of Messrs. Novello and Co., who have published several such books.

BELLA.—You had better send for "How to Play the Pianoforte," to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., which you will find most useful.

VERONICA.—The chords are struck together. The higher notes with the right hand.

WORK.

AN INHABITANT OF ULTIMA THULE.—We think, from your account, that the rain has affected the dye of your dress, and that the only remedy would be re-dyeing it, if worth the expense.

VIOLET M.—You might sponge the bright part with a little ammonia. The fault lies with the dye. Could you not manage to wear a bibbed apron? The 19th May, 1859, was a Thursday.

A VERY ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We do not know for how long you intend to go into complimentary mourning for a friend, but we should think by the time you read this you could wear your tussore silk, red ribbons, and all. You had better consult a doctor.

WARATAH.—We think, to avoid disappointment, you had better purchase the paper pattern of a skirt. They are worn fuller and with less goring.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—You will find an article on all the new ideas of patchwork in a late number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, with designs, from which you can copy. The appliqué patchwork will be the best for your purpose. It is composed of small pieces.

A. M.—You will find full instructions for making lace in "Torchon Lace, and How to Make It," at page 238, vol. iv.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPHINE.—We believe that the idea of spontaneous combustion is a fallacious one. See the "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," by Liebig. He asserts that as the body contains 75 or 80 per cent of water it would be impossible. He adds, that flesh saturated with alcohol is not consumed on application of a light, the spirit burning off first. Thus it seems that the cases alleged to prove the fact are, as he says, extremely improbable.

CANADIAN will find our magazine already in circulation in Canada. She can order it in any of the booksellers' shops of the large towns; and, if she prefer it, she can order it to be sent out to her every month from our office, on application to Mr. Tarn. Her handwriting is too irregular. There is a lack of uniformity in the sloping of the letters; they should slope from right to left; and capital "e's" should only be made at the beginning of any word. We are gratified by your kind letter.

ELLA W.—Yes, it is true that there is one verse in the Bible that contains every letter in our alphabet, the "i" and "j" being classed as one. It occurs in the book of Ezra, vii. 21.

FENELLA.—Your letter does you great credit in every way. Many English people, and well-educated ones, too, express themselves less well, and, excepting for two small mistakes ("mindly" for "mentally," and "in the moment" for "at the moment"), we should have supposed you were English. Your handwriting is rather too small, and on account of the difficulty thus presented to the reader it was thrown aside until now. A handful of oatmeal would suffice for a basin of water; and a very weak mixture of vinegar and water for bathing and strengthening weak eyes.

C. A. J.—1. We thank you for giving the first line in the original of Luther's well-known hymn—

"Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott."

2. The destruction by fire of the Pantechnicon took place on February 14th, 1874. In the sentence, "a day's journey," the word "day" is a substantive employed in the sense of an adjective to explain or qualify the noun that follows it.

ONE WHO IS GRATEFUL (South Africa).—We were much gratified by your kind and very encouraging words, and should be sorry were your first letter to be the last to be addressed to us. In reference to the plague of flies, you should stretch a piece of gauze on a slight frame of wood fitted well to the window when open, and this will keep out those that are the most obnoxious. Hang up sugar or treacle traps for them, and before going to bed put your candle outside your door while undressing, so as to attract them out of your room, and then put out the light and shut the door suddenly before their return. You write very well.

LA PETITE AGGIE.—1. Use pumice-stone to your hands. 2. Painters draw what they see in their models. Ladies of a high class are not found amongst the latter, or if their portraits be taken they keep them in their own houses.

JESSIE FAIRPLAY must accept our best thanks for her very nice letter, and our good wishes.

BLANCHE sends us word that the "Song for the Baby," beginning—

"Now the gnat wears a hat,"

was set to music and published in the *Penny Melodist*

about ten years ago, and was composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. We thank her.

BLANCHE TAYLOR should only bow when a gentleman is introduced to her. A bull has an irritable combative disposition, as the cock and turkey-cock among fowls; and as red is a striking colour, strongly contrasting with the cool greens to which they are accustomed in their pastures, they are at once attracted by it, and ready to show fight and drive away what may be antagonistic to them and dangerous to the cows they naturally protect.

SORROWFUL.—Your position would be difficult if you continued to act as governess and caretaker; but otherwise it is of less consequence to you that your authority has been undermined. It would have been better had you only used your hand and administered three or four slaps. Read our articles on "The Duties of a Governess," in two parts, now appearing in this paper.

A PRIMROSE.—Use the ordinary glycerine diluted with water. You can strain the rain-water through muslin or a flannel bag.

ONE IN PERPLEXITY.—Keep your temper always with children. Probably they want occupation and amusement. Go to a dentist, and let him see what is the matter.

X. Y. Z.—Yours does not seem to be friendship only, on either side. You had better give it its true name, and be quite honest, as your friends advise.

PETRONEL.—Greek brides wore a white robe, but a crocus-coloured veil. The word "saffron" is said, by Dr. Brewer, to be misapplied, and to mean a "girdle," in Greek. The Pelagians were the followers of Pelagius, a Briton, A.D. 400.

AMANDA.—You had better leave off beer, and eat more vegetables than meat.

ONE WHO HAS TRIED.—We quite agree with you that vegetarianism should not be tried unless the family in which you live be vegetarians also, for the cookery must be good and nourishing.

MARIE LOUISE.—As a general thing, it is true that the outward man and his habits and manners are an index to his inner character; but we cannot say that "every indication" may be depended upon, and so we must be slow to judge.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—You could use a screen of peacocks' feathers in a jar for your fireplace, or some growing flowers in pots, or else simply draw the curtains in front of the grate.

DYM.—Many explanations have been given of the text you name, but none that seem to be satisfactory. You must be contented to find many things "hard to be understood" in the Bible.

MADELINE.—We do not understand your letter. The first question is, Do you love the man to whom you are conditionally engaged well enough for the love to be worth having? You must think of him as well as of yourself.

POSTE TENEBRAS LUX.—We will answer your letter by two texts, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me," with reference to the conduct of others beside yourself. And, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." We follow Christ best in the conscientious performance of our smallest duties, and we must show our faithfulness in little things.

C. M. C.—Write to the minister of your chapel, and tell him your difficulty.

A WILD HAWK.—The first question was asked with regard to the sea air, the second with regard to a piano that had not been used for years. What a pity that, at sixteen, you are turning into a universal critic!

PENELOPE.—July 16th, 1864, was a Saturday. We know no other version of the lines.

SUSIE.—Red materials will dye black. Wear silver jewellery when you have left off crape. Jet is most suitable with crape. Your sister should use rosemary for the hair.

EVADNE.—We think, perhaps, you pray, but do not strive against evil tempers. Learn to keep silent under any provocation whatever. The hoods, as worn by clergymen and others, were described in an article at page 564, vol. i.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.—The Prudential Life Assurance Co., we believe, employs female clerks. You must make personal inquiry.

EDITH M. A.—The permission of the author must be obtained to translate any work, but you must first find out whether it would sell, by going round to ask the various publishers. As a rule, translations are of little use, and are not saleable unless the book or the author be more or less celebrated.

B. I. C.—We do not think childhood has passed at thirteen years of age. You had better go on playing, and never mind the foolish people who wish to check your innocent pleasures and turn you into a "little old woman cut short" before your time.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Consult a doctor for both.

DICKY B.—Keep the doves out of doors in an outhouse.

ROUGE GORGE.—Athletic sports, if practised without regard to your health and strength, are very likely to prove injurious. In moderation, they are excellent.

GROVE FARM (Yorkshire).—You should drink plenty of milk; and get some whole-meal to make into bread, which will improve your digestion.

DAISY.—We are quite indifferent as to whether you believe in the correspondence or not. Children of four years old, if not taught at home to remain quiet when so desired, will not be obedient when in Sunday-school. But those at seven or eight may be kept in order by making them answer questions and repeat texts and verses of hymns. Make them talk. If you do all the talking yourself they will become inattentive, and try to amuse themselves in a more diverting way. You should write to the publishers of the books you want to bind for the covers.

INVALIDA NON INCURABILIS (South Africa).—We were both interested and gratified by your letter, and only regret that your symptoms are such that medical advice must be obtained. Your three troubles are all symptomatic of a very low state of health and poor blood. Do not neglect the only advice we can venture to give you.

SERAPHINA.—Perhaps the reason "why German girls marry so much earlier than English ones" may be traced to the fact that they are willing to marry on much smaller means. If every English girl married the first man that proposed (supposing she liked him), irrespective of any pecuniary difficulties in prospect, there would be few single women amongst them. Besides, in Germany living is cheaper than here. Your handwriting is very good.

VOLATILE LILY.—We cannot "suggest a remedy for the tail of your pug-dog, which will not curl." We think that curlpapers will not avail, and he might seriously object to hot curling-irons. Your dog is of a mixed breed, and that is what ails his tail. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a quotation from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." "Charity begins at home" is an English proverb. Your handwriting is very good.

H. W.—If liable to sea-sickness, take a light meal about half an hour or an hour before embarking, and lie down on your back immediately that you get on board, and shut your eyes that you may not see the swaying of the ship. Avoid eating sour things before starting, or drinking much. If you find sickness unavoidable, drink some water before and after the catastrophe. We thank you for the paper enclosed.

MYSIE.—We should not advise you to "think of getting married" unless some worthy and eligible person asked you to think favourably of him in particular; and if he, knowing your personal defects, were satisfied with you, why should they stand in your way?

EDITH FAULDER (Cheadle, Hulme).—We are very glad to hear that reading our paper led you to seek after a higher life. May you have grace and strength to persevere!

ETHEL M. G. P.—We think the letter quite worth reading, being so full of mother love, and kindly thanks to ourselves for our efforts to help our girls at home and abroad.

FRONDES AGRESTES.—We think loving a man who neither knows nor cares for you is a far from dignified position, and one you had better vacate as soon as possible. Strive to occupy your idle mind on something better and more useful. We are quite sure that God will "freely give us all things" that we ask for in faith and hope, and in accordance with His will.

J. E. I.—Stationers' Hall is an institution which was founded in 1553 for the registration of printed works. In every case of copyright, the title of the proprietor should be registered there, or no action for the infringement of it can be commenced.

WORKER writes well enough to act as a clerk, still it needs improvement. She must make the proper distinction between a "d" and an "a" and between an "e" and an "r." Capital "E"s should only be made as a first letter in a word, and every "t" should be crossed.

MERMAID and GIPSY.—The 27th of December, 1869, was a Monday. You will find how to press and preserve the colours of seaweed at page 542, vol. iii.

LITTLE MEG.—To take inkstains out of material, see "Spots and Stains" in "The Fairy of the Family," page 807, vol. iv. Also puddings of all kinds on page 27, vol. ii.

ANXIOUS.—Excessive sneezing is said to be a symptom of gout; if so you had better consult a doctor. Try a change of residence, to the seaside.

CATHARINE (Louisville).—Yes, we have an agent in New York—T. Nelson, 42, Bleecker-street. All the volumes of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be obtained, as well as the separate monthly numbers, but not the weekly ones.

JEANNE H.—We could not undertake to limit your subjects for prayer, nor decide what would prove real blessings. But if you honestly believed that anything you greatly desired and that seemed within reasonable reach, you might ask God to prosper you in the matter, and so to guide you and others as should be for the best happiness of those chiefly concerned, yet if not good for them spiritually to deny them a merely imaginary good. He has more than one to care for, and what might tend to the happiness of one party might prove much the reverse to the other.

LAUENBURG is thanked for her communication. We have already given a notice of what she tells us. We are glad you like our magazine so much. You write English fairly well for a three months' residence in this country.

NAOMI.—A morganatic marriage is one ecclesiastically legal, but not so as regards the civil law. No rank is conveyed to the wife from her husband, and no honours nor hereditary possessions to the children. They take on the rank of their mother, and any property it may be in the power of either parent to give or leave them. The name is derived from the Italian name of the optical illusion so common in the arid deserts of Arabia, where water and green meadows appear having no reality, and called "fata Morgana." The marriage thus described between persons of royal blood and those of lower position, when forbidden by the State, is a sort of unacknowledged and barren union, although perfectly moral and sanctioned by the rites of the Church.

G. A. F. will find her inquiries about the feeding of gold fish already answered more than once, and we have but just repeated our advice.

L. B.—Zaccheus, who became a disciple of Christ, was not a tavern-keeper. Those called publicans were persons who paid the Roman Government a certain sum to obtain the right of collecting the taxes from the Jews. They were so cruel and extortionate that their name became a by-word, classed with that of sinners or outcasts, and they were regarded with hatred and fear by their countrymen *in the time* of our Lord.

FADDY OLD MAID.—We consider three hours' fast between rising and breakfast injurious; that as a rule, you should not go out before breakfast, or at least taking some food; having an empty stomach after a long fast, you are peculiarly liable to infection from others, or blood-poisoning from a bad odour. One hour for toilet and private prayers is not too much either morning or night. A six-miles walk daily is too much for a woman; you might be out for the same length of time, dividing it, and being perhaps part of the time in the garden, working in it, or sitting out if sufficiently fine. If breakfast be at 9, rise at 7; an hour's reading or writing before breakfast is quite long enough, and too long were you at all delicate.

JO need have no fear of taking cold in her eyes, but the hair should not be left wet at night, as that would be dangerous.

PRINCESS IDA.—Bædeker's Guides are considered good, and may be purchased at any bookseller's.

FAIRLIGHT.—You must dry the grasses very slowly and carefully. Some people dip them in one of Judson's dyes to give them a colour.

MISFITS.—Lord Byron died of fever after a short illness. From what we now know it is probable that his death was accelerated by the bleeding, which was then a frequent practice.